INDEX.

NOVELS, ROMANCES, TALES, &c.

Bash Life in Australia, A Year of: Arranged by Elizabeth Townbridge: 202, 262

Correspondents, Answers to: 56, 112, 168, 224, 280, 336

Darliston: 1, 57, 113, 169, 225, 281

Evening Parties: 108
Evening Party, Mrs. Jenkins's: By Mrs. Newton Crosland: 131
Extracts from a Traveller's Note-Book: By William W. Campbell: 208

Fine Arts: 160, 331
Forefathers, Our, and their Sports: 90
Frogs, A Chapter on: 53

Gipsies, The, of Art: By Charles Astor Bristed: 217
Goethe's Faustus: By Henry de Coissy: 67

Hampstead and the Heath (A Supplementary Chapter): By Caroline A. White: 28

Heroines, Our: By M. W.: 89

How a little Place received a great Personage: By Mrs. White: 145

Ignacious Action in the Earth: 207, 266, 315

Kaut's Fame, On the Vicissitudes of: 246

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES—

Captain Kid: By Caddie Coleman: 165
Ida's Flowers: By Andersen: 210
Making up: By Virginia F. Townsend: 271
The Muleteer: By Nettie Carlyle: 97
The Rose-Bearers: By Lily Shorthouse: 40
The Silly Shepherdess: 99
The Two Ducks: 325

What happened: By Grace Greenwood: 269

Leaves from my Mediterranean Journal: By a Naval Chaplain: 38, 101, 153, 199, 317

Letters, &c., of Lord Byron: 10, 72, 128, 179, 235, 291

LIBRARY TABLE—

Art of Dressing Well: 49
Circle of Light: By H. P. Malet: 103
Her Majesty's Tower: By Hepworth Dixon: 213
Merry Tales for Little Folks: 50
Owen Meredith: 48
Periodicals: 159, 214, 272
Poor Letter H: By the Hon. Henry H.: 273
Shakespearean Gems: By the Chevalier de Chateletain: 159

Madame de la Roche: 182
Midnight Watch, The: By a Detective Officer: 75

Names, A Chapter on: By D. H. Jacques: 14

New Music: 160, 214

Niece, Tho, of Justice Humphreys: By Virginia F. Townsend: 293

Paris; and Life there in 1861: By H. T. Tuckerman: 82, 136

Paris Correspondent, Our: 46, 94, 162, 220, 267
Pet: By John Churchill Brennan: 250

Printing, The Origin of: 100

Raymond (Translated from the French): 333

Rings and Precious Stones: 328

Roman Catacombs, The: By James W. Wall: 5

Shakespeare's Brutus: By Henry T. Lee: 320
INDEX.

Tenth, A, for Heaven: By T. S. A.: 156
Theatres, &c.—The Gaitety and The Globe: 50. The Pantomimes, &c.: 106, 166, 215, 274, 329
"The Grecian Bend": By Uncle Grumbler: 110
Thomas De Quincey: 300
Toilet, The (specially from Paris): 56, 112, 167, 224, 277, 336
Tronbadours, The: 20
Undine: 23

Voyage, A, from Ceylon to Cosseir, and a Journey through the Desert from Cosseir to Thebes: By Lt.-Col. H. Copinger: 124, 189, 233
Woman, The Natural Sphere of: 88
Women, Enthusiasm of: 212
Women, Thackeray’s: 278
Women, The higher Education of: 221
Zilveren Bruiloft, The (A Reminiscence of Haarlem): By Mrs. C. A. White: 195

POETRY.

Abergele: By R. E. Thackeray: 88
Beside the Sea: By Lily Shorthouse: 187
Camp Song: By J. S.: 314
Carol, A, for Christmastide: By Atholwode: 36
Dreaming: By Eden E. Rexford: 37
Dream, The: By Elizabeth Townbridge: 140
"Early will I seek thee": By H. P. Malet: 181
Evening Time: By H. P. Malet: 19

Indifferent: By Ada Trevanian: 237
"It will all be right in the Morning": By B. F. Taylor: 122

Lament, A, for Lent: 150
Little Eastern, To the: By H. P. M.: 299
Love, A Soldier’s Tale of: By J. G. Lyons: 188
Love: By H. P. Malet: 237

Martyr, The: By Lily Shorthouse: 290
Memory, A: 181
Mill-stream, The: By Ada Trevanian: 314
Mistresses and Maids (A Matrimonial Dialogue): By Frederick Rule: 141

Moonlight and Memory: By Benjamin E. Taylor: 55
Mutual Forbearance: Cowper: 111
Past, The: By F. E. W.: 299
Pearl Ring, The: By H. P. Malet: 100
Retrospection, A: By Ida Afton: 212
Sisters: By Ada Trevanian: 9
Southern Cross, The; or, Life’s Ocean Journey: By Mary Wheeler: 237
Spring Longings: By M. W.: 245
Stanzas on Hope: 188

The End: By Elizabeth Townbridge: 27
To T. W.: By M. B.: 188
Train, The Early: By R. E. Thackeray: 261
Trial, The: 74
True Love: By Elizabeth Townbridge: 245

Visitations—A Sonnet: By Mrs. Newton Crosland: 206
Word, A, in Season: By Frederick Rule: 74
Workers, The Two: 188
Wrath, The: By Ada Trevanian: 66
Writing from Life: By Ada Trevanian: 201

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DARLINGTON.

CHAP. XXXI.

LOOKING WITHIN. AN INVITATION.

The Midsummer holidays have for the present brought Helen’s studies at Mrs. Thomson’s to a close, but she will come to me as usual, and once in a fortnight Miss Ainslie has promised to give her two hours.

On Wednesday instead of my pupil coming to me, I went to Darlington and spent the day.

After the course of dictation and reading, I sat beside her in a shady corner of the orchard while she sketched from nature. We purposed a ride on the marsh, but, the day being warm, deferred it till evening. During dinner the old gentleman mentioned that he had just received a letter from my friend abroad, and should think over the request it contained. He came up with us to the drawing-room for a short time and then went to his hay-fields. I sat in a very contented mood listening to Helen’s singing, and thought how much she was improved since Richard saw her. I reminded her of the occasion, and she laughed and said she was afraid Captain Gainsborough must have thought her a very rough girl. “Grant had the power of working me up in passions then,” she said.

“It is not so long ago, and yet I look back and feel the world is so changed for me—so happily changed—that I wonder when I think the time as actually so short. Oh, I was very unhappy at that time; very, It seems,” she continued thoughtfully, “as if I had two selves: the one for the outward world, the other for myself. Now the latter I do not feel is much changed—the other very much indeed. At that time the two were fighting—now they are at peace. I should not wonder if that is the main difference between happiness and unhappiness.”

I did not speak; she went on.

“Miss Ainslie was quoting a French proverb the other day, ‘Quand on n’a pas ce que l’on aime, il faut aimer ce que l’on a.’ There is a little something in that I do not altogether like, but there is truth as concerns happiness. Either I must have brought my inward self to be in harmony with my outward world in order to be capable of happiness, or my outward world must come, as it has done, to be in harmony with my inward self. Do you understand?”

“Partly, at least. Your outward world means principally the persons whose companionship affords food for your mind and your affections. Your inward self more essentially your own being—the being that loves and reasons; the feeling, thinking, suffering soul.”

“Well, that is what I feel to be little changed, and when I speak of what is changed, of my outward self, I mean that which has most to do with my outward world, which is much moulded by it; the self which I think of in relation to others, and which aspires to be to them this or that of excellent. My innermost self aspires to what is excellent because it is excellent—that is, to my perceptions, and not because it is commendable in the eyes of others. I should think all souls had those aspirations, I believe Grant had when a boy in some degree. I suppose they gave way to the tide of circumstance; he too readily brought himself down to harmonize with the influence of some of his companions. I cannot tell what I might have become if I had fallen into bad hands. As it was I know before you came I was tending ill for a young lady; though not, I hope, badly in any moral sense; for my grandfather and Nanny Cargill were pretty safe guides in broad matters of right and wrong. Grant and Mr. Hawkins were the only persons I saw at all frequently here, so my world was very limited. It is true I went to school, but the fact of the girls there quizzes my oddity, so set my feelings on edge, I could not feel inclined to copy them.”

“If they were rude or sarcastic you did better not to try.”

“There were one or two I liked better than others, so my pride would allow me to consider them, and I think I may have acquired some good from them. But just think the difference the last four months has made in my world! You, dear Mrs. Gainsborough alone would have been worth all I ever had before put together. Then the Ainslies—they are such a nice family; fit I should think for any society.”

“Well, dear Helen, I will say this, somehow you have improved very rapidly. You have advanced wonderfully in your studies, but what
Darliston.

strikes me most is the improvement in your manners, or rather I should say manner; for it was more in respect to the manner of doing kind or polite things than in any want of feeling or inclination to do them that you were deficient. You were abrupt, hasty, even a little harsh, as well in your words and tones as in your actions. I noticed this more when you spoke to others than myself.

"I believe I have very much the inclination to catch the tone and manner of those about me."

"It occurred to me just now, when you were at the piano that the rapid progress manifested in you put me in mind of those northern countries where, a few days after the snow disappears, vegetation springs and summer commences. A proverb I have somewhere read in one of Miss Bremer's works also came into my head, 'There grows much corn in the winter nights.' That inward self of which you speak must have been working I should think for years past: not making much manifestation perhaps through the outward, but still in its days of darkness and poverty labouring within you on something; gaining in vigour. Had it not been so, you would not have been able to maintain the fight you speak of. You would have submitted to the course events seemed taking; aspired no longer, or only so feebly that your actions would have been uninfluenced."

"I used to have fits of thinking, certainly; or something between dreaming and thinking. I really believe that books were my best supports in cleaving to what is good. I mean goodness of the kind that is called greatness, refinement, or the beautiful. Sometimes what I read would stir me up to some practical step in the way of improvement. It was through reading a novel I felt urged on to go to Mrs. Thomason's. My grandfather would never have sent me, and required some persuasion to be induced to consent. Certainly another thing that made me desire to work out some improvement in myself was the disappointment I felt in Grant. I was aware that in education—school education I mean—he was greatly superior, and yet I had a consciousness within me that I ought to be above him in that, as I felt myself to be in appreciation of the good and great. I was a careless happy girl, before Grant came to the Rood Farm. A vague-looking forward kept me satisfied with present imperfections as well in myself as in things about me. My spirits were capital; I was more light-hearted then than I am now. I had no anxieties of any moment."

"But you do not desire to go back to those times?"

"No—oh, no,—what, and give him up? Not for the world, the best world I ever dreamt of! I am happy; sometimes, oh, very happy; and often gay and light-hearted too; but certainly I am often anxious and sometimes depressed. You must not think my marriage has brought this about, at least it is in no way to blame for it. My troubles began as I have told you, when Grant's hero-ship melted away in the broad daylight of reality. From that time I felt I must distrust all pleasant imaginations. I have not got over that feeling entirely, so you may suppose that loving and honouring and delighting in—you know who—

I still at times have little quails of fear; of distrust. My visit to Cardington Castle, as you know, brought me many such. But they are not troubling me now."

"I do not feel that you are wrong in taking a high view of the character of Arden Mainwaring. Yet, in regard to him, your former hard lesson may prove to have been useful; you will think less of slight short-comings. Real persons have all defects of some kind; but from the time our eyes are opened in some degree to our own, if we are conscious that in sincerity we desire to be something nobler and better than we are, we can make allowance for others; and give them credit, as it is but fair, for like aspirations. I do not think it is necessary, in order to love a person, that he should come up to our ideal of perfection; but that he should hold a similar ideal and make some effort at it, does seem necessary. Without the fellowship of heart and mind this implies there could be no enjoyment in companionship."

"I feel so too; though I suppose people may be attached and suit each other in some respects who have very different views on others."

"Yes; and of course any pursuit in common gives a measure of companionship. I was thinking especially of a lifetime union."

Our discourse had proceeded thus far when it was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Cargill. With such a display of excitement as would have much surprised most mistresses, she announced that a gentleman was coming to the Hall—that he was on horseback, and she thought it was Mr. Littington.

"He is coming to invite you, Helen," I said."

So it proved indeed. Mr. Littington had rightly considered he was more likely to prevail with Mr. Wainwright by coming in person than writing. Mrs. Cargill sent off a messenger to inform the old Squire; the visitor was conducted to the drawing-room, and at once spoke to Helen on the subject of her joining the company who were to assemble at his house for a strawberry feast. It was to take place pic-nic fashion in Harby Park, the General's permission being freely granted for their roving over his grounds on the occasion. Speaking of this matter led to Mr. Littington's informing me he had also obtained leave for Alfred Merrivale to copy a certain picture in the collection at Harby Hall. Then I told of the unforeseen difficulty met with in the matter of the Dulwich commission, about which circumstance we were still conversing when Mr. Wainwright entered."

The old gentleman certainly has the reputation of being of a ticklish temper. Mr. Littington I perceived recognized that it was so; refraining from mention of the purport of his visit until he had ascertained and possibly improved the humour of his visete.

He began by recourse to that invaluable assistant, the weather; proceeded to the crops;
then the current news, which comprehended a robbery within the vicinity. A house near Mrs. Wellwood's had been broken into the preceding night and the plate carried off. Some comments on the police followed; then the precautions most proper to be taken to discourage such attempts. Mrs. Wellwood it appeared, being a lone lady, was considerably alarmed and had immediately sent her plate, for better security, to Harby Hall.

"Why there?" I asked.

"Mrs. Wellwood is a niece of the old General," Mr. Litlington answered; "and of course her valuables will be safer there than in her own house."

"I should not feel certain of that," I ventured to say. "The house may be a strong one, but for its size there are fewer servants and some of them are old. The coachman, I understand, does not sleep in the house."

"Lately he has done so. The robbery here induced some extra precautions. The alarm bell, I know has been refitted. Consider the situation of the house, with the sea-coast on one side and the village defending great part of the other boundary. The bell would rouse the whole neighbourhood. M'Kinnon the steward, the gardeners, and several other men are living within the park wall, and just beyond the western boundary the Leyton farm people, the Whitecrofts and myself. I don't think they would try it."

"That Mrs. Wellwood ought not to be a timid woman," observed Mr. Wainwright. "She went through a good deal in India in her husband's time I have heard."

"Yes, and went through it well; but he was such a noble fellow, just the one to sustain her courage. She is constitutionally nervous, but such women will sometimes endure hardships and perils in a surprising manner, if they have a brave man near them to whom they are devoted."

"Some one told me three years back you were going to marry her, Mr. Litlington; but there are always such reports going.

"Ah—yes; they did me too much honour. Mrs. Wellwood will never marry again. The wonder is she survived the loss of her husband. I believe the necessity there was for her nursing General Wetherall, who was severely wounded in the action which cost her hero his life, was the only thing which sustained her."

"She was a very lovely woman some thirty years back, and she is a very interesting one now; a perfect lady."

"Yes, and much loved and revered by all who know her. I am quite proud to say she is partial to my nieces. Such a friend is an honour indeed, and gives a sort of guarantee which insures them a good reception anywhere. She can be very cheerful too among young people. I wish you would follow her example, Mr. Wainwright, and bring your granddaughter to my house on Friday. I am assembling a party to roam in Harby woods and eat strawberries. I have secured Mrs. Gainsborough, Mrs. Wellwood, my sister and her children. Why, what happy fellows we should be! we should have the field all to ourselves, unless we count little Willie for a bird."

"Thankyou, Mr. Litlington, I don't care much for strawberries nor for roving over any ground but my own. However if you want Helen, I daresay she will be ready enough; you won't keep her late I suppose?"

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**CHAP. XXXII.**

**A STRAWBERRY FEAST, WITH SOME ENTERTAINMENT NOT INCLUDED IN THE PROGRAMME.**

Helen called for me on Friday and drove me in the gig to Mr. Litlington's residence. His nieces had been with him early, to assist in gathering strawberries. Mrs. Ainlie, with her youngest, Willie, came about the same time as ourselves, and a little later a carriage drove up bringing Mrs. Wellwood.

Our party being complete, Mr. Litlington handed each of the ladies a pretty bouquet, and we crossed his garden, entered a long green lane, and soon found ourselves close to Harby Park. Mr. Litlington was provided with a key to a low door, which gave us admittance to a plantation, and when we emerged thence into the open park, Harby Hall became visible at about half-a-mile distance, and some beautiful glimpses of the sea were obtained between trees.

I would rather paint views than describe them with pen and ink, so shall say no more concerning these woods and glades than that I should like free permission to stray about them and sketch at will. I would prefer to record some of the merry nonsense talked, but must not tarry long over it, feeling a necessity to push onwards to some graver matter following. All were very gay, including Mrs. Wellwood, whose face, very beautiful in its traits, and full of sensibility, much took my fancy.

Laura had heard from her uncle some account of Alfred Merrivale's disappointment concerning the commission: she now asked who was the stupid gentleman who had caused him so much perplexity. I explained as far as I could about Mr. Witham; and Laura declared she recollected seeing him when he was in the neighbourhood. Appealing to Alice, she recalled an occasion when he assisted them over a stile. This brought forth reminiscences as well from Willie as Alice; the former inquiring if he were not a fast-looking individual with red whiskers and a thick gold chain; Alice asserting she had met him in the lane we had just passed along—that he had bowed to her and stood waiting her approach. She felt she dared not pass him, and ran back to her uncle's garden.

"Oh, Alice," said Laura, "you should not be such a little silly; remember you are not a

n 2
Darlington.

child now. I am sure he was very polite that time he assisted us, and it was quite a rude thing to face round and run away!"

"I was afraid it was," said Alice. "I don't know what there was about him, but I knew he was going to say something, and I did not think he was a good subject."

There was a laugh about this, Laura declaring he must be a bad one if Alice thought so, for she seldom distinguished her acquaintance in such a way. Willie, who patronizes Alice rather amusingly, but I believe is really very fond of her, raised his voice to declare that Alice was most likely right; for he had once come upon Mr. Witham when he was skulking under a hedge, and looking for all the world like a poacher.

Mr. Littington would not suffer us to tire ourselves with too much walking, but led us soon to where our repast of strawberries and cream was spread. There were besides most of the usual adjuncts of a pic-nic, and no little seasoning of jest and fun for the good things before us. By-and-by we became romantic, Willie included. He announced himself as "all the ladies' pages," and wished to be taught his duties. Laura coarsely told him "to wear buttons," whereat he was very indignant, repudiating the idea of being other than "a page of the olden time."

Mrs. Wellwood, who had been speaking to me of Merton Brown, here remarked: "I think the most perfect impersonation of a page of the olden time I can remember, was to be found in Arden Mainwaring when he returned from the continent seven years ago. He could not have been much over fourteen, but appeared older than he was; rather, I think, from a certain courtly bearing than from any diminution of the simplicity of mind or gaiety of heart we look for at that age. He was the most beautiful youth I ever saw."

Did she suspect anything in regard to Helen? I fancy so.

Helen was taken by surprise by this sudden mention of her Mr. Mainwaring. A flush came over her face. I think Mrs. Wellwood noticed it.

"I wonder how he gets on with Lord St. George," said Mr. Littington; "and whether he and his lady cousin will marry after all. They are together at Vienna, I understand. I can't make those young people out."

Mrs. Wellwood spoke.

"Merton Brown assures me the engagement is off; and I think, from all I have observed, that Arden Mainwaring has outgrown what was indeed at commencement a very romantic boyish attachment. They are not calculated for each other."

"I don't understand people outgrowing their affections," said Laura. "I call it fickleness. People talk of Lady Althea being a coquette, perhaps all the time she has been driven to it. I think Mr. Mainwaring has a great deal to answer for, I hate, of all things, male coquettes!"

I was not sorry for an interruption to this subject; and very opportunely Willie cried, "Hallo! there's somebody coming."

"It's a young gentleman," said Harriet.

"Not young Coalhurst?" cried Mr. Littington, starting up. "He said he could not come till evening. No, this is some one from the Hall."

"Is it Mr. M'Kinnon?" I asked.

"No; I don't know him, but he is coming this way. He sees us."

All were in doubt until he was in front of our group; then we recognized Mr. Alfred Merrivale, in a new suit of clothes, which certainly tended to give him an improved appearance.

He raised his hat to the company, and Mr. Littington bade him welcome in a very kind and friendly manner, enjoining him to take a place among us. I made a gesture for him to sit beside me, and he came up and shook hands, replying to Mr. Littington. "I will do anything you bid me sir, if you will only presently spare me a few minutes of your time."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Littington answered. "Only you, one or neither of us can be spared just now, with all these ladies to attend upon."

Perhaps the apparition of Alfred Merrivale reminded Laura she might have been too vehement in her defence of Lady Althea. Her manner became quieter, and she evidently desired, by more special attentions to myself, to erase any impression I might have taken of her having been unduly combative.

Mr. Littington endeavoured to incite us to be musical, and his sister setting a good example, other ladies were encouraged to raise their voices.

I noticed much change for the better in Alfred's appearance besides that I have already mentioned. There was revived spirit in his aspect. As an observer, at least, he shared in our gaiety with apparent satisfaction; but at intervals he seemed abstracted—even anxious, and I began to consider whether the matter he wished to communicate might not be something apart from Mr. Littington's commission. While a general laugh was going round, I said apart, "Any news of Mr. Witham?"

He nodded, and in an undertone began, "I am seriously anxious, and must speak either to you—"

Mrs. Ainslie from the far side of our group here interrupted, "Mr. Merrivale, we hope, if you cannot sing, you will tell us a story. Do think of something."

The request appeared at first rather to embarrass, but the next minute, with sudden animation, Alfred spoke thus:

"I could indeed tell some sort of a story, but it must be very incomplete; and the whole matter, though strange, and to some here I know not without interest, is hardly romantic enough in character for the present occasion. Unless the facts are thought of sufficient importance to excuse me, others may think me tedious and egotistical."

Mrs. Ainslie declared she should like it all the
better if it concerned himself, and the others were not slow to acquiesce.

When, as soon appeared, Mr. Witham was introduced as a character in the narration, the interest of all became lively. He mentioned the manner of their mutual acquaintance through Mr. M'Kinnon, the fact of Mr. Witham's knowledge of perspective and his kindness towards himself. Without entering into all that Helen and myself had informed him of, he intimated that I had warned him Mr. Witham was a dangerous acquaintance.

"Mrs. Gainsborough will remember," he continued, "that the following afternoon I called at Fairclough for a book she was kind enough to lend me. On my return thence, about six o'clock, I fell in with Mr. Witham near the spot where we had been practising archery the day previous. I found him in conversation with a strange man of very inferior appearance, and my suspicions having been awakened, I took especial notice of this stranger. Mr. Witham told me he was the son of one of his tenants, but had ruined himself by a rash marriage and become poor and negligent of appearances. About a fortnight after Mr. Witham left, Mr. M'Kinnon asked me if I had seen a man loitering about the lanes, and, taking a paper from his pocket, read to me a very clear description of this—tenant of Mr. Witham's. I heard he had been taken by the police in company with one of the noted Black Band; but no charge having been as yet made against him, he was likely to be set at liberty. Mr. M'Kinnon had heard from one of our labourers that he had seen this man more than once, and had been questioned by him concerning our affairs."

"We know the man, Helen—do we not?" I said, when Alfred had proceeded thus far. "Is he not a pale-faced man, about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, with a light sandy beard and thin hair?"

"The very description read to me; a good description too; and yet I have taken his portrait more minutely, and should like to know if you recognize any peculiarities not there indicated. His eyes are sunk and devoid of eyelashes; there is a sly look in them, and they are seldom steady. Some of the muscles on the left side of his face have sunk near the jaw, but perhaps that would not strike you as it did myself."

"I cannot say I observed it, but what you before described I think quite correct."

"It gave me a feeling of his face being out of drawing," resumed Alfred. "However, I will now give you my first important fact. That man, with his pale face tinged with colour, his hair cut close and dyed, and his beard shaved, is serving in the stables yonder. He has been for the last ten days an out-door servant at Harby Hall."

Mrs. Wellwood uttered an exclamation of alarm, and asked if he had informed the General.

"I was leaving the Hall when I saw the man," Alfred replied; "ad been told you were in the grounds, but did not think of intruding on your party until this made it expedient. Fortunately I had a good look at the man before he saw me. When he did I was prepared to seem as if he were unknown to me, and I thought my turning back and asking to speak with General Withal would rouse his suspicions."

"You say," said Mr. Littlington, "that it is your first fact of importance: this is raising our expectations for something entirely strange. Pray proceed."

I felt certain Alfred would now revert to Mr. Witham, and he did so. Mentioning the newspaper he had received from Vienna and the recent commission dated from Paris. Then he spoke of the Dulwich difficulty, of receiving the telegraphic message I had sent, and of acting immediately upon it.

"Yesterday morning," he went on, "I received a reply from Chamberi; here it is."

He produced a letter and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—You are under some mistake, for I do not remember your name, and certainly have not sent neither money nor commission for a picture to England since I left it. Take this note and show it to Mr. Harvey, New-Square, Lincoln's Inn. He may possibly give you some information.—" Yours truly,

"Carlton Witham."

"Of course," continued Alfred, "I obeyed the direction and went immediately to Lincoln's Inn. The gentleman, who is a solicitor, cast his eyes over the note I tendered, and questioned.

"What's the matter?"

"I handed the letter from the other Carlton Witham, and explained the impediment I had met with in carrying out the commission which had led to my writing to Savoy. "He appeared rather amused, and said, 'You've got the money?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'but you perceive I cannot rightly execute the commission.'

"'Well, but you are safe,' he said; 'do it as well as you can,' and he added, 'What on earth could induce him to turn patron of art? That was in my time, and must be dash of cash.'

"'Do you know him, sir?' I enquired with anxiety. "'I have seen this handwriting before,' he said, 'but have heard nothing of the person for the last twelve months. Perhaps you will not object to tell me where and when you last met him?'

"All I knew I was willing to tell, and I had to be on my guard, or this skilful gentleman would have extracted from me also what others had suspected. I was afraid, too, I was to receive no requital, but as Mr. Harvey refolded and handed over the Paris letter, he said, 'I congratulate you, young sir, that you stand on the safe side in regard to this correspondent, and if you will take my advice you will be very careful in all your transactions with him. One observation I feel called upon to make on the part of my client, Mr. Carlton Witham—it is going a little too far to have letters sent from abroad in his name. I do not discern from anything you have related what purpose was to be served by taking so much pains; possibly time may dis-
close it to you. Can there be any reason for wishing to get you away from your home?"

"None but a kind one, that I can perceive," I answered." He elevated his eyebrows: "Have you been of any use to him?" "None but whatever," I answered. "If you rest in the idea that he is so soft as to do you a disinterested kindness, you must have very little knowledge of the world in general or of this man in particular; so the lawyer spoke. 'I suppose this is your first visit to London. Take my advice, go back again. Ten to one the fellow is after some mischief.' " 'Am I to understand, then, that he is an impostor?' I asked. "Mr. Harvey's answer was this. He told you he was the eldest son of the late Carlton Witham, Esquire, first cousin to the Earl of Clondace. So far he told you true. Nevertheless he has no right to the name of Witham. His proper designation is Cornelius Carlson: his mother was a laundress. This is not the first time he has endeavoured to pass himself off for Mr. Carlton Witham, and he has been altogether a source of great annoyance to my client, who, if he were not one of the kindest-hearted of men, would have done with him long ago. As it is, he allows him residence on one of his estates, and makes him a liberal allowance. I certainly shall counsel Witham to withhold the latter for the future if he does not refrain from taking such liberties with his identity. Should you meet your correspondent it may be friendly to give him this warning from me. Good-day.' I have little more to say; I started early this morning from London, and finding on my arrival a note from you, Mr. Litlington, apprising me that General Wetheral had given leave for my copying a certain picture, I repaired to Harby Hall to measure the size for a canvas. Had Mr. M'Kinnom been at home I should have gone first to him; but he left yesterday for Scotland, and I am told is not likely to return for a week. Mrs. Gainsborough knows I had some special reasons for being solicitous about the safety of Harby Hall, and having heard another robbery had been effected in the neighbourhood, I took occasion to mention it to Truscot, and asked some questions which led to my hearing that a new groom had been engaged, and that he slept in the stables. I purposely left the Hall by the back way, that I might see if the man looked like a serviceable defender, little expecting so to recognize him."

"You are quite positive then in regard to the identity?" asked Mr. Litlington.

"I feel perfectly convinced." There was silence among us for a few moments, each member of our party looking serious enough. Helen whispered to me, and I then announced what her suspicions had been in regard to Mr. Witham; and mentioned the affair of the drawings, and his sudden departure.

Mr. Litlington said the police must be informed. The new groom could of course be immediately arrested, but it might be more desirable to watch him, since he had already once escaped for want of evidence. He would like to know General Wetheral's opinion of the matter.

Mrs. Wellwood rose, and said:

"I will go quietly to the General and tell him all. You will please, Mr. Litlington, to send my carriage, when it comes, to the Hall, and excuse my withdrawal. I ordered it for half-past nine. Could you send anyone in it to reinforce my uncle's garrison?"

"Might I come?" asked Alfred.

Mrs. Wellwood said she would answer for his welcome. We watched her proceed along the way leading to the Hall, and then took ours towards the door by which we had entered, talking in low tones with much earnest interest. Mr Litlington stood in front of the door, and before opening it said:

"Come girls, this won't do. Get up some fun. We may be observed. Willie, set about some mischief directly, sir! Mr. Merrivale, say something gallant, here's choice of ladies to speak it to."

Willie at all events was both prompt and practical in acting on the advice given.

Mr. Litlington allowed us to be in a decent state to appear before the public. That "public" met us in the person of the same old woman who at St. Bride's had been introduced in the sketches taken. Alfred had seen her before, but to the others she was quite a stranger, and, inclining to be suspicious, I determined on giving her a sixpence and engaging her attention. I bade her give the moneys-worth in good fortune to my friend Helen, and she was tolerably liberal with the usual faggro. Helen had the discretion not to evince any special amusement when told that, though there were many handsome young gentlemen seeking her hand, the one who should be her husband was now furthest from her thoughts.

"And nearest to her elbow—do say that!" added Willie; he being in that position.

Once within the walls of Mr. Litlington's garden we held a counsel. It was decided that Willie should go in search of his father and put him in possession of the facts. To do my little cousin justice, he was as ready for this important task as he had been for fun. He was also charged to send a messenger in my name to Mrs. Merrivale, promising hereafter to explain Alfred's absence.

Bearing in mind Mr. Wainwright's injunction, Helen and I departed early. Mr. Litlington sent his man-servant to escort us on horseback.

Saturday passed quietly. Next morning, on my return from church, I found a note on my table from Alfred Merrivale. It told that, in compliance with General Wetheral's wishes, he had taken up his abode at Harby Hall until Mr. M'Kinnom should return from Scotland. The upper servants alone were aware of his being there at night. He had received a letter from Mr. Witham, dated from London. It stated he had called at the Dulwich Gallery, hoping to find him, and had heard from the gentleman in
charge there of the anxiety he had felt concerning the commission. Mr. Witham promised shortly to see him, and arrange in some way that should be satisfactory to both; and requested a few lines from Alfred, to be addressed to a hotel at Liverpool, as he should be coming north in a few days, and desired to know if he were willing to undertake to copy a small oil painting belonging to a friend in that town.

"I see no need to reply to this at present," Alfred wrote. "Mr. Littington saw my brother Valentine yesterday, and gave him the necessary particulars about me; and he took care I should have the letter which had arrived without delay. The answer to all enquiries for me at home is that I am executing a commission for Mr. Littington, and may not return for some days."

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CHAP. XXXIII.

CROSSING THE CLEFT. MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S WONDERS.

Thursday, July 1st.—I sat all this morning in my garden embroidering, directing Lance's labours among my flowers, and enjoying the uncertain weather. At such times I am happy enough; but evenings alone seem more trying to my spirits now than in more wintery times. Perhaps it is this: that, with summer around me, I am apt to dream over certain days passed with my good husband in the tropics, and then it follows that I fret for news of him. It is quite time now to begin to expect. Hope springs, and anxiety follows. There are other hopes and fears, it is possible, may be affected by his letter; but no; I do not allow myself to write on that subject—it is not good to dwell on.

Rather let my memory go back a few years, and recall my summer walks in London, at the head of a regiment of young girls. Oh, those dny, wall-enclosed walks! Could I, seven years ago, have pictured myself as I was this afternoon, standing with my riding-skirt over my arm, waiting for dear loving Helen to come catering to join me on a ride through this beautiful country?

Helen had something to tell me.

"Ah, you would not come with me yesterday, to ride on the marsh, naughty woman! and I might have been run away with. There would have been a pretty subject for you to write upon to the continent!"

"Very well, madame; if you remind me of my responsibilities I shall not permit you to go rambling rides by yourself. Pray, what handsome young gentleman did you meet? Was there one furthest from your heart any nearer your elbow?"

"It's very difficult to say who is furthest from my heart; but there were some men—not handsome ones—disposed to be nearer my elbow than I at all approved. You know the channel where the tide runs up on the far side of the marsh?"

"Where you took me to have a good view of the sea?"

"Yes, you remember how narrow the way was for the horses?"

"I remember it well; we had to go one before the other. A horrid place for riding, the rocks are so rugged on either side."

"Well, I had not gone far along that path when I heard a horse's heels after me—coming at a smart trot, too, considering the sort of place it is for a trot. Grant has come back! I thought; and of course I was the same moment considering what I ought to do. The tide was running in fast along the Channel on my right, the sea not far distant in front. Further on to my left I could hope to pick my way by what was once a bridle-path, leading past the ruined fishing huts; but on looking in that direction I saw two men near the buildings, and a third, who had the appearance of a sturdy beggar, advancing towards me. I looked round then, and should have been almost glad to have seen Grant."

"It was not your cousin, then?"

"No; a coarse-looking middle-aged man. I had checked my mare's pace, and he came on more slowly, so completely filling the narrow way that, had I turned, I could not have passed him. Oh, if it had not been for my good little Prossy—the beauty she is!" And Helen patted her pretty arching neck.

"My dear girl, what were the men?"

"I don't know what they were—beggars or thieves; but I am sure they were acting in concert, or else that shabby, ugly cavalier took pleasure in trying to frighten me. I should have been frightened if I had not felt in spirits with my ride—in spirits to do a daring thing, and enjoy it. I really did think the case was serious though, or I should not have considered it right to incur the risk. I have given Grant more than one scolding for doing the same thing out of daring and bravado; that was when he was a boy."

"I remember your pointing out a leap he took on a horse, which afterwards won a cup. Surely you did not venture that?"

"Yes," said Helen, laughing at my alarmed expression. "We did; did we not, Prossy? We crossed the Cleft, and did it beautifully. Oh, it was capital; it took them so by surprise!"

"The horseman, as he came near, said, with an impudent tone of familiarity: 'The roads are very bad about here, Miss. I am afraid we can't pass each other without coming rather closer than seems pretty, though I don't object."

"I went on a little faster. The beggarman stood at the head of the path to the huts. Rearing he might catch my rein, I gave Prossy a hint, and passed him at a bound. The man I think made some effort of the kind; and, as if angered at failing, uttered a smothered exclamation.
Dariston.

"All right," I heard the horseman say. Glancing over my shoulder I perceived he had halted, and showed no intention of proceeding by the path to the left, but continued in the way I wished to return by. Having a little more space now I wheeled round and faced them. The beggar began, in a tone between threatening and whining, to ask if I had not something better than kicks to bestow on a poor man. The horseman looked as if he regarded the whole rather as a good joke. This made me more indignant, and more determined.

"Will you take your way, sir; or is it your purpose to hinder mine?" I asked. He burst into a rude laugh, asked what was the matter, said the path was here quite wide enough for me to pass, and I had only to give the poor fellow a copper, and he would be civil enough.

"I shall do as I please about that," I said.

"Will you move out of my path?"

"He showed no inclination. 'You can hardly ride me down,' he said; 'but don't be afraid of close quarters, young lady, I'm a civil man.'"

I turned again and entered towards the sea. The tide was coming in rapidly, but I was now on the plateau of rock, which affords better footing than the rugged, broken ground. Both men followed, and the one on horseback cried, in the same coarse, laughing way: 'Hillo, my lady, you are going into the sea. You will want me to take you in tow presently.' And again he shouted, 'She's going to commit suicide. It's against the law of the land, and we can't see her do it!'

"I spurred on, and he after me. Once I looked back, to see if there were any chance in retreating. That glance made me all the more certain they were bent on detaining me. The two men from the huts had advanced, and were posted at the turn of the path. Each moment seemed to pen me closer in between the channel, the sea, and my pursuers.

"The horse the man rode was a good one, but no more fit to follow Prosey where I was taking her than a mastiff to leap with a deerhound. I had to make a little circuit, in order to leap to advantage. The fellow was within three yards of me, and thought me fairly at bay, when I dashed before him and crossed the cleft.

"Prosey cleared it beautifully, but the dear creature was in a tremble after. I heard a shout as I leapt. My hat flew back, but held on by the elastic, and, as I put it on, and looked at the state of discomfited astonishment the men on the other side of the water appeared to be in, I could not refrain from laughing. Answering the horseman's last speech to me, I said, 'Many thanks to you, sir. You see I can take care of myself! And, dear Mrs. Gainsborough,' Helen said in conclusion, 'it was well you were not with me, for you could not have taken the leap on Paddy, and I could not have left you behind.'"

"My dear Helen," I said, "you must not ride alone again!"

"I do not intend," she replied; "not on those paths, at all events, nor on any where there is danger of being tripped. On the open road I have no fear. They'll have fleet steeds that follow!"

"Did you tell your grandfather?"

"I avoided making the matter seem serious, but told him something of it. I think of calling at the police station now, and mentioning the circumstance, if you do not mind going with me."

Of course I was willing. We alighted there, and asked for one of the inspectors Helen already was acquainted with. She related in few words the occurrence, and then proceeded to Cedar Lawn, while I went to make some purchases at Messrs. Smith and Mullins. I had not been long there when Alice Ainslie came in. Such a little sedate, business-like woman she was over her shoppings, showing no want of either discernment or decision. I begin to find Alice has more character than at first I gave her credit for. She is one of those gentle creatures who love shelter, and are content in shadow. Happy in the affections of her home, full of venerating for the dear ones there, she has had, I should think, little need for self-assertion, and remains a child to them. I accompanied her to another shop, to order a cap for her mamma. The master, who was speaking in a very brutal tone to the young woman behind the counter, came forward, bowing in the blandest manner to us. I saw Alice's fair face flush to the temples, and her little dimpled mouth curl very much—as Laura's is apt to do. To his homely address she replied, 'Send some caps to Cedar Lawn tomorrow, before twelve. Miss Selby,' she continued, looking towards the young girl, "will, I hope, be kind enough to select some, as she knows mamma's taste.'"

And she walked hastily out. She saw me smile, and smiled herself, saying, "I do dislike that man so! I am quite afraid I shall show it some day."

"Certainly," I said: "he spoke like a tyrant to his shopwoman."

"Yes," Alice answered, "he often does, and then comes grimacing towards his customers, and I feel as if I should like to give his head a good push when he brings it down so low. Don't you think, Mrs. Gainsborough, we can best tell what people really are by considering what they are to others rather than to ourselves?"

Helen had had the French lesson from Miss Ainslie, and was narrating her adventure of the previous evening when we arrived. There was some discussion as to whether Mr. Witham could have had any part in it; but Helen thought it more probable her new watch and chain had attracted notice from some of the bad characters going about. Mrs. Ainslie told me her brother had seen Alfred Merrivale, who had commenced copying the picture, and seemed very contented. The old general was quite on the alert, and even ex-
pressed disappointment that, as yet, he had not received a visit from the Black Band. However, as the groom continued at his post, he thought there was still a chance.

Laura, who had been engaged in the garden, entered together with a certain Mr. Coalhurst. The latter said he was going along the dusty road, where he saw an open gate, and all within looked so irresistibly refreshing that he entered and now could only crave pardon for trespassing. Mrs. Ainslie seemed very willing to accord it. Laura stood, with a bouquet in her hand, looking very handsome, and slightly defiant, as though she would say, "Don't think I wanted him!" Presently she asked if I had heard any news from Oxford.

I answered, "Nothing of late."

"Well, then, you will be glad to learn—though I mean to have a good cry about it, and Alice is bound to go into hysterics—that dear Mr. Brown of yours has passed through his examinations gloriously, and obtained a fellowship—a fellowship, Miss Dalziel," she repeated, "and won't be able to marry any of us! I assure you, Mrs. Wellwood, when she told me of it, was as near being in a pet as such an angel could be. She wanted him to settle in these parts; and offered to take him as her son and heir if he would: so what a chance we have lost!"

"May I ask," said Mr. Coalhurst, "if the gentleman is worth crying about on his own account, or only on the supposition of his being Mrs. Wellwood's adopted?"

"Both—oh, both!" cried Laura, dramatically.

"I am very sorry for you all, young ladies," I said, "but you had better take things philosophically. He has, I suppose, fallen in love with the classics, or with independence: but, after all, it might have been worse; he might have married some dear friend of his sisters in Derbyshire. I hope we shall still have him here sometimes."

"Treat him as he deserves, Miss Laura," said Mr. Coalhurst. "Since he has the bad taste to prefer musty old books to ladies' smiles, do not waste your precious tears on such an undervaluing subject.

"Well, since it seems Allie can be calm under it, perhaps I may. But he was a delightful man to quarrel with; and I had not yet got the better of him!"

I think Mrs. Wellwood had expressed her persuasion that there was no particular attachment between Mr. Merton Brown and Helen, or Laura would not have spoken so fearlessly before her. I wonder if Mrs. Wellwood really has entertained such views towards that gentleman! He is the son of one of her early friends, and can be spared at home. If I were in Mrs. Wellwood's case, I should like very much to appropriate him. I suppose, unless he marries, she hardly can do so with full assurance. She likes Laura. I wonder if Laura would have accepted him if he had fallen in with Mrs. Wellwood's views? I wonder what sort of a lover he would make! He is so cool upon the subject now. I do not exactly think the worse of him for preferring to strive for himself rather than accept the bounty of this generous lady, but, if affection were in the case, I think he would not hesitate; for, surely, he might live to as much good purpose here as in Oxford! Laura seemed to infer that Alice was as much concerned as herself in the matter—I suppose because he carried her about that evening; but he only considered her as a child.

I wonder if—I wonder what Watch is barking at now? I do believe it is the alarm-bell at Harby Hall!

I was right. Barbara came next moment to tell me she believed Harby Hall was "a-fire!"

And, as we stood to listen at the back-door, Lance came up to ask if I would be afraid at being left—he wanted to go with his brother. Of course he had my leave. I could hear the village was all astir. By-and-by the bell ceased: sometimes a distant shout came borne on the air; but, before midnight, all seemed still, and I was fain to go to bed without intimation of what had befallen.

SISTERS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

I was ten years old when she was born.
It was who first with cautious love
Pressed a kiss upon her rose-leaf cheek—
Taught her, older grown, to walk and speak—
Priced her dawning charms at gifts above.

Ah! her smile was such a sunny one,
Lighting in a moment all her face;
And her sweet eyes were so blue and bright,
That she was my pride and darling quite—
First in honour, as in bloom and grace.

I was twenty-eight when she was wed:
Her choice brought me bitterness of soul;
But she was so fair and glad a bride,
I strove hard the truth from her to hide,
I had lost she might possess the whole.

No: we often wrote, but did not meet;
I was prematurely grave and old,
And I should have married her happiness.
Soon I fancied that she loved me less,
That he made her think me changed and cold.

Three years we were severed—then she died,
Yes, I came in time to say farewell;
And I kissed her lips and closed her eyes.
Was she happy for my sacrifice?
Do not ask me—only God can tell.

Ramsgate, 1865.
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

INTRODUCTION.

The curiosity manifested by the public for every reminiscence or anecdote relative to Lord Byron, and the fraudulent volumes, to his lordship's prejudice, imposed upon the world by the mistaken, the mercenary, or the malignant, render an apology for the appearance of these letters an act of supererogation. By as much as their contents may tend to eradicate erroneous opinions disseminated by others, by so much will the compiler of these manuscripts be rewarded for the time and labour bestowed upon the undertaking. Although all productions of human intelligence partake in a high degree of the idiosyncrasy of the mind from which they emanate, yet wholly to identify an author with the ideal beings generated by a creative imagination (as has been done with Lord Byron), is equally fallacious and unjust. To imagine ourselves to be acquainted with the arcanum of individual character by a consideration of the garb it assumes for the purpose of popularity, is as preposterous as to conclude a veil to be the standard of virtue, a visor an emblem of vice, a toy synonymous with consistency, or a radical another word for a patriot. But much more is to be learnt from sentiments expressed in a familiar correspondence where no shade is sought after to screen the imperfections of the picture, and no varnish is required to heighten its effect. Where the price of deception is inadequate to the pains of deceiving.

These letters will be found interesting to many, while they will be injurious to none; and that the dross will adhere to the destruction of the pure metal I cannot admit, or it is obvious I should not have been the medium of their publication.

Of the correspondence in general, I have in some instances suffered much to remain, in no way remarkable but as flowing from Lord Byron's pen; where it has seemed little less than profanation to rescind unless when influenced by an imperative necessity, or in the avoidance of a too tedious prolixity; in others I have been unavoidably and reluctantly compelled to prune, as it were, the most luxuriant and beautiful branches, to render the plant conformable to the chamber it was destined to occupy, where the particular interests of individuals would, by an opposite conduct, have suffered prejudice. By these omissions (in no case discrepant to Lord Byron) the public have lost much. Animated by the warmth of powerful passion, the conceptions of a great mind become more luminous and effulgent; its expressions more eloquent and impressive; and his was a genius to which this observation is peculiarly applicable, like the notes of the Colian harp, its voice rose with the storm, and slept in the quiet of the calm.

Evidently written with rapidity and without revision, the letters betray little solicitude of speech, and little grammatical inaccuracy; while the vividness of conception, the variety of imagery, the vigour of expression do credit even to his splendid abilities, and the tender and affectionate language of many sentiments do a justice long denied to the goodness of his heart.

It was my original intention to have extracted those portions of the correspondence descriptive of scenery or delineating the prominent features of national character; but, independent of the sparseness of these representations, I was insensibly diverted from such a project by the contemplation of the development of his own character in the papers before me, a subject of more intense interest and instruction, and which comprise at once a miniature history of the life of one who, from his cradle, seemed by “the Fates marked to bear the extremity of dire mishaps,” and afford a solution of the moral enigma he rendered himself to the world by “putting a strange face on his own perfection.” Wounded, or imagining himself to be wounded, by that world, for the worst he felt he could receive he returned the worst he could give; he appears to it consequently a mixture of malice, misery, and mockery; a compound of complaint and contempt: it beholds in him an object of awe, astonishment, and admiration, of pride and pity. While his wisdom is acknowledged by the wise, his foibles are greedily sought after by the feeble, and his errors raked up from their ashes by the envious, those jackals of human fame. That he had his share of the faults and infirmities incident to humanity it is futile to deny, but to those who derive a consolation from the detection of vices in which they themselves excel and affliction from the contemplation of virtues they are unable to emulate, I leave the invidious task of compiling such a catalogue. It is sufficient to remark that he possessed an aptness to give offence, a readiness to resent, a retentiveness of wrongs which he strove not to forget; but yet was ever forward to forgive, and the singularity it cannot be considered a vice of not desiring to be thought virtuous.

Should the sentiments disclosed in these letters fail to produce the conviction of the sincerity and stability, the warmth and worth, the unsheik attachments he was capable of forming, the pure and perfect affection he was capable of feeling, let the sceptical search farther, let the veneration of those who long attended
him, the unshaken esteem of those who were admitted to terms of intimacy by him, let the love which time and absence never diminished, and could never desist, let the grief with which those who knew him best, deplored his loss, vindicate that fame which, however loaded with calumny, will rise triumphant on the wing of truth through the future ages.

The letters of his minority may appear too numerous to a few——too few to a many. To the former I submit the impracticability of becoming acquainted with the style of an author by a limited survey of scantily scattered paragraphs; and to the latter the inefficacy, not to say presumption, of imposing upon their patience what might seem commonplace. The comprehension of an intricate mechanism such as is the human mind, is as little advanced by an examination of a few of its unconnected parts as by a simultaneous observation of ordinary concomitants in no way accessory to its principle of action.

Before giving these letters, it would be an act of injustice to Lord Byron’s memory to pass over, without comment, those circumstances which embittered his early taste of life, and which subsequently replenished, infused a wormwood into the draught, until his mind, like that of the opium-eater, found relief and exhilaration in poison. We may thus trace the effects of a well-intentioned but ill-judged and ill-timed severity engraven on years of previous unlimited indulgence. The vain attempts which, seeking to subdue the spirit, tended alone to rouse resentment, and the perniciously prolonged provocation which served only to alienate affection. To choke up the channel through which the stream of feeling is wont to flow, is to force it back upon the pure fountain from where it springs to stagnate and corrupt. Lord Byron was taught by this treatment to conceal, not to correct, his faults.

Among the early indications of character there are none more convincing than the conduct and feelings of a child towards those who have authority over his actions. An apathy of praise or punishment, and an indiscriminate indignation, excited by all coercion whether just or unjust, are alike the common attributes of ordinary dispositions; but an early ambition of esteem, in conjunction with the capability of reflecting dispassionately upon the ends of correction, a ready submission to it when deserved, joined to a spirit to resent it when unnecessarily or capriciously inflicted, are the germs of those impulses which prompt men in after-life to brilliant achievements.

Features of this last description are evident in even a cursory perusal of these early letters; but those who expect to find them redundant with budding beauties of composition, the prognostic of the future flowers of poetry, will, I think, be disappointed; but they are not therefore the less curious. In the letters written from Harrow, I am unable to discover more elegance of expression, fertility of fancy, or originality of expression, than may be found in half the epistles of half the boys of the same age; but they are not wanting in acumen and energy, and are remarkable for a juxtaposition of contrary passions, a singular acerbity of temper manifested towards an object of an unaccountable antipathy, an equally ardent admiration of one considered worthy of esteem, and an obstinate opposition to control from one individual, and a ready repentance for the transgression that draws rebuke from another. It would be needless to direct attention to the beautiful tribute of respect and gratitude paid to the head master of Harrow, alike creditable to both the pupil and the preceptor.

To the letters from Newstead, in 1808, we pass over an interval of three years, during which period Lord Byron gave the “Hours of Idleness” to the world and a satire to the critics—the former pretty and puerile, the latter vigorous and venomous—vying with Juvenal, and pointed as the poetry of Pope. It was succeeded by an effusion entitled “Hints to Horace,” which was suppressed, and by an inscription to a Newfoundland dog of a like date and tone with the letters. We find Lord Byron again at Newstead, in 1811, after a further lapse of three years spent in travels, from which he says he acquired “nothing but a smattering of two languages and a habit of chewing tobacco,” but from which the world acquired “Childe Harold.”

The letters of this date are of a different description from those preceding them. The conception, the combination, the concentration of the ideas, the energetic expression, the arrangement of the language are too characteristic to be mistaken. The gloomy disposition of mind, which was to him a grief and a glory, a torture and a triumph, shadows their pages, and in their tone there lies a lurking fire that gleams upon us like that singular lurid light, which, seen at sea, portends the coming storm. They are an ethical epitome—in a word, they are his.

It is not necessary to pursue the sketch of his literary productions up to 1816, the epoch of the first letter from abroad. “The Life of Lord Byron” (which I take occasion to observe I have not read, but of the correctness of which I have no doubt) is in the hands of all; and I have little ambition to run a parallel course with its author in a narration of the same events, supposing that the taste of the public is not of the eccentric taste of that of the Prince of Lus, who deserted the bed of beauty to watch the motions of a miserable mouse. Moreover, those events are too recent to fail of remembrance and too forcible not to facilitate a perfect recollection.

It may be asked if the gist of this article be to repeat the amiable qualities of Lord Byron and to invalidate impressions pernicious to his memory, why I have not applied the axe to the root of the evil by a direct contravention of the untruths that have been uttered; but under the peculiar circumstances of its appearance, it would have been derogatory to this work to thrust it into the lists with those of obscure
individuals, whose names alone prefixd to these aspersions afford a comfortable assurance that they are destined to oblivion. The vitality of calumny is the notice it receives, like the heads of the hydras it is too frequently multiplied by destruction. It is fortunate that the characters of such authors, like the lives of certain insects, depart with their stings. True it is that such summer-fies provoke us for a time, but it is by their insignificance; there is little honour to be derived from becoming their Domitian.

There are some, however, whose opinions deserve a greater degree of attention; those who think of Lord Byron what Gilden said of Pope, "that he was the son of the devil, and that he wanted but horns and a tail to be an exact resemblance of his infernal father!" I now only solemnly assure these persons, from unquestionable testimony, that they are mistaken. The genealogical tree of the Burons, the Byrons, or the Bryons (as the late lord pronounced it) is coeval with the conquest. In the reigns succeeding the first Henry, the Byrons are found taking their seats as lords of Horestan Castle. Edward I. gave to Sir John de Byron the government of York; another Sir John became a knight-baronet at the Siege of Calais; the family received a similar honour from the sword of Henry V. in the person of his descendant Sir John de Byron, who was the ancestor of the Sir John distinguished by his gallantry under the banns of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth. Newstead Abbey came into the possession of the Byrons upon the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The representatives of the race followed the fortunes of the murdered Charles, and did good service at the battle of Edgehill, for which Sir John Byron was created a peer, October 24th, 1643, by the title of Baron Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster. The adventures of Adminal Byron, born 1723, are well known. They are alluded to in a poem which will appear in the course of this series. The late lord, the 6th in the peerage, was born on the 22nd of January, 1758.

Of the remarks contained in the notes I have little to say, and trust that less will be said. Through their medium I have ventured to direct attention to those events which, however apparently of a trivial nature, have appeared to me to influence in a high degree the feelings and conduct of the writer, and to point to those sentiments which may afford any assistance to the reader in drawing from the correspondence a portraiture of character. To the minute analyzer of moral causes and effects this will seem a task supererogatory; to the general reader they may serve as sign-posts to a road he may follow or not as he pleases.

Among the notes will also be found interspersed some few anecdotes and sentiments which I have had more pains in collecting than pleasure in perusing. Though these have lost much in the narration, it is to be hoped that their spirit, like that of volatile perfume, has not wholly evaporized by being transferred. It is remarkable that, possessing so prolific a genius, Lord Byron should not unfrequently, in different parts of his works, repeat the same ideas in nearly the same words; while in letters of the same date, addressed to separate persons, I have seen whole sentences similar almost à la lettre. Whether these were re-conceived or recollected, whether the writer himself forgot or thought that others forgot them; or, to speak more learnedly and less intelligibly, whether the wider sensations of memory were suspended whenever a recurrence of external objects operated upon the more powerful sensibilities, or whether these previous perceptions were retained in the mind, as bailes in a warehouse, to be exposed as occasion offered, I leave to those more capable the province of deciding: certain it is that such self-plagiaryisms are sufficiently singular to deserve notice, and therefore, where there have appeared very conspicuous coincidences of sentiment between these letters and the works, I have thought it not uninteresting to place them in juxtaposition.

I may be open to censure in having done too much, when I feel I have done too little: much has escaped my penetration which will be often perceptible to one versed in the science of human nature. If I have slightly named, rather than truly observed, the interior motives which form the externally apparent phases of mind, I will not shirk from expressing the real cause of such omissions. To reveal the subtle, the intricate, and obscure nets which enclasp, as in a labyrinth, the heart of man, demands a power of intellect which I have not the presumption to pretend to possess. I think these pages will not, however, be found barren of amusement, and, in that belief, I offer them to the reader.

Burgage Manor, March 22nd, 1804.

Although I have hitherto appeared remiss in replying to your kind and affectionate letters, yet I hope you will not attribute my neglect to a want of affection, but rather to a shyness naturally inherent to my disposition.* . . . . .

If you see Lord — I beg you will remember me to him. I fancy he has almost forgot me by this time, for it is rather more than a year since I had the pleasure of seeing him. Also remember me to poor old Murray. Tell him we will see that something is to be done for him; for while I live he shall never be abandoned in his old age.† Write to me soon, and do not forget to love me.

* This infirmity the writer was never able to overcome. The torments of its endurance, the task of its subjugation, none can conceive who have not throbbed under its pulse, or rather impulse. The consciousness of the feeling is an aggravation of the failing. Confession is no step to amendment. Reflection seldom affords a remedy to the disease, or Time a relief to its tortures.

† Murray had been from his youth a servant in the family: he lived afterwards upon the fruits of this promise many years.
Southwell, 26th, 1804.

I received your affectionate letter yesterday, and now hasten to comply with your injunction by answering it as soon as possible. Not that it can be in the least irksome to me to write to you: on the contrary, it will always prove my greatest pleasure; but I am afraid my correspondence will not prove the most entertaining, for I have nothing that I can relate to you but my affection, which I can never sufficiently express; therefore I should tire you before I had half satisfied myself. . . . I am, as you may imagine, a little dull here, not being on terms of intimacy with Lord——. I avoid N——, and my resources of amusement are books and writing to you, which will ever constitute my greatest pleasure. I am not reconciled to Lord——, and never will be. He was once my greatest friend. My reasons for ceasing that friendship are such as I cannot explain—not even to you (although, were they to be made known to anybody, you would be the first); but they will ever remain hidden in my own breast. They are good ones, however; for though I am violent, I am not capricious in my attachments. . . . . . . — disapproves of my quarrelling with him; but if she knew the cause (which she never will know) she would reproach me no more. He has forfeited all title to my esteem; but I hold him in too much contempt even to hate him.* . . . . Present my respects to Mrs.——. I am glad to hear I am in her good graces, for I shall ever esteem her, on account of her behaviour to you. . . . . Do not forget to tell me how Murray is. As to your future prospects——may they be happy. I am sure you deserve happiness; and if you do not meet with it, I shall begin to think it is “a bad world we live in.” . . . .

Burgage Manor, April 2nd, 1804.

I received your present, which was very acceptable—not that it is of any use as a token of remembrance. No: my affection for you will never, never permit me to forget you. . . . . You tell me you are tired of London: I am rather surprised to hear that, for I thought the gaieties of the metropolis were particularly pleasing to young ladies. For my part I detest it. The smoke, and the noise, feel particularly unpleasant. But, however, it is preferable to this horrid place, where I am oppressed with ennui, and have no amusement of any kind except the conversation of——, which is sometimes very edifying, but not always very agreeable. There are very few books of any kind that are either instructive or amusing. No society but old parsons and old maids! I shoot a good deal; but, thank God, I have not so far lost my reason as to make shooting my only amusement. There are, indeed, some of my neighbours, whose only pleasure consists in field-sports; but, in other respects, they are only one degree removed from the brute creation! * These, however, I endeavour not to imitate: but I sincerely wish for the company of a few friends about my own age to soften the austerity of the scene. I am an absolute hermit! In a short time my gravity, which is increased by my solitude, will qualify me for an archbishop. I really begin to think I should become a mitre exceedingly well. . . . . For God’s sake write me a letter that may fill twenty sheets of paper! Recollect, it is my only pleasure. If you won’t give me twenty sheets, at least send me as long an epistle as you can, and as soon as possible. . . . .

* The cause of this mysterious aversion I am not at liberty to disclose. It suffices to observe, that the provocation given justified the resentment it aroused; but that time should not have softened the asperity of the recollection, it must be admitted, is an isolated instance of vindictiveness in temper in Lord Byron. He ever remembered with indignation the affront he received; nor is it inconsistent with human nature that hatreds first felt should be last forgotten—that we should find them written in marble on hearts which retain in ripened years little impression of more recent wrongs of less easy assuagement. This is owing to the greater sensibility of our early affection. Thus we see the most trivial feats of boyhood vividly related by old age; while circumstances of moment, of scarcely an hour’s occurrence, are altogether obliterated from the memory. It may also be attributed to our ignorance of the selfishness of mankind at that period. When experience teaches us the influence of human action, our apathy to offence becomes more insensible, because our expectations of kindness are less intense.

Burgage Manor, April 9th, 1804.

A thousand thanks for your affectionate letter, and so ready compliance with the request of a peevish and fretful temper. It acted as a cordial on my drooping spirits, and for awhile dispelled the gloom which envelopes me in this uncomfortable place. You see what power your letters have over me; so I hope you will be liberal in your epistolary consolation. If I speak in public at all it will not be till the latter part of June or beginning of July. You are right in your conjecture, for I feel not a little nervous in the anticipation of my debut as an orator. By-the-bye, I do not dislike Harrow. I find ways and means to amuse myself very pleasantly there. The friend whose correspondence I find so amusing is an old sporting companion of mine, whose recitals of shooting and hunting expeditions are amusing to me, as often having been his companion in them, and I

* He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield, who, after a long chase over hills, dales, bushes, and what not, asked next day “if men ever hunted twice?”
hope to be so still oftener. . . . . . . gives a party to-night, at which the principal Southwell belles will be present, with one of whom—although I do not as yet know which—I shall so far honour, having never seen them—I intend to fall violently in love. It will serve pour passer le temps, and it will at least have the charm of novelty to recommend it. Then, you know, in the course of a few weeks, I shall be quite au désespoir—shoot myself, and go out of the world with éclat, and my history will furnish materials for a pretty little romance, which will be entitled and denominated "The Loves of Lord B—— and the Cruel and Inconstant Sigiamunda Amegunda Bridgetina, &c., Princess of Terra Incognito!" Don't you think I have a good knack for novel-writing? . . . Write to me as soon as possible, and give me a long letter. Remember me to all who inquire after me. Continue to love me.

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

BY D. H. JACQUES.

"Sine nomine, homo non est."—Puteanus.
Notre nom propre, c'est nous-mêmes."—Salverte.

"What's in a name?"

Love is a sophist, and the implied but false answer to Juliet's impassioned query is "Nothing!" Nothing? Every thing, rather, in thy case, O "White dove of Verona!"—enough at least to raise a barrier between thee and the Romeo of thy heart-worship which even love cannot surmount! Such, it seems to me, is the teaching of Shakespeare, in the play; and the world's experience confirms it.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy ones to their children; and the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and success of men were according to the appellations which they bore. The Romans seem to have been equally impressed with the same idea. Bonum nomen bonum omnes, became a popular maxim among them. To select bonum nomen was always an object of solicitude, and it was considered quite enough to damn a man that he bore a name of evil import. Livy, speaking of such an appellation, calls it abominandum omnibus nomen. A similar belief prevailed among all the nations of antiquity. It embodied a truth which has not yet lost its significance or its importance. To a man with the name of Higgins or Snooks, no amount of talent or genius is of any avail. He cannot possibly raise himself above a very humble sphere of usefulness. Or let an unfortunate biped have attached to him the appellation of Gotobed, a name which has been borne by many a worthy individual, and he may quite innocently sleep all day! His waking efforts can effect nothing to elevate him to any position of honour or distinction. He hears about him "the doom of everlasting mediocrity." John is a most excellent name, and Smith, is a surname which is worthy of respect and honour, but woe to the man on whom they are conjoined! For John Smith to aspire to senatorial dignities or to the laurel of the poet is simply ridiculous. Who is John Smith? He is lost in the multitude of John Smiths, and individual fame is impossible.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the ancients with reference to their well-understood meaning. Sometimes they were commemorative of some incident or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them: as, Thomas, a twin; Maius May, (applied to one born in that month); Septimus, the seventh. In other cases they were expressive of the aspirations, desires, or hopes of the parents: as, Victor, one who conquers; Probus, truthful; Felix, happy; Benedict, blessed. Not unfrequently they were descriptive of personal qualities: as, Macros, tall; Pyrrhus, ruddy; Rufus, red-haired.

Names are as significant now as they were in the days of Plato, and as important, but we ignorantly or carelessly misapply them, making of them the most absurd misnomers. "A man with the name of George or Thomas," as Leigh Hunt very justly observes, "might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hat-band!" Blanche is now anything but the flaxen-haired blonde which her hair indicates,
A Chapter on Names.

is a good name, and should be a favourite among us, boasting as we do of our Saxon or Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to the great and good king who bore it “in the olden time.”

Alice is from the Latin, and has the meaning of noble. It is one of the sweetest of our female names:

“Ah! will she answer if I call?
Oh! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all!”—Tennyson.

Alphonso is said to be the Spanish form of the ancient Gothic Elfuns, or help. It is a euphonious name, but is now seldom used. Byron damned it to everlasting ridiculousness in one of his inimitable rhymes:

“Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alphonso,
I really wonder how you can go on so!”

Amelia, or Amelie (French Aimée), signifies beloved. Amy or Amie, have the same derivation and meaning. Our vocabulary contains no sweeter or more loveable name. Happy is she who bears a name pregnant with such sacred significance, and happy the man who is privileged to whisper it in her ear as the highest word of endearment: Amée, beloved! The reader will recollect, in connection with this name, that dark page in the romance of history which records the sad fate of Amy Robsart.

Anna, or Annie (Hebrew, Hannah), signifies kind or gracious.

 Arabella (French, Arabelle) is of Latin derivation, and has the meaning of beautiful altar. Before no place of sacrifice bend devout worshippers:

“Bella Arabella, belle,
Fairer than my verse can tell;
Well I love thee, Arabelle—
Belle!”

Augustus (increasing) is from the Latin, and signifies that those who originally bore it continually grew in power and honour. It has been a favourite name in kingly and princely palaces, but princes have no monopoly of it. Its feminine form is Augusta.

Baldwin (a bold swimmer) is a fine name of the old Saxon stock.

Barbara is of Latin derivation, and signifies strange or foreign. Its mention recalls to our minds the melancholy fate of Jimmy Grove, of ballad memory, who died at Scarlet Town of a broken heart (poor fellow!)

“For love of Barbara Allen!”

Basil (kingly) is of Greek origin. It can hardly be a popular name in these republican times.

Beatrice is one who blesses or makes happy.
Blessed (Benedict) is he on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante immortalized it, and Shakespeare and Shelley have thrown around it the charm of their numbers. It is derived from the Latin. Why is it not more frequently used? Benjamin (son of the right hand) is a fine old Hebrew name, and has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

Bertha (bright or famous) is a fine name of Greek origin, and should be more common. Bianca is the Italian form of Blanche, which, as I have already hinted, has the meaning of white or fair. It is a sweet name in both forms, but should be fittingly bestowed.

Callista (Greek, καλύτερα) is beautiful. Catharine, or Katharine, is derived from the Greek καθαρός, pure or chaste, and is one of the best of our female names. In the Irish it becomes Kathleen, and in the Flemish, Kateeline. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is Katharina; but I like it best in its familiarized form of Kate. Who ever knew a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous, and saucy? What says the poet?

"Kate’s a sweet and saucy creature, With a lip of scarlet bloom; Woodbine sipping golden nectar Roses drinking rich perfume; Voice as dainty as the whisper Points give in their crystal shrine: Saucy Kate, so full of mischief, Would that I could call thee mine!"

The shrew-taming Petrucchio, in the play, thus harps upon the name:

"You are called plain Kate, And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the cross; And Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For all cates are dainties."

The name of Catharine, disgraced by her of Medici, was honoured by the noble but unfortunate queen of Henry VIII, whom the pen of a Shakespeare and the voice of a Siddons have immortalized.

Charles. Some etymologists derive this illustrious name from the German keri; Anglo-Saxon ceorl or churl; a term denoting rusticity, and quite opposed to every idea of nobility. Its real origin may probably be found in the Slavonic krol, a king. Thus: Krol, Karol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles. Krol may have come from the Latin corona or corolla, a crown. Charles, then, is a king, or one who is crowned. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many kings and emperors. Charles sometimes occurs in this country in the Spanish form, Carlos. Charlotte is one of the feminine forms of Charles, and, if we accept the foregoing etymology, signifies a queen. Those who derive the name from the German, give it the signification of prevailing. I have no quarrel here with the etymologist. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and being thus must prevail over the hearts of men. Charlotte Corday will be remembered as one not unworthy of so brave a name. But

"My Charlotte conquers with a smile, And reigneth queen of love!"

In the home-circle and among her companions, Charlotte lays aside her queenship and becomes Lottie. Caroline is the feminine of Charles, in another form, and of course has the same meaning as Charlotte. It is another noble and queenly name, and has been borne by many a noble woman. Caroline assumes the familiarized or pet forms of Carrie, Callie, Caro, and Cal.

"Oh! a thing of earth, but half divine, Is she, my fair young Caroline!"

Clara (clear or bright) is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in one of the best of Scott’s novels, St. Ronan’s Well. Clarissa is from the same root, as is Claribel (bright and beautiful).

"Diamonds bright shall Clara wear, Woven ‘mid her shining hair."

Daniel (a judge) is from the Hebrew. David, also from the Hebrew, signifies, as I have already said, well-beloved. Deborah (signifying a bee) is another good but rather homely name from the Hebrew stock. Earine (vernal), a name immortalized by Ben Jonson, should certainly be revived. Edward is a truth-keeper. The name is of Saxon derivation, and is surrounded by rich historical associations. Its French form is Edouard.

Edwin (happy winner—bonum nomen bonum omen) is also from the Saxon. Eleanor (French, Eleonore) is of Saxon derivation, and signifies all fruitful.

"Eleonore, A name for angels to murmur o’er!"

Emma (tender, affectionate—literally, one who nurses, cares for, watches over another) is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, his sister, or his beloved to bear a sweeter or a better name? Under the form of Imma it was honoured by Charlemagne’s fair daughter, whose love-history, in connection with Eginoard, her father’s secretary, forms one of the prettiest episodes in the chronicles of the time. Emeline is simply a diminutive of Emma. Erasmus is from the Greek, and signifies worthy to be loved. Ernest (earnest) is derived from the German, Its feminine form is Ernestine.
Eugene (nobly descended) is of Greek derivation. In the feminine, in which it ought to be often used, we give it the form of Eugenia.

Everard is a good name from the German stock, and has the meaning of well-reported.

Francis is of German origin, and signifies frank and free. It is one of our finest names. Frances, of which Fanny is the familiarized or pet form, is the feminine.

Frederick (rich peace) is another German name of historical importance. Frederick, the grenadier King of Prussia, was not particularly well named.

George (a farmer) is from the Greek. It should be a very common name in agricultural communities. It has been borne by kings, and by one, at least, who was greater than any king—Washington, George, Georgette, and Georgianna are its feminine forms.

Gertrude is from the German, and, according to the etymology usually given, signifies all-truth; but Jung-Stilling, in his Pneumatology, gives it a very different meaning. Speaking of the Druids, he says: “Into this mysterious spiritual order, old women were also received, who by this means attained to considerable rank, and became priestesses. Such individuals then received the title of Haza—Druidess. Both these names were, at that time, honourable appellations; they are now the most disgraceful terms of reproach. The name of Gertrude, or Gertrudis, is probably also derived from this source, and ought reasonably to be disused, for it has the same meaning as the word haza, or keze (a witch).” Well, this may be true, for Gertrudes are generally very bewitching.

Grace (favour) is from the Latin. Well may it be a favourite name! Command to me the Graces:

“You may toast your charming Sue; 
Praise your Mary’s eyes of blue; 
Choose whatever name you will 
Your fancy or your verse to fill; 
In my line no name has place 
But the sweetest one of Grace.”

Helen (Latin, Helena; French, Helene) is of Greek origin. The true signification of it seems to be one of those vexato questiones which abound in etymological discussions. According to one it has the meaning of alluring; another makes it signify a taker, or one who seizes; while a third defines it as one who pities. I am inclined to endorse the last. Many a poor unfortunate lover has found Helen alluring, and has finally been taken, seized, conquered by the prestige of her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy is he who finds one who pities; for pity is akin to love. Ellen is only a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to Nellie and Nell, and is a fine name in all its forms.

Henry (rich lord) is of German derivation. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen, and patriots. In its familiarized form it becomes Harry. Its feminizations are Henrietta, Henrica, and Harriet; who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be rich ladies.

Isabel (French, Isabelle; Spanish, Isabella) signifies olive-complexioned, or brown. This is just the name for a “bonny brunette;” for such a one as the poet when he sings:

“Give me the brown girl, with a bright sunny glow!”

There is a silvery, ball-like music in the name, which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favourite with the poets. One says:

“Full many maidens’ names there be, 
Sweet to thee, 
Fair to me, 
And beautiful exceedingly; 
But none on my ear so sweet doth swell 
As the name of mine own Isabel!”

Mary Howitt, in her Flower Comparisons, has the following melodious lines:

“Now for mad-cap Isabel: 
What shall suit her, pr’ythee tell! 
Isabel is brown and wild; 
Will be evermore a child; 
Is all laughter, all vagary, 
Has the spirit of a fairy.

Isabel is short and brown, 
Soft to touch as elder-down, 
Tempered like the balmy South, 
With a rosy, laughing mouth; 
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red, 
And a graceful Hebe-head; 
Hair put up in some wild way, 
Decked with hedge-rose’s spray, 
Now where is the bud or bell 
That may match with Isabel!”

James (in the French, Jacques, Spanish, Jayme, Italian, Giacomo, Scotch, Jamie) comes from the old Hebrew stock, and is generally supposed to be the same as Jacob, and to signify a supplanter.

John is generally supposed to be from the Hebrew, and to signify gracious; but Talbot graces it, as he thinks, to the Latin juvenis, a young man. In the Italian it is Giovanni; in the Spanish, Juan; and in the French, Jean. It has been borne by some of the greatest men that the world has ever produced. It was the name of Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Howard, Molière, Boccaccio, Hancock, Adams, Calhoun. Shakespeare bestowed it upon one of his best characters, the fat knight who was wont to subscribe himself, “Jack Falstaff with my familiar; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with the rest of Europe.”

The name is a great favourite with the very respectable and somewhat numerous family of Smiths; and probably the most noted of all the Johns, ancient or modern, is John Smith. The commonness of the name is the only valid objection to it. It has ceased to be sufficiently distinctive, and one sympathizes with the lament
of an unfortunate bearer of the ancient and
honoured but much-abused name:

"Why did they call me John, I say,
Why did they call me John?
It's surely just the meanest name
They could have hit upon!
Because my father had it too,
And suffered for the same,
Is that a proper reason he
Should propagate the name?"

The English are prone to convert John into
Jack, and the Scotch into Jock, neither of which
is either elegant or genteel.
Judith, from the Hebrew, signifies praising.
Julius (soft-haired) is of Latin origin. Julia,
Julietta, Juliet, and Julianna are feminizations
of Julius, and should wear on their queenly
heads "soft and silken tresses." Julia needs
no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets
have immortalized. Julietta, or Juliet, is a
diminutive of Julia, "but has," as Talbot
remarks, "apparently united itself with another
name, Jollette, the diminutive of jolli, pretty."

Letitia (joy) is one of the happiest as well as
the sweetest of names. The woman we love
should be "a joy for ever" to our hearts. It
is a good Old Roman name.
Leonard is from the German, and signifies
lion-like.
Mabel is probably from ma bella, (my fair),
though some think it a contraction of amabilita
( lovely or amiable). The fair ones who bear it
have no reason to complain of either derivation.
Madeline, (Syrie, Madaline), magnificent,
is a noble name, and a favourite with the poets.
It often occurs in the French form of Made-leez.

"Thou art not steeped in golden languors,
No tranq'et summer calm is thine,
Ever-varying Madeline!"—Tennyson.

Margaret (a pearl), is from the Latin Mag-aretta. Another, and, if possible, a more
beautiful, signification has curiously enough
attached itself to this name. The German
word magd, a maid, was anciently written
magne and maghet, which words were easily
confused with Magde and Maggie, and thus
with Margaret. Daisies were also called mag-,
maids or margarets, whence we have the
French marceviles, daisies. Margaret, then,
may be a pearl or a daisy, as she chooseth; or
she may, if she will, combine the beauty and
purity of both, in her life and character, and
thus prove herself worthy of her doubly signif-
ciant name. But maidens are something more
than pearls or daisies, and well may the poet ask:

"Where may the bright flower be met
That can match with Margaret?"

Martha is a pleasant name from the Hebrew,
but is unfortunate in its signification, meaning
bitterness!
Mary. This sweetest of all female names is
from the Hebrew, and has the meaning of ex-
alted; a truly appropriate signification. It is a
famous name, both in sacred and in profane
history. In all ages it has literally been exalted.
From Mary the mother of Jesus to Mary the
mother of Washington, the glory has not
departed from the name. It has been linked
with titles and power. It has ever been a
favourite with the poets. Byron, as he assures
us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is inwoven
with some of his sweetest verses. It is still
the theme of bards and bardings innumerable.

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

In the French, Mary becomes Marie. Maria is
another form of it.

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be,
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but befitting thee!"

Matilda is from the Greek, and signifies
noble or stately.
Maranda (admired) is from the Latin. Prince
Ferdinand in "The Tempest" exclaims:

"Admired Miranda! indeed the top of admiration."

Nancy, it is believed, may be traced to the
same source as Anna and Hannah, which have
the same signification, kind or gracious.
Oliver is from the Latin word olivae, an olive-
tree, and is thus significant of peace. Oliva
and Olive are its feminine forms.
Phoebe is a bright and beautiful name; one full
of the happiest signification. Phoebe, light of life!
What more or better can a lover or husband
desire? Those who have read Hawthorne's
"House of the Seven Gables," (and who has
not?) will here recall to their minds the sweet-
tempered, cheerful, and warm-hearted country-
maid who brought the sunshine and the frag-
rance of the fields with her, to enliven and
purify the dark, damp, and mouldy old mansion
of the Pyncheons. She was rightly named
Phoebe.

Philemon is one who kisses. It is, I think
of Greek derivation.
Philipp (a lover of horses) is from the Greek.
Rose (Latin, Rosa) a rose, is sweetest
enough for the name of a fairy or an angel. There is
a veritable fragrance in it. It calls up visions of
garden arbours and embowering shrubs and
vines. It is poetical as well as euphonic:

"Where the Junista flows,
And the forest shades repose,
Dwelleth she, my lovely Rose,
In rural grace."

Rosabel (Italian, rosa-bella) is from the same
Latin root, but comes to us through Italian. It
signifies fair or beautiful rose. Rosalie, (French,
rose et lis.) rose and lily, combines the fra-
grance and beauty of two lovely flowers;
"I love to forget ambition!
And hope in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affections’ holiest breathing;
Where under the skies with me,
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy’s bright Castaly."

Rosalind. It is enough to say of this name that it is one of Shakespeare’s immortalized appellations. The termination, iud, may have been coined by him simply for the sake of euphony, or it may have been derived from the Spanish iuda, next or elegant, (rosa linda, elegant rose).

"From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind."

Rosalind is one of the prettiest names of the rose-family. The derivation of the last part of the word is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps it is from mundi, (French, monde), and perhaps from the German mund, the mouth, so that Rosamond may have originally been Rosenmund, or rosie-mouth; but Talbot thinks that it is from the Spanish rosa montes, rose of the mountain, that is, the peony.

Richard is from the Saxon, and signifies rich-hearted, or, according to another etymology, richly honoured.

Robert, otherwise Rupert or Ruprecht, appears to come from the old Anglo-Saxon words ro or xro, red, and bart, beard, red-beard; so says Talbot.

Romeo (a pilgrim) is from the Italian. Ruth is from the Hebrew, and signifies a trembling. It is a pretty name, but is seldom used.

Sarah (a princess) is from the Hebrew. In poetry and familiar address it takes the form of Sally or Sallie, and is found in many a love-song and ballad.

Sophia, (wisdom) is from the Greek.

"Wilt thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun!"—Proctor

Susan is of Hebrew origin, and has the meaning of a lily. In its familiarized or pet form it becomes Sue. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in Gay’s well-known ballad, in which its significature is very happily introduced into the closing line:

"‘Adieu,’ she cried, and waved her lily hand."

Theodore is a fine euphonic name from the Greek, and signifies gift of God. Its feminine form is Theodora:

"Since we know her for an angel
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her Theodora,
Gift of God!"

Viola (a violet) is derived from the Latin.

For a pure, modest, bashful maiden what name could be fitter?
Walter is of German origin, and signifies a woodman.
William is of German derivation, and signifies defender of many. "This name," says Versteegen, the distinguished French antiquary, "was not given anciently to children, but was a title of dignity imposed upon men from a regard to merit. When a German had killed a Roman, the golden helmet of the Roman was placed upon his head, and the soldier was honoured with the title of Gildhelm, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a defender." With the French the title was Guillaume, since Guillaume. The German form of William is now Wilhelm. Wilhelmine and Williamette are feminine forms of the name. Those who bear them, since they cannot be expected to occupy the post of defenders, may well take, as the significature of their names, worthy to be defended.

"What’s in a name?"

"Imago animi, vultus, vitae, nomen est!"

EVENING TIME.

BY H. P. MALET.

'Twas evening time: the moon was hid
Behind a dark cloud’s shining lid,
A gentle zephyr mov’d the trees;
Perfume of rose was in the breeze.
The carpet turf beneath our feet
Was soft in moss, in fragrance sweet;
The bushe’s round the lawn were ringing
With nightingales all sweetly singing,
And fitfully the murmurs fly
Of Isis rolling rapidly.

Our talk was soft, as soft could be
When hearts combine all tenderly.
The touch was gentle on my arm,
As if it scarcely knew its charm:
Her curling head lean’d close to mine,
Or on my shoulder would recline;
Our future plans no trouble bringing,
Or shadows on our path were flitting;
And time, like Isis passing by—
Unthought of then flew rapidly.

The scene was sweet; too fair the train
Of thought, for all to come again:
But memory, falling, tries to dwell
On joys I loved to share so well:
Some gentle words of love still rise,
With loving looks from loving eyes:
But love, that once my heart was filling,
Returns in age with feeble thrilling;
While thought, with all its lullaby,
Flows on, like Isis, rapidly.
THE TROUBADOURS.

What a wonderful flavour of romance hangs over the word troubadour! The imagination immediately turns to the gorgeous pictures of the chivalry of the middle-ages, when the minstrel (often a knight, sometimes a prince) donned his armour, placed the gage d’amitié of his fair lady in his helmet, and set out to sing her praises in every court, and to do battle in her honour with each disputant who met him. Or we think of that other minstrel who, wandering over Europe, sang his lays beneath every fortress in Germany, until answered by one who had suffered a sad imprisonment; and then, turning his steps to England, told his discovery to the barons, who, collecting a ransom, released the valiant Richard Coeur-de-Lion. How it came about that, after the long centuries of barbarism (during which poetry seemed banished from the world), there should suddenly have sprung up a race of Provençal poets, flourishing for three centuries in the greatest vigour, and then their language becoming a dead one, is a problem of history; let us first hear the legend in explanation, and then turn to the more sober side of fact.

In the days when Merlin, the great enchanter, was wandering over the earth, consoling and teaching, he met with a fine-looking youth begging by the roadside. Merlin had already parted with his stores to the wretched, but a lady appearing from a neighbouring castle, riding with a falcon on her wrist, the wizard addressed her, saying:

"I bring you a great happiness, madam."
"What is that?" said she.
"A rare occasion of giving away your horse and falcon."
"To whom?"
"To this wretched man."
"You are mad, Merlin," replied the lady, disdainfully; "recollect yourself."
"Ah, madam, I have just returned from the infernal regions. I have seen nothing more terrible than what I see now—avarice on an angel's brow."

The lady was struck with this pointed reply. She felt she had a heart, and was ashamed that her clouded face should seem as if she had wrinkles and thin lips. She cast a more cheerful glance on the beggar. Nothing could equal her astonishment when she saw in him a young man with black eyes and curly hair. She jumped lightly to the ground, and, giving her horse and bird to Merlin, said:

"There, I give them to him."

This kindness melted the heart of the young man like wax. He immediately poured forth some verses prompted by his devotion, and in his gratitude were mingled words of love. They were the first poetry that had been composed in this country and language. The lady's name was Gabrielle, which suggested to the poet the idea of comparing her to a gazelle; this resemblance of sound (due to chance) made them both smile, and was the origin of rhyme among the people. Astonished and above all charmed by this new language, with the cadence and harmony of which she had no previous acquaintance, the lady lost herself in a thousand reveries.

"What honied tones!" she said. "Never have I heard such in my castle. Is it the language of the poor?"
"No, madam," said Merlin, "it is the language of love."

And he taught her that these verses were the most beautiful that had been composed since the days of Virgil, and how she had performed the miracle.

When she re-entered her castle, the lady was suffering from the deepest ennui.

"Speak to me in verse," she said to a crowd of courtiers, who were waiting for her favour. But none understood her: all seemed coarse and rough in comparison with what she had heard. Listening, when seated on the tower, the voice of her slave sounded in the valley. From that day the one gave, the other received, and both were filled with happiness.

This was one of Merlin's greatest prodigies. He reconciled the rich with the poor, and at the same time invented poetry.

Leaving these poetical fancies, we must turn our eyes to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and we shall find that the Provençal or romance language, in which the thousands of poets who sprang up as if by the touch of Merlin's magic wand, was one well known and generally used in the southern half of France, and by the Christians of Spain. These latter, refined by their intercourse with the Moors, introduced among their northern neighbours the spirit of gallantry, with the refinements in art and science, which the Arabs understood so much better than the descendants of those barbarian hordes who had overrun Europe, and quenched the light of Latin taste and poetry. Cordova, Grenada, and Seville were famed for their colleges and libraries, where the young men practised oratory, and, mingling prose and poetry, excited the people in a manner well suited to the love of Eastern nations for story-telling; indeed, Arabia is said to have produced more poets than any other nation in the world, and they are celebrated for the boldness of their imagery and warmth of imagination; so much so as to astonish the reader by their hyperbole and run mad. Thus they excited in the southern nations among whom they lived an intense admiration for women, with that tender and delicate passion which was so strongly developed in the age of chivalry; the effects of which may
be traced long after in the literature of Ariosto and Boccaccio, many of whose stories are bor-
rowed from the Arabian tales. As the courts of these Moorish sovereigns encouraged talent of every kind, Christians were attracted to them; and if, on any occasion, they felt mortified or oppressed, their remedy was an easy flight to Catalonia or Provence, where the Princes were only too happy to receive amusement from the troubadour, or inventor of verse, as the name imports.

It is pleasant also to remember that, distant as England would then seem to the nations of whom we are speaking, yet our kings exercised great influence in advancing and encouraging the Provengal poets. The Count Raymond Berenger, descended from a branch of the kings of Aragon, could boast of four beautiful daughters, whose praises were the perpetual theme of the troubadours thronging their father's court. The eldest of these is well known in history as the Marguerite or pearl of the French Court, the wife of St. Louis, who accompanied her husband with the utmost devotion to the crusade in Egypt and Palestine, a worthy mate of the adored monarch to whom she was united. The second sister, Eleanor, was married to our Henry the Second, and brought as a dowry to the crown several countries where the langue d'oc was spoken, Guienne, Poictou, and Saintonge; whilst the third sister, Sancie, married Richard, Henry's brother, elected King of the Romans. Thus there arose a kind of rivalry between the French and English monarchs as to which should be the greatest patron of literature, and we may trace the formation of our language to these poets, as they no doubt furnished Chaucer with a model for imitation. These princes, as well as the rulers of Provence and Catalonia, invited the troubadours to attend every tourney and fête: after the joust was over, and the brilliant assemblage had turned to the festive board, they were requested to hold a literary tournament, and questions were proposed for their discussion relating to the most delicate love-affairs. The lady of the castle, or court, after distributing the crowns which had been won by the conquerors, collected around her the youngest and most beautiful women; and thus, in imitation of the baron and his peers, formed her court of love, inviting two troubadours to advance and show their skill. Often a knight who had won his crown at the fight, would, harp in hand, sing his prelude, proposing a subject on which to argue; another replying, in the same air and in a composition of five stanzas, which was the rule, took the opposite side, on which the whole Court then deliberated and decided. Many of these ténors (a word signifying a contest) are still extant. Sometimes the question is: "If it were necessary either to forego the delight of your lady-love, and to renounce the friends whom you possess, or to sacrifice to the lady of your heart the honour with which you have been invested by chivalry, which of the two would you choose?" Sordello, a trou-

badour of the court of Raymond Berenger, and mentioned with admiration by Dante, proposes this ténor, and decides in favour of resigning everything for the happiness enjoyed in the society of his lady-love; whilst Bertrand d'Alamanon, a crusader, prefers the honour of arms in order to merit her esteem, and leaves his opponent to be the protector of the follies of love. Many of the ladies present were able to reply to the verses they had inspired, and take a part in the contests. But these ténors were by no means the only efforts of the early poets; as the "Lay le Frain" expresses it, their songs were various:

"Some be of war and some of woe,  
And some of joy and mirth also,  
And some of treachery and of guile,  
Of old adventures that fell crewhel;  
And some of cowndes and treachery,  
And many there be of fairy;  
Of all things that men seth,  
Most of love forsooth there beth."

The sirventes were martial and political songs, two of which, composed by our Richard the First during his fifteen months' captivity in the Tour Tenebreuse, in Germany, are still extant, one stanza of which we quote:

"Too true it is—so selfish humain race!  
Nor dead, nor captive, friend or kindred find;  
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,  
For lack of gold my fetters to unbind;  
Much for myself I feel, yet ah! still more,  
That no compassion from my subjects flows;  
What can from infancy their names restore,  
If while a prisoner, death my eyes should close?"

The knight whose sirventes are considered the most impetuous and passionate, was one who exercised a powerful and by no means advantageous influence over the destinies of England's royal family, and the many family feuds which disgraced the sons of Henry the Second. This was Bertrand de Bourn, Viscount of Hautefort, who was strongly attached to Helen the sister of Richard the First, both the brother and sister accepting with pride and pleasure the homage of so distinguished a poet. But one of the poems he dedicated to her remains; it was composed in camp when the army was without provisions, and he endeavoured to forget the necessities of hunger by feeding upon love. Always in the field of war, he roused his soldiers and animated his allies by writing sirventes: "Let others embellish their mansions if they will; let them surround their parks with all the conveniences of life; but for me, my sole desire is to collect lances and casques, and swords and horses."

Thus he wrote, and attaching himself to the cause of Henry, Duke of Guienne, the heir to the English crown, who was fighting against his brother Richard, he laboured with unconquerable ardour, securing for him support among the neighbouring provinces, and arming the
towards people; but the young prince dying in 1163, Bertrand was left to face the anger of Henry the Second, the outraged father, and found himself besieged in his castle, which he defended to the last, and was taken prisoner. Brought before the king, he reminded him of the great friendship which existed in former years between him and Prince Henry; and the unhappy father, bursting into tears at the allusion, generously restored to Bertrand his castle and possessions. His turbulent spirit could not rest, but at length wearied of the world, he retired to a Cistercian convent, and died in the habit of a monk. Dante, in his great poem, describes his meeting with Bertrand de Born in hell, holding his head by the hair in his hand; thus it spoke:

"Know that I
Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave King John
The counsel mischievous. Father and son
I set at mutual war ** * * *
For parting those so closely knit, my brain
Parted, alas! I carry from its sources
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me."

The career of one other celebrated troubadour may be glanced at; those who wish to know more of their lives and loves, will find a long and tedious repertory in the Abbe Millot's "Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours." When the third crusade was preached through the length and breadth of Europe, a native of Toulouse, Pierre Vidal, by name, joined the ranks of King Richard. He had long been celebrated for his extravagance in love as well as his poetical powers: every woman he believed fell into raptures at his approach, whilst he saw in himself the model of the bravest warrior. His friends were not slow in turning his vanity to ridicule, and thus, when the crusading army landed at Cyprus, he was persuaded to marry a lady whose family had been connected with one of the Bizantine Emperors. In consequence of this he considered himself competent to adopt the title, assume the purple, and have a throne carried before him; whilst the money he received for his songs was to furnish him with the means for recovering his kingdom. Finding his efforts unavailing, and by no means constant to one affection, he returned to Provence, and falling in love with a lady whose name was Louve de Panatier, he thought it the highest compliment to adopt the surname of Loup, and, to add to its force, he clothed himself in a wolf's skin, and even induced the shepherds of the neighbourhood to hunt him with their dogs, and was thus carried half-dead, to the feet of his mistress, who could only pity such madness, instead of applauding him, as he hoped. Yet his poems were very superior to his character, and Tasso gives him the highest place among the race of troubadours; his descriptions were not merely sensual, but pointed to the higher place which the poets might occupy in advancing morality and heroic sentiments. Once more, at the close of life, he set off to the east to pursue his chimerical project of becoming Emperor, but, falling in it, he returned to his native land, and died in 1239.

A long list of kings may be added to adorn the ranks of the troubadours; the Emperor Frederick the First delighted greatly in their works, and replied on one occasion by the following lines:

"A Frenchman I'll have for my cavalier,
And a Catalonian dame,
A Genoese for his honour clear
And a court of Castilian name;
The Provençal songs my ear to please,
And the dances of Provence,
I'll have the grace of the Aragonese,
And the heart of Julian;
An Englishman's hands and face for me,
And a youth I'll have from Tuscany."

Alfonso the Second, and Peter the Third of Arragon, Frederic the Third of Sicily, were among the troubadours, and the unfortunate King Rané of Provence, who endeavoured with all his power in the fifteenth century to restore the race, but in vain; the invasions of the English had driven poetry away, and the troubadours were extinct. Some ascribe their fall to the degradation their poems met with at the hands of the Joulleurs, to whose share it fell to recite the composition of the troubadours playing at the same time on the tambourine and cymbals, the claricord, guitar, and harp, with many other instruments now unknown. But, in order to amuse the grosser tastes of the people the Joulleurs became little else than mountebanks; dressed in grotesque attire, carrying bears and apes with them, and performing tricks of sleight-of-hand, looking only for a high reward. Thus it was that the nobles objected to admit both classes, ranking them as equal to their castles; and felt jealous of the attentions paid them by ladies of rank, sometimes even their own wives; and a lament on this subject forms one of the last poems of the troubadours dated 1275.

But cruel war, which destroys through the violent passions it excites, the softer pleasures of society and literature, disturbed Languedoc and Provence, and probably gave the final deathblow to the courts of love and the troubadours. The infamous crusade against the Albigenses desolated the country; Charles of Anjou, their sovereign, gained the crown of Naples in addition, and, carrying his Court thither, Italian became the fashionable language, and the langue d'oc was left to the people. One last effort was made—which, singularly enough, exists to this day—in the year 1323 Charles the Fourth, King of France, paid a royal visit to Toulouse, in company with the kings of Bohemia and Majorca. Loving learning himself, he did all he could to encourage it among the inhabitants, who had already formed an academy, afterwards to become so famous. Seven of the principal citizens, amateurs of the fine arts, who were delighted to find a patron of
letters in their king, proposed (in order to excite emulation) a prize to him who should excel in poetry. Their first step was to write a letter in Provençal verse, asking all the poets of Languedoc to meet at Toulouse, to read their works and decide upon the author of the piece who should be judged worthy of the crown. The subjects were to be in honour of God, the holy Virgin, or the saints. The invitation was welcomed, and, on the day appointed, people arrived from all parts and met in the garden, where the seven associates were accustomed to assemble. The different poems which were presented were read aloud; the following day they were examined in private, and, the day after, "la joie de la violeta" was adjudged to Master Arnaud Vital de Castelnau deri, who, at the same time, was made doctor in "la gaiæ science," or poetry.

The prize was of the most elegant description, and given for the best song—it was a violet of gold, more than a foot high, and carried on a pedestal of silver-gilt, on which were engraved the arms of the city. In 1355 two others were added—an egaliante of silver (not the flower of the wild rose, but of the Spanish jasmine) for the author of the best sirencet, or pastoral; and the flor de gaug, or joy-flower (that of the thorny acacia), to the writer of the best ballad. Thus they gained the name of the floral games of Toulouse.

The citizens, enchanted with the success and utility of such a project, and pleased with the concourse of clever men that this assembly brought to their city, decreed that every year a similar prize should be given at the public expense. The seven associates chose one of themselves as chancellor to preside over them, and a secretary to draw up a treatise on rhetoric and poetry, giving rules by which to judge fairly of the merit of the works presented to them. Besides this, statutes were framed, which were called "loix d'amour," and in which the rising academy was named "le jeu d'amour." The title of Bachelor in the "gaiæ science" was given to those who carried away the first prizes, if they could pass an examination before the chancellor; and a further public examination was necessary if they were advanced to the rank of doctor and master. On being received they took an oath to faithfully the laws, and to be present each year at the meeting when they adjudged "læ principale joie," or jewel.

The place of assembly, too, was changed; the garden and the faubourgs having been destroyed in the English war, it was transferred to the Hôtel de Ville, and took the name of the College of Rhetoric. About the end of the fourteenth, or beginning of the fifteenth century, it received a new lustre by the liberality of a lady of Toulouse, Clemence d'Issare, who, wishing to show her love for literature, left by will sufficient to defray the expense of the flowers they gave each year. The citizens, out of gratitude, ordered a statue of white marble to be placed on her tomb in the church of the Daurade; but which was eventually put in the hall where the yearly meeting was held, and on the third of May it is crowned with flowers. There may still be heard the echo of the names troubadour, sirencet, Provençal ballad; but the courts of love, the tourneys, and the chivalry of the days of the troubadours are for ever extinct.

**UNDINE.**

*CHAP. I.*

A bleak north wind was blowing in fitful gusts one winter’s night, and a cold sleet falling, covering with a white shower the unlucky foot-passegers, who, with heads well bent to the storm, hastened their footsteps towards some welcome shelter. “This is pandemonium darkness,” muttered honest Hans Schmidt to himself, as he stepped from the theatre into the street; and he wrapped himself closely in an old faded shawl, and hurried homewards. He had hardly taken dozen steps, when he knocked his foot against some object that lay upon the ground; with a muttered exclamation, he stooped down, and found what seemed to be a bundle of rags. He dragged it under the light of a street-lamp, and at the same moment a violent gust of wind dispersing the mass of rags, disclosed to the eyes of the horror-stricken Hans the white face of a child. “Good God!” he exclaimed, “a little child left in the street in such weather as this; who ever heard of such a thing? Oh, God! I believe it is dead!” He knelt down and laid his hand upon its heart: a movement showed him there was still life, and in another moment it opened a pair of large, black, glistening eyes.

“What are you doing here in the street, my child? Why do you not go home?” asked Hans.

“Home!” repeated the child, and looked at him wonderingly.

“Yes, home: where do you live?”

“With old Beck; but she beats me, and
makes me beg, and I hate her," said the child, with a sudden flash of anger in her dark eyes.

"Have you no mother or father?" asked Hans, looking down with pity on the little half-starved creature.

"I had once a mamma, a long time ago, but she is gone away," answered the little thing.

"How is it that you were lying here on the pavement?" asked Hans, whose sympathies became stronger with each answer.

"I asked a man to give me something, and he called me a little thief, and that he would put me in prison, and then I ran away and fell down. But Sir, I am not a thief!" said the child earnestly.

"Certainly not, you do not look like a thief. What is your name?"

"Undine."

"A strange name for a beggar girl; but now go home, that is the best you can do."

"I cannot go home."

"Why not?"

"Because I have no money; and Beck half-kills me when I take nothing home," said the child, despairingly.

"Poor child," said Hans, compassionately, "I wish I could help you." He thought for a moment on his wretched garret; his overworked wife, and five hungry children. Then he thought that this poor child was worse off than they; and Hans, who, though only a poor actor, had as noble a heart as ever beat, said kindly to the little thing, "will you come home with me, Undine?"

She looked at him as though to see if he were really in earnest; and when she saw his friendly face, she put out her little hand, and said "Yes."

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**Chap. II.**

In a small, poorly-furnished room sat Mrs. Schmidt, bending closely over her work. Four children—two boys and two girls—crouched shivering by a stove, that seemed to give out more smoke than heat. A pale, sickly child lay in a broken cradle, that was moved from time to time by the foot of the mother. Hour after hour passed, and no sound disturbed the silence of the room but the rocking of the cradle.

"Wilhelm is very hungry, mother: will father soon be home?" cried a weak voice from the corner of the room.

"Yes, soon. I hear him coming now: run and open the door, Hans," said Mrs. Schmidt.

The child ran hastily to the door, and the next moment Hans Schmidt entered, leading by the hand the little Undine.

"Good heavens! Schmidt, what have you brought home with you?" cried Mrs. Schmidt, letting her work fall in her astonishment.

"A poor little homeless, forsaken creature, that the Lord has sent us," answered Schmidt.

"Oh, Hans, Hans, you will drive me mad! Look at these four naked walls, and these five hungry children, and at me, who, from one week's-end to the other, work all the flesh off my bones, and then tell me how you could have taken in this beggar-child!"

There was no answering these words. Hans was silent, sat down, and warmed his hands over the stove. At length he said, "I believe, dear wife, that the Lord will not let us starve because we give shelter to a poor child who is still poorer than we are; and perhaps she can herself help something towards her keep. Tell me, what can you do, Undine?"

"I can dance," said the child. "Beck played the organ, and Marie the tambourine, and I dance in the streets."

Hans rose, and, taking a violin from the wall, began to play, saying, "Now show us, little one, how you can dance."

The child threw the torn hat and shawl on one side, shook back the long elvin locks from her broad white forehead, and, bending slightly forward, she began to dance. There was a wonderful grace and lightness in every movement as slight, childlike figure swayed backwards and forwards to the time of the music, and when, at the end, she sank on one knee, her head bent forward, as though awaiting the applause of the bystanders, Hans Schmidt clapped his hands vigorously, and cried, "Well done, little woman! your fortune is made! Why, the little Tina, whom the public clap so much, is not worthy to tie your shoe; I tell you what, wife, Undine will make our fortune yet, or my name is not Hans Schmidt!"

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**Chap. III.**

"Have you seen the wonderful dancer La Villette?" asked a fashionable-looking young man of his friend, Friedrich Bernhardt, whom he had just met in the public promenade.

"Seen her—no," was the answer. "You know very well that I have only been in Vienna two days, and I have had no chance.

"Oh, come with me then; I have a free entrance into the green-room, and will introduce you—that is, if you promise not to supplant me."

"Is she pretty?" asked Bernhardt.

"Pretty!" cried his friend: "My dear Friedrich, she is a perfect angel, but proud as Lucifer—faith, you would declare she was a princess, instead of a dancer."

"Who are her friends?"

"I do not believe she has any: an old actor picked her up in the streets when she was about five years old; and, since she has appeared on the stage, she has been the favourite of the public. She is a splendid dancer, and beautiful as a houri; but, as I have said, so confoundedly proud, that she will hardly look at one," and the young man sighed, as he spoke these words.

In the meantime, the object of their remarks
was standing before a mirror, in the light dress of a dancer, waiting the signal that was to summon her on the stage. Who would have recognized, in the tall, beautiful maiden, the little wild beggar girl? The flashing, dark eyes alone, were not altered; they were as full as ever of pride and fire: but in everything else she is changed. The glossy hair, black as the river’s wing, was coiled in thick masses round the well-formed head; the tall, elegant figure, the slender white throat, and the firmly-set features, presented a striking picture of beauty and pride.

The signal was given, and La Villette stood in all her bewitching beauty, before the public. She was welcomed with rapturous applause, but she received it with an air of indifference; and her bright eyes glanced carelessly round the house.

"Well, what do you think of my taste, Bernhardt?" whispered his friend.

"Admirable," was the answer; "La Villette surpasses my expectations; I should like to make her acquaintance, if you will introduce me?"

"Willingly, but I tell you beforehand, that your trouble will be thrown away; you might as well try to thaw an iceberg as La Villette. I have tried, and—"

"Failed," laughed Bernhardt.

"So it is, and so it will be with you; take my advice, my dear fellow, and do not try it."

"Bah!" said Bernhardt, "fortune favours the bold; those who try nothing, gain nothing. If I meet with no success, she will be the first woman who has slighted Friedrich Bernhardt."

CHAP. IV.

Three months have passed since the foregoing scene; and the sunshine of a lovely July evening was streaming through an open window, forming, with its rays, a brilliant halo round the beautiful head of the charming Villette, as she sat gazing down on the busy crowd that thronged the street. Her head was leaning on one little hand, the other was clasped in that of a young and singularly handsome man who sat beside her—that man was Bernhardt; who, since the first night he saw her, had been her devoted admirer. Whether she cared for him or not he could not divine; but he was quite sure that he cared much more for her than he had either expected or wished. It was a feeling of vanity, that had first urged him to try and win her; to show his friends, and also to gratify his own pride, in proving, that no woman’s heart could withstand his beauty. But he found, to his astonishment, that the imperious dancer, far from looking upon his admiration as an honour, merely received it as expected tribute to her beauty and talents. Not the closest observation on his part could detect the least alteration of her face or manner on his approach—it’s true she welcomed him, when he came with smiling grace, but the light did not fade from her eyes, or the smile from her lips, when he wished her good-bye. Ah! if he could have guessed that it was but a part she was playing, that her seeming indifference was but a mask to hide the love that was burning in her heart: but so it was, she loved him with all the strength of a passionate heart; and it was only the thought that she was a poor dancer, dependant on her talents for her bread, and he, the heir to a millionaire, that restrained her feelings within an icy barrier.

"How quickly the time passes," said he, after a long pause; "I can hardly believe that it is three months since we came to Vienna; but the fact that we leave to-morrow, brings the disagreeable truth before my eyes."

"Leave!" said Undine, thoughtfully; "and where do you go, if I may ask?"

"To Frankfort, where we are to live for the future."

He glanced at her face as he spoke, but he could detect no change there: her eyes fell for a moment, but when she raised them again they were as clear and bright as ever.

"I should like to go there; it must be so pleasant to travel; were I rich—" and she looked at him smilingly—"I would go to Frankfort, England, Paris, Rome, wherever I wished."

"And you feel then, no grief at our parting? Am I then so indifferent to you?" he asked, sadly.

"I do not know why I should feel grief," she answered. "You are certainly the most beloved amongst all my admirers. You applaude louder than all the others when I dance well; and you have brought me more beautiful and costly flowers than anyone else; otherwise there is no difference between you and the others." And she laughed as she spoke, and turned towards the window.

Bernhardt coloured deeply. "And so, Mademoiselle Villette," said he coldly, "you look upon me merely as a unit in the crowd of your admirers. If I had only known it sooner, I—"

"Would have spared your voice, and saved the money you have spent for the flowers," said she contemptuously.

"You can be as sarcastic as you like; it is the privilege of women to laugh at the fools who love them; you are, I see, the same as all the rest of your sex," and he laughed bitterly.

She stood up, laid her hand upon his shoulder, looked steadfastly into his eyes, and said earnestly, "Friedrich do you love me?"

"Villette, Villette! you know that I love you!"

"Would you marry me? Would you take a dancer for your wife?"

"Villette, were I my own master, I would, but, as you already know, my hands are bound and I cannot do as I would. I depend upon the good will of my aunt, and she, Villette, is one of the proudest of her sex. She would dis-
own me, and give her property to strangers, were I to marry one who——"

He stopped, in doubt what expression to make use of.

"Go on, sir—one who is so much beneath you! There, I have helped you to say what you meant;" and, giving a short, bitter laugh, she raised her hand from his shoulder, and threw herself back in her seat.

At that moment the door opened, and Hans Schmidt's eldest daughter entered, saying, Papa says it is time to go to the rehearsal."

"Very well, Lena, I will be ready in a minute," said Undine, quietly. "Farewell, Bernhardt!" she said, holding out her hand, "let us part as friends, we may meet again some day, and then we shall be able to laugh over what has just happened.

He pressed her hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly—then drawing from his finger a diamond ring, he placed it on hers, saying:

"Wear this in remembrance of me: should we meet again, it will make me think of other days: farewell!" He was gone.

For three hours was La Villette upon the stage, hardly hearing the friendly greetings of hundreds, for her thoughts were far away. Not one of all those who saw her that night bore a sadder heart in their breast than she who danced so gaily and so gracefully, and whom everyone believed was the happiest of the happy.

CHAP. V.

Five years have passed, and Undine, whom we last met as a girl of sixteen, had now become a beautiful woman, rich, and celebrated. She had reaped fresh laurels by her visits to the different capitals, and Hans Schmidt's prophecy was fulfilled. Out of her abundant earnings she had presented Schmidt with a sum that enabled him and his family to live in comfort, and when she had accomplished this act of gratitude she left Vienna, and travelled towards Frankfort. During this time she had not again met Friedrich Bernhardt, but she had not forgotten him. She often contemplated the ring, and her mind was busy with memories of the past: but the thought of how he had forsaken her, through fear of the world's opinion, roused her from her dreams.

"Would he know me again?" she asked herself, as, standing before her mirror, she saw how the last five years had altered her. He knew her only as La Villette—the name she had assumed when first she came upon the stage. She now resolved to take the name of Undine Lowenstein, and, by her retirement from the stage and change of name, she hoped to avoid recognition. Her appearance in the fashionable circles of Frankfort caused a great sensation. Young, beautiful, and rich, she was soon the queen of society, and no one suspected that she and the dancer Villette were one and the same person.

It was at a ball that Undine met Madame Von Albrecht (Friedrich Bernhardt's rich aunt). A certain impression in the features of that lady caused Undine to take a great interest in her. In spite of the difference of age, there was a strange likeness between them both which was, perhaps, the reason that Madame Von Albrecht, on her side, felt nearly as much as Undine. She found it impossible to take her eyes off her. At length, being no longer able to contain herself, Madame Von Albrecht went over to Undine, and said to her, with visible agitation in her voice, "Will you pardon me a question that must seem rather strange to you? Is your name really Lowenstein? Certainly, Madame," answered Undine, "I cannot think why you should doubt it!"

"Believe me it is not mere curiosity that prompts these questions; but may I ask your Christian name?"

"I am called Undine, Madame." Madame Von Albrecht turned deadly pale, and seemed ready to faint.

"You are ill, dear Madame!" cried Undine, much alarmed.

"No, no," she cried, clasping her hands; "but tell me if you have upon your left arm the mark of a heart."

"Yes," said Undine, now nearly as much agitated as her questioner; and, throwing back her sleeve, she showed the mark.

"My daughter!" cried Madame Von Albrecht, and fell fainting.

A scene of confusion ensued. Undine, pale and agitated, had Madame Von Albrecht carried into another room, where a doctor, who happened to be present among the guests, applied the usual remedies, and in a short time brought her back to life. As Madame Von Albrecht opened her eyes they glanced searchingly round, and at length fell upon Undine, who was kneeling by her side.

"My child! my long-lost child!" and bending her head on Undine's shoulder, she wept tears of joy.

The following explanation was given by Madame Von Albrecht of the loss of her daughter. When Undine was about five years old she accompanied her mother on a visit to Vienna. One day the child was taken out for a walk by its nurse; the latter, meeting with an acquaintance, stood for some time talking. Undine wandered away, and when the nurse at length looked round she was gone out of sight. The most careful search was made for her, but without success; no trace of the child was discovered—Undine understood well why. She remembered meeting with old Beck on that day, who, after enticing the little creature to follow her home, kept her carefully concealed for some time, till she could, without fear, send her into the streets to beg.

Undine related to her mother all particulars of her past life, with the exception of her acquaintance with Friedrich Bernhardt, and she listened with a quiet smile, as her mother predicted what good friends they
would become as soon as they had learned to know each other. They met, and, as Undine had expected, Bernhardt did not recognize her; nevertheless, her voice, her manner, and often the expression of her features, seemed familiar to him, and he would sit for hours watching her.

"Cousin Friedrich," said Undine, one day, as she looked up for at least the twentieth time, and found his eyes still fixed upon her.

"Cousin Friedrich, what is the matter with you? Have I bewitched you, that you should stare at me so? At least, you are not very polite."

"Pardon me, Undine," said he, rousing himself from his reverie, "it is that you so wonderfully resemble a person I once knew, that I am quite bewildered: I never saw two persons so alike as you two.

"Indeed!" said Undine, laughing, "and who is it, cousin?"

"A young girl beautiful as yourself, Undine."

"Her name, Friedrich?"

"La Villette, the celebrated dancer."

"What, sir! you presume to find a likeness between me and a common dancer? I feel much flattered by the compliment."

Bernhardt coloured, and his eyes flashed with anger. "Undine, I cannot ever allow you to speak of La Villette in that way. There is no better woman on earth than La Villette the dancer."

"At any rate," answered Undine sarcastically, "she seems to have a warm champion in my cousin; one would say you were in love with the pretty dancer; I wager she will soon be Madame Bernhardt."

"Ah, if heaven would let me find her!" said he, passionately. "She should be my wife before to-morrow's sun goes down—that is, if she would take me!"

"You do well to put in that last clause, cousin," said Undine, half laughing, and then changing her tone, she said—"what would you give me if I could find you La Villette?"

"You! impossible, Undine!"

"Not quite impossible, cousin—I am Villette."

"You!" he started back, and looked at her wildly.

She rose—laid her hand upon his shoulder as she had done once before, and looking earnestly into his face, she said softly:

"Friedrich, do you love me?"

"Villette, Villette! can I believe my eyes? is it really you?"

"Unbeliever! do you know this?" and she drew from her bosom the well-known diamond ring.

He could no longer doubt; the mystery was explained. Bernhardt was a happy man that evening.

"Villette, will you be my wife?" asked he as they stood together an hour later in the twilight.

"You forget, sir, that you are dependant upon the generosity of your aunt, who is one of the proudest of women, and would disown you were you to marry a girl so far beneath you."

"Villette, forget and forgive," said he, earnestly.

Undine laughed. Whether she forgave him or not I cannot say: but so much is certain, that three weeks later Villette the dancer became Madame Friedrich Bernhardt—and that, with the full consent of the proud aunt.

THE END.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

If but in God's way we spend them—
Life's few, brief, passing days—
What matters it, when we end them,
Man's censure, or his praise?

Then, with patience and brave endurance,
Take all from the Father's hand;
And look, with a calm forbearance,
On the faults of this fleeting land.

If ever thy heart grow weary,
Thinking upon the past;
If ever thy spirit feel dreary,
For the future overcast;
Or, ever thy soul languish,
Painting 'neath present pain,
Oh! think, in these hours of anguish,
No suffering is in vain.

What though the harsh world blame thee,
Judging by man's short day?
Though many with scorn may name thee,
As they pass on their idle way;
Heed not the world's detrac'tion,
There is One who reads the soul,
Judging not by one poor action,
Whose clear Eye takes in the whole.

Does Fortune's fickle favours
Elude thy eager grasp,
As sun-rays the vain endeavours
Of a wondering infant's clasp?

Does earthly joy hold,mocking
Her cup to your thirsty lip,
Yet, ever withhold it, scoffing,
As eager you stoop to sip?

Turn from earth's joys and pleasures—
On high, place thy hope and trust;
And ask for the goods and treasures
That cannot betray, or rust.

Are those far away whom thou fearst
Thou never again may'st see?
Has Death from thee snatched the dearest
That ever again may be?—

Look to the Heaven above thee,
Cast from thee all grief and care,
And believe that with all who love thee
Will be bright re-union there!
There shall a peace supernal,
By thy struggling soul, be found;
And there, with a joy eternal,
Shall your suffering here be crown'd.

Then, with patience and brave endurance,
Take all from the Father's hand;
And look, with a calm forbearance,
On the faults of the Stranger Land.

For, if in God's ways we spend them—
Life's few brief passing days—
It matters not, when we end them,
Man's censure or his praise.
HAMPSTEAD AND THE HEATH.

(A Supplementary Chapter.)

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

We closed the last chapter of this series, some seven years since, with a moonlight reminiscence of Pope and Murray. The path we left them on led then, as now, in a straight line from Caen-wood to the Upper-Marsh, and was, as it continues to be, the high road from Hampstead to Highgate, Hornsey, and Barnet, and, consequently, much travelled by country-folks and others having business in these places.

It was all very well for "young bloods," who wore swords habitually—and, save in the instance of—

"The city fop, who modish would appear,
And puts on belt and sword at Temple Bar."

knew as a rule how to use them—to take such walks after nightfall; for, lovely as the massed woods were in this neighbourhood, Caen-wood, Bishop's-wood, Turner's-wood, and Church-wood all lying pretty close together, this prevalence of bosco had its drawbacks; and while the local stages were harrassed by less-noted highwaymen, that terror of the road, Dick Turpin, is heard of now at Hounsowed, now at Hendon, and in the autumn and winter of 1736 (as the Grub-street Journal informs me) rides on the Highbury road. These woody converts are the haunts of foot-pads, and cut-throats, and frequent robberies are committed by them. The Spaniards, always a popular place of resort (one of the few still remaining), as famous for its ale and good fellowship, with the bucolic inhabitants of Hampstead, as for its retirement, its gardens, the fine views from the mount in it, the excellence of the wines, and the civility of its landlord with the visitors, has nightly perils in the path to and from it, notwithstanding that Mr. Turner's house, and two others, are close at hand.

Thus we learn, in the above-named journal, that, on the "last Sunday evening" (a late evening in October 1736), "between seven and eight o'clock, one Mr. Thomas Lane, a farrier of Hampstead, coming home from the Spaniard's, upon the Heath near the house called Mother Huff's, three men, in mean apparel, jumped out of the bushes and instantly laid hold of him, robbed him of forty-five shillings, and afterwards stripped him, tied him neck and heels, and made him fast to a tree, in which condition, he lay above an hour, till a woman coming by he cried out, and she released him. The villains bound him so hard about the wrist and legs that blood started in several places."

In the following December, we read in the same journal, under the head of "Domestic News," "Died, on Sunday, in Holborn of wounds received from two footpads between Highgate and Hampstead, Mr. Thomas Willey." And in the latter end of the next year the highways had become so unsafe in the northern suburbs, that the gentlemen of Hackney formed a guard, and, armed with halberds, patrolled the road from six till ten at night.

It was better to fall into the hands of the redoubted Turpin himself than into those of foot-pads cruel as they were rapacious. He, on the other hand, affected a certain bonhomie in his proceedings, and loved best to embarrass his patients of their belongings, without unnecessary violence. His wit seems to have been heavier than his hand—"You will soon be caught!" cried out an impotent but angry gentleman, one of two who, with several others, he had robbed on a Sunday of this year on the road between Hampstead and Highgate. "So I have thought myself," he returned, "but believe I am in no danger from you!"

Highwaymen and footpads, however, were not the only evil things the woods shaded, and the ponds hid at Hampstead. Suicides frequently hanged themselves in the former, while as yet (Captain Coram's petition not having met with the response he desired, and no foundling hospital existing save in the large heart of its benevolent projector), the wide, dark pool lying between the sister hamlets often bubbled up to the surface the hideous secret of some babe's soul murder.

In the year 1745, the year after Pope had laid down a life that, owing to his deformity and other causes, has been pronounced one long disease. I wonder if his more robustly constituted critics took this fact into consideration when sitting in judgment on the bitterness, irritability, and other weaknesses of the man of whom, by the way, the friends around his dying bed, observed, "that his humanity survived his understanding," and whom Gay said "he loved as his own soul." Think of fifty-six years' habituation of a misshapen, dwarfed, and feeble body, in which the owner could never have known the luxury of stretching himself free of physical depression, and say how many of us, under the same conditions, might not have developed sharpest incisors instead of wisdom teeth!

In this year we find the builder's men in possession of Branch Hill, Hampstead, where Sir Thomas Clarke, Master of the Rolls, had a man-

* Grub-street Journal, October 14th, 1737.
Hampstead and the Heath.

This residence, (North Court Hall as it was called), must have added considerably at the time to the fixed respectability of the neighbourhood—whether we may say the same for it subsequently, when it was taken by Lord Chancellor MacClellan, who some twenty-five years before had been impeached by the Commons, at the bar of the Upper House, and convicted of fraudulent practices, for which he was condemned to pay a fine of £30,000, with imprisonment till it was paid—is another question. The standard of morality had not hitherto been very high at the Heath, and though some person in the crowd who had followed him on his way to the Tower, cried out "that Staffordshire had produced three of the greatest rascals in England, Jack Shepherd, Jonathan Wilde, and Tom Parker," the cry had ceased to echo long before the six weeks of his sojourn there had ended; and time, and more recent rascality, had somewhat shaded his lordship’s association in this triumvirate, before he took up his residence at North Court Hall. He lived here for several years, and neither the fine air of the Heath, nor the salutary reputation of the waters, appear to have suffered in consequence.

This year, (for ever historically memorable), saw Mr. Murray put to his purgation touching his jacobite tendencies. The well-known pre-dilections of his house for that of the Stuarts, his scarcely disguised sympathy with the victims of their loyalty to it, and that drinking of the Pretender’s health upon his knees already alluded to, were all against him; yet, in the next year, when the heads of Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock, and Balmarino, fell on the scaffold on Tower-hill, the clever Scotch lawyer maintained his social and legal status—and was raised, eight years later, to the post of Attorney-General; and in 1756 to the peerage by the title of Lord Mansfield.

In this year, as has already been said, that “Paradise” was not over, “dainty devices,” Belsize Park, closed for ever as a place of public amusement, though the final destruction of its fine gardens and stately avenue were reserved for our own times, many of the old elms retaining their “green crowns,” less than a score of summers since, have fallen before the inevitable London builder. But while Belsize House, cleansed and garnished, affected honest airs, and the respectability of a private mansion, and other tresses that of the “Belsize Minuet” (to which songs had been set) came into fashion, the hopes of the proprietor of North-end Wells, to which most of the amusements and much of the morality of its famous prototype and rival had been transplanted, began to expand. The reader may find them blatant in the pages of the newspapers of the period. And while the old Wells had its annual visitors (faithful to their belief in its restorative qualities, and Dr. Soame’s regime) at the proper time of the year—from June to Michaelmas—the mere pleasure-seekers found their way to North-end Hall, and New Georgia, or patronised the taverns, coffee-houses, and raffling shops, which had trebled their original numbers.

Looking over the obituaries in the newspapers and magazines of the period, I find the names of many persons of rank and wealth, who, hesitating either from fastidiousness or want of faith till too late, sought the remedial air of Hampstead only to die away from home. But the reviving poplularity of the place is patent; so much so, that, when the question of repairing or rebuilding the old church came to be agitated, the petition of the minister, church-wa- dens, and inhabitants for pecuniary aid, set forth that the town of Hampstead, being a place of great resort, especially in the summer season, (and they might have said of Sundays), the said church, were it in a repairable condition, could not accommodate half the congregation. So the old square-towered, low, irregularly-built, church gave place to the present structure. The ancient monuments and mural tablets were displaced, and several of them have not found their way back to the deposits whose sites they marked, and whose memory they were meant to perpetuate. The old church was taken down in the spring of 1745, and the modern one dedicated to St. John, consecrated by Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Llandaff, October 8th, 1847. Henceforward, we read of a "modern church" in place of the "ancient church." Evidently Hampstead is regaining its vogue with a more respectable class of visitors than the supporters of that wicked Belsize; and North-end and South-end, as well as the eldest off-shoot of the town, West-end, rejoice in the return of visitors, for whose accommodation the little weather-boarded houses are not sufficiently numerous; but the building of them goes on briskly; so that three years later (1750) we find West-end numbering forty dwellings.

While the Wells, and the town, offered, as we have seen, ample resources for the idle, the gay, and the valetudinarian, of whom the majority of the visitors were composed, to the poet and painter, the lovers of natural beauty by precription, the scenic beauty of the Heath, and the varied and lovely landscapes that surrounded it, fair transcripts of which have been preserved for us in the paintings of Gainsborough and Constable, must have possessed the same attractiveness as in our own times.

One can quite understand the charm of such a neighbourhood to men like Murray, and sub-sequently Mr. Erskine and the great Lord Chat- ham, who, when suffering the agonies of gout (and sometimes it is suspected, when only making a pretext of them, to escape from political vexations), was wont to resort hither, sometimes coming all the way from Richmond to find a night’s rest at North-end.

Such a retreat, to such men, must have proved in effect the counterpart of fine music to the mind of Emerson, “a bath and a medicine.” But though its beauty and freshness (and apart from the recognized places of amusement), the solitude and repose of the upper Heath, and the outlying environs of Hampstead, did tempt many learned men, and men of poetical tempera-
ment to take up their abode in the neighbour-
hood, I cannot think these things, independent of the gaiety or fashion of the place, would have brought Colley Cibber to his lodgings in that picturesque old timbered house at Frognell, * of which White of Fleet-street published an engraving, 1814, and which, like Evelyn's home at Oxford, was subsequently converted to the parish workhouse, and has long since been taken down. Here annually, however, came the worldly, witty, clever, vain, old man, hunting after new beauties, as Richardson tells us, at 76 years of age, and fancying the youngest and most charming women in the Hampstead walks, as on the pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, in love with him. In his summer retirement, as Lysson calls it, he had Booth and Wilks the actors for companions, and together they concocted their theatrical plans for the winter's entertainment of the public.

Nor, if we accept Mrs. Thrale's assertion, that Dr. Johnson had no love of flowers, or gardens, or fine views; "walking in a wood when it rained brought him more pleasure than the only rural image that pleased him," can we attribute his burly presence here to the beauties of the neighbourhood. Yet he frequented it, and generally lodged at West-end. It is probable that he found benefit from the air, though so far from acceding to the wishes of Drs. Soames, Hare, and Plumtre, and substituting the Wells water to the abolition of tea, he appears to have daily increased the number of his cups.

In 1748 we find him located at Frognell, where he wrote the greater part, if not the whole, of his translation of the 10th satire of Juvenal, and subsequently the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Something is due probably to the reputation of the Wells, but more to the "perpetual illness and perpetual opinion" of fair, frivolous, pretty Mrs. Johnson, whose craving for country air was sometimes gratified at great inconvenience to her husband. Every one has read of his strolling about at nights with Savage; but the fact is, that, having taken apartments for his wife at Hampstead, he could not afford a second lodging for himself in town, and, when too late to return to the country, nothing was left to him but to accept the al fresco hospitality of his friend, which consisted in giving him his company. The story exemplifies as fully as a volume would do the exigent selfishness of the one character, and the self-sacrificing tenderness of the other; for, with all his roughness and bear-like growl, as Northcote calls it, there was a fine vein of loving kindness in the doctor's nature. Alas! we fear he found material for an exposition of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," not far from home; for we learn that notwithstanding his generous indulgence of her love of country air, nice living, and unsuitable expense, Mrs. Johnson did not treat him with becoming complacency. It was very vexations, to be sure, to have her wishes overthrown as unfeeling as the cosmetics of the Miss Primroses, for having hair as blonde as a babe's we are told that she was always fretting about it, and endeavouring to dye it black, to which the doctor as constantly objected.

It is not a pleasant glimpse of matrimonial life which we obtain through the then latticed windows of the West-end lodgings; but the doctor had many resources with which to compose himself in the teeth of these domestic vexations. They possibly affected him as the puny blows of his wife did the brawny navigator we have somewhere heard of; at any rate, we are told that when death stilled the little fretful lips, and dulled the blond hair for ever, her husband sincerely mourned for her. It was in this year (1748) that Dr. Akenside, divided between poetry and his profession, endeavoured to establish himself in the practise of both in the popular form for Frognell, where his friend and patron, the Right Hon. Jeremiah Dyson, joined him. Horace Walpole, writing in 1750, observes: "Here is another of those tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes odes. In one he has lately published he says 'Light the tapers—urge the fire!' Had not you rather make gods jestie in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads?" But in criticising the author's "Pleasures of Imagination," he allows that, at its first appearance, it attracted much notice from the elegance of its language and the warm colouring of the descriptions. Dr. Akenside practised at West-end and the neighbourhood for nearly three years, but was never popular. The people of Hampstead had a special dislike of poverty, and objected to his mean extraction and his state of patronage; so, though he was constantly to be seen at the assembly and long-room, and made it a point of duty to attend the balls, &c., he appears neither to have made friends nor a practise.

Probably another tame genius may have been Dr. Armstrong, who published his didactic poem, "The Art of Preserving Health," the year that Pope died; this our critic pronounced "Very well, but his pride most disgusting." In the year that Horace Walpole wrote his strictures on the first of these medical professors of poetry, he wrote also of the earthquake panic, which sent numbers of people to Hampstead, and the high grounds of the northern suburbs, to escape suffering the fate of the metropolis, which a mad trooper ("next to the Bishop of London") had predicted should be swallowed up by an earthquake in the April of this year. The shock of one had been felt on the 8th of February, and again on the 8th of March; and faith in the proverbial faitility of the third time, led to the belief that a final one would take place on the 8th of April,

* Lord Mahon, in his history, gives copies of more than one letter written by the great statesman from this retreat, and which are interesting as proving the dates of his visits there, thus: "Northend (Hampstead), Saturday, 4 o'clock, August 23rd, 1766."
when the three months terminated, at the end of which the prophetic trooper had announced the destruction of London. "This frantic terror," writes Horace Walpole, on the 2nd of April, "prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park Corner." "Several women," he adds, "made themselves earthquake gowns, to sit out-of-doors all-night." The day passed, however, and, except that the unfortunate see was sent to Bedlam, nothing came of the prophecy.

If it is pleasant, as we feel the spongy places in the somewhat treacherous paths across the Heath yield to our footsteps, to remember how often these precincts may have shone beneath the rolling gait and ponderous pressure of the great lexicographer, it is not less so to imagine the presence of Hogarth, ever on the look out for comedy and human nature, amongst the heterogeneous company in the gardens or on the Heath. We know that Highgate was a favourite resort of his, and Hampstead was too near and too well filled with subjects for his repertoire of character and incident to be neglected. I love to think, too, that his friendship another great heart and moralist in his own way—good Captain Coram, was sometimes in his company.

Hither, a few years later (1756-7)—for the days of the "jessamy bride," and the "bloom-coloured" coat had not yet dawned on him, but out of a poet's love for the beautiful—came Oliver Goldsmith, who, with his heart still true to the memory of sweet Lissoy, could yet write of the view from Hampstead Hill, that "Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect."

It was the same "most curious prospect of a most beautiful city, and a most pleasant country" (it is good to reiterate superlatives in such a scene) that old Camden had glorified two centuries before; and we must remember that the Hampstead Hill of those days was not the Hampstead Hill of the present, but remained at its natural altitude, the road as we see it not having been cut down till 1763; so that from its summit—as was said by some old author of Highgate Hill—one trod upon the top of St. Pauls. Carriages in ascending it tacked to and fro, as ships do against a foul wind, and to a pedestrian, on a summer's day, attired in a black velvet suit and three-cornered hat—the costume adopted at second-hand by poor Goldby, when, for professional purposes, he mounted the tarnished suit of green and gold, in which he appeared on first coming to town—the ascent must have been rather trying. Doubless he had read Armstrong's lines—

but if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power, or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours pass
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind."

And it may be that the solitude of the upper heath, with its Hawthorn thickets, its broken ground and gravelly hollows, or the stillness of the rustic lanes in its vicinity, may have proved as propitious to his muse as they did in later times to those of Keats and Shelley. At all events, to breathe the air upon its heights, for this was the time, if ever, when he "lived amongst the beggars in Axe-lane," must have made him who was brimful of the love of nature feel as the gods felt when respiring that of Olympus, sublimely indifferent to mundane matters. Then the garrulous, flighty, talker grew serene, and "communed with himself, and was still." Here, in all probability, some of the later portions of the "Traveller" may have been thought out, that poem which, in after years, modified for Miss Reynolds the ugliness of the sallow, melancholy-looking man, with heavy protuberant forehead, and grim frown between the brows (the result of thought, which not even his friends gave him credit for) but whose "ill-natured eyes," as he himself calls them, nevertheless grew tender with compassion at the sight of want or sorrow.

It was another thing when, ceasing to be a mere Grub-street hack, he moved to Wine Office Court, and gave supper (!) and came hither for the "bookmaker's holiday," as he expressed it, with his "Jolly Pigeon friends," to make a day of it at the Spaniards, or some other hostelry in the neighbourhood. But, at the period we are writing of, Goldsmith was correcting the press for Mr. Samuel Richardson, the literary bookseller of Salisbury-court, whose epistolary novels had just then taken the town by storm, and who himself frequently figured in the shady Hampstead-well walk, as well as Tunbridge Wells, where Loggan the dwarf included him amongst others of our Hampstead celebrities who frequented that pleasant sanatorium. Old Colly Cibber, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Garrick, and Mrs. Fraisie the singer, whose fine, expansive person and expensive dress made an important appearance in the walks.

Richardson, by the way, has indelibly connected his memory with the Heath, by lodging his interesting heroine, Clarissa Harlowe, at the Upper Flask; which house, and the walk so called, foreigners of distinction, Jesse tells us, in his "George Selwyn and his Times," have often visited for the sake of beholding a scene connected with her history, as if Clarissa had been a living instead of an imaginary personage.

About two years previous to our glimpse of Goldsmith, Mr. Murray, then Attorney-General, purchased Caen Wood (1753), and, some time after, bought and included that part of Turner's Wood which was occupied by the "humorous cottage," water-works, tea-drinking house, and gardens of New Georgia,—a name probably given to it in honour of the Second George. Thus fell the popular pillory, the sinking-chair, the subteraneous water, and all the comical inventions of old Robert Castor, which made the place "in a wild wood," as he phrased it, one of the favourite Sunday resorts of the times.

Looking at an old print of Caen Wood before
me, it appears a fitting home for learned leisure, handsome without grandeur, and lapped amongst bowery woods, with fine gardens, and ornamented grounds. In these, Lord Mansfield is said to have found much pleasure, and amongst the celebrated cedars of Lebanon (young when Lambert saw them), is one said to have been planted by his own hand.

Eighteen years after Caen Wood came into his Lordship's possession, I find in the historical chronicle of the "Gentleman's Magazine" the following entry, January 1st, 1773: "This day the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield entertained at his house at Caen Wood, near Hampstead, about four hundred people, and gave each a half-crown and a quartern loaf after dinner was over." It was a year of scarcity and much want, and this princely hospitality to poor neighbours was admirably calculated to make the donor popular; yet seven years afterwards, in the course of the Gordon riots, we find the mob, after sacking and setting fire to his lordship's house in Bloomsbury-square, under pretence of religious zeal (his lordship being suspected of favouring Catholicism) rushing off to Caen Wood, with the intention of destroying that mansion also. The routes of the rioters lay through Highgate and Hampstead, at the junction of which roads stood the "Spaniards," the very sight of which suggested foaming tankards of ripe ale; whereupon the landlord, who knew their object, affecting rabbit sympathies, invited them to stop and refresh themselves, an offer rarely refused by such company, and while they were thus strengthening themselves for their work of destruction, and forgetting in mellow cups the lapse of time, a detachment of Horseguards surrounded the house and took the ringleaders (amongst whom we hope was the sweep who danced round the burning treasures in front of his lordship's house in Bloomsbury-square, in a hooped and belted dress of his ladyship's) prisoners. Literature still deplores the loss of Lord Mansfield's collection of books, and most of all his private papers and notes, which, though he lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-six, could never be replaced or rewritten.

In the meanwhile, to return to Hampstead, we find Frogmell House in the possession of Edw. Montague, Esq., Master in Chancery, from whom it was called Montague House. It is now the Sailor's Orphan School for Girls—a use that would have delighted the heart of its once proprietor, who seems to have been a man of sense and refined feeling, as well as a practical philanthropist. We find him one of the principals of that band of gentlemen who, setting their faces against the drinking habits of the times, and the light, frivolous, often objectionable conversation prevalent in mixed society, pledged themselves to keep within the bounds of temperance, and to introduce subjects, or topics of conversation, that should tend to improve the understanding and the heart. Under the name of "Philio-investigates," the members of the society held their meetings at the Upper Flask, and from the quarterly subscriptions, fines, &c., a fund for charitable purposes came to be founded. In 1787 the members, with Mr. Montague at their head, established the Sunday-school at Hampstead—a sufficient proof that the rule of the society had been actively carried out, and had borne fruit after its kind; for, in those days, when neither national or British schools, or scarcely any others existed for the children of the poor, the value of Sunday-schools could scarcely be over-rated. Mr. Percival also patronized this school. Mr. Montague was, we read, a friend of Mr., afterwards Lord Erskine the Chancellor, who occupied the last of that group of three houses near the Spaniards and the "thrice-three Elms," the first of which (since the residence of Mr. Bosanquet) was the dwelling of that benefactor to the sylvan beauty of the Heath, the retired tabacco-nist, Mr. Turner. The second had for its inhabitant the poet, Mr. Edwin Cox, whose reference to Hampstead Heath has already been quoted.

Coming down the years, I find that literary people, either as residents or visitors, more and more affected Hampstead and the Heath—no great matter of surprise to us who have tasted the inspiration of its fresh windiness and summer glory, and the cold splendour of its wintry landscapes, with a Danby-like sky reddening the west, and making wider and whiter the fields of snow that, stretching from Child's Hill (unbuilt on, by the way, till the commencement of the present century) to the low-lying Gospel-Oak meadows on the one hand, spread, far away, it may be, to the Datchet meads on the other. The still woods wrapped in rime-frost, every tree crystallized, as it were, and the tall groups of elms, with each reticulate branch and spray, delineated with photographic accuracy against the clear atmosphere, whose sharpness warmed the pedestrian while it stung him.

It was under such conditions that Lovell Edgeworth saw the Heath, when he visited his philosophical but eccentric friend Day, the author of "Sanford and Merton," who had lodged his newly-married wife in inconvenient lodgings at Hampstead—and with whom Edgeworth found him walking on the Heath, though the snow covered the ground; but then, the lady was sensibly attired in a frieze cloak and thick shoes, and surprised the visitor—who had been led to imagine her an exceedingly delicate person—by an appearance of rude health. We wonder if she had the large white arms the philosopher desiderated in a wife! This was in 1776—rather out of order with the sequence of our chronology, but this, from the desultory nature of our subject, is hardly to be observed.

While the Philio-investigates were holding their meetings, for their own good and that of social morality at Hampstead, there was living amongst them, Dr. Aikin, and his sisters Lucy and Letitia, the latter better known as Mrs. Barbauld, and two wild girls, never so happy as in seeing the "gold thorn" blazing on the Heath, and in sporting in the old gravel-pits, and by
the water-courses, and in the gravel-pits, and how thorn thickets, or gathering flowers in the woods. These were the daughters of Dr. Baillie, shy, wild, nature-loving girls, one of whom was destined to give celebrity to the Heath, and link its name in the future with hers and poetry. Meanwhile, Mrs. Barbauld and her husband, the pastor of a small dissenting congregation in Hampstead, eked out his frugal stipend by receiving a select number of pupils, with whose education she assisted him. They resided in one of that frigidly genteel line of houses known as Church-row, and here we catch a glimpse of her on some holiday occasion, when the boys were getting up the performance of Henry the Fourth cutting paper ruffs, and trimming up their hats with white feathers. I think I have heard that Denman and Sir William Gill were two of her pupils, and never in after life forgot their mental obligations to her.

The Barbauld's continued to reside here from 1797 to 1802, when they removed to the green, Stuke Newington, when Rochmont Barbauld (he was a German) died. In 1799 the population of Hampstead received an accession by the arrival of some two-hundred emigrés, victims of the French revolution, who took up their abodes in the little rustic town and its flowery dependencies. Poets and proliﬁc people enough (being thorns of the power to do evil), who lived down the then rabid prejudices of the towns-people—thinned, it was thought, the frogs in the vicinity of the ponds, overstocked the scholastic market with French teachers: but they did more than this, they introduced many social reﬁnements, and being for the most part well-born and highly-bred, made the most charming hosts and hostesses, with no better means of entertainment than the indispensable card-table of the period; good conversation, coffee, eau de sucre; and for the young people, if any were present, an impromptu dance—the Cotillon, was I think, in favour just then.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Barbauld, who, as Miss Aiken had written several things, amongst them a critical essay for an ornamented edition of Ackenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," and who had been for years mixed up with literary people, especially the Richardson set, began to be regarded as one of the celebrities of Hampstead. Here, upon the Heath, where Constable came for his trees, and skies, and matchless corn ﬁelds—surrounded by all that could animate her love of the Creator through the contemplation of his works, we can imagine her thinking out, in sun and shade, the fair thoughts that shaped themselves into her sweet hymns for children, which reappear from season to season with perennial interest, though we should not wonder if she ranked amongst Horace Walpole's "Tame Geniuses," and know that Dr. Johnson thought highly of her talents. Yet, as we have just said, her hymns are read, while "Rassalay" is forgotten!

In 1798, another of the clever women of the period, Miss Mary Galton (afterwards Mrs. Schenelmepnick) shone at the coterie in Church-row—where she spent a month with Mrs. Barbauld, for whom she ever entertained kind and grateful feelings, and a high estimate of her powers.

In one of Mrs. Barbauld's letters (without date), but which evidently refers to the Letitia Aikin's days, she writes that she had seen Sir Walter Scott, the lion of the London season: it was on a fine summer's day, when all the world was abroad but her brother, sister, and herself. This was not the only visit, by the way, that Sir Walter paid Hampstead.

In 1800, we find Mrs. Barbauld writing of her friend Joanna Baillie's "Tragedy of De Montford." "I have received great pleasure lately from the representation of De Montford, a tragedy which you probably read a year and a half ago, in a volume entitled a 'Series of Plays on the Passions.' I admired it then, but little dreamed I was indebted for my entertainment to a young lady whom I visited, and who came to Mr. Barbauld's meetings, all the while with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line. The play," she adds, "is admirably played by Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, and is finely written, with great purity of sentiment, and beauty of diction, strength, and originality of character, but is open to criticism." In this year, in the first month of it rather, Hampstead lost one of its remarkable inhabitants by the death of George Stevens, the Shavian commentator, who for several years had resided at the Upper Flask, and died there on the twenty-second of January, 1800.

Partly for safety's sake, and partly in his eagerness to forward the publication of his last edition, he was wont to leave Hampstead with the patrol at a very early hour of the morning, and walk to the chambers of a friend in Staple's Inn, of which he had a key, and here he devoted the short hours of the morning to the task of correcting the press. The author of the "Pursuit of Literature" very happily alludes to this circumstance—

"Him still from Hampstead journeying to his book, Auora oft for Cephalus mistook, What time he brushed his dews with hasty pace To meet the printer's devil face to face."

At this time, and for years afterwards, the fields as far as Hampstead and Highgate, of which (in 1759) the windows of Gray's lodgings in Southampton-row "commanded all the view," remained unbuilt on. The New Road, cut through level fields and market-gardens, from Tottenham-court Road to Battle-bridge, made a more direct path to that ancient place of resort the "Bowling-green House," about midway on the road. While a few houses near old St. "Pankeridge" Church, and the Mother Red Cap were the
Hampstead and the Heath.

only interruptions to the view from Bedford House and the Foundling. These fields, as well as the direct road to Hampstead and Highgate, were so haunted by footpads and ruffians, that solitary passengers were terrified to go from or return to town after night-fall. An old gentleman—who remembered Hampstead in 1809-10, and the fair at North-end, to which people in those days were wont to resort “to eat gingerbread, ride hobby-horses, hear musical clocks, and see tall Lancashire women”—informed me that the more respectable part of the company were accustomed to wait until the soldiers who attended it were recalled to barracks; and when the drummer went round the fair, they fell in with the military and returned to town under their escort.

In 183 (the year of the war of the Revolution), the whole country being roused by the fear of impending invasion, we find a military spirit stirring among the inhabitants of Hampstead and its neighbourhood, and a meeting of volunteers, 700 strong, took place upon the Heath, to elect officers and take the oaths; it was on an August afternoon, and I leave the scene to the imagination of my readers. There was the more excitement from the fact that, on the Sunday previous, as if to give force to his assurance by the exactness of the day and the place, the Attorney General had met them in the church, and had solemnly refuted a mischievous report that the corps would be incorporated with the regulars. It was in the church also, in the December following, that Lady Alvanly, after their solemn dedication (a rule more honoured in the breach than the observance), presented the volunteers with their colours. What an event for the pleasant little town, brimming over, as it must have been, with patriotism at the time, and what a sight for the boys at Rochmont Barbauld’s, in Church Row!

It was at this time, when the principal amusements at Hampstead were, what they had been for some time before—Wellington Wells, “gaming and going to church,” that Dr. Bliss, a resident practitioner, betook himself of writing an analytical description of Hampstead waters, in return for which the Hygeia of the Wells enabled him to discover a new medical spring in Pond-street. But the treatise appears to have had as little effect as the discovery in bringing back company to the town. The fashion of the place, which had continued for half a century, had gone out.

But though Fashion turned her fickle smiles elsewhere, and distant spas were preferred to the healing ones at home, there still remained sufficient passenger traffic between Hampstead and the metropolis to employ several stage-coaches daily upon the road.

One of the few original habitations remaining in the town is the coach-office, just above the entrance to the Well-walk from the High-street, at a formidable distance from the Hill and Upper Heath.

Here, where the modern omnibus takes in or deposits its crowded freight at sixpence per head from the City, the “High-flier” or “Tally-ho!” of those days set down or took up its passengers at more than half as many shillings for the same distance—two shillings and sixpence to Battle Bridge and Holborn, and I know not how much more to the City, if inclination or the weather induced one to take an inside place! A friend,* who remembers when the coach-office was “Hamilton’s,” tells me that, from thence to the corner of the New-road, the fare (outside) was eighteen-pence.

A pleasant drive enough it must have been, in broad daylight and fair weather, through open country as far as Oxford-road in remoter years, and even after the commencement of the present century, past meadows and market-gardens to Tottenham Court Road.

It was Doctor Johnstone who said that a man of intellect could find matter for observation and remembrance in a Hampstead stage; and it was in a Hampstead stage, long afterward, that Shelley astonished the only inside passenger—a stilly-silent old lady, who, after the fashion of English matrons, says Leigh Hunt, “maintained—in spite of many attempts to provoke a conversation—what she considered a dignified silence,” by breaking out involuntarily, as was his wont, with a quotation from Shakespeare, and exclaiming, “*For God’s sake, Hunt,*

“Let’s talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth:
Let’s choose executors, and talk of wills!”

—a choice of subjects which made the old gentlewoman look as if she fancied herself in the society of one Bedlamite at least! This reminds us that the natural beauty of the place, more potent than its sanitary reputation, drew hither, either as visitors residents, a succession of men and women, whose names literature will not easily let pass away.

Though Popple, Armstrong, and Akenside, Stevens, and the Barbaudals, “have vanished and gone down to the grave, others have come up in their stead”—Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, “Elia,” Hazlett, Coleridge, and others of that bright band of nineteenth century intelligences, whose immortality may be said to have begun on earth.

Do any of my readers know the group of pretty, but secluded houses in Heath Vale, lying in a deep hollow, surrounded with greenery, and with a steep bank in front, leading up to the main road, past Jack Straw’s Castle?—a spot that suggested to a whimsical, but unpoetical friend, the idea of living in a hand-basin, and seeing the flies move round the rim, as the people walked upon the edge of the Heath. Here, in the first of them (Heath Lodge, at present the residence of the Lovells, the talented authors of “The Wife’s Secret” and “Ingomar,” whose hospitable friendship the

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* Valentine Bartholomew, Esq.
writer of this paper enjoyed for many years), Leigh Hunt lived; and here Keats and Shelley visited him. Here it was that, on a bitter winter’s night, with a fierce wind blowing—and the wind (says the writer of Rimini) loses nothing of its fierceness on Hampstead Heath—Shelley found a woman lying on the snow on the hill. Driving up to the first door he came to, he asked to have her taken in and cared for; or, at least, that she might be placed in an out-house, out of the inclement night. Being refused, he made an application at the second house, only to meet with the same result; whereupon he took her up, and carried her down the bleak path to the Lodge. His charity was not ill bestowed. The woman (who was on her way home to Hendon) had been all-day attending a criminal court in which a charge had been made against her son, and, though he had been acquitted, the suspense and agitation, together with fatigue, had affected her so seriously as to produce fits, from which the doctor who was called in asserted she could not have recovcred but for the timely care and shelter she received.

In the pages of Leigh Hunt we find Shelley loafing in the fields, leaning, note-book in hand, upon the old grey gates that led through fields, or wood-paths out upon the breezy Heath. Sometimes we wonder if it were here that he heard the skylarking singing, as he himself sang—

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
To the world’s unfeathered heart—"

Sometimes we see him, on a summer’s day, sauntering in Millfield Lane, with branches “green and shadows numberless”—a lane so sylvan and flowery, in blossom time, that, if my readers do not know it, they should take the earliest opportunity of becoming acquainted with it, if only for the sake of the memories that cling about it. It runs from the road between Hampstead and Highgate to the foot of Highgate hill, dividing the grounds of Lord Mansfield and Southampton, but affording pleasant glimpses of the former through breaks in the trees that overhang it.

It is a charmed spot for ordinary idlers; but most of all for those who bring with them memories of “Endymion,” and “Adonais,” whose authors are for ever associated with it. Here Elia and Hazlitt walked in the steps of the poet; and others have trodden it with silent feet who shall be in the hereafter of their company. Keats, who had many friends in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, was fond of residing here; its localities were the scenes of his earliest abstractions, and suggested many of his best poems. Here he found

“All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape, and hue, and colour, and sweet sound.”

In those bygone days, one might see, cast on the grass, the slight, nervous, but well-made form of the young poet; his well defined and susceptible expressive features, his large dark, earnest eyes, brown flowing hair, and small head—and, alas! faded hands; for, even then, he felt the flowers growing over him. It was amidst the sylvan shades and sunny slopes of Hampstead that “Endymion” was written, while living with his friend Charles Brown. Keats afterwards resided with Leigh Hunt, in the house already referred to in Heath Vale; and “Lamia,” “Isabella,” “The Eve of St. Agnes,” and the noble fragment of “Hyperion” are said to have been written in a pleasant chamber of it which looks out upon the Upper Heath. Lord Byron also is said to have tenanted a house in the Vale, and probably about this time.

But while the whole of this bright galaxy were “gathered to the King of thoughts,” with the exception of Leigh Hunt, who outlived her, the author of “De Montford” kept a little court for literary callers, and received, in her simple, old-fashioned home, the homage of the great in rank and intellect. It was on the occasion of a visit to Joanna Baillie that Mary Howitt, calling with her little son Charlotte, had the pleasure of meeting Sir Walter Scott, whose admiration of the fair Saxon curls, and bright looks of the boy, must ever be associated with her remembrance of the kind-hearted author of the Waverley novels.

In 1851, at the ripe age of eighty-six, the little church-yard through which her feet had passed for so many years, received the remains of the Hampstead poetess, whose sister survived her some ten years. During this time Hampstead had still its literary settlers, who, if they did not lead the Muses “into fields full ankle-deep with lies of the vale,” conversed with them very sweetly. The Howitts—William and Mary—though living at Highgate, were frequent visitors to Hampstead Woods and Heath. And, though the author of “Lydia,” and other works which have made a permanent place for themselves in our literature, Camilla Toulmin (Mrs. Newton Croeland), did not reside at Hampstead when we first knew her (too long ago to tell contemporaries), her pretty home was on the high road to it.

The Lovells, also, whose plays have won as many tears and plaudits as “De Montford,” are residents as I have said. The Lintons, too, whose young pen wrote “Azoth, the Egyptian,” and who, together, charmed with pen and pencil, lived here some time; so did also the sweetly serious writer of “John Halifax.” At present the cottage in which she lived, at North-end, is tenanted by the clever author of “The Life of Wedgwood,” Miss Meteyard (the “Silverpen” of “Douglas Jerrold’s,” and many other magazines). She, if she sees them, will remember pointing out many a green spot named in these pages.

“While through the west, where sank the crimson day,
MEEK twilight slowly sailed, and wove her banners grey.”
Nor must we forget, amongst names to be remembered in connection with our subject, that of Florence Nightingale, who came hither to recruit her failing health, after the effects of her almost superhuman efforts in the Crimea.

Royal visits to Hampstead in our own times are not unknown. King William the Fourth, who was chiefly remarkable for doing things that others did not, upon a summer’s day (23rd of July, 1835), paid a Royal visit to Hampstead, and afforded his subjects in these northern parts a day of loyal effervescence, and high festival. In happier days, her Majesty Victoria used, it is said, to ride frequently to the grounds in the vicinity of Fitzroy Park (but then the Queen has the eye of an artist), for the sake of enjoying the lovely view, which is so much more beautiful and extensive than one would imagine; for still, as in the time of De Foe, one may distinguish, on a clear day, in the north-west, Hampsell steeple, which is within eight miles of Northampton, and see the Langden Hills, in Essex, to the east—objects which lie at least sixty-six miles apart. Then there is the prospect to London, and beyond to Banstead Downs, Scooter’s Hill, and Red Hill; while, on the west, the view is uninterrupted to Windsor Castle. But to the north (says the topographer) one can see no further than Barnet, which is only six miles distant.

We are living in days of renovation: old novels, old songs, old superstitions, and old fashions crop up from the past, and are read and sung and restored. “Clarissa” wakes the sympathy of a new generation of readers—the kettledrum of the ladies Betty or Dorethex, who bought the best green tea at eighteen shillings a-pound of the poet Gray’s aunts, at the “Two Fans” on Ludgate Hill, or at some India-House at Exeter Change, is again in vogue, and grown à la Watteau all the fashion. Who knows, therefore (hydropathy being on the increase) but that the fashion of the Hampstead Wells may return! The water at the Shepherd’s Well is in excellent rusty condition; and in the following advertisement, which has recently appeared, we cannot help thinking that something of the kind is in anticipation. Let my readers judge for themselves:

HAMPSTEAD-HEATH-HOUSE, with garden in the centre of Hampstead-heath. This lovely spot, near to the Metropolis, can never be built over, protective rights being attached to this property, it is common with that of other owners of land enfranchised from the Heath, which also affords an almost unlimited area for exercise and amusement, in the highest and healthiest suburb of London. The FREEHOLD or LONG LEASE of this castellated MANSION is now on SALE by Private Contract. It contains 28 bed-rooms, capable of being made into spacious dormitories, besides large public rooms and offices; gas and water laid on from the company’s mains, hot baths, and every arrangement adapted for a public institution, sanatorium, large infirmary or school, or economical place of resort, like the establishment at Malvern or Buxton, there being chalybeate springs on the grounds, the nature of which Hampstead was once well known. The principal walls are 3 feet thick, being built for an hotel for a public company and with the present fittings, cost nearly £15,000. To effect a speedy sale £5,500 will be taken for the freehold, or £3,500 for 99 years lease, subject to an annual ground-rent of £100. Apply to Messrs. Dowsett and Chattell, 29a, Lincoln’s-Inn-fields, where a plan and views may be seen.

In other ways, at all events, this advertisement is consolatory. For having traced the story of this loveliest of London suburbs, it is not too much to say that we hope its wide views may never be impeded, and that future generations may make unnumbered “sunshine-holidays” amidst its verdant nooks, woody shades, its new-mown fields of scented vernal grass, and the wild freshness of the wind-swept Heath! so shall Hampstead still, as in old Drayton’s time, remain “the noblest Hill.”

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A Carol for Christmastide.

The Gloria of the Lord shines round,
And Peace, Good-will proclaim:
The long-foretold—The Christ is found
And Jesus is His name!

The Angels joye, in realms above,
That Man’s redeem’d from Sinne,
Sav’d by Messiah’s ceaseless love,
Which one and all may winne!

True type of harmonie, when Earth
With Heav’n doth join in praise
To celebrate a Saviour’s birth,
And Hallelujahs raise!

May Blessings flow the coming Yeare,
And Christ, as Bethle’em’s star,
To where He dwells lead wand’rers near,
Who seek Him from afar!

ATHELWOODE.

The moment humility is spoken of by him who has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you “I am here,” there is an end to it.
DREAMING.

BY EBEN E. RESFORD.

She sits in the open doorway,
While the sun goes down the west,
With her kerchief folded smooth and
Across her aged breast.

Her hair is whiter than silver,
Once brown, and soft, and fair;
But the sunshine falls on its meshes,
And works strange changes there.

Her cheeks are wrinkled and faded
Where the roses used to blow,
That died like the roses of summer
In the winter’s frost and snow.

Her hands in her lap are folded,
And her ball has rolled away
From her knitting-work, and the kitten
Is ready for reckless play.

Her eyes are ajar on the landscape,
But she sees no living thing;
She is looking out into her girlhood,
Into her life’s sweet spring.

She looks back into the spring-time
Of her long and peaceful life,
And thinks of its lights and shadows,
Of its doubts, and hopes, and strife.

And she thinks, as she sits in the sunshine
This golden afternoon,
Of the beautiful moonlight evenings
Far back in a pleasant June,

When she used to stand by the gateway,
And look at the silver stars,
And hark for the sound of a footstep
And the fall of the meadow bars.

Somehow, in those sweet, calm evenings,
There was something better than day,
For they hid the blushes and kisses,
And the words they had to say.

And then she thinks of the morning
When, clad in her robes of white,
She went from the home of her girlhood,
‘Neath skies that were strangely bright.

To the pleasant and lonely homestead
Where their new, glad life began,
And they started out on the journey
That ends when our life is done.

She thinks of the little children
That came to their pleasant home,
And cheered their hearts by their presence,
And prattled away the gloom.

And then there comes o’er the picture
A shadow that hides the sun,
And she sees the grave of their youngest,
Their last and their dearest one.

The years rolled on with their changes,
And the children are taller grown,
When a shadow worse than all others
Falls over the threshold stone.

She stands again by her husband,
While his bark of life sets sail
For the land of a blessed Hereafter
Beyond this earthly vale.

She hears him say, as he presses
The last kiss on her brow—
“You have loved me a long time, darling,
And I—I must leave you now!”

She thinks of the dreary sorrow
That wrapped her lone life in,
When they laid him down in the churchyard,
Away from all care and sin.

They had worked and toiled together
For many a pleasant year,
And without him life was lonely—
But God gave her heart good cheer.

She reads His Word, and believed it,
And found sweet solace there,
And often talked with her husband
Through the means of faith and prayer.

Her children had grown, and their pathways
Lay all ways, near and far;
But one, who was most like his father,
Had kept his mother there.

She loved to look at his features
When his daily toil was done,
And think of that far-off season
When her work of life begun.

She had grandchildren, too, to love her,
And her warm heart took them in,
And grandmamma’s lap was their stronghold
That none could break within.

The sunshine drifted about her
Like a blessing from the skies,
And she woke from her sleepless dreaming
With a start that was half surprise.

The white, sleek kitten had tangle
Her ball in an endless coil,
And curled itself in the sunshine
For a rest from its merry toil.

She took up her life and her knitting,
And began where she laid them down,
While the sunshine wore in her tresses
Gold threads in the place of brown.

She looked away toward the churchyard,
Where the grass grew fresh and tall,
That sprung from the sods that covered
The one she loved best of all;

And she thought that, ere long, they would
Lay her
Away ’neath the grass-green sod,
And two lives be reunited,
For evermore, with God.
LEAVES FROM MY MEDITERRANEAN JOURNAL.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

CHAP. VIII.—SMYRNA.

As the return journey from Constantinople, lying through the Archipelago, gave us opportunity of touching at Smyrna, an account of our visit to the latter forms a natural continuation of what has gone before. Smyrna is well worthy of prolonged notice on many accounts; and, first of these may be said to be its antiquity; next, its peculiar distinctive character; and lastly, its commercial importance, as the centre of the Levant trade. Our voyage to Smyrna did not present any incident of such especial interest as to be worthy of note. Making a passage in a man of war, is always more or less monotonous, more so than any similar run in a packet would be. This is easily accounted for, by the fact that, in the former, the individuals who are compagnons de voyage, on this occasion have been so for months past, perhaps years; whilst each successive trip in a packet presents new faces, new phases of character, and representatives of different nationalities. "The watches were duly kept," the "rounds were regularly gone," and all that belonged to the monotonous inner life of a man of war went on with the usual horary regularity, as we lessened the distance (over two hundred miles), separating Constantinople from Smyrna. The general occupation when making a passage to a new place is to endeavour to learn, either from some more travelled messmate, or, failing this, from books, what the "sights" are. The number of ports visited by a man of war, and the shortness of the stay in many of them, renders it necessary to know beforehand what objects of historical or other interest are within such distance as to be of easy access by short excursions. Sailors have a proverbial and practical knowledge of geography, but their principal historical knowledge is, I am inclined to think, derived from James's Naval History and such topographical notices as their visits to remarkable localities suggest attention to. I am afraid that very few of our number knew—before the date of the visit I am now describing—that the name Smyrna is borne by the city in honour of a heroine or Amazon, to whose worship its inhabitants were devoted. Whether the heroine Smyrna was an historical reality we are not able to ascertain: I shrewdly suspect she had no more real existence than had "the great Goddess Diana of the Ephesians!" nay, more, that they were identical! This opinion gains ground when it is remembered that some historians ascribe the origin of the ancient City of Smyrna to the labours of the Ephesian colonists.

With the ancient City of Smyrna, however, this sketch will have very little to do. Suffice it for its purpose to remark, en passant, that it was one of the many claimants to the honour of being the birthplace of Homer; and boasted of possessing the grotto in which his famous epics were written. Irenæus ascribes the introduction of Christianity into this part of Asia chiefly to the exertions of Polycarp, who was the first Bishop of Smyrna, and was afterwards martyred there. It is with the modern City of Smyrna—or as the Turks call it, Izmir—that the present narrative must concern itself. As soon as we had learned that Smyrna was our next destination, the city began to acquire considerable importance in our minds, and this arose, I must admit, not from its being the Smyrna of Homer, nor yet from its being associated with the memory of the good "Bishop and martyr," but, from its being the well-known centre of eastern trade, and consequently the best mart in which to purchase such specimens of oriental manufacture and curiosities as we intended to take home. Arrived at Smyrna, our anticipations became greater than ever, owing to the imposing effect of the bay. This, which affords a splendid anchorage to the ships of all nations, is very extensive, and stretches its fair proportions into the town in such manner as to have suggested the building of handsome quays abounding with solid and capacious store-houses. The presence of these gives the visitor a more favourable impression of the town when seen from the sea; and, even on the first landing, the expectation is greater than is at all borne out by subsequent experiences of narrow streets and miserable wooden-houses to be met with in the interior of the city. As is usual, when a ship arrives in a foreign port, we were soon surrounded by boats, and these, though Turkish in character, fell far short of the gilding and general ornamental style of the Constantinople caiques. "The correct thing," on landing in a foreign port, is to "leave a card on the Consul." This custom, however useful in the case of admirals and post-captns, is rarely productive of much benefit to any of the officers. Ward-room or gun-room officers will, however, according to my experience, make a much more useful acquaintance by calling on the contractor instead. This latter functionary is generally an English or native merchant, who, in addition to his regular mercantile occupation, supplies such men-of-war as arrive in port with fresh beef, vegetables, and any other stores they may stand in need of. His account is vouched for by the signature of two other local merchants, testifying
to the prices charged being those of the market; and the amount is paid by a bill on the British Government, drawn by the paymaster of the ship, and endorsed by the captain. Contracting for the supply of necessaries to English men-of-war, though fairly conducted, is of considerable profit to the contractor; and he will generally be found civil and obliging to all the officers, and very willing to be of use to them by his counsel and advice as to the best stores, or traders to deal with, in the purchase of such specimens of the native trade or manufacture as they may desire to purchase as souvenirs of their visit. Repairing at once from the landing-place to the house of business of the contractor, we exchanged our English money for the current coin of the place; and then, under guidance of one of his subordinates, proceeded in the direction of the Turkey carpet and Persian rug-stores. On entering that indicated as the best of these shops, we found ourselves in a large square house, devoid alike of partitions or furniture. Piles of carpets and rugs were ranged along the walls, ample space being thus left in the centre for displaying the beauties and attractions of quality exhibited by those that were in turn unfolded for our inspection. The articles displayed in this store were all of excellent quality and well worth the prices we gave for them. The Persian rugs varied in price from two pounds upwards, a really valuable one, though of course not one of the highest price, being to be had for three or four pounds. The Turkey carpets were of all prices, and varied in proportion to texture, colouring, and size. Our purchases were confined principally, if not altogether, to the Persian rugs, which not only wear for ever, but were no higher in price than their imitations would have been in England. The purchase of these wares will naturally lead the visitor to the inspection of the great rendezvous of the caravans. Here, in an inclosed space, with a fountain in the centre, may be seen to arrive troops of camels bearing bales of rich merchandise from the interior. The fact that Mahomet was a camel-driver must, of necessity, invest with a momentary interest the first camel-driver that a European sees pursuing his calling in the east. The western traveller will, however, be doomed to disappointment, if he expects to find an appearance above the ordinary Arab in the man he now sees in charge of a long string of camels arriving to unload. Without any inclination to lecture upon natural history in general, or that of the camel in particular, I must say, that few more striking or essentially eastern sights can be fancied than that presented by a long string of camels, all laden with the products and manufactures of Persia, and all marching in single file along a sandy road. Nor is the picture less effective when the caravan arrives at a resting-place; or, as is the case at Smyrna, at its destination. The great bulking frames soon begin to sink down, one by one, to a kneeling position; this movement is due partly to instinct and partly to education. In the former case, the desire of ease suggests the kneeling position, as the burdens are thereby rested upon the ground on either side of the weary brute; in the latter, the fact that the kneeling posture renders the loading or unloading of the animal an easier task, causes the driver to suggest to the camel the adopting of that posture, conveying the hint to him by repeated blows upon the legs. Before leaving the camels to their rest, I may remark that, although they are in general animals of mild and docile disposition, and have always a very mild expression of countenance, instances, however, are not wanting, in which camels have been known to fight with each other with great fury; and I believe they would, when incensed, turn upon the driver were such rebellion safe. Anyone who has seen a camel "show his teeth" will not doubt of the assertions sometimes heard as to the bite they can occasionally give. I myself have heard the angry voice of an obstinate camel, and can well believe that, if he be as patient as the donkey, he is, in all probability, just as dogged and mulish. The old saying, that "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," is suggestive of an amount of patience that would induce this animal to endure to the death almost unrepiningly. Anyone who has stood to see a caravan loaded, however, will, I think, bear me out in saying that he has often heard a camel "cry out before he was hurt," and emit the sound that is supposed to be the symptom of being over-loaded, whilst the load, though bound on to the saddle on his back, still rests its weight on the ground on either side of its kneeling body. Some animals—obstinate and ill-tempered ones, I suppose—begin to murmur from the moment that the process of loading has commenced, and long ere any weight can have been felt. The trade of Smyrna with the interior is so extensive and varied, that caravans are constantly arriving or departing, some carrying carpets and rugs in huge bales slung one on either side of the rude camel-saddle. Others carry packages, sacks, and even boxes. The principal articles thus conveyed to Smyrna, and thence exported to Europe, are cotton, guns, drugs, opium, oil, wax, goats, wool, skins, Persian rugs and carpets. Smyrna has also a large and exclusive export trade in figs; and as we saw these fruits undergoing the process of packing, it may not be out of place to say a few words thereof. The Smyrna market is the only one, that I am aware of, that is supplied with figs from the country so early as September. The packing of these in boxes gives considerable employment not only to men but to women also. The figs are brought in in camel loads, and deposited on the floors of the receiving stores. The women now take them in hand, and pull them, or, rather work them into shape, after which they are taken in baskets to the men. The men sit ready to receive these trays or baskets of figs, which they afterwards pack into "drums." The last-mentioned is of such a nature as to effectually prevent anyone who has seen its process from enjoying the eating of dried figs for ever afterwards. The
drum being conveniently placed for filling, inferior figs are first placed as under-layers, and those being duly packed, an upper coating of fruit, superior in size and appearance, is placed over all, each particular fig being kneaded and pulled, and manipulated by the packer before being bruised and pressed into its place. From the fig-packing we went to the slave-market, expecting to see some such scenes as those described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." None such, however, awaited us. An enclosed space, with den-like compartments, was that pointed out as the slave-market; and the appearance was rather that of a series of sheds for animals than a place designed for even the temporary residence of human beings. These sheds were of wood, and the only inhabitants of them were a few people of colour, such as would be employed in the lowest domestic service; and I must say they did not seem to feel their degraded position in the least. Some two or three women, as many children, and I think one or two men, one a youth just passing into manhood, were the only slaves to be seen on the occasion of our visit, and the last-mentioned individual seemed to be the only one evincing any striking evidence of intelligence. The women, as it is natural to expect of that class in the east, seemed but little elevated above the brute, and but for their instinctive care of their young, being more intelligent, seemed only remarkable from their greater readiness to beg! Altogether the visit to the slave-market was not an interesting or instructive one, and I am happy to say that, having since again visited Smyrna within the last two years, I learned that the market in question was totally done away with.

Nothing now remains to be noticed in a descriptive account of Smyrna but the bazaars. Having, however, already described the Constantinople bazaars, it is only necessary to say that those of Smyrna were in many respects similar, but inferior as to number and importance. The same pipes, cherry-wood stools, and amber-mouth pieces; the same dressing-gowns, robes, red caps, and parti-coloured girdles; the same otto-of-rose, musk, rats' tails, and sandal wood beads; the same broad inlaid blades, cumbrous firelocks and barbaric pistols, were to be seen here as in every large bazaar in the east. If to the above catalogue be added the presence of Turkey sponges in rare perfection, the picture will more immediately apply to Smyrna, a city whose claims upon the notice of travellers are, though treated of, by no means exhausted, in the chapter.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE ROSE-BEARERS.
BY LILY SHORTHOUSE.

No one knew whence the river came that washed the walls of Eisernheim, nor why the current ran so fast along one bank and crept so slowly by the other, as if it wanted to steal, unseen into the sea. Strangers, sometimes, stood and puzzled over it; but the townspeople thought nothing of the wonder—it had been so in the time of their fathers, and this was enough for them. To be sure, the water was clearer and more sparkling than any other; it watered their meadows and made their town great, and, as long as it did all this, about its source they cared nothing.

Strange stories were told of those who had, in time past, attempted to find it; some had been lured away by the Elle-maid and other spirits of the woods that skirted its banks for some distance; and others had been drowned in the marshes by the malicious water-goblins who had offered to guide them; but the townspeople were grown far too wise for this; they shook their heads gravely when any inquisitive boy talked of making the journey; and, indeed, it had become a proverb respecting any one engaged in a hopeless undertaking, "He is seeking the source of the river."

It seemed as if no one else ever would go, and there was a great outcry in the town, one day, when Liuchen Dorner's seat in church was empty, and her aunt answered the neighbours' inquiries with the news that she was gone to find the source of the river. Poor Liuchen! how they all pitied her! gone on that dangerous journey alone, while she went on her way, little dreaming how many prayers and good-wishes followed her, thinking that no one would miss her in the cold town that she had left behind. Perhaps, if she had known the truth, nothing would have tempted her away; but we walk blindfold among our friends, and never know that they were so till we have lost them.

It was easy to follow the river in its windings near the town, but when it left the meadows, and plunged into the dark woods, of whose dangers so many tales had been told, Liuchen stood awhile and hesitated, for she was little more than a child after all. Still, her determination was stronger than her fears, and she went on. The woods were pleasant, too, in the day-time, for the sun had been searching poor Liuchen, and now she was safe in their
cool shade; but, when evening came, and strange faces peered at her from behind the gauntled tree-trunks, or dim shadows flitted to and fro in the grey distance, she recalled the old stories and shivered with fear, lest she should be carried away. Strange figures came to her in her dreams, too; sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning, and, when she started from her sleep, their white robes would melt into the night-mist that hovered above the river, or vanish in the spray of one of the little cascades with which the woods abounded. She knew that they were not always birds that flitted through the branches overhead, nor field-mice that rustled among the moss and leaves at her feet. Every leaf in the woods was quivering with life: only in the river was the quiet of eternal repose: still the woods had their charms for her as well as their terrors, and she would willingly have lingered; but, for the task that she had undertaken, she could have been content to spend her life there.

Poor child! she could not have lived many days in this haunt of spirits and elves, where every moment brought her near some creature whose breath had power to chill her, and whose lightest touch would have made her heart stand still for ever. Poet, painter, sculptor, all on whose foreheads the star of deathless genius blazed, had trodden these paths before, but they were men, and could gaze steadily on the strange shapes of the forest; while, in spite of her steadfast will, the girl's heart almost choked her with its wild throbings, as they came and went before her eyes. But Liuchen, standing in the midst of danger, knew little of it. "Another day and the woods will be past," she said, mournfully, wandering down an avenue of lime-trees, for in the distance she could see glimpses of the open country beyond.

"Stay with me in the woods, Liuchen," said a sweet voice almost close beside her. It came from a bower formed of twining flowers a little to the left of the path, and the girl turned eagerly, quickening her pace to obtain a view of the speaker. She leaned against a tree like one asleep, her eyes shaded by her long lashes, and her face by the bright hair that fell in masses of glistening gold on a robe of misty blue: one hand rested on a golden cup filled with wine, into which some of the hanging blossoms of the bower dipped their graceful leaves; the other arm hung listlessly by her side, and round it was a rich bracelet of glistening green and gold.

"She is sleeping, and I dare not wake her," murmured Liuchen, regrettfully. "I must go on."

The sleeper opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Stay with me, Liuchen!"

"I cannot," said the girl, sorrowfully; "I must follow the river."

"To die in the swamps!" said the silver voice, in a tone of mockery. "It would kill you to look on the evil spirits of the marshes, child! I have seen men go to their fate, and I would save you, Liuchen! You are weary and thirsty; sit down beside me, and drink."

Liuchen looked wistfully at the speaker, and at the cup offered; then stepped forward to take it; but at that instant a lizard darted out of the grass at her feet, and she involuntarily paused, and looked down to see where it had come from. It had crept out of a scull lying close to the bower which Liuchen had at first sight mistaken for a stone overgrown with moss.

She started away from it with an exclamation of horror, and her sudden movement revealed the truth. The lady of the bower had risen to welcome her guest, and, before she had time to resume her seat, Liuchen saw that the figure which had charmed her was hollow, like a mask; and the bracelet, slowly uncoiling itself, dropped at her feet with forked tongue and lifted crest. It was the terrible Elle-maid herself. One kiss from those lips, and one draught from that cup, had beguiled thousands to death, whose bones lay hidden under the moss and leaves of the forest—some, indeed, scarce covered yet, like the scull which had warned Liuchen of her danger. Recovering from her fright, the girl fled away from the temptress, followed far down the wood-path by a burst of mocking laughter, which seemed to be caught up and prolonged, from time to time, by her sister Elle-maid of the forest. Many a bridegroom had broken his vows for that offered kiss, and gone home a ravaging maniac to die: many youths who had tarried to drink deep of the cup into which those fatal flowers shed poison had died at her feet; and many a maiden, whose lips that fatal kiss had sealed, had drank in there the deadly heart-sickness that only death can cure. None ever escaped who entered that bower: sooner or later they were her victims.

Friendly faces came to Liuchen in her dreams that night to charm away her terror, and she rose from her mossy pillow in the morning with no fears for her journey, although the path lay through the marshes which had swallowed so many travellers. At a distance they looked like green meadows; but the grass and rushes concealed black inky water and mud, in which the traveller was in momentary danger of sinking. Yellow pond-lilies spread their leaves over the treacherous surface; here and there vast sweeps of rushes broke the level, and birds waded in and out among them, turning their long necks wonderfully in the direction of the stranger; and, further off, gigantic water-lilies lay like snow on the clear water. Here and there was a little green island on which stately swans reposéd, and flocks of ducks and other water-fowl swam in the river farther away.

Liuchen took off her shoes and stockings to wade through the spongy grass and rushes, sinking over her ankles at every step, and wondering how she should pass her nights in this wilderness of swampy water.

When night came she was very weary; the moon had not risen, and there was no light to continue her journey or guide her, as she
looked anxiously round in the twilight for some island on which to rest till morning. There were many in sight, but between them and her lay stretches of swamp that defied all attempts to find a passage, and the only resting-place near was the trunk of a fallen tree, on which she lay down to sleep. This was a long set, and surrounded by a sea of mist through which the trees of the wood loomed in the distance like the vanguard of a giant army. The creeping damp made her shiver as she turned on her uneasy pillow, and woke from time to time with a start as a cold hand was laid on her cheek or twined round her neck; but the spirits of the woods had often disturbed her slumbers, and she was not too terrified to settle to sleep again. A sudden gleam of bright light roused her effectually, and she rose, eager to catch a glimpse of the bearer, some human being to be her companion in this wilderness of waters. The mists had dispersed leaving the night clear, and the light shone with steady brightness; but from what direction she could not tell. Now it seemed to come from the woods, now from the river, sometimes from the marshes on the right, sometimes before her.

Liuchen felt dazzled and bewildered, perhaps it was sent to guide her out of her present peril; yet she dared not trust herself to it—it might only be a wandering light after all. An hour's patient waiting convinced her of this. She saw it shining immediately over some of the most dangerous places of the marsh, and although the bearers continued invisible, she felt sure that they were the cruel water-goblins endeavouring to lead her into their haunts.

She turned away with a sigh of disappointment, and, laying her head down once more, tried to sleep. Instantly the vagrant light reappeared in front of her, shining broad and clear from the opposite bank of the river, and revealing a scene that effectually chased sleep from her eyes. Between her and the river an innumerable multitude of fantastic creatures ran, flew, and crawled, some so unsubstantial and shadowy, that she could clearly see the river and its banks through their bodies as they danced along; others thin and thread-like, with arms and legs like whips, eagerly chasing the terrified frogs and lizards that inhabited the swamp; some bristling with quills like porcupines flew over the water, occasionally pouncing down on their slower companions with exulting screams; while others bounded from island to island like India-rubber balls, sometimes passing over Liuchen in their transit, sometimes alighting on the trunk where she sat, and there slowly uncoiling themselves, shooting out their forked tongues, wagging their long tails, moving their horns and making unearthly grimes at the terrified girl. Their dark bodies glimmered with faint electric light, as they darted to and fro in the darker parts of the marsh, with their spark-like eyes bent on her, and all seemed by their gestures to be jeering and mocking at poor Liuchen. As morning approached they all vanished, some sinking into the water, and others hiding among the rushes or pond-lilies, leaving the marshes as silent and dreary as before their revelry had begun.

With daylight Liuchen resumed her toilsome march, slipping from root to root and tuft to tuft, often sinking knee-deep into the mud; and, recovering herself with an effort, and still looking heedfully in spite of all her danger, that she did not for an instant lose sight of the river.

That night she sheltered on a little island, under an old willow-tree, in less danger, but with little more peace than before, for with the darkness the water-goblins recommenced their pranks, roosting in the branches of the tree overhead, pinching her hands and pulling her hair with their thread-like claws, hanging down tiny lanterns which almost touched her face, and sometimes running over her in their mad races. A few more such nights of watching and fright would have killed her; she felt that she could willingly plunge headlong into the marsh to hide herself from her little tormentors; but she was not destined to perish there.

Three days and nights went by, and on the morning of the fourth day the dry land spread before her once more, and the marshes were past. And her journey, too, was coming to an end. The river was no longer the broad flood that washed the walls of Eisenheim: it was deeper, and still more rapid, as it narrowed to its source: one mass of irregular rocks alone seemed to obstruct her view of the place, where it issued from the mountains that now towered overhead. A narrow path led round the foot of the rock, and in a few moments she stood by the mouth of a little cave, from which flowed the river, displaying in its rise the same peculiarity which had first attracted her attention when she dwelt in Eisenheim.

She sat down by the mouth of the cave, letting the water ripple through her fingers. Was it her fancy that the spray made her shiver? it might have been only a breath of chill mountain air; but our presentiments are often truer than we are willing to own. Liuchen felt sure in her heart that it was indeed the bright sparkling water which had given her such a death-like chill, and once again her home in Eisenheim rose before her, while the temptation to return was stronger than ever.

Poor Liuchen, it was not too late then; she might have gone back, to live and die in peace under the shadow of the old cathedral; but she put the thought away from her, and told herself that it would be time enough to return when she had explored the secrets of the cave. Guided by a distant gleam of light, she entered, and discovered a flight of steps cut in the rock, besides which the water fell in a small cascade sparkling in the light that streamed down the rocky steps. Liuchen ascended slowly, and looked round, almost bewildered by the magnificence of this strange retreat. The pavement was all of misty blue studded with golden stars, waving and undulating like the waters of a lake: at one end of the lofty chamber grew a large tree, whose branches spread far and wide, form-
Leaves for the Little Ones.

Leaves,ading the roof of the apartment, and through its foliage she could distinguish a hall beyond, adorned with marble statues. Almost beside her stood a marble figure, resting one hand on a vase of crystal, which followed the stream that formed the waterfall.
The light which had guided Liuchen to the chamber came from a pyramid of roses in the centre, flowers such as she had never seen before, whose leaves sparkled like living diamonds, and Liuchen guessed that these were the full-blown blossoms of the marvellous tree, on which she could see only closed buds sparkling like stars among the dark green leaves.
She did not wonder now at the brightness of the river, for those roses had been reflected in it, and their light sparkled on its waves till the river was lost in the sea.
Again and again she tried to take one flower from that dazzling pyramid to carry away in her bosom; but an invisible net-work interposed between her and the roses, and, growing weary of fruitless efforts, she sat down under the tree, leaning her head against the trunk as she looked wistfully at the glittering buds. Gradually her eyes closed, and she dreamed of journeying back to Eisenheim: her heart was heavy with some grief she could not tell what; but she longed to hear her aunt’s kind voice speaking comfort to her. Then she stood in the shadow of the old home, and stretched out her arms to her aunt in the doorway; but Aunt Anna turned from her like a stranger, and Liuchen, sorely grieved, wandered to the riverside, and, looking into it as she had often done, saw, not the little maiden who had gone away, but a tall lady shrouded from head to foot by a veil of glittering frosted gauze, and, with a start of surprise, she woke. Her eyes opened on the marble figure, with the conviction, that it had changed its place during her sleep, and she began to suspect that this was no statue, but the Lady of the Cave slowly advancing towards her. Never, as long as Liuchen lived, could she tell what that face resembled: she could remember the long dark hair, the tall, graceful figure, whose robes rested on the blue pavement; the large white wings that hung drooping from her shoulders, and the crown of spotless lilies, dropped with diamond dew, that she wore in her hair; but, far brighter than either flowers or dew, was the light that burned in her eyes. Liuchen’s earnest look met them, and their brilliance dazzled her: she cast her eyes down, and stood silent.
“What is it, Liuchen?” asked the Lady of the Cave, kindly.
“One rose,” said the girl, looking wistfully at the glittering pyramid.
“Those are not even mine to give;” replied the spirit. “No mortal hand may ever touch them again.”
“Give me then a bud from the tree,” pleaded Liuchen, earnestly.
“Do you know what you are asking, child?” said the river spirit. “If you wear that bud in your bosom you can never return to your home; but must wander on, over mountain and valley, alone, till you meet one who wears a rose like that I give you. If the bearer of the rose is free, he will wed you; but if he is wedded to another, you must return to me with the rose and lay it here. It will open when you wear it on your heart, and where it once hung like a bud it must be brought back to blossom in its full beauty.”
“And I?” asked Liuchen, with paling cheek.
“You can never return to the valley again., Look here!” and, as the river spirit spoke, the spreading branches of the great tree parted, revealing the hall of the statues beyond. Old and young were there, men, women, girls, and youths; some standing, others sitting, but all so life-like that it seemed as if some spell had fallen on them living and fixed them there for ever. Liuchen could have fancied that they were alive, but for the star that blazed on each forehead with such unearthly glory.
“Each of these has borne away a bud, Liuchen,” said the spirit; “some have been many years on their journey; others only a few months; but all have returned to give up the roses and their lives together—they are changed to marble, and remain in that temple for ever!”
The girl shivered in spite of herself; but still extended her hand for the radiant blossom.
“Think again, Liuchen,” said the spirit, pityingly; “you may wander far before you meet him who wears the rose, and if he cannot wed you it will be a weary journey back, and the rose will lie very, very heavily on your heart. Go home, child: it needs a man’s heart to risk such a fate: why should you cast away life for such honours as I can give?”
“I will venture,” said Liuchen, bravely: “but will he know me when we meet?”
“Unless his eyes are blinded by another’s beauty,” said the spirit, sadly, “then will he pass you by, and your rose will grow heavier and heavier every hour after that meeting until you lay it here with its sisters.”
The Lady of the Cave plucked one of the loveliest buds as she spoke, and, first breathing on it, placed it in Liuchen’s bosom. The flower wrought a strange transformation in the wearer. The girl’s step was more stately, and her eyes brighter than before: it seemed as if the roses had thrown some of their lustre on her, and with that glow on her face she departed.
Her path through the fatal marshes was an easy one now. The swamp dried up wherever her footsteps fell, and when night came the marvellous bud lighted her on her way, while the water-goblins shrunk fearfully from its radiant beam. She could gather the great water-lilies now that had been so far out of her reach, and the water-fowl came at a call, clustering round her—no wonder Liuchen felt like a queen. Even the spirits of the woods were at her command, and she summoned them at will, talking long hours with them in the language which had been so mysterious to her when she threaded the woods before.
The Kille-maid turned pale with envy as she
saw the girl return safe, in spite of all attempts to destroy her, for the temptress knew well that the diamond rose was a charm all powerful to protect the wearer from her wiles. Nor had Liuchen need to hesitate when the woods were past, and she found herself in the open country. She had only to follow her beam of light cast by the bud and this grew brighter continually, for it was fast unfolding, and would soon be as brilliant as those which formed the pyramid in the river-spirit's cave.

"Is that Liuchen Dorner?" exclaimed some of the market-people, as they met her not far from Eisenheim. "She could not have grown so beautiful!"

Liuchen only smiled, as she thought of her dream: she was changed indeed, so the river had told her; but her heart was light and her brow unclouded, and the sorrow of the dream had not fallen on her.

And she did not go home—the light of the rose led her on far beyond Eisenham, to a stately city that she had never seen before. The same bright river washed its walls and strayed on through the meadows; but there were no such stately palaces in Eisenheim as those which were mirrored here in its broad waters, and she paused on the great bridge to look down at the reflected city with wondering admiration. The city was astir with some great rejoicings, flags were floating from the towers, bells were ringing, while the streets were hung with garlands, and rapidly filling with people. Liuchen had not long to wait for an explanation.

"They are coming!—they are coming!" was heard on all sides, and the crowd divided to make way for the coming procession.

"Who is it?" asked Liuchen, of a woman who stood beside her.

"The Prince and his bride," was the reply, and all eyes were turned to the approaching carriage, drawn by four white horses and followed by a brilliant train of nobles and ladies. The people scarce looked at the Prince, handsome as he was; all were gazing at the bride, whose pretty features and fair hair were only partially shrouded by her veil. Her dress was one blaze of diamonds, the very orange-flowers of her wreath were dropped with diamond dew; but as the carriage passed Liuchen the light of the rose fell on some of the bride's jewels, and they crumbled to ashes. The Princess did not see it, she was whispering an enquiry to her husband about the strange girl who stood among the crowd with such queenly grace. He turned to look; but Liuchen shrank back among the crowd, almost as soon as his eyes met hers, and the carriage passed on through the cheering people. Many admired the star of the Prince's new order; but only one in that crowd knew that it was a diamond rose that the bridgroom wore on the breast of his surcoat.

He had passed her by, and all hope was gone; yet she uttered no cry, but stood still, with one hand on her heart, like one whom Azrael's wings have fanned.

Evening came and found her still standing on the bridge, looking down on the broad river, now flashing with countless lights from the illumination of the city, and listening to music from the palace, where the wedding banquet was being held. At last her reverie was broken by a burgher's wife, who, plying the lonely stranger, offered her a shelter for the night. Tears started to Liuchen's eyes as she turned to thank the kind woman, but she could not stay; already she should have been far on her way; and, wrapping her mantle round her, she left the city, walking with feverish haste to atone for her delay. Outside the walls she seemed to breathe more freely; but night was coming on, her eyes were heavy for tears and sleep, and, forgetting all else in utter weariness, she threw herself down among the blue-bells, and slept.

The morning sun was high overhead, when she woke with a crushing weight on her heart, the diamond rose was full-blown now, and Liuchen's tears fell thickly on its glittering leaves, as she turned to take a last look at the royal city which should have been her home, before following the road to Eisenheim. Poor Liuchen! every tear made the rose heavier still, for they turned to gems and hung flashing in the sunlight as the wearer walked wearily on, never lifting her eyes from the grass, although the splendour of the haughty ladies, who passed her in their Court equipages, paled and faded before her beauty, and even the labourers in the field quitted their work and ran to gaze on her as she passed. She knew her powers, but honours are hard to bear with an aching heart, and she would gladly have given her empire over earth and air to have lifted that leaden weight from her bosom and gone her way in peace.

Slowly and wearily the days went by with her until the spires of Eisenheim rose in sight, and, standing on the opposite bank of the river, she lifted her eyes to the old cathedral, and stretched out her arms with an irrepressible longing to take refuge in her old home. One day's delay would matter little, she thought, in the summer; she might go and bid Aunt Anna farewell; but while she stood waver ing, the memory of her dream came back with cruel distinctness, and she looked down involuntarily at the river.

The dream was realized: a veil of delicate frostwork shrouded her by reflection from head to foot; and Liuchen understood that this veil, unseen till now, and unfelt by herself, separated her from others, and that it would be worse than useless to go back a brilliant stranger to seek her kin in Eisenheim. She could not return now, even if she might have thrown aside the diamond rose and the glittering veil. Aunt Anna's quiet home would have been no place for her, fresh from a life of wandering and marvels and danger. She would have pined in time to come for the days when the spirits and water-elves came at her call, and it was better now that she should go on her way alone.

Liuchen knew it, too, and still she lingered; the sun was setting, and the vesper-bell ringing from the cathedral tower before she went on her
journey, turning her head away—it was so hard to leave Eisenheim for the last time. Her old neighbours met her in the familiar path, and bowed low as they made way for the stately lady; but none recognized Liuchen, or guessed the sorrow that was gnawing at her heart as she walked among her friends friendless and forsaken.

Morning came and found her sitting on the little bridge, over which she had passed the first time on her way to the woods, with a faint hope that some one from the old town would give her a word of kind greeting before she passed out of their reach for ever.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horse’s hoofs and sounds of merry voices, that announced a bridal procession. Liuchen started up—it seemed as if her wish would be realized. She had often played with the bride on that little bridge. Surely she would recognize her, even through the cruel veil.

But the bride’s blue eyes expressed only wonder and admiration as they met those of Liuchen; she almost envied the stranger’s dazzling veil and sparkling roses, and while the deceitful veil hid Liuchen’s falling tears and pale cheek, the bridal party passed on, leaving her alone.

Forsaken by all, it seems the darkest shadow that ever darkens a life, the grief that is so utterly unbearable for those who have to bear it, and it gave Liuchen the courage of despair. She had thought it hard to leave the well-known bridge for the last time; but it was easy now, with the bitter loneliness lying on her heart far more heavily than the rose, and when her fit of sobbing was over, she walked silently into the forest and was gone.

She was at home now, in the strange, unreal world that she had chosen; and where she had once come a trembling stranger she now walked as a queen, wearing the royal rose, before whose light every creature of the woods bowed in obedience or abashed in terror.

And Liuchen stood rejoicing in the consciousness of her power. She had left regret behind. An impassable barrier now divided her from her old home, and it was not strange that she should turn, with a sigh of relief, to the welcome companionship of the inhabitants of the forest for the remainder of her brief reign.

A few days more, and it was ended; she stood at the foot of the mountain, looking her last on the bright river. Once again she knelt, to let the water ripple through her fingers; but it struck no chill to her now. The mute warning had been realized, and Liuchen’s sufferings were over. She paused at the top of the stone steps, and looked towards the recess; but the River Spirit stood by the pyramid of roses, waiting her coming, and, with raised hand, beckoned her visitor to approach.

Liuchen obeyed, folding her hands on her bosom with a heavy sigh as she spoke: “I have lost all, and am come back to die.”

“You have risked life and lost it,” said the River Spirit; “yet your fate is happier than his who passed you by.”

“It cannot be,” said Liuchen, passionately; “nor is it love of life, nor fear of death, that makes mine so hard. It is because he will never know how closely we once stood together, nor how bright the rose was, which should have blossomed beside his own.”

“He knows already,” replied the River Spirit. “From the hour when the bride’s jewels crumbled to ashes under its beam, he knew that the promised bride (for whose coming he should have waited) had come and departed. Oh, Liuchen! all your sorrows are light compared with the burden of his life, who, wearing the royal rose, has linked himself to one who is blind to its peerless beauty!”

“Yet my life has been wasted,” said Liuchen, more calmly.

“Look back upon it,” said the River Spirit, taking some water from the crystal vase, and sprinkling it on the pavement at her feet. It formed a clear bright mirror, whose polished surface reflected the enchanted forest. And Liuchen saw that her path through its mazes was marked now by fragrant flowers, whose pure white blossoms would henceforth guide the traveller on his way through its dangers. Over the wide marshes, too, the path of safety led, bordered by snow-white water-lilies; so that no other need ever wander, as she had done, in danger of sinking in the treacherous swamp.

“I am content,” murmured Liuchen: “I have not borne the rose in vain.”

The scene changed, as she spoke, from the solitude of the marshes to a crowded highroad, among whose throng a solitary traveller, unnoticed and unpitied by any, was wearily threading his way. Worn and travel-stained as he was, Liuchen marked his noble bearing, and wondered, as she looked, what was the sorrow that had drawn such deep lines on that young face, and why the leaves of the rose that glittered on his breast were specked with blood.

“Do you know him, Linchen?” asked the Lady of the Cave.

The girl started from her reverie, as a sudden recollection flashed across her mind—“Is it the Prince?”

“It is,” replied the Spirit, mournfully: “do you envy us lot?”

“No.” replied Linchen, eagerly; “mine is happier far.”

The weight was gone from her heart, and, taking her rose from its resting-place, she laid it on the glittering heap without a sigh.

The branches of the great tree began to wave and rustle as she stood beneath its shadow; and the great hall of statues, into which she was gazing, grew gradually misty, and seemed to vanish away. Instead of its cold splendour, she saw the dear old spires of Eisenheim in the golden light of the setting sun, and Aunt Anna sitting in the doorway of her home with the open bible on her knees. Once again Liuchen
stretched out her arms with a cry of joy, and then, as the vespers bell pealed from the cathedral tower with its voice of solemn peace, she fell on her knees, repeating the evening prayer that she had learned when a child.

The sunlight died off the spires of the sleeping city, and the vespers bell ceased ringing; but Lütchen did not rise—she was too deep in her thoughts. She had dreamed of home for years, but he never felt his presence, and left her kneeling still with a smile on her lips, beautiful in her marble stillness as she had been in life.

Not even with the honoured multitude who thronged the vast hall of Genius was to be her resting-place; but in the quenchless light of her virgin rose, and beneath the marvellous tree in whose shadow she had dreamed her last dream of home!

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**OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.**

My Dear —,

The gardeners have announced that we shall have a soft, Clement winter. This year's onions have a very thin skin; when a hard winter is coming that vegetable has a thick peel, according to their observations. If the present weather continues, the gardeners' prognostications will certainly be realized, for the cold, gloomy month of December this year has been more like a wet month of May, and our trees and bushes are budding forth as if spring had breathed on them again. I have a honeysuckle in my garden in flower! But, oh, the pâlding through the muddy streets of Paris! it is worse than the roads in the country, and makes one long for a little frost and ice. The Court has left Compiègne, and soon the festivities in the capital will commence, and Paris will re-assume its wonted gaiety. The theatres are overflowing with successes, but La Patti has left us, and we are sad; she is going, or is gone, to St. Petersburg, to enchant the Russians with the melody of her voice, and the seductive charms of her person. There was no place to be had at the Italian Theatre all the last month of her adieu, all were engaged long before hand. At the hundredth representation of "Premier jour de bonneur," at the Opera Comique, the orchestra went and serenaded Auber (the author) under his windows, until late in the night; the passers-by soon formed a considerable group round the musicians, and raised a tumult of applause at every interval. The old gentleman descended into the street and thanked them; he is more than eighty years of age. Rossini's death had a great effect on him, it is said, Apropos of Rossini, they say that his famous air in Moïse—"La prière de Moïse"—is not the production of his brain, but an air that had echoed from time immemorial amongst the mountains of the Pyrenees, a Basque national air.

Monsieur Alphonse Karr deigns every now and then to forget his flowers at Nice and appear in Paris. He is just now tormented by another's laurels. Mr. P. Gille, a young composer, has made a "hit" in an operette, at the new little theatre. The Athénée, and Alphonse Karr pretends that the "Horreurs de la guerre" belongs to him, because he has written a tale on the same subject—another subject of discord. Talking of the Athénée reminds me of its origin: A rich jew, Monsieur Bischoffsheim, was, about two years ago, seized with a fit of generosity, and conceived the idea of building a superb concert-room, to be used, on any occasion, for lectures, concerts, or any other usual amusement. It was to cost him a million of francs, and all the profits were to go to benevolent societies, &c. What a good man! Subsequently the concert room was turned into a theatre, and pays the million francs I cannot tell how much per cent.; but Monsieur Bischoffsheim's fit is over, and he keeps the profits.

The great success of a drama, with the title of "Mise Malton," by Nus and Belot, caused their Majesties to invite the actors of the "Vauvile" to go and perform it at Compiègne. As usual, the authors were also requested to accompany the actors, which Monsieur Belot did, and was highly complimented by the Court for the moving scenes in the piece, which made the most stoical take out their pocket-handkerchiefs—such a chorus of nose-wiping was never before heard at the theatre of Compiègne. Monsieur Belot, having received the croix de la Legion d'Honneur last August, our Court etiquette permitted him to be invited to dine at the imperial table; but Monsieur Nus, who has an equal right to share the laurels of this drama, could not be admitted to the same honour, not being a Chevalier, so he abstained from going to Compiègne. Before we leave this imperial abode, to which so many are ambitious for an invitation, listen to an odd condition to this honour for ladies: Every lady must prove that she possesses a certain trousseau, that is, a certain quantity of linen, dresses, and other accessories. Is her Majesty afraid that a lady might want to borrow a chemise or petticoat? She must also buy her hair of the Court hairdresser; she finds a small parcel of that commodity of different colours
for which the price is fixed at 150 francs (£6); she must also be accompanied by a maid to wait on her, and a gentleman must have his valet.

Amongst other games this season, there was one that was a great source of amusement: a pavilion was chosen in the forest, and servants were ordered to drop small pieces of paper all along the different paths that led to this pavilion, the Court then separated, each taking a different road, and the game was to follow the bits of paper, and thus try to arrive at the pavilion first; the fun of it was the laugh that the last comers excited, particularly if chance had so ordered that a lady and gentleman met on the road and the two came in together.

The Queen of Spain has bought a most exquisite hotel on the Champs Elysées. She seems to deem her restoration to the throne of Spain very improbable. They say that she is extremely grieved at the things the papers here lay to her charge, as well as Marfori, whom some say is greatly calumniated, and that he is far from having the immense riches the public voice has given him. The Queen visited the Court of Assize the other day when a trial was going on. The president suspended the proceedings to go and receive her Majesty, which very much surprised and annoyed a certain party of the Parisians. We are curious to know how the Emperor and Empress intend behaving towards the fallen monarch, now they are in Paris. The new Spanish ambassador has not yet met with much sympathy.

Several of our State ministers have again been changed. M. Pinard, Minister of the Intérieur, overshot the mark in his zeal for the Empire and order. He wanted to make us believe that a formidable émeute was in the air for the 2nd of December, that thirty thousand soldiers were ready to quell the rebellion, and a regiment of sergents de ville remained on guard all-day long, in different quarters. All this display of force ended in arresting some rebels assembled in the cemetery, on the grave of Baudin—a most ridiculous affair. If Government had taken no notice of the manifestation it would have fallen to the ground, and no one would have known anything about it. The liberals are on the alert for the elections next year, and Government also. The bishops add their mite to the struggle, and preach to the people in their pastoral letters to vote for the deputy that best supports the temporal power at Rome. Their patriotism goes no further. The Jesuits have just been condemned at Bordeaux for having best several of the boys committed to their care in their college. It seems that boys of fifteen and sixteen have been severely hurt, and the father of one of them went and complained to the magistrates. One of the priests, the executioner of punishment in the college, beat one with a whip in a most unmerciful manner, until he was tired of striking; and so afraid were several of the boys whose evidence was asked, that when before the tribunal and their masters, they dared not repeat what they had said in the private examination they had undergone before, but denied it.

Have you heard of the Marseille empoisoners? Six women and a man, who bought, sold, and administered poison to superfluous husbands, with just about as much ceremony as one employs in the destruction of rats, without seeming to have the slightest idea that it was of much more consequence to humanity. The man prepared the poison, and the women mixed it with their husbands' food. One woman encouraged her daughter, twenty years of age, to give the poison to her husband, by promising to burn a candle to the Holy Virgin that she might be propitious to the design and ensure its success. The jury, however, found extenuating circumstances, and, to the great rage of the populace, none have been condemned to death. At the Alcazar, at Marseille, the affair has been made a pantomime of, and the director is reaping a splendid harvest.

The death of Berryer has called forth from every party sincere and heartfelt regrets, and I know no man whose memory is so truly respected. He would not die in Paris, but insisted on being conveyed to his château d'Augerville, his true home, where he breathed his last, surrounded by all he loved. He received a letter from the Count de Chambord, whom he always regarded as his lawful king, a day or two before his death, which was a sweet solace to him. Hundreds flocked from Paris and other towns to his funeral; a deputation of English barristers went and paid their last homage to this greatest of French barristers, and the bar in Paris has voted that a subscription shall be opened to raise a monument to his memory.

We have another death to lament, though of a less eminent man than Berryer, yet of one known and appreciated in the literary world: M. Carnouche, a writer of distinction. Several anecdotes are related of him. He was director of the theatre at Strasbourg when the Prince Louis Napoleon tried to raise an émeute in his (the Prince's) favour. At that time the directors of theatres in the provinces had a right to tax the Strolling actors, dancers, and riders; but many had escaped Carnouche without paying; so much so, that he vowed that no others should get off without opening their purses. Very early one morning he was awakened out of his sleep by his old servant: "Monsieur Carmiche! Monsieur Carmiche! quick! quick! get up!" "Why, what is the matter?" A whole host of Franzonis that arrive. Do you not hear the noise?" "Yes, yes, I hear them, and they shall pay me before they begin. They shall, and no mistake," answered Carnouche, tumbling out of bed, and dressing in all haste; which was soon done, and into the street he went. The troop of Franzonis was no other than the Prince Louis Napoleon and his band, whose performance turned out not to be worth paying for then.

Did you know that the lovely Ophelia, M'dle.
Nilsson, is not only a great singer, but also a very clever sculptor? She has just finished a little statue that is to be exposed at the next Exhibition of Fine Arts.

Prince Napoleon went to Nohant, the residence of Madame George Sand, the other day, to stand sponsor for one of that celebrated lady's grandchildren. The Prince must be doing something, and seems to be happier anywhere than at home. Our game-merchants make game of everything, and one sees animals of every denomination hanging at their windows to entice passers-by. One fancied hanging out a dead monkey among his hares and partridges. "A monkey!" said a lounging, looking out for a tit-bit, "is that good to eat?" "I should think so," answered the seller, "delicious in a pie!" "What does its flesh resemble?" "Why, whatever you like—mutton, pork, or venison; a monkey that imitates everything." The inquirer went away only half convinced.

The compliments of the season.

Au revoir.

S. A.

Oaverable to them than a first impression. Yet they are free from that obscurity of thought and expression which is the bane of much modern poetry. They are essentially objective and real, for they present, with great distinctness, a vast variety of scenes and pictures which reflect the very life of human history. And he who seeks might well find in them a purpose and a meaning that deserves to be studied. With a lively sympathy for the two great elements of all poetry, beauty and grief, Mr. Lytton combines a power of expression which reminds us of the later Elizabethan poets more than of any more recent author. The heroic verse, which he handles with a skilful predilection, is not the couplet of Pope or the resounding line of Dryden, but it is the verse of Marlow; and there are passages in these volumes which we should venture to rank not far beneath the undying beauty and force of 'The Hero and Leander.'" Of the charge of imitation which has frequently been brought against Mr. Lytton the reviewer remarks: "To a greater extent than is commonly remembered, this manifest participation in the manner as well as the spirit of his neighbours, as we have said, at all times to the poet's character. Chaucer gave currency to the seven-lined stanza, which he used in place of the Italian octave rhyme; and it became the standard measure of his successors, Lydgate, Occleve, James I., and others. Surrey in his sonnets echoed Petrarch; Wyst, although in his verse more individual than Surrey, and, upon the whole, more English, echoed not only Petrarch, but all the French poets in his day. From Chaucer's time to Spenser's, Chaucer himself included, there was hardly a poet of mark who did not in some work, usually a large one, imitate closely the allegorical machinery made popular in France by the "Roman de la Rose" and other pieces. The best poets were in their own pages continually going to sleep over a
book, or waking in bed on a May or April morning, and going into a park by a river, where they had an allegorical dream, if it did not happen to be in dream that they went thither. Even the Scottish poets: Dunbar, in his 'Thistle and the Rose,' and 'Golden Targe'; Gavin Douglas, in his 'Palace of Honour'; Lindsay, in his 'Monarchy'—which, though a work of very practical design, sets out with the poet on a summer morning entering a delightful park, where he is accosted by an old man named Experience, wrote in close imitation of established forms. In Elizabeth's time, Shakespeare himself was called an 'upstart crow, beautified with the feathers of his neighbours.' The charming song-writers who lived in the time of Charles I. abounded in close resemblances of fashion. How many of them sent metrical messages to a lady with a rose? 'Go, lovely Rose,' says Waller; 'Go, happy Rose,' says Herrick. The more the works of Pope are critically examined the more will it be perceived to what an extent he borrowed and appropriated expressions from his predecessors, his contemporaries, and from classical antiquity; and we take as inevitable these resemblances of topic and of treatment among men of the same time. The Edinburgh Review finds great originality as well as power and learning in the 'Chronicles and Characters.' The lofty purpose of the work, and the skill with which the poet has wrought out a complicated plan, are warmly acknowledged. In these 'Chronicles and Characters' the poet deals with the essentials of life. Lucian compared his works to plaster statues, which, in some great festival, are made to please the people and not to endure eternity. Yet they are still read because, in a way of his own, which gave the liveliest and best expression to his humour, he, by the free handling of the philosophers and gods of the Old World, spoke for many, in the struggle of which, however its outward action may change with the generations, the cause, as Mr. Lytton here sings, is eternal. Lucian's plaster statues, made for a holiday use, represent the large part of all writings which adds to the pleasures of its hour by moulding surface thought into forms known to be acceptable. But they work in marble who, with shaping power of the artist, spend their power upon the most vital questions of the time. Through all changes of outward fashion these endure, and the best thought they yield retains its worth for the successive generations whose relations to each other is in these 'Chronicles and Characters' a part of Mr. Lytton's purpose to suggest. The view of the life that runs through all is the gradual education of the human race by struggle against evil to the strength for good. Mr. Lytton's volumes, by the variety of their contents, invite to digression; but we must abide by our first purpose, and be content if we have said enough to suggest a fair general estimate of their character. Faultless they are not, but the genius of the writer is unquestionable as its recognition has been slow. All poets learn their art by an admiring imitation of their predecessors. Milton himself told Dryden 'that Spenser was his original.' In all cases the question of the influence of poets on a poet can only be one of degree. There is the rhythm of our own time in Mr. Lytton's verse, manifest sympathy with the genius of foremost men, tone of voice, trick of expression caught from communion with kindred singers, just as in life men reflect unconsciously familiar tones and turns of phrases from their near friends and household companions. But as we turn the pages picture after picture forms itself before the mind, always harmonious in colouring, grouped with artistic skill, and never without a trace of genius in the design. Mr. Lytton sings of his melancholy Spirit Queen, whom he calls the mightiest Maker underneath the sun:—

'Yet never shall be satisfied the need
Of her deep heart, nor her long tasks be done.'

He, too, is among the Makers—as we used to call our poets—who feel that they still have heights to climb. And he follows his art with a rare freedom from pretension, arrogating to himself no praise for great designs, and giving himself no airs of the prophet, while in his unaffected strains there is the strength of true devotion to his art.'

The Art of Dressing Well: The Laws and Bye-Laws of Good Society. (London: Lockwood and Co., 7, Stannard's Hall Court.)—This is the season (looking at a publisher's list before us) of Handy Books of all descriptions, and we may surely class the tiny volumes before us under this denomination. "The Art of Dressing Well" is one too little understood by the majority of the sex to whom it is specially addressed. Otherwise we should note harmony of colour so rudely outraged as we often do, or short women wearing the same style of dress as tall ones, or persons of dark complexions adopting hues only becoming to blondes, or vice versa. We think the chapters on colour exceedingly useful, and calculated, with other valuable hints scattered through the pages, to materially assist the judgment of ladies of every age in the choice and combination of colours. "The Laws and Bye-Laws of Good Society" offers a code of "modern etiquette" to those who, from any cause whatever, have suffered their knowledge of it to become impaired. Like other polished things it is apt to rust with disuse, but not, we should imagine, to the degree suggested by the writer when he reminds us that "a large party should never make a call, two from a family being quite enough;" or when he admonishes his readers, under the head of "Conversation," to avoid ungrammatical expressions, like "You was," and "I says," and "She says to me, she says;" and to abstain from accompanying the words "she" or "he" with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the
person spoken of. There is a page, however, on "The Etiquette of the Studio," which may be useful to those who, like ourselves, are ignorant of it. And ladies about to be presented at Court, as well as others, may find some useful hints on minor matters.

**Merry Tales for Little Folks**

Edited by Madame de Chatelain. (London: Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.)—The name of the Editoress of this attractive little volume is a sufficient guarantee for the careful selection of its contents. It is brimful of stories; beginning with such standard rymhtical ones as "Little Bo-peep," "Old Mother Hubbard," &c., and gradually including many less well-known ones from the charmed pens of Southey, Andersen, Madame D'Aulnoy, Grimm, Tieck, Arndts, and many other deft writers of juvenile romance. When we say that it contains no less than forty tales, traditional and modern, our young readers may take our word for it that its red jacket (or, rather, binding) is as full of fun and delightful adventures with giants, elves, fairies, and other creatures of the times of old, as will last its possessor for many a day to come. But this is not all; the embellishments are more numerous than the stories, and many of them exceedingly pretty, while others are equally funny and bizarre. We particularly notice, as coming under the first description, the illustrations of the little fisher-boy (which are very charmingly designed); the boat full of children; of Halden and the little Nix, and of the little transformed Goldhain when threatened with being returned to the sea, are specially graceful. We shall make many a nursery glad by the introduction of this amusing little volume, which appears just in time to take its place amongst juvenile gift-books.

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**THE NEW THEATRES—THE "GAIETY" AND THE "GLOBE."**

We are beginning to recognize the force of the fact that a revolution has been effected in "things theatrical." The "old playgoer" has become an almost extinct animal, or a petrifaction that society wonders at as a curiosity when it intrudes itself into a modern theatre. Entirely new classes of playgoers have sprung up, much less critical than the old, and satisfied with any kind of drama that will divert the eye. It is by no means indispensable that the mind should be addressed by noble thoughts or elevated sentiments; but by way of a change, and to satisfy the demand for variety, a "poetical play" may take its turn on the stage, like any other play, only, as a rule, lighter pieces are preferred; and people care not to criticise anything superior to a "set scene," such as a bustling railway-station, a murder on the rooftops, a suicide on a steamboat-pier, or another on the underground-railway. These practicable "effects" need not be associated with any dramatic works of art, but may simply constitute the piece of the evening associated with a modicum of realistic pantomime and everyday-life dialogue. There is another form of piece which delights its peculiar audience, and that is the "extravaganza," which abounds in music and dancing to coryphées in fancy-dresses, and plenty of horse-play and buffoonery amongst the male characters. A make-believe "set-to with the gloves" at the Strand theatre, in "Darney; or, the Field of the Cloth of Gold," has drawn large audiences for more than two hundred successive nights, and is likely to "run" as many more! So much is a mock pugilistic encounter enjoyed on the stage. There is nothing very reprehensible in all this, if we except the occasional obstruction of a coarse reality in the form of a revolting crime on the scene. The rest is mere "leather and prunella." The burlesques suffice to divert and amuse, and create risibility—_soit tout!_—but what shall we say of audiences who can do as well, or better, without poetry, wit, or satire at the theatre, as with intellectual resources once so popular? We believe the present play-going public is, _en general_, a very different class to that which of old supported theatres. The capital is always thronged with foreign and provincial visitors—especially Americans, who, since the close of the American civil war, have come over in shoals. Now holiday-makers are, of course, amusement-seekers, and so "The Play's the thing!" Our American cousins are especially fond of theatricals, without being choice as to the fare. It is a fact, that, whereas four or five years ago the London theatres were neglected and nightly empty, since then they have completely recovered their popularity, and there are not new theatres enough. To supply the demand for more theatrical amusement, which exists chiefly we believe among the throngs of strangers to the metropolis, several new theatres have been lately built, and are now open and drawing large audiences.

The Holborn, the Queen's, and the New Amphitheatre have been some time open, but to these have just been added the new and handsome edifices erected in the Strand, now
flourishing under the names of the Globe and the Gaiety. The style of these establishments, and the nature of their entertainments are of that continental character to convince us that they are adapted more to the tastes of foreigners than to English audiences, pure and simple. The Gaiety (situated near Catherine-street, Strand) is like one of the newest Parisian houses—partly a play-house, partly a restaurant. The pieces produced, namely, the vaudeville of "The Two Harlequins;" a new melodrama, entitled, "On the Cards;" and a new extravaganza, on the opera of "Robert le Diable," are peculiarly French. The style of acting is also imitated from the Parisian stage, and there are one or two actual French actors performing in the newly-imported pieces. We have nothing to find fault with in these French wares; they are light elegant, and amusing productions, well acted, with the most artistic and lively surroundings. Mr. Alfred Wigan is the principal artist, and performs the scolding, vagabond-like character of a French mountebank, in the new melodrama, admirably. He is well supported by Mr. Stuart (from the Paris theatres), Miss Magde Robertson, Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, &c. The vaudeville of "The Two Harlequins" introduced an agreeable singing actor in Mr. Lyall, and an equally pleasant singing actress in Miss Constance Loseby. In the extravaganza Miss E. Farren (from the Olympic) plays one of her characteristic "tunic" parts, and is magnificently attired. The piece abounds in ballet dances, and there is plenty of light music, "patter songs," and minstrel serenading to delight the ears of the admirers of such pieces.

The Globe Theatre, which opened last month, is situated in Wych-street. The drama produced (written by H. J. Byron) is entitled "Cyril's Success," and is a very excellent little comedy of the French school, if we may be allowed the definition. We mean, rather by it, that the piece is put upon the stage after the manner of a Parisian comedy. "Cyril's Success" is performed by a smart English company, amongst whom we recognize Mr. David Fisher, Mr. J. Clarke, Miss Clara Thorne, Miss Henrade, &c., &c.; and there are several débütantes, including Mr. W. H. Vernon, who is likely to become a permanent London actor in the jeune première line of rôles. The drama of the evening is in accordance with the present custom, commencing near upon 8 o'clock, being preceded and followed by a light vaudeville and farce. Visitors will discover in the Globe a remarkably handsome theatre, furnished with every regard to personal comfort and convenience.

THE CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

It is too early in the month at the commencement of the New Year for us to review the pantomimes of the Christmas season. But we will say, that "Puss in Boots" at Drury Lane and "Robinson Crusoe" at Covent Garden, are, as usual, magnificent, elaborate, and costly, productions well worth seeing.

We have not yet visited any one of the minor houses, but a certain authority on minor "theatricals" (our friend "Diggles"), who acts as fugeaman in the gallery, and is the oracle of that region, reports well of the Lyceum pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," and also of the Surrey annual, "Harlequin Jack and Gill." Diggles has written a burlesque of his own, on the career of an east-end Nero, which is replete with smart rhyme and clever songs, such as the "gods" love, and mortals sigh after.

We consider, therefore, as we have already said, that Diggles should be heard in Burlesque, Extravaganza, and Pantomime lore. His "Cat" chorus is sung on all Boxing Nights in the galleries of theatres; and we have heard it in society of an equally clubbable, but of more refined tastes.

E. H. MALCOLM.

SOUND.—As a ship was sailing along the coast of Brazil, about 100 miles from land, the persons walking on deck heard most distinctly the sound of bells varying as in human rejoicings. The phenomenon was mysterious and inexplicable, until some days afterwards it was ascertained that at the time of observation, the cathedral bells of St. Salvador had been ringing on the occasion of a festival. The sound was furthered by a gentle breeze had travelled over 100 miles of smooth water, and striking the wide-spreading sail of the ship, rendered concave by the wind, had been brought to a focus and rendered perceptible.

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

COLLAR IN FLORAL CROCHET.

MATERIALS:—Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 44, and Boar's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Evans and Co., Derby.

This little collar is intended to tack inside the top of the dress, and the leaves and flowers to stand up.

1st Leaf: Make a chain of 17, turn, miss 5, and work 1 single in the 6th stitch, then 2 chain, miss 2, and 1 treble twice, 2 chain, miss 2, and 1 double, leaving 2 chain for the stem; cross the stem, and through each of the 1st 3 loops 2 chain, work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; through the 6 chain at the point, work 1 double, 1 chain, 4 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, and through each of the 3 loops of 2 chain, work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; through the next loop of 2 chain, work 1 double, 1 chain, 4 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; through the next loop of 2 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, and down the side, work through each of the 3 loops of 2 chain, 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, then 2 single on the 2 chain for the stem.

* * * 1st Spray of Flowers.—1st Flower: 20 chain, turn, miss 5, and work 1 single in the 6th stitch to make it round, leaving a chain of 14 for the stem, cross the stem, work 2 chain, and through the round loop, 1 double, 1 chain, 1 double twice, 2 chain, join to the centre of the last 5 treble but one of the leaf, 3 chain, 1 double through the loop, then 5 chain, and 1 double twice, and 2 single on the stem.

2nd Flower: 12 chain, turn, miss 5, and work 1 single in the 6th stitch, cross the stem of 6, and through the round loop work 1 double, 2 chain join to the last 5 chain of the 1st flower, 3 chain, and 1 double, then 5 chain, and 1 double 4 times through the round loop, and 5 single down the stem, leaving 1 chain.

3rd Flower: 8 chain, turn, miss 5, and work 1 single in the 6th stitch, cross the stem, and through the round loop work 1 double, 2 chain join to the last loop of 5 chain of the 2nd flower, 3 chain, 1 double through the loop, then 5 chain, and 1 double 4 times through the loop, and 2 single on the stem, and on the main stem work 5 single, leaving 7 chain, then 24 chain for the 2nd leaf, turn, miss 5, and work 1 double in the 6th stitch, then 2 chain, miss 2, and 1 treble twice, 2 chain, miss 2, and 1 double; cross the stem, and through the 1st loop of 2 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; through the next loop of 2 chain, work 1 double, 1 chain, 2 treble join to the centre 5 chain of the last flower, and through the same loop of 2 chain work 3 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double; through the next loop of 2 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, and through the 6 chain at the point work, 1 double, 1 chain, 4 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, and down the side, work through each of the 3 loops of 2 chain, 1 double, 1 chain, 5 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, then 2 single on the chain for the stem. Repeat from * 11 or 12 times more, just according to the size required, and finish with a double row along the chain, and then a treble row, which will form the band. In black silk and beads this would form a pretty trimming.

KNITTED CUFF.

MATERIALS:—One ounce of scarlet double Berlin Wool.

The cuff is very easy to make; it is knitted in rounds in brioche knitting with scarlet wool.

1st round. * Throw the wool forward, slip 1, as if you were going to purl it, knit 1; repeat from *.

2nd. * Purl together the stitch formed in the preceding round by throwing the wool forward and the next stitch, throw the wool forward, slip 1, repeat from *.

These two rounds are constantly repeated. Cast on 50 stitches, divide them upon 4 needles, and knit 20 rounds in brioche stitches as before described, then 12 rounds alternately, 1 round knitted, 1 round purled, and then again 64 rounds of brioche knitting, 12 rounds alternately, 1 knitted, 1 purled, and finally 20 rounds brioche knitting. The lower edge of the cuff is formed by a round of black scallops in crochet. This is worked by taking together, in the last knitted round before casting off the stitches, the slipped stitch, the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward, and the knitted stitch, with 1 double stitch in crochet, and working 5 chain stitches between.

TRELLIS EDGING.

MATERIALS:—Tatting Shuttle and Tatting Cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby.

Commence by filling the shuttle, but do not cut the thread off the reel, as it will be required for a straight thread.

1st Circle: Use the shuttle, leaving the reel to the left. Commence a loop, work three double stitches, then one pearl and six double; then one pearl and three double; draw close. Reverse the work, turning the circle down under the left thumb.
A CHAPTER ON FROGS.

Linnaeus imagined that nature, which had endowed all other animals in so wonderful a manner, had not been so liberal with the reptiles. If beauty were the only or even the highest law in the formations of nature, there might be something in this reflection. But some Amphibia, when studied impartially, cease to be repellent or ugly, and become even attractive. This is principally the case with the Batrachians, the most numerous of the amphibious animals, and to which the toad and salamander belong. A single toad lays over a thousand eggs; a frog, five hundred, at least. They may become a scourge in the land. When Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt, "the frogs came up and covered the land," filling the houses, bed-cheramers, the ovens and kneading-troughs. Other historians beside Moses have related how whole tribes of people were compelled to leave their residence on account of the immense increase of these animals. In nearly every zone they are to be found. In the tropical forest the bull-frog sends forth at nightfall his hollow bellowing, while a Lapland summer is not destitute of its croaking, marshy chorus. Eighty species of the frog tribe are now known, from the Bollower of Louisiana, nearly twelve inches long, to our common little tree-frog (*Rana arborea*) of an inch and a-half. We need not mention those monsters which once peopled the slime of our earth, when it arose from the waters. The ancient Rabbis, whose views of nature sometimes degenerated into grotesque monstrosties, speak of a frog as large as sixty houses!

Our chapter will be concerning the water-frog, (*Rana Escaletta*), the most widely-spread and interesting of all the race; he is, in fact, a character, often playing no unimportant part in popular stories and fairy-tales, and sometimes with the poets. Who does not remember the myth of the frogs of Latona; * and also the fable of their election of a king? When Pisistratus had usurped the Government, *Esop* related it to the Athenians; the middle ages repeated this fable from the Latin authors, and hardly a poet but has used it; and in our day it has been worked into a political drama. Two thousand years ago Aristophanes brought the frog people on the stage; two thousand years after it furnished a welcome subject for one of the greatest German satirists, Fischard's " Froehlech." Another poem, in the Herodian heroic style, sings the battle between the frogs and mice. It has a long name, "Batracomyomychasia," * and, appearing toward the end of the sixteenth century, was long a favourite book with Protestant Germany. When the Prussian troops marched into insurrectionary Holland, in 1757, another " Froehlech" appeared, as if to show how inexhaustible the subject was. Thus has this race of animals obtained a place in poetry, beginning with fable and riddles and running the whole round of song.

The frog's dress is a genuine hunter's costume, green as the grasses among which he lives, changing its hue according to season and circumstances. With the foliage paler and darker, the little tree-frog alters his colour—even every three or four weeks—so that he passes his time unobserved among the leaves during the summer and autumn. Several times a year his garb is entirely changed, and his vest so thin, if received on a sheet of paper, it hardly leaves behind a mark like that of a lead-pencil, still it is generally eaten by the frogs themselves.

We class the frogs among the comic types of the animal creation, from his resemblance to man. Who has not seen men with frog-like countenances? Such are generally beardless, with bald pates, short-necked heads, obtusely-shaped faces, partly flattened nose, with a wide mouth, receding chin, prominent eyes and puffed-out cheeks. Join such a physiognomy to a fair, round-bellied, abbot-like statue, and not a single feature will be wanting to perfect the resemblance. The eyes as well as the cheeks serve mainly to produce the likeness. Look at his eyes! They are unmistakably important, large, round, and in some species, surrounded by lids, their colour varying from deep black to a flaming yellow; and to this fact a Greek author refers when he says the frog is an animal void of shame, and never blushes, save in his eyes. The iris of the toad's eye is most beautiful, really playing in its golden colouring. Like that of a cat, the owl and other nocturnal animals, it exercises the electric power. It is known that men who have endeavoured to withstand the gaze of a toad's eye have almost sunk fainting to the ground, overcome by its piercing power. It is brilliant and intelligent, but harmless. Sir Joseph Banks states: "I have from my childhood been in the constant habit of taking toads in my hand, holding them there some time, and applying them to my face and nose, as it may happen. My motive for doing this very frequently, is to inculcate the opinion I have held, that the toad is actually a harmless animal." It is a vulgar error, and an act of inhumanity to treat such a reptile with disgust or cruelty. Place one in a damp case, lined with mat, feeding it once a day with worms or flies, and the toad will live happily and become an object of amusement and instruction, instead of disgust.

In the frog's head, the mouth is most conspicuous—it is an " Oa magna sonans;" but, having no lips, properly so called, it seems closed in silence, and is sometimes marked only by a coloured line, and the under part of the

* Ovid, metam. vi. 316.
A Chapter on Frogs.

"unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of he beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet." Some good critics apply this to Vespasian and his pretended miracles, but others to false teachers. The pious Mussulman reckons the frog among his sacred animals, because he proclaims the praise of Allah.

Who that has travelled in America forgets the summer nights of the Southern States? On the extensive plain all life is asleep, when the lonesome deep groan of the moor-frog sounds from afar, like a summons from the other world; then on a sudden an agreeable tenor begins in the ponds. He summons others, as it were, to nocturnal prayers: around him sits the synagogue, and presently a deeper voice, evidently of advanced years, chimes in, then a third joins the chant, when the recitative begins. After a little while a pause ensues, when the precentor again sings his solo, some responses long drawn following, then suddenly a topsy-turvy, hurlly-burly from every throat bursts forth on the midnight air. This lasting some minutes, single solos follow in a minor key, but the main tune soon break forth again in a stormy chorus. An ardent lover of nature, it has been our good fortune to hear such music, lasting throughout the whole night, and hearing it for many miles. But this must be gentle music compared to the uproar which travellers relate, when, on the shores of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, in myriads, the frogs celebrate their marriage festivities. It is a complete jovial Bacchic rejoicing.

The lady-frogs on these occasions have also a voice. When the sun begins to brood on the surface of the water, the female will sit beside her dots of spawn, floating by hundreds; and in gentle murmurs, not unlike the purring of a cat, she pours forth her maternal feelings.

The young are curiosities in nature, frog-novices merely, consisting only of a head and tail, and swimming about quite unprotected. At last, however, the tail is cast off by self-acquired strength, and, the toga virilis put on, they enter upon their frogdom. These now delight in joining the noisy chorus of their parents, basking on the green banks with them. They idle away hours on the moist grass, yet keep a sharp look-out; or take a siesta among the bulrushes or the shady roof of the bathrooms. Hence these, with fungi, are called "toadstool." If a fly approaches, suddenly the curious sticky tongue darts forth, and the victim is caught. There is no chance of escape from the clammy snare, for in an instant it is drawn back. To the frog, as with most animals whose safety consists in flight, Nature has bestowed a most susceptible ear and hearing. Let only a footstep rustle through the grass, when plump! plump! the whole row leap and dive into the water, and swim from the shore. Now they feel safe, but as soon as the coast seems clear they return with noisy gaieties, or rival each other in all sorts of hydraulic tricks and pastimes.

"Mali culices ranaeque palatres
Avertit somnos."

Aristotle, too, pronounces it garrulous and foolish. St John in the Apocalypse beheld
MOONLIGHT AND A MEMORY.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

All Heaven is anchored off the world; and every, every where,
The silver surges of the moon make music through the air;
As the stars revealed by night, as the dew-drops by the stars,
So the bosom's wordless wealth, by the moon-beam's misty bars.
Oh! sunlight for the world of things, but moonlight for the heart!
From out the dreamy shadows, how the forms of beauty start!

How they throng the halls of Thought! there an Angel-One appears;
Though I cannot see her clearly by moon-light, and for tears,
I'd know that foot-fall any where, as light as summer's rain,
For it sets my pulses playing, as none can do again.

Ah, Thou art there, my Cynosure; I know those eyes are thine;
No other pair would ever turn so lovingly to mine;
And now, a bellow of green turf swells breathless o'er her rest,
As if it feared to wake the babe that slumbers on her breast.

The bough was bent to breaking, as the blast went sweeping by,
But the nameless bud of beauty was wafted on the sky;
And thou, fair moon! art shining on, in all thy glory yet,
As if upon no fairer brow no paler seal were set.

The purling azure ever parts in music round thy prow:
As we together saw thee then, so I behold thee now.
And yet, methinks, thy deck grows dim with gray and gathered years:
Not so, not so! untouched by time! 'Tis nothing but these tears.

I wonder not the stars are out, to see thee riding by,
And not a breath to break the blue of all that blessed sky:
There's just one cloud in all that dome of God's own starry thought,
One little cloud of Zephyr's fleet, left floating there forgot.

Not all thy glory, gentle morn, can turn that gloom to gold,
Nor all thy silver lure a star to light a single fold;
For, like a banner weirdly wove in wild Campania's loom,
That cloudlet's volume swells aloft, as dark and dead as doom.

Good-night fair moon!—good night again, pale captive to the cloud;
I've seen a dearer light than thine extinguished by the shroud.
That cloud is edged with silver now; its gloom is webbed with gold;
The stars shine through it everywhere—a pearl in every fold!
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

**First Figure.**—Dress of cigar-coloured silk, with a half-long skirt surmounted by a puffing of the same, bordered at top and bottom with a narrow velvet to match, put on like flounces and in small flutes. Tunic in front and behind. Close-fitting jacket of the same form as the tunic, and caught up in the same style. Velvet waistband. The body closes straight down in front; the sleeves are tight, ornamented in the epaulet style, with velvet like that on the tunic; the same velvet is put at the end and runs up the side, forming a point near the elbow. Collar and cuffs of starched cambric. Fanchon bonnet of cigar-coloured velvet, with tasseled rosettes at the side, and black lace bars. Russia leather boots. Kid gloves.

**Second Figure.**—Dress of green Pékiné satin, with a train and quite plain; black velvet jacket raised at the sides, cut round in front and behind, trimmed with a cigarette fringe in gimp; bows of narrow satin mixed with gimp made very full, and fastened down in the middle with a velvet agrafe in the butterfly form. Black satin waistband. Small butterfly bow placed at the end of the sleeves. Black velvet ribbon and diadem comb in the hair. Black satin boots.

Short dresses for the street, the promenade, and the dance are just now in the ascendant; but the skirts for walking costume are not quite so short as they were, while those for evening dress are decidedly shorter. Dinner dresses, on the contrary, are made with extremely long trains, and the Polignac, which is one of the newest and most elegant dinner toilets, requires thirty-eight yards of silk! Striped satins of the richest description are being used for petticoats, and these stripes are usually of the brightest colours. Judging by the style of dress in this gay capital one would think that purses filled to repletion were the order of the day; for velvets, changeable silks, and brocaded satins of the most gorgeous appearance, and fabulous price, shine and scintillate and glow wherever fashion gathers its followers together.

Watteau skirts are worn over satin jupons, one of black velvet garnished with guipure looked remarkably well over a skirt of Grenadier satin.

For grand dinners, petites soirées, and the opera, low dresses are much less worn than in bygone years. These are reserved for réunions dansantes, and instead of them open or square corsages are worn, which are becoming to everyone. If very much dressed, the corsage is simply ornamented with a Valenciennes, tucked within it. The throat is discovered, and a medallion suspended by a velvet completes the toilet.

If less dressed, a guimpe of white muslin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes and a jabot, in which a woman of taste puts two or three bright things of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds. Poplins, especially, Irish poplins, are in great demand this season. The light colours make up charmingly for evening dress, and they have this advantage, that, when soiled, they will dye and look equal to new; while a dyed silk is never fit for anything but a house-dress.

Cloth dresses, or suits, are also in vogue, and, trimmed with fur, are the ideal of winter dress.

Walking dresses, which are usually made with two skirts, may be economized in expensive materials by having the under-one half composed of Alpaca or twill. Corsages, when open, are frequently made with revers of another colour, or pipped with the contrasting colour of the dress. For brunettes, black and button-d’or or gold colour is much in request.

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**Answers to Correspondents.**

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks.—"The Pearl Ring;" "Searching for Peace;" "The Dream;" "How I won her."

Prose accepted, with thanks.—"Our Review;" "Alice Sydenham;"

Under consideration. — "Caught in a Snow-storm;" "Vote for Dash Topleton;" "The Charity of Grace Grosvenor;"

Books received.—"The Circle of Life." By H. P. Malet. This is a book which it is impossible to dispose of in a cursory notice, and unfortunately the late period of the month at which we have received it precludes an appropriate one: we therefore defer our review of this really remarkable work till next month.

Music, books for review, &c, &c., must be sent in on the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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DARLINGTON.

CHAP. XXXIV.

WHAT WAS DONE AT HARRY HALL.

I woke rather late next morning, and hastened my dressing in the expectation of hearing from Barbara some news of what had occurred. It was as I supposed—Harby Hall had been visited by burglars. If Barbara knew more she did not tell it, perhaps because I have sometimes inclined to check her gossip.

I had finished breakfast, and was about seeking Lance in the garden for fuller information, when I was gratified by the sight of Alfred Mervivale at my gate. I could not but contrast his animated, cheerful aspect with that he had borne three weeks before, and rejoiced to think circumstances had so roused his spirit.

"I am a very early visitor, Mrs. Gainsborough," he said, as he shook hands; "but I hope you will excuse me, for I suppose you must have heard the bell last night, and wish to know what has occurred?"

"Very good of you to come."

"I assure you I have quite enjoyed the walk," Alfred continued; "for, though I have been remarkably comfortable in all other respects, I have not been at liberty to leave Harby Hall."

"All right?" I asked; "nobody hurt? no robbery?"

"All right," he answered; "and two of the men taken."

"Is the man with the doubtful complexion one?"

"I am happy to say he is, and that I had the satisfaction of being his captor. It was a great satisfaction, for I could not feel certain others would be as convinced as myself of his identity with your acquaintance. The man went on very discreetly, and, though on Sunday we were almost certain he was in the house, the little terrier giving notice of some such fact, we could not detect him. The chamber I slept in opened near the foot of the upper staircase, and each time I passed I used to look to the rope of the alarm-bell. It is of crimson silk, and was passed from the turret, which is directly over the great staircase, through fixed rings, down to the hall of entrance. Yesterday afternoon I noticed there was a stain on the rope, so I mounted to the turret and began drawing it up to examine what could have produced it. The tassel catching in the ring on the first floor caused a slight strain; to my surprise it parted, and nearly the whole length of rope fell into the hall. Some strong acid—aquafortis, I think—had been applied to rot the silk within a few feet of the turret entrance. The women could not have reached it, nor could the bell have been rung, without climbing, by any one; for my next investigation showed that the lock of the turret chamber had been tampered with, and the key refused to turn. With Truscot's assistance I spliced the rope, and then went to inform General Wetheral. The old soldier was highly delighted, and declared we should have them all yet, if we did not let the women spoil all by ringing the bell too soon. Blucher, the mastiff, has been under the special care of the coachman. His master, being of opinion, that unless Judkins poisoned him, the attack would not be made while he was on guard without, had ordered him into the house, and given him the range of the ground-floor. The principal rooms are all on the first floor, except, indeed, the large entrance-hall which contains the staircase, and runs, with galleries round, a story higher. As you enter the library lies to the right, the drawing-room to the left, each having anti-chambers opening on the gallery. It was usual for myself and General Wetheral to sit up together in the library until three o'clock in the morning. Truscot also being up. When we closed our watch the two men-servants entered on theirs. This night they were directed to be in readiness, one only sleeping at a time. In general they were both asleep before the hour the attack was made, and perhaps that fact was known by the groom, so they may have supposed they had only to expect immediate resistance from the mastiff, and two infirm old men; they might not have come off very well, though, with two old men, so resolute and accurate to the use of arms. I have spent really pleasant hours, night after night, with the General; he has been altogether kind to me, and is very entertaining company. I have often heard that cowardice is infectious, and I think the same may be said of its reverse. The cam-
paiging stories told me seemed to give a sort of zest to the situation in which I found myself. In the view of Harby Hall you had from the park you must have seen that a stone balcony runs nearly from back to front; it is before the drawing-room windows, and we had some reason to think that a tree growing near might have been the means of affording Judkins what he wanted to his balcony the day he entered the house. The groom, you understand, calls himself Charles Judkins, but the General, alluding to his change of complexions, commonly speaks of him as my friend chiaroscuro. The attack was a very sudden one, and, as there were five men in the attacking party, it is possible that, but for the alarm-bell, they might have carried out the purpose of their visit. It was a little before eleven o’clock, General Wetheral was describing to me the costume of some of the hill tribes, and I was making an attempt to draw it from his description, when the skye-terrier in the gallery barked, and was joined by Blucher’s deep tones. The same moment we heard a crash, and Tracey, who had been reading in the antechamber, opened the door and said, ‘The drawing-room, sir.’ Before we were across the gallery I heard Mrs. Rowley’s voice, screaming to Dawlish and the coachman, and was aware of something white flitting on the staircase above. ‘Not yet, not yet—Mrs. Rowley!’ the old General cried; but it was too late; the alarm-bell was sounding over the country. When we entered the drawing-room we were only in time to catch sight of two of the men as they were dropping over the balustrade of the balcony. The General sent a shot after one, apparently without effect, but I was enabled to descend by means of a rope they had left, and picking out the one among the runaways who appeared most like ‘my friend Chiaroscuro,’ kept as near to his heels as I could. I think I ran him a mile about the park, and once was near being knocked down, by mistake, for one of the burglars; but I grappled with the man at last, and, as he was a little more out of breath than myself, I got the mastery. Another of the men was seen getting over the park wall by one of the Dingleton lads, and pursued, but he showed pistols, and would probably have got off if the police had not been on the alert. He was taken by them, in rather a sudden manner, an hour later, and has been recognized by his first pursuer.”

“Was the groom armed?” I asked.

“Yes, but so was I; and the advantage was on my side, for it would have lessened his chance of escape from others had a pistol been fired.”

I offered my hearty congratulations on his safety and achievement, and Alfred further informed me there had been a grand find of the burglars implements of industry in the garden. He had been to the General’s room with the information just before he left, and had also to tell him of the capture of the other man. He was pleased to find some greater result than had first appeared likely, and poor Mrs. Rowley no less so, for she had caught a good scolding from her master for her precipitancy.” In conclusion, I heard that General Wetheral had requested Alfred to convey his compliments to all the members of the party from which Mrs. Wellwood had deserted, and to request their attendance at Harby Hall half-an-hour before one, when the examinations would take place. He undertook to arrange that we might be present without inconvenience, and particularly wished Miss Dalziel might come, as he hoped she might recognize the men. I offered to send Lance with a note to Darliston Hall immediately, and Alfred Merrivale departed, intending to proceed to Cedar Lawn and Mr. Littington’s.

Helen had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence on this occasion. She came riding down to me about noon, very desirous of particulars as to what had occurred, and I put her in possession of the facts as they had been recounted to me. Then Paddy was saddled, and we went together to Harby Hall.

We were received by a housekeeper, and shown to the library, where General Wetheral gave us a courteous welcome, and we found ourselves among friends, all the strawberry-feast party being there with the exception of Mrs. Ainslie and Alice. Alfred Merrivale was not present on our entrance. The General, as if aware I was especially interested, mentioned his conduct with great praise; saying to me, “He should have been a soldier—” a high compliment from one so well able to judge of the qualities requisite to sustain the name. We were still speaking of him, when the youth entered with a quick step and a look of some excitement.

“Mr. M’Kinnom is here,” he said; “I have just seen him enter with my brother; but there is also one with them whose presence indeed does surprise me—Mr. Witham!”

Certainly the company present participated in this surprise. Helen and I exchanged looks almost of consternation at his transcendent assurance.

“What!” said the General; “the pseudo Witham or the true man?”

“The same person Mrs. Gainsborough hindered from making a study of your staircase, by hinting his identity with one of the Black Band; the same person I once came upon in conversation with Chiaroscuro.” There he is in the hall, leaning on the bannisters of the stair, toying with the tassel of the alarm-bell and chatting to Mr. M’Kinnom.”

“We must not frighten him away too soon,” said General Wetheral; “but we must have Kean in and consult what should be done.”

The inspector came, and advised that Alfred Merrivale should abstain from declaring his recognition of the man Judkins at the present stage of proceedings, since he was certain he had been committed, and it seemed desirable that Witham should not be aware how he stood.

We were now conducted to the dining-room, a handsome apartment adjoining the library. Seats were ranged for us near a window. Mr.
Grey and another magistrate sat at the head of the table. When we were in our places the door at the other end of the room was opened, and the more general throng admitted to the side opposite to us. Among them came Mr. Witham, (I must still call him so), and with easy assurance placed himself directly in front of our party, and offered a bow, which only Alfred returned. I observed a slight difference in his appearance consequent on something foreign in the cut of his clothes and the trimming of his moustache. He was speaking to Mr. M'Kinnon when the prisoners were brought in. His face was turned from them, and they must have been first aware of his presence by the sound of his voice. “Clear enough,” I heard him say, in a distinct tone; and then he turned, as if suddenly attracted with the rest of the company, and appeared to scrutinise the captured burglars. Neither showed any sign of recognition, but I perceived they sometimes glanced towards him.”

The depositions were gone into; the men declined saying anything, and were, of course, committed. The case with each seemed indeed “clear enough.”

We thought the business was now ended, but were mistaken. There had been in the course of the last examination a slight stir at the further end of the room; the police now brought forward a third man, who had been captured under very suspicious circumstances a few minutes before. As he appeared, Helen grasped my hand and uttered a faint exclamation. I saw her eyes turn quickly from the prisoner to Mr. Witham, and noticed a slight change pass over his countenance as her glance fell on him.

It was stated by a policeman that the person he had brought up had been taken into custody in the garden, not far from the spot where the housebreaking implements had been found. The constable in charge of the gate had not seen him enter, consequently it appeared he might have been in concealment in the grounds all night, and now intended passing out among others. This account, and what followed concerning him, I have almost copied from the report given by the Marham Advertiser.

He gave his name as Richard Benson, farmer and horse-dealer, of Gillet's Quay, near Liverpool. Being asked by Mr. Harding (the magistrate) what he had to say for himself, he replied, in a confident tone, “It's easy for these fellows to set me down for what they want, but I'd as good a right to look at the place as others here, and I had a sort of curiosity to see how such a strong house as this had got into. That's all about it.”

“Does anyone present know the man?” asked Mr. Grey.

Helen rose, and advanced towards the table. “I yesterday reported to Mr. Kean,” she said, “that I had been molested while riding the evening before on Gatton Marsh. That is the man, who, appearing in concert with three others past the ruined huts by the sea, hemmed me in my passage; so that, to be free from them, I had to leap my mare across the cleft. I know nothing further of him.” Helen drew back and sat down.

“This is not in your favour,” observed Mr. Grey. “What did you mean by troubling the young lady?”

“Oh, bless you, sir,” the man replied, “I hadn't any ill intentions; I was only larking. I am sure I said nothing but what was civil; and I knew nothing of the other men, bless you! Now did I, Miss, say anything but what was civil? I never meant to drive you to take that dare-devil leap, I'll take my oath!”

Helen spoke again. “You refused to move your horse from the only path by which I could return except that occupied by the three other men. You said you were a civil man, but your tone and bearing were insolent.”

“Bless you, Miss, I didn't know who you was; and I ask your pardon if I offended you. You see, when high ladies ride out, they mostly take a groom with them; and how should I know what you was? I thought to have a lark with you, that's all, and I'm sure I was laughing all the while!”

Mr. Grey asked what business had brought him to the neighbourhood.

“I had a horse to sell as I thought would suit a gentleman farmer out on the Marsh—Mr. Grant Wainwright. Not finding him at home, I took a turn to look at the sea, and that's how it was. I heard he'd be back from London tomorrow; so, as I'd still a chance of a deal, I thought I'd wait till then.”

“Where did you pass last night?”

“Well, sir, I was on my way to the Ship Inn at Cardington, when I heard a bell ringing, and see people running; and I ran with them some way, expecting it was a fire, as they all seemed to think. Then, when I turned back, they'd shut up—at least I was told so—at the Ship; and I just got a berth in a barge; but they turned me out early, as they were on the move.”

Mr. Harding wanted more particular information on this point, but the answer was that he had “got jolly” over-night, and could not give more particulars; but he dared say some of the men might be found to prove what he had said was true.

The magistrate then asked if any respectable person in the neighbourhood could testify to his character.

“I think there's a gentleman here as can, if he will,” was the answer.

I guessed this was aimed at Witham. Would he take it up? Yes.

“It is not very likely,” he began, “that any gentleman should be in a hurry to speak for you, Benson, after such disgraceful conduct as that you have confessedly been guilty of. You might have caused the death of that young lady; the cleft is a frightful leap; and, though I know and admire, as all do, Miss Dalziel's courage, I am sure she would not without reason have incurred so frightful a risk.”

The man was about to interrupt, but Mr.
Witham silenced him with a more commanding look and gesture than I had supposed him capable of. “Be silent, sir,” he said. “It is that coarse, rough tongue of yours I am accusing not any serious intention of offence towards a lady. I hope, however, you may find some one better fitted to speak to your character than myself; as I have only just returned from abroad, and cannot know what you have been about some months. I can say this,” and he addressed the magistrates, “I have bought a horse from this person, and he turned out well. I believe he is tolerably well-known among gentlemen as a dealer in horses, and I have always heard him spoken of favourably in that vocation.”

“Are you a resident in the neighbourhood?” inquired Mr. Harding.

“No; though not entirely unknown here, as I was visiting Mr. M’Kinnon a few months back. A little affair of business with Mr. Alfred Merrivale drew me here to-day. Certainly Mr. Grant Wainwright would be a fitter person to speak where he now resides, as he is a resident, and his connection be well-known here.”

The police still insisting that the man could not have entered through the gateway without their observation, the magistrates determined on remanding him for further evidence.

Our party then retreated into the library, where the General’s hospitality had provided refreshments for his visitors. Tongues that had held enforced silence were now released, and many comments made. The fact had occurred to all that no recognition had been apparent between Mr. Witham and his “tenant;” but no one doubted young Merrivale’s discernment had been correct. Mr. Littington had heard one of the police assert he was positive that man had been up before, for he had seen a photograph of him. Another had said he was like one he knew, but altogether darker.

Alfred left to join his brother and Mr. M’Kinnon, anticipating some conversation with Witham. I was pleased to hear General Wetheral say he hoped to see him before dinner-time, and that there could be no necessity for his leaving Harby Hall while his picture was unfinished. Mr. Littington was also invited to dine. He accompanied Helen and myself through the hall to assist us to mount and expressed much gratification at the part Alfred had played in the affair.

**CHAP. XXXV.**

**A BATTLE FOR LOYALTY.**

Helen being in haste to return to her home, we rode fast, and exchanged but few words. Next morning, however, she came to her studies, and I afterwards walked with her up the hill.

She had not found her grandfather in good humour on her return from Harby Hall; but he listened with some interest to what she had to relate, and in the course of the evening she found whence his irritability had arisen. Lady Arabella Mainwaring had written requesting the marriage might be made known. This he had immediately and decidedly refused to consent to. Helen believed there had been also reference to Mr. Mainwaring’s journey to Paris. Mr. Wainwright said that because he had acceded to one request—that of allowing Lord St. George to be informed—there was to be no end of asking, until they took Helen away from him; but he should hold Mr. Mainwaring to the tenour of his engagement!

“Of course my grandfather is quite justified—quite right,” Helen said. “But it seems a long, long time to look forward to, that I must not even see him!”

Tears were in her eyes.

“Dear Helen,” I said, “I doubt if your grandfather is quite justified in forbidding that. Certainly I do not know what the precise terms of understanding may have been; but, I think a regard for your happiness should cause him to concede that much, even if it is in his power to refuse it. Do not be down-hearted, dear; he may consent some time when in better humour.”

Helen shook her head rather sadly—and there’s Grant coming,” she said.

“Do not think of that now: think, if we shall have our letters to-morrow.”

The last despatch from Vienna had contained but one letter to Helen. Our correspondent was then expecting his mother’s arrival. On Sunday morning I knew, by the size of the budget, there was one for each; but, as I was about starting for church, put it in my desk without opening. Helen accompanied me to Fairclough after service, and then our despatches were investigated. A glance at mine, which was long, induced a desire to read it alone; so, while Helen conned hers over, I made believe to be busier than I need. She concluded with a smile and a sigh.

“All right? I questioned.

“Yes,” she said, “he’s all right. Both the ladies speak of me very affectionately, he tells me. They spoke of him very affectionately to me; but, somehow, I would rather one of them had nothing to say to either of us.”

“Has Grant returned?” I asked, as Helen put up the letter.

“Yes, I hear he was at the Rood last-night, and suppose he will be with my grandfather this morning.”

Helen left, and I ran up to my bed-room with my letter. Here it is:

*MY DEAR MRS. GAINSBOROUGH,—Never apologise to me for the length of your letters; their contents are very acceptable to me, even when, as in your last, you take me to task rather severely. My correspondence with you is one of the greatest comforts I have. Helen’s dear letters are seldom long: I suppose it is natural that a degree of restraint, which may be attributed to a girl’s timidity, should attend them. She does not tell me half enough about herself;*
Darinston.

so all I have of a wife comes from the memory of times, the aggregate of which would not amount to half-a-day, and from her letters, need I repeat, your accounts are inestimable to me? Nor is this all—you have been to myself so kind, so considerate, yet so earnestly solicitous I should act up to my duty, that, the fact of having to write to you, with the desire to deal honestly in writing, gives an interest to your request which has been wanting. It is rather for me to make apologies for my hastily-written and most unequal correspondence. I would say to you now—suffer me to write what at the moment I feel needful; speak your impressions of what I write. They may be mistaken, probably from my own fault in giving you imperfect grounds for forming a judgment on my feelings or actions; but, I am confident they will be sincere, and, when you are much mistaken, you will suffer me to point it out.

"Lady Althea is here, and has been here a week. My mother, being a resident in the same house, I cannot avoid her. I believe you are engaged by that time—Merton and I are going to be engaged; although aware of my marriage, she still thinks a certain amount of devotion due to herself from me—a larger measure than you, I know would approve. Yet put altogether from your mind—if it has entertained the idea—that my cousin could forget her own dignity, or suffer any one to expose her to such contempt, I must simply take my own way when it no longer tallies with theirs. Yet, to confess the truth, habit ties me a good deal. It is most natural—generally most easy to me to comply. Although my heart has thrown off subjection to this beautiful queen, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that she is lovely, and lovelier by my touch in comparison with the foreign beauties she now moves among. Were she my sister I must feel proud of her: I try as much as possible to think I am her brother."

It was evident to me that Mr. Mainwaring's letter-writing had been interrupted at this place. What followed was not only less coherent, but the handwriting showed that the pen had been changed; and, even differed itself in a degree from his usual clear, firm, characters. Thus it proceeds:

"I wish that old me of mine were dead in reality, that so no old memories would rise up to haunt and trouble me. I feel sometimes I almost hate her for her cruelty. This night she made me hate her. What a fool's paradise she once led me into; and what a fool I am to let the memory of it rise, when I should be thinking of what followed—if she would only be consistent, that I might despise her; but it seems as though intellect, narrowed by conventional views, ruled her actions. There are times when natural feeling has its sway; and she is so gentle and endearing to those she loves, it is almost impossible seeing her so, and seeing her as she was this evening—I ceased to write as I recalled her loveliness: I said, is it wise to dwell on it? Perhaps, too, the thought came, Is it prudent to rave to Mrs. Gainsborough about a lingering weakness she may despise me for? How I long to hear her honest tones. Could I but have a glove fresh from her hand it would be a charm. I look at the ring on my finger, but the wretched jeweller has marred her hair in the setting—to my fancy—though no doubt he deemed his workmanship exquisite. Well, at all events, I see the lady, my cousin, more soberly now. She is always wearing fresh jewellery. I wonder if those pretty, glittering diamonds are new, or the old ones reset! If the former, where on earth does the money come from? She has been making many bewildering purchases in Paris, and inducing my dear mother to make more than she ought. I shall have to remind the latter. She is more careful with money forthcoming than that assigned for her use from the rent of the old place. Pleasant task—Mr. Ainslie says he cannot get Helen to draw for what is her own.

What do men live for? I suppose I ought to have some perception. I have been to school, and to college, and to church, and to club; my head is rather bewildered just now, but I entertain an idea that its purpose is to increase our being by development of the good implanted in us. Dazzling, cold, and—yes, it is so—selfish Althea! You have been no good angel to me! I thank heaven I have hold of Helen's hand. Helen has brought me her all; those were your words I remember."

Daylight is coming. I must sleep now. Morning, and this must go to the post, for I may not find time to rewrite it. Take it, kind friend that you are. I will only add that you may believe this—I am fully sensible of the deep debt of gratitude I owe, and should loathe myself could I fail in requiting Helen in the sole way it is in my power to do—in loyalty. I will not let her place in my affections be assailed if I can help it: but I would entreat that, as far as may be, you would urge her to give me something more of herself in her letters. I know, I feel convinced, though circumstanced as I am, I fail to awake it—there is some warmth of feeling in her heart: some unreasonable enthusiasm, perhaps you would call it; such, in fact, as you chided her for at the ruin by the rocks. Call it girl's folly, or what you will, it has highest value for me at present. I do not wish to feel too much as though I were her father and she my dutiful little girl.—Yours truly.

"ARDEN MAINWARING."

I paced up and down the shady walk in my garden that afternoon, revolving over and over the questions, "What should I say to Helen respecting the contents of this letter? What counsel should I give my correspondent? His
candour encouraged me to a hopeful view of the goodness of his heart; I felt sure of his good intentions, but how should I feel confident they would bear the strain of circumstances?

True there was a bound I knew would not be passed. I believed what he asserted of Lady Althea's sense of what was due to her own honour. Yet, if he were taught to look upon his union with Helen as a bar to higher happiness—if, dazzled and ensnared, his judgment gave the preference away from her, where was poor Helen's happiness?

When, next morning, our usual studies had been gone through, I suggested to my pupil that, her spelling being now very greatly improved, she might venture to write to Vienna without showing her letters to me. "It may even be as well," I said, "to let Mr. Mainwaring know how it has been. He perceives some slight constraint in your letters to him, and I think would be better pleased to have less faultless but more freely-written letters." Helen looked embarrassed—troubled. "You must not take it amiss," I went on, "that he wishes more of yourself, your unconstrained self to be revealed to him. His whole letter to me shows that he thinks of you continually—looks to you as to promised happiness."

"I wish Lady Althea were not there!" was Helen's unexpected reply.

It a little disconcerted me. I felt a necessity for saying something, and hastily questioned—"What do you fear?"

"I fear she will lower me in the eyes of my husband," Helen answered. "I am sure she has the will to do it. It is not having to show my letters to you, dear," she continued, that constrains me; but I know that I never could write—what I feel. I must be content to keep off great errors or mistakes. If I were to let fancy or feeling carry me on, I am greatly afraid my letters would read like nonsense—he would think them absurd! I cannot express; I have not the power of speaking, even, as Lady Althea can; and I have no doubt she writes beautifully. Does he complain much of my letters?"

I read the passages referring to them.

"I am sorry," she said; "I did not intend him to think me cold. I must try and throw off some of my foolish feelings. That great world he is in sometimes makes me feel I have so little to tell him of that can be worth his attention."

"He says, dear, he wants more of yourself."

Helen laughed—a nervous little laugh. "It is not considered right to put too many 'Ts' in a letter," she replied.

"Rules have exceptions, and between friends who love each other that one can hardly stand good. 'Do as you would be done by' is a better. Do you think I shall be pleased when my letter arrives from Captain Gainaborough if he has been over-careful to count his 'Ts'?"

Helen was silent awhile, then musingly repeated, "His 'dutiful little girl'—yes, that is what I am to him!"

"Helen, more than that. I know that you love him with a love very different to that you bear your grandfather!"

"Yes, he is more to me than all the world; he is the realization of all I ever hoped for—that is, he might be, if he were more of a reality to me. Even now the better part of my being is all his: he holds it. I have no happiness that I do not share with him in my heart. I always seem to call him to share it; and, when I am very much worried and troubled, I fancy he would be sorry for me if he knew what I felt; only sometimes I distrust my own happiness, and doubt that he ever will love me."

"Helen, darling, you are depressed this morning. You ought not to doubt that for a moment. Remember his letter requires you to encourage him in thinking of you not merely as a good, dutiful child, but the mistress of his heart. Can you not speak of your affection for him much as you have now spoken to me?"

"No, I cannot," she answered, decisively. "If my deeds fail to convince him he is loved by me I cannot. Consider—does he yet love—love me as fully as he would have me confess I love him? No—though he is my husband, I, I cannot write love-letters to him!"

Oh, that cruel Lady Althea! I saw the wound she had inflicted was still unhealed.

"Helen, dear," I said, "there is a rightfull pride in such matters; but I think your danger is in exceeding. Were it a question only of gratified feeling with your husband, I am not sure that it would be wise to encourage in yourself that sort of pride: but it is more; and mind—he is seeking your love. Whatever grace you may grant in the way of revealing affection is not unsought by him; and when you gave him your hand you gave him the right to claim such love."

"I believe I am in a bad humour to-day," Helen said, after some moments of thought. I am too much disposed to look on the dark side. I should like a good good gallop on Prossy—but the sun is too warm for that till evening; and I don't want to meet Grant, as I am likely to do if I go out then."

"Have you seen him yet?"

"Yes, there has been a formal reconciliation. Moreover, you may expect a letter of apology for his language to you that day in the pass."

"I hardly anticipated such a condescension."

"It was his own suggestion. He only questioned if I thought you would accept it."

"And of course you said I should be willing. I have only good will towards your cousin, poor fellow, though I did feel indignant when he was for carrying things with a high hand. Do you think he is at all reconciled to the idea of your engagement? Does he guess with whom it is made?"

"I cannot say. There has been no direct reference to it. He is very quiet. He has been "Ill? Not from any hurt resulting from his conflict with our champion?"
"Not exactly. Perhaps mortification of feeling has had its part. He has had fever, and looks much thinner—and so pale!"

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**CHAP. XXXVI.**

**FRIENDLY COUNSELS.**

My duties to my correspondent at Vienna did not seem a whit the less difficult and delicate after this conversation. After tearing up many sheets of paper, I decided to write this:

"If I am to help you effectually, it must be by throwing more light upon the conduct and motives of her who troubles your peace. I know that, when I speak to her disparage, you must look upon me as a partisan; I do not see how that can be avoided; but it ought not to keep me silent.

"Accepting entirely your opinion that Lady Althea entertains no idea of compromising her dignity, I yet assert that she seeks a supremacy over your judgment, and also over your affections, which is now neither lawful for her to seek nor for you to yield. I believe that, to maintain such supremacy, she is willing to sacrifice Helen's happiness and yours also; that she would rather you were unhappy as a husband, so that you found consolation in such favour as she chose to bestow.

"Most men who had been as unfairly dealt with as you have would be as bitter in their judgment as they had previously been partial. Such a revulsion of feeling bearing the judgment with it, indicates some weakness, and perhaps the desire to avoid this makes you over generous. I do not blame your magnanimity, but I fear it lays you open to further attempts. She may think that that latent affection makes your service to her sweet. This should not be so.

"Had the lady a brother—such another as yourself—do you think he could feel pride in her conduct? Would he feel it was sufficient his sister were virtuous from self-respect, while willing to lead others towards unfaithfulness?

"I will put the case more strongly to you; what if Helen, countenanced as she is, to allow herself the same latitude towards Grant Wainwright? I hear her witness, dear girl, her conduct has been of the very opposite description. She has so honest a concern for her old playmate, that to see he had transferred his allegiance would give her real gratification.

"I have said that Lady Althea is willing to sacrifice Helen's happiness, and I feel it needful to warn you against any view of what Helen is, presented by your cousin. I doubt if you have been informed of an occurrence at Cardington Castle very convincing to Helen in regard to Lady Althea's good-will towards her. I think you ought to know it, but would rather Lady Arabella Mainwaring told you than myself. Helen is very little likely to allude to the matter; but the knowledge of it may help to account to you if her letters since that time have seemed a shade less genial. If vanity had had much part in poor Helen's affections for you, or had she been unaware that you had loved before, it must indeed have given her bitter mortification, as it is, she is rather more timorous towards you, more reticent. She does not doubt your truth, but she fears comparison with one you once found so love-compelling. I believe there will still remain something of care in her heart on this score, which only your presence can dispel.

"Although I find nothing to blame you for, I must remind you that her care, as matters appeared by your last letter, is far from groundless. I give you credit for having fought, as a man should, to maintain your uprightness. Fight still, and free yourself from the trammels of habit, the habit of seeking pleasure in the society of your cousin. Helen has a woman's pride, and it is not likely she should be very liberal in speaking her heart's feelings towards you while a shadow of doubt hangs over your love for her. Yet, if you knew, as I do, how fully that heart is occupied with thoughts of you, the sense of your duty towards her could be strengthened in the time of trial by pity for the loving girl."

I locked this up in my desk until Helen's letter should be ready to accompany it. I had charged her to narrate her adventure on the marsh, and to give such particulars respecting Mr. Willam and the affair at Harby Hall as the 'Marsham Advertiser' was deficient in. With such material, I was certain her letter would be both long and interesting; and the newspaper was to accompany our despatch.

On the following morning the promised missive from Mr. Grant Wainwright arrived. It contained as ample an apology as I could desire, and I wrote immediately in reply, to the effect that I was satisfied to let by-gones be by-gones.

I had promised Helen to come up to Darliston Hall this (Tuesday) afternoon that we might have an evening ride together; but was detained later than I intended by a visitor, Mr. Littington. He came to talk to me about Alfred Merrivale, concerning whose welfare and prospects General Wetheral was much disposed to interest himself. I was pleased to hear that his desire was to afford him something more than a temporary benefit.

"I have thought the matter over," proceeded Mr. Littington; "but must confess myself at a loss how beneficially to advise. If the youth had any inclination for farming I have no doubt the General could help him materially; but as to forwarding his interests as an artist I fear he can do but little. Could it be shown such a thing would be of real service, he is willing to give commissions sufficient to defray his expenses in London or Paris, but he would be much better pleased, I know, to keep him on his estate, for he has taken a fancy to his company. He thinks too, with me, that your friend is rather young to start for the continent alone. He has not enough experience of the world."
“It might make him the better artist, I have little doubt; but certainly, if Alfred were my son, I should depurate such a course of hazardous in almost every other respect.”

“Alfred has nothing like a studio at home. In so large a dwelling as Harby Hall, I should think a sitting room might easily be spared: but he ought to be allowed to bring what models he pleases there.”

“That I know the General would grant, for he said he should like to keep him as an inmate at the Hall. The thing is, would he be content to live in the retired manner General Wetheral is accustomed to?”

“I know he has hitherto much liked the old gentleman’s company, and am very sure he would be far happier than in his present home. Of course a visit to London now and then might be very desirable for his advancement in study, as his brother is there, that, I suppose, could be arranged. The only thing I depurate in his living at Harby Hall is, that he may become accustomed to luxuries—good wine, soft beds, and servants’ attendance, which he may miss hereafter. He is a true artist at heart, such things will not enthrall him.”

“Do you know if it is a fact,” queried Mr. Litlington, “that Mr. McCinnom is engaged to Miss Merrivale?”

“I have heard nothing of it.”

“The General thinks so; and as he tells me McCinnom has a brother doing well in Canada, and purposes some time joining him, I should think it the more likely. She would make him a very suitable wife I should say?”

“I think so; and he seems to be frequently at Layton Farm. Have you heard anything further of Mr. Witham?”

“Yes; he is staying at Captain Ashton’s somewhere on the coast beyond Cardington. Alfred Merrivale could get but very few words from him on Friday. He excused himself on the plea of having been already detained with the affair at the Hall longer then he ought, but said he should call and speak to him more at leisure shortly. He declared himself satisfied to take the water-colour copy of the Dulwich picture at half the amount he had sent, and promised next time they met to arrange in respect to the remainder.”

Proceeding to Darliston Hall, I found Helen in a more cheerful mood. She had, I think, rather pleased herself with the letter, which, however, she begged me to look over. Doing so I certainly was gratified, for I foresaw it might interest.

Helen laughingly told me another bouquet had been sent to her. She was going to add a postscript to her letter giving this piece of information, and consulted me about enclosing some of the bits of heath from the said bouquet. I agreed to this, and she made over the remainder to me. It had been sent, as before, in a neat card-board box. Mrs. Cargill, who had taken it from the Marsham carrier, asked from whence it came; but he knew only that it had been left at the White Hart, and the carriage was paid.

“What do you think?” said Helen; “my grandfather asked if I thought Mr. Littingham could have sent it! I believe he looks upon him as quite a gay young bachelor.”

We both laughed at this idea, and I proceeded to speak of that gentleman’s visit.

Our evening ride was through green lanes to Marsham. We passed the Rood Farm on our left. It is on a slight elevation, a spur of the ridge lying between the marsh and the Tudfield road, and I should have seen it from St. Bride’s but for a wood that lies between. When within sight of Marsham, we crossed some fields on our right to vary the return. Although this brought us near the wild marsh, Helen assured me it was a safe road; some of the farm-labourers dwelling thereabout.

We had not gone far along this new path when we were met by Grant Wainwright on his grey. I perceived at a glance that he was a good deal altered; I could hardly say for the worse, since his paleness, and the look of languor accompanying it, took from the harshness of expression which before had characterized his countenance; and with his black eyes and mustachio, he certainly looked what young ladies call “very interesting.” Had I followed my first impulse I should have offered him my hand; but second thoughts told me that a bow, and “Good evening,” Mr. Wainwright, would suffice, and be more prudent. He “hoped we were enjoying our ride,” and passed on.

We were aware afterwards that he followed us on our way to Darliston Hall, but he did not draw near.

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CHAP. XXXVII.

LETTERS OF INTEREST. WHO IS STRAGGERS?

Come at last! O my dear letter—my epistle—my budget—my own dear Richard’s private and special log! It is not a thing to talk about even to my journal. It is mine to read again and again—mine to think over—to realize. He is quite well, and the bonny old ship is well—no sickness on board of any importance. He writes so that I can almost fancy his dear, cheerful voice speaking the words!

Friday, July 16th.—I think now all is in order—all that need be before leaving my home. All in order, that is, except my journal. I have time for that too. No need to send my thoughts in advance any more; the long hours of my journey to London will give me plenty of leisure for that work to-morrow. I suppose I stand a better chance of writing clearly if I keep to the order of time rather than commence with the matter most engrossing. I received my husband’s letter the Saturday following my ride to Marsham with Helen. Nothing that I remember of importance had occurred meanwhile, except, indeed, that the horse-dealer Benson, on his second examination, was liberated on bail, several witnesses having come forward
to speak in his behalf. The next day Grant was at Church with Helen. I walked with them on the return, having been invited to dine at Darliston. I did not know which to wonder at most, that events should so much have subdued Grant Wainwright, or that this effect should have so greatly improved his manners. I could have supposed, from previous knowledge, that it would have made him sullen. Under this new-com event there is a strange liveliness of attention. He does not neglect the ordinary amenities of society as formerly. I know the sister with whom he has been staying moves in good society, and, doubtless, he has studied to benefit by her suggestions. The marvel is that he should have deigned to consider, and take the lessons offered. I fear he has not yet given up hope of Helen—that this change of conduct is for her sake. Helen's answers to my questions concerning him have been that he is most exemplary. There has been no passion—no roughness—in word or look that could possibly offend, and yet I know she shares with me the feeling that all trouble is not over concerning him. I know it by the anxious desire she has expressed to have one of the Ainslies to visit her in my absence.

Mr. Mainwaring's last letter to me was much more satisfactory than the preceding. Thus he wrote concerning his cousin:—

"I have learnt from my mother that one of my letters to Althea had, through a mistake, fallen into Helen's hands. I think this must be the occurrence which you spoke of, though I am assured Helen mentioned it to me with apparent unconcern, as merely reporting information she already was acquainted with. My cousin disclaims knowledge of having offered Helen any paper of my writing, except some verses on the old trees which gave the name to my paternal estate—'Forest Oakes.' On the cession of our engagement, instead of the usual custom of returning such letters as had passed between us since, she destroyed the wager which had been destroyed. It is almost impossible to believe the lady capable of so very mean and treacherous an act as that you evidently suspect her of; but I beseech you to tell me all you know concerning it, for I cannot rest until it is fully investigated. If no other means are left I will seek leave of absence from Lord St. George, and question Helen about it. I fear by writing I could not prevail on her to tell me all that is needful; it would, necessarily, be a painful, most hateful task to set her; but, were I with her for one hour in your parlour at Fairclough, I think I could prevail not only to make her speak, but to forgive. You will not, I trust, forbid me this chance of self-vindication, although Mr. Wainwright has written a harsh refusal to my suggestion of coming to Darliston Hall. You might be present, so that I could plan no treason—no elopement."

I despatched a reply to this to-day. By referring to my journal I was enabled to give Helen's account as I received it. I begged him not rashly to run the risk of Mr. Wainwright's displeasure, and gave assurance that if it really seemed necessary that he should speak with Helen, I would apprise as well as assist him in the matter.

And now to speak of my own affairs—of the purpose of my intended journey:—

On Monday, while sitting with my desk before me writing to Richard, my servant announced that a person wished to speak with me. "She will not tell her business, ma'am," added Barbara; but she says she comes from Tudfield, and her name is Markland."

The connection of ideas between a matter I was writing of and this name was so close, that I started up and flew past Barbara into the hall, to see at once what I could read in Mrs. Markland's face. She read mine—read, doubtless, something of expectation, of hope, and said, directly, "I wish I had any news, my dear lady, as good for you as for me."

My imagination is very quick in some matters. I was as near fainting as I ever chanced to be. I staggered into a chair and gazed at her. "Oh dear, ma'am," she said; "don't you be so frightened. If it isn't good, it isn't bad; and the truth is, we don't know what to make of it."

"Come into the parlour, and tell me all you know."

I managed to lead the way, and closed the door upon us. Mrs. Markland put her hand in her pocket and handed me this letter from her son:

"Barque Emma."

"My dear Mother,—In hopes this will find you safe and well, I hasten to write these few lines, as there's a man boarded us from a vessel bound to Rangoon, and he says he'll take care and post it; but I have only got ten minutes to write it in, which is sharp work for a slow fist like mine, dear mother. Well, the arm is doing beautiful, and though the men are a rough set on board, they are kindly, and Captain Spark's a good one, though not like Captain Gainsborough, as is my only own Captain, and never can be another the same. And I hope the dear lady is well, and tell her old Straggers is a chap she'd need fear for doing his duty. So, hoping all's well—here he comes—"

"Your dutiful son,

"HARRY MARKLAND."

"P.S. Love to you and to all, not forgetting the little one—and mind ask her who used to curl her hair."

The last few words were nearly illegible from haste. Having read the letter once over, I looked up with a confused idea that Mrs. Markland ought to understand it better than myself. She seemed considering me with a look which told nothing but sympathy, and I read it over a second time.

"Who is this man he speaks of—this Straggers?" I inquired.

"Indeed I've no notion, ma'am. We have
been putting our heads together, and all as we can make out is that Harry must have written before, and his letter never come to hand."

"Well, at all events, Mrs. Markland, I am very, very glad poor Harry is preserved. I don't know what to think—I suppose he means me—that I have something to hope or fear in regard to this man with the queer name. Can you tell me what these last works in the postscript mean?"

"Mary says it's 'cure her cough'; but I can't make it out so myself; and Mr. Bushell, our curate, as I took the letter to, says it's 'curl her hair.' It might be an a or it might be a e, but Harry couldn't so have forgot his spelling—not though he was in a hurry—and I can't make out a gh neither."

"Why should it not be 'curl her hair?'"

"Why Mary says, true enough, that he always used to be giving little Kitty sweeties, and used to say they were to cure her cough, whether she had one or no, ma'am. But as to curling her hair, she hadn't none long enough to curl, ma'am."

I was wavering between hope and fear while the good woman spoke. "Mrs. Markland," I now said, "are you sure he means your daughter's little one, and not mine?"

"Well, ma'am, what do you think?"

"I must hope there is a chance. Perhaps Harry has found some one to bring her to England—this man, Straggers, whatever he may be? I used to curl my little girl's hair: the Captain liked to see it. Harry was often standing by when I did it, and as it pleased the child she may have expected it to be done for her. In that case I think Harry was likely enough to humour her fancy."

Mrs. Markland agreed it would be like him to do so, fond as he was of children's little ways. "My Mary told me," she said, "I must beware of raising expectations; but my own feeling is that good news ought to come to you before this. You see, ma'am, I was getting very desponding about my Harry, and now, after all, he's all right. And I don't think he'd write so cheerful if harm had come to your dear little girl. Of course he could not tell, being so far off, whether or no this What's-his-name man had arrived with the child; but he would send his love on the chance."

Mrs. Markland was readily induced to allow me to keep the letter to show to Messrs. Grey and Dennison, and I resolved immediately to go to them in search of information.

A message sent by Lance brought Helen to me the same evening. I should have been glad of her company to Liverpool, and she was very desirous of going with me, but her grandfather was a little out of humour, and did not concede the favour.

I went there alone the following day. Messrs. Grey and Dennison could throw no light on the letter, but took pains to obtain information for me, and ascertained that a ship called the "Candabar" had arrived at Rangoon the day previous to the date of the post-mark on Harry's letter. Mr. Dennison advised me going to London, and offered me introductions to two gentlemen on the committee at Lloyd's. The "Emma" is probably a trader between China and Australia, and it is just possible may be insured. At all events, if the Candabar spoke her and sent a man on board, there is hope of further news in time, for, when her owners are known, means may be found to convey a letter to Harry.

I wrote from Liverpool to my friend Mrs. Barnes, and have had a very kind reply, desiring me to make her house my home.

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**THE WRAITH.**

**BY ADA TREVANION.**

The autumn sun was sinking low,
With a radiance calm and mellow;
Over the peaked horizon's brow
The ray fell slant and yellow.

The robin sang in the beech-tree long,
And his notes were sad and tender;
And we stood and listened to his song
Till the eve-star shone in splendour.

The river with its gentle flood
Went by us winding ever;
Softly it flowed by cliff and wood,
A fair and bonnie giver.

From my love's forehead, smooth and meek,
The loose elf locks were streaming;
The joy of her soul had tinged her cheek,
And her eyes were softly beaming.

I sat alone in my cot that night,
The student's taper burning;
And I thought I heard a footstep light
Still passing and returning.

There came a hand to my lonely door;
The calm moon shone unclouded;
I rose in haste, and crossed the floor,
And saw my true love shrouded.

I sought her side, and spoke her name,
But then all my hope departed;
For she vanished speechless as she came,
And I am broken hearted.

Oh! it cannot be her smile has fled,
And her eyes are dim and hollow:
If she indeed is gone—is dead,
Then I at least will follow!

So dig a grave 'neath the church-yard tree
(The river we loved flows by it),
And let it be for her and me,
And let us sleep there in quiet.
GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

(A TRIBUTE).

BY HENRI DE COISSY.

There are legends which appeal directly to the superstitious deep-seated in some compartment of every soul; there are poets who spring up at the magic call of a nation's literary emergency to adorn and improve all succeeding epochs of man's history; there are epics, more powerful than laws, which, like beacons, mark here and there the characters, the language, and the tendencies of men, in the twilight of the past.

Of such men, such poems, and such undying legends, every school boy will point to the most notable examples: "the blind old man of Chios," who evoked into being "the Sian and the Teian Muse," and his historic coincidence of a later age, whose minor light was a celestial radiance.

The shores of the Egean still teem with the clustering growth of Homeric creations, and the mythic legends of Troy has passed into enduring history.

Then, by a natural transition, we advert to the splendour which has confined to the age and court of Octavius the cognomen of Augustus, and while Jovinec the goddess-born lives in history, Jupiter and the celestial are ended with an unquestionable claim to immortality in the eloquent apostrophes of Horace.

Nor may we fail to mention, among the first in dignity, Shakespeare, the mighty master of the heart and harp, who wrote for all time and all people.

The epoch which Voltaire has styled the age of Louis XIV., too, is prolific of literary marvels. The pulpit, the poet's sanctum, and the seats of imaginative fiction, gave forth a redundancy of eloquence, of wit, of fine fancy, and of gorgeous creations. But these are historic truisms.

At length there appeared, almost within the limits of our own generation, among the German people, a new and more striking illustration of this magic power of genius; a man whose heart was full of fervour, whose mind was full of philosophy, whose brain was teeming with poetry. He did not seek his subjects from among the mystic and the incomprehensible, but stooping as it were to an old wife's legend which had come with the introduction of printing into Germany, and had been told at every hearth, to every child, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," he raised it from its low estate, and set it as an unfading glory in the wreath of his own genius.

It seems to us that it is well occasionally to review such a production, to contemplate it again and again, like an old scene with which the heart is familiar, and to place our tribute with renewed admiration upon the shrine of Goethe's genius; and we are the more impelled to do this at present, by reason of the aid which we have at hand, in Dr. Anster's translation of the Faust, a work never as much known as it deserved to be, and now out of print, but which abounds with so many passages of great force and beauty as in itself to repay our trouble.

It may not be amiss, however, to assert, that the translation is rather liberal in these days of exact rendering, and that, while some of the dubious passages are rendered contrary to our way of thinking, the whole poem is rather an embodiment of Dr. Anster's general idea of Faust, than a literal construction of the words of Goethe. Leaving a philosophical dissection of the poem and the translation to those who are at once poets and critical German scholars, we may be permitted in this connection to say, that it is with great delight we hail within a very few years the dawning of a literal system, as illustrated in the fine translations of Shakespeare into French by Comte Alfred de Vigny, Auguste Barbier, and Léon de Wally,* in which the French dramatic rhythm is retained in its integrity, and the untramelled blank verse of the mighty master rendered almost word for word.

We hope, not without confidence, that the coming translators of Goethe will emulate the correctness of the French literati, and that we shall yet read and understand the Faust in pure English, exactly as Goethe intended it.

As we sit with the original open before us, and Dr. Anster under our right hand, the angular German type and the peculiar German idiom seem to speak indeed in a language almost defiant of translation, and to say, in the words of Mephistopheles to the wavering Faust:

"Ich gebe dir was noch kein mensch geschen ;" and "word for word" is the construction alone which will approach the conceptions of the author.

The poem is preceded by a Dedication, the last verse of which is an epitome of the whole, and will repay the perusal:

"Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm, solemn, phantom land;
My song is swelling now, now lovely stealing,
Like 'Eol's harp, by varying breezes fanned:
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders show a heart unmanued;
Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The Past, the Past alone seems true to me!"*

The opening scene is at the theatre, and the

* Later still we have translations of Shakespeare into French, by the Chevalier de Chatelain.—Ed.
dialogue is sustained by the manager, who is in want of a play, and a dramatic poet. The manager wants something ad captandum, even though it be at the expense of good taste and poetic feeling, and alter much confabulation succeeds in irritating the poet, who has a loftier conception of his office and his destiny, and who vents his feelings in the following glowing language:

"Go elsewhere, and some flitter servant find. What! shall the poet squander then away And spend in worthless, worse then idle play, The highest gift that ever nature gave?"

Who then can cheer life’s drear monotony? Bestow upon the dead new germination? Restore the dissonant to harmony, And bid the jarring individual be A chord that in the general consecration Bears part with all in musical relation? Who to the tempest’s rage can give a voice Like human passion? Bid the serious mind Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours? Who in the deep path scatter spring’s first flowers When wanders forth the lady of his choice? Who of the valueless green leaves can bind A wreath, the artist’s proudest ornament, Or round the conquering hero’s brow entwine, The best reward his country can present? Who of the voice is fame? Who gives us to inherit Olympus and the loved Elysian field? The soul of man sublime! man’s soaring spirit Seen in the Poet—gloriously revealed."

The second scene, and the one which has been charged with profanity and even blasphemy, opens upon the light of heaven, with the songs of Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael, in praise of the Almighty. Mephistopheles enters, and a colloquy ensues between Der Herr and himself concerning Faust. The story is taken from Job, and in fact differs from that only in a substitution of names.

The Lord consents to the proposal of Mephistopheles, which is to try Faustus, and to show that man cannot bear the temptations of the Devil.

As an instance of the singular flexibility of the genius of the German language, "from grave to gay," we shall quote the final speech of Satan, which, if it disgust our readers, they must blame the demon, and decide whether it would not be consonant to our conceived opinion of his character:

"I’m very glad to have it in my power To see him now and then, he is so civil; I rather like our good old Governor: Think only of his speaking to the Devil!"

Meanwhile Faust, unaware of the snare which is awaiting him, sits in his study—his mind at once highly cultivated and aspiring—seeking to penetrate the future, to know more, to arrive at unattained stations in the intellectual universe. He invokes spirits, and when they appear, he shrinks back in horror from their society.

Thus wrought upon, thus perplexed, he determines to put an end at once to himself and his sufferings.

Let us admire the beauty of his soliloquy at this eventful crisis, without losing our horror for the false principle which urges the deed:

"From within Come winged impulses, to bear The child of earth to freer air; Already do I seem to win My happy course from bondage free, On paths unknown, to climes unknown, Glad spheres of pure activity."

Shudder not at that blank cave, Where in self-torturing disease Pale Fancy hours sad spirits rave, And is herself the hell she sees: Press through the strait where stands Despair Guarding it, and the fiery wave Boils up, and know no terror there! Be firm, and cast away all fear, And freely if such be the chance Blow into nothingness away."

The poison is at his lips; the spirit spreads her wings for the unessayed flight; when stealing upon the silent air the music of bells is heard, and as they die away in atmospheric ripples, a chorus of angels breaks in upon the suicide, arrests his hand, and throws over him a flood of latent feeling.

It is Earter. The angelic song is responded to by the women who went at morning-tide to the grave of "the Crucified" to weep, but who were lost in wonder because "the Lord is not here." Who will not sympathise with the fevered soul of Faust, as he cries with touching paths:

"Oh! once in boyhood’s time the love of Heaven Came down upon me with mysterious kiss, Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!"

Then was the birth

Of a new life and a new world for me; These bells announced the merry sports of youth; This music welcomed in the happy spring; And now am I once more a little child, And old Remembrance twining round my heart Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps, Then sing ye forth! sweet songs that breathe of heaven.

Tears come! and Earth hath won her child again."

The next scene presents a motley crowd before the city gate: tradesmen, citizens, maids, students, an old woman and a soldier, and peasants dancing. The latter are represented as gathering round Faust, and loading him with praises for his kindness and philanthropy during the plague. But this is mockery to the aspiring Faust; the praises of a few illiterate peasants, in the ear of him who was seeking the "starry heights" of science, of intellectual improvement, and of fame.

While his pupil, Wagner, and himself stand in the twilight watching the receding forms of the city crowd, they observe a poodle-dog cir-
Goethe's Faustus.

to us from Hippocrates: "Ars longa vita brevis;" and our unfortunate hero plunges into the world and its pleasures, convinced that "if art is long," man may employ his powers in some more satisfying way than in endeavouring to reach its goal; and that if "time is fleeting," we should make the most of it, according to the perverted tenets of the Epicurean philosophy.

In the outset of their adventures we meet them at Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where they have entered suddenly upon a convivial meeting of four boon-companions. Then takes place the famous miracle, which is ascribed to Faust's devil in the earliest stories, and which, with other scenes, has been immortalized by the style of Retzsch. With great suavity Mephistophiles joins in their chat, exchanges a joke with them, and, upon the discovery that the wine is very bad, he proposes to give them better. For each taste he bores a hole in the edge of the table, and Rhenish wine, champagne, and Tokay flow into their glasses. The caution is, not to spill. Through the carelessness of Siebel, some wine is spilled, which immediately turns into flame. The devil quenches it with a word. Another draws the stopper from the gimlet-whole which gave his wine, and flame spouts out. All then, seized with a sudden transport, attack Mephistophiles. He disarms them by incantation and gesture, and straightway they become excited with the most pleasurable sensations; these in turn give way to frenzy, and Faust and his devil leave them fighting among themselves.

I would willingly pass over without notice the scene in the witches' kitchen, and gain time to linger upon more interesting parts of this wonderful poem. Suffice it, that there is a collocation of apes (called by the translator "cat-aipes"), of witches, of filthy, dark and nauseating utensils and articles, of devilish speeches, the whole result of which is to administer a potent and charmed drink to Faust, to excite his passions, and thus to drown the aspiring impulse of his immortality. At the risk of pungent criticism, we think that even to a German reader there must be very little force in this scene. To us it is not justified by the end; and the coarseness, the vulgar jocularity, and the indecent familiarity, divested of all the majesty (if we may use the word) of devilish character, are faults which, instead of being easily forgotten, will become more and more glaring by contrast, in proportion as the poem shall be more generally read. The author has the idea which Shakespeare has embodied in Macbeth, but how differently has he invested it!

The spacious heath, thunder and lightning, the introduction of the classic Hecate, the famed cauldron, give to the creation of Shakespeare a horror, and at the same time an interest, such as the "secret, black and midnight hours" are intended to produce; while the apes of Goethe, the kitchen people with grotesque and disgusting figures, the witch tumbling down the chimney and fawning upon Mephistophiles, cause us to lose our interest in our disgust.

4 The Druids wore shoes of a pentagonal form.
Goethe's Faust.

Repenone: the drink is charmed and taken, and the scene is concluded.

We next behold the possessed Faust at his first meeting with Margaret, a modest young girl, into whose brain love has never entered, and who is kind, gentle, and unsuspecting. Since the days of Adam, not forgetting St. Anthony en passant, the devil has found no keener temptation with which to prove the frailty of humanity than woman's beauty. Faust would have turned with loathing from any exhibitions revolting to his cultivated intellect. Power might not have enchanted him, for it cannot satisfy the mind. The banquet of a Sybarite, music to soothe the senses, perfumes floating in the air, might have been shunned or excluded, and he would perhaps have taken refuge from them in his circumscribed study. But love-awakened desire was most potent. He saw, and it was conquered. At their first meeting, Margaret rejects his advances; but, poor child, she was in the toils of the devil. Through the aid of Martha, a neighbour and a supposed widow, Faust meets Margaret! Mephistopheles, with great politeness, entertains Martha, in their walk in the garden, (and the by-play is very devilish), while Faust and Margaret are weaving the golden net of their destruction. Previous to this meeting, jewels have been twice placed in the girl's cabinet, the first of which, with true simplicity, she shows her mother, and in alarm gives to the priest; but she cannot withstand the temptation of keeping the others, and she only wears them in her stealthy visits to Martha's house.

The simplicity and child-like innocence of Margaret are displayed throughout the garden walk. She picks a cornflower, and pulling the leaves one by one repeats for each alternate one the words, "He loves me," and "He loves me not." When the last is plucked, she exclaims with rapture: "He loves me!" and giving herself to the fond superstition, she returns the affection with a warm, enthusiastic, and uncalculating love, the innocence of which is its lure to destruction.

Time and space fail us to tell of the misery of her repentance; the remorse of Faust; the infernal cunning of Mephistopheles, the return of her noble soldier-brother to his idolized sister; his honest rage; his meeting with Faust under her window; his death by the hand of his sister's seducer, and his anathema upon her in his dying hour. These, with all their interesting details, must pass with the mere mention: but upon one scene, full of the romantic interest of life, and replete with thrilling power, we must dwell for a moment. Margaret, the guilty Margaret, is in the cathedral during service. The organ is sounding, but amid its devotion-inducing chords, an evil spirit is whispering dark words into her ear, of her mother's death and her brother's murder. She cannot pray amid "these dark thoughts flitting over, and all accusing." The choir breaks out into the awful

"Dies ire, dies illa, Solvet seculum in favilla,"

and the demon, prompted by the words, warns her of the judgment and the doom: again are sounded the thrilling words:

"Juder ergoenum solvibt Quodquid latet apparibit, Nil inultum remanebit;"

and again the devil "quotes the Scripture to his purpose," until the victim faints in an agony of horror.

The heart must be seared which can read this description of hear-thick humanity, and Satanic temptation in the holy precincts of the house of God, without being touched with a living sympathy for her, the frail and suffering girl.

To the Walpurgis night, and the witches' dance on the Brocken, we had intended to give some space, but are warned to forbear. Those who are fond of the marvellous and the mysterious will find their account in reading it with care, in the original, if they can; and those who delight in tales of "the grotesque and arabesque" will find much to gratify their fancies: how the will-o'-the-wisp is pressed into service as a guide; of the secrets under the earth; of the unearthly murmurs, above, below, and around, each one vocal with the witches' sentiment and the author's genius; and how finally, among the crowd of the Brocken's tenants on the Walpurgis night, Faust catches a glimpse of Margaret as Medusa, pale, sad, and drooping, with the deep-red line around her throat, awakening in his bosom deeper love, painful anxiety, and bitter remorse.

I have passed over the Brocken dance which Faust witnessed, in order to present the substance of a note from "Roscoe's German Novelist," which is not without historic value, upon the origin of this popular superstition.

During the reign of Charlemagne, the Germans were persecuted and oppressed, partly with the design of converting them to the true faith. All who refused the rite of baptism were put to the sword; and like the Scottish Covenanters of after-time, they sought the wild retreats and mountain fastnesses to worship their gods. The Brocken particularly seems to have been appropriated to this purpose; and although guards were stationed at the mountain-passes, they arrayed themselves in skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and after driving the terrestrial guards away, consummated their worship. This "celebration on the first of May, on the widest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites."

We approach the closing scene of the poem; the one which, for deep interest, thrilling pathos, and for truthfulness of natural descrip-
Goethe's Faustus.

My bridal day it should have been. Tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas! my garland is already withered.
We'll meet again, but not in dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously;

Down in the chair of blood they fasten me;
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.

And now the fiend comes to triumph over
Faust, and urges him to retire. Margaret is infuriated at the appearance of Mephistopheles:

Mary. What shape is it that rises from the
earth?
"Tis he! 'tis he! Oh, send him from this place!
What wants he here! Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me!

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love!
Mary. Upon the judgment-throne of God I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (to Faust). Come, or I leave thee here to
share her fate.

Mary. Father of Heaven, have mercy on thy child!
Ye angels, holy host, keep watch around me!

Henry, I am afraid to look at thee,
Meph. Come; she is judged!
Voice (from above). And saved!

Meph. (to Faust). Hither to me.

(Disappears with Faust).
Voice (from within, dying away). Henry! Henry!

And here ends all of Faust which is familiar
to English readers, and in fact to many German
ones. The second part, or continuation, is a
poem which has never been looked upon either as
a necessary part of the Faust, or as an indispensable sequel. Goethe's Faust, our Faust, the
world's Faust, ends with the faint but expressive
declaration of the entrance of injured innocence
upon that rest where "the wicked cease from troubling," and the utter discomfiture of the
principles, the philosophy, and the machinations
of his Satanic Majesty.

Anyone could have dressed up the old story of
"the Devil and Dr. Faustus" in a poetic
garb: one man only has risen who could invest
the fable with truth and the old story with a new
and unfading interest; an interest due, we
think, not to its dramatic effect, nor its verisa-
cration, nor yet to its wonderful collocation of
deity, angels, demons, men, witches, and brutes,
but to its deep philosophy of the human mind;
to the consideration of the power and scope of
the human imagination; to the aspiration and
despondency of the human heart; to the suprema-
cy of God in nature; to the fine picture of
Satanic agency, thwarted by the Omnipotence
which permits it for a season; and perhaps more
than all, to the felicitous manner in which he
has catered to the taste, the sensibility, and the
household superstition of every man and woman,
who has the honour to call him fellow-country-
man.

And here we leave our humble offering, until
the times and the seasons demand a fresher and
fuller garland from a more skilful hand.
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

Burgage Manor, Aug. 18th, 1804.

... For my own part I can send nothing to amuse you, excepting a repetition of my complaints against my tormentor,* whose disposition seems to increase with age, and to acquire new force with time. The more I see of it the more my dislike to it augments; nor can I so utterly conquer the appearance of it, as to prevent her from perceiving my opinion; this so far from calming the gale, blows it into a hurricane, which threatens to destroy everything, till, exhausted by its own violence, it is lulled into a sullen torpor, which, after a short period, is again roused into a fresh and renewed phrenzy, to me most terrible, and to every other spectator astonishing ... In this society, in this instructive and amusing manner, I have dragged out a weary fortnight, and am condemned to pass another, or three weeks, as happily as the former. No captive negro, or prisoner of war, ever looked forward to their emancipation with more joy, and with more lingering expectation than I do to my escape from—bondage, and this accursed place. It is the region of dulness itself, and more stupid than the banks of Lethe, though it possesses contrary qualities to the river of Oblivion, as the destituted scenes I now witness make me regret the happier ones already passed, and wish their restoration. Such, —— is the happy life I now lead—such my amusements. I wander about hating everything I behold, and if I remained here a few months longer, I should become, what with my spleen and all uncharitableness, a complete misanthrope; but notwithstanding, &c.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, Oct. 25th, 1804.

... I am glad to hear that anybody gives a good account of me, but from the quarter you mention I should imagine it was exaggerated ... Love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense—a mere jargon of compliments, romance, and deceit. Now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses I should, in the course of a fortnight, drive them all out of my head (for as to heart I think it is out of the question) ... I am sorry to say —— and myself do not agree like lambs in a meadow, but I believe it is all my own fault. I am rather too fidgety ... We differ, then argue, and, to my shame be it spoken, fall out a little; however, after a storm comes a calm. ... I am happy enough, and comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select; among them I rank, as the principal, Lord ——,* who is very amiable, and my particular friend. Do you know the ——'s at all? If Lady —— resembles her son she is the most amiable woman in Europe. I have plenty of acquaintances, but I reckon them as mere blanks.

Harrow, Nov. 2nd, 1804.

This morning, ——, I received your affectionate letter, and it reached me at a time when I wanted consolation—not, however, of your kind ... No, my sorrows are of a different nature, though more calculated to provoke risibility than excite compassion. You must know, ——, that I am the most unlucky wight in Harrow—perhaps in Christendom, and am no sooner out of one scrape than into another. And to-day—this very morning—I had a thundering jobation from our good doctor, which deranged my nervous system for at least five minutes. But, notwithstanding he and I now and then disagree, we are very good friends; for there is so much of the gentleman; † so much mildness, and nothing of pertainy in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He leaves Harrow soon; apropos, so do I. His quitting will be a considerable loss to the school. He is the best master we ever had, and is at the same time respected and feared. Greatly will he be regretted by all who know him. You tell me you do not know my friend, Lord ——. He is considerably younger.

* This friendship was only extinguished with Lord Byron's life. Its sincerity was afterwards distinguished by a refusal to subscribe to the monument to his memory.

† The truth of these feelings is confirmed by their duration. In the notes to the fourth canto of Childe Harold we find the following tribute of gratitude: "... My preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred, and whose counsels I have best followed when I have done well and wisely. If this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would gladly boast of having been his pupil, if by more closely following his instructions, he could reflect any honour upon his instigator."
Letters, &c., of Lord Byron.

than myself, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe—to all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome; almost too much so for a boy. He is at present very low in the school; not owing to his want of ability but to his years. I am nearly at the top of it. By the rules of our seminary he is under my power, but he is too good-natured ever to offend me, and I like him too well ever to exert my authority over him. If ever you should meet him, and chance to know him, take notice of him on my account. All our disputes have been lately heightened by my own with that object of my earliest deliberate detestation, Lord —. She wishes me to explain my reasons for disliking him, which I will never do. Could I do it to anyone, be assured you, — would be the first who would know them. She also insists on my being reconciled to him . . . . He called once during my last vacation. She threatened, sternly, begged me to make it up; he himself bored me, and wished it, but my reason was so excellent that neither had effect; nor would I speak or stay in the room, or re-enter it, till he took his departure. No doubt this appears odd; but were my reason known (which it never will be if I can help it), I should be considered justified in my conduct. Nature has not been permitted by her and him in this style, I cannot submit to it. You, — are the only relation I have who treats me as a friend: if you, too, desert me, I have nobody I can love but —. If it was not for his sake Harrow would be a desert, and I should dislike staying at it. You desire me to keep your epistles: indeed I cannot do that; but I will take care they shall be invisible. If you burn any of mine I shall be monstrous angry. Take care of them till we meet. — and myself are in a manner connected, for one of our forefathers, in Charles the First’s time, married into their family. If — whom you inquire after, is on very good terms with me—nothing more. He is of a sort milky disposition, and of a happy apathy of temper, which defines the softer emotions, and is insensible of ill-treatment. So much for him. I should like to know your Lady —, as you and she are such good friends, . . . .

Harrow, Saturday, Nov. 4th, 1804.

I thought, —, that your opinion of — would coincide with mine: her temper is so variable and, when inflamed, so furious that I dread our meeting; not but I dare say I am troublesome enough, but I always endeavour to be as little so as possible. She is so strenuous and so tormenting in her entreaties with regard to my reconciliation with that detestable Lord —, that I suppose . . . . She has an excellent opinion of her personal attractions — sinks her age a good six years . . . . but vanity is the weakness of your sex, and these are mere foibles that I have related to you, and provided she never molested me, I should look upon them as follies very excusable in a woman . . . . When she has occasion to lecture me (not very seldom you will think, no doubt) she does not do it in a manner that commands respect, and in an impressive style. No; did she do that I should amend my faults, with pleasure, and dread to offend one kind but just; but she flies into a fit of frenzy, upbraids me as if I was the greatest wretch in existence; takes up the ashes of my father, abuses him, says I shall be a true Byron, which is the worst epithet she can bestow . . . . Am I to be trampled upon in this manner? Am I to be goaded with insult, loaded with obloquy, and suffer my feelings to be outraged on the most trivial occasions: . . . . What an example does she show me! I hope in God I shall never follow it! I have not told you all, nor can I shock you with the repetition of scenes which you may judge of by the sample I have given you, and which, to all but you, are burned in oblivion—would they were so in my mind!! I am afraid they never will be so. Am I to be eternally subjected to her caprice? I hope not. A few short years will emancipate me from the shackles I now bear . . . . It is her duty to impress precepts of obedience, but her method is so violent and capricious that the patience of Job, the versatility of a member of the House of Commons could not support it. I revere Dr. Drury more than I do her, yet he is never violent, never outrageous. I dread offending him, not, however, through fear, but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy under his displeasure.* Her precepts never convey instruction to my mind; to be sure they are calculated to inculcate obedience—so are chains and tortures; but though they may restrain for a time, the mind revolts from such treatment—not that Mrs. — ever injures my sacred person. I am rather too old for that; but her words are of that rough texture which offends much more than personal ill-usage, “A talkative woman is like an adder’s tongue.” — so says one of the prophets, but which I can’t tell, and very likely you don’t wish to know; but he was a true one whoever he was . . . .

Harrow-on-the-Hill, Nov. 21st, 1804.

This morning I received your by no means unwelcome epistle, and, thinking it demands an immediate answer, once more take up my pen to employ it in your service . . . . To Lord — make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than my feelings can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours on my behalf, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. I have some idea I leave . . . .

* While the reader is again called upon to admire a pleasing eulogy on Dr. Drury, he will probably regret the juxtaposition of opposite sentiments to which it owes much of its beauty. The objectionable passages would have been entirely omitted could they have been wholly condensed, both in this and in other letters.
The Trial.

Cheer, by your aid the victims of distress,
Struggling with fate, in utter wretchedness,
Pining with want, in squalid hut or shed,
Without wherewith to gain their daily bread:
And timely bounty fail not to impart,
Make glad the widowed and the orphaned heart.
Oh! learn to value and to merit here
The widow’s blessing, and the orphan’s tear;
The father, husband, and devoted wife,
Whose thousand ills embitter human life:
Assure their wants, or soothe the hour of death,
That they may bless ye with life’s fall’ring breath.

May in your hearts this sacred precept live!
Freely ye have received, as freely give;
Twice bless’d that aid which charity confers
On friendless, homeless, houseless wanderers,
“Rit blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”
Oh, then, for such—for such poor suppliants’ sakes,
Now great relief—now aid, with willing hand,
The helpless destitution of the land:
Bestow your bounty with the hand ‘tis given,
Die honour’d here—live recompens’d in heaven.

Ashford.
FREDERICK RULE.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Oh! grant relief—to ye the power is given,
On whom earth’s blessings have been shower’d by
Heaven;
To ye, who misery only know by name,
And health, content, and influence can claim,
The voice of poverty, with piercing cry,
Appeals, and humbly sues for charity.
Can ye behold unmov’d the suffering poor,
And drive pale want and famine from your door,
Yet think all-seeing Heaven will bless your store?
Ye who possess all—all your soul’s desire,
Much hath been given—much will God require;
It is His edict, His divine command,
That ye shall clothe the naked of the land—
Take to your hearts the stranger in his need—
Visit the sick, and those “an hunger’d” feed;
What a dread sentence, what a fearful lot
Will be their portion, this command forgot!
Depart, ye wicked, for I know ye not;
Ye sent the hungry empty from your door—
Denied a covering to the naked poor—
The sick, the imprison’d, came ye not to see;
Ye did it not to these, vast unto us;
Dives, on earth, enjoy’d his sumptuous state,
Unmindful of the beggar at his gate;
Learn from his fate, hereafter, to avoid
The sentence pass’d on riches misemployed.

Such doom avert—your liberal alms bestow—
Relieve the needy—seek the house of woe.
THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

BY A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

I don't think that I was ever out in a hotter day in Australia than the one of which I am now about to write. The sun had been pouring down streams of fiery light, that made me think my stars that I was not in "Force" uniform, though, as it was, the heat burning through the tweed coat upon my back made me feel as if it was cast-iron, and riveted upon my body. My poor mare felt the fatigue and almost insufferable heat quite as much as I did, I dare say; while the flies, those tormenting nuisances of bush life, nearly drove both him and me mad.

Very beautiful in early morning is the green scattered "bush" of Australia. A thousand beauties may be freshly discovered, as it were, at every fresh mile of travel. In one spot, grand, crooked old leaves lean carelessly over some tortuous and glistening creek, or stand sentinel over their own reflections in the placid water. Early birds call to each other from scented golden wattles, or wash themselves in the shadows of the old gum-trees upon the edge of the creek. If it is the season for the stately magpie, he utters those delicious gurgles of music, that cannot be compared with the notes of any other bird in the wide world, or stalks proudly over the grassy slopes, as if he really believed he and his were the "monarchs of all they surveyed."

Later in the day, too, when the thermometer stands no higher than 103 or 104 or so, one may yet enjoy a ride through the glades of our eastern forest. The screams of the cockatoos are discordant, no doubt, but how enjoyable it is to catch a glimpse of them hovering over some tall tree or resting upon a bough, with outspread wing, swaying themselves to and fro in the very enjoyment of pure life! Cawing crows are nasty things, too, and suggestive of something that one doesn't at all want to come in contact with; nevertheless, their feathers are so glossy and black, and the clear blue sky, unflecked by a single cloud, throws their wings out into such bold relief above the green trees, that one cannot but try to forget their disagreeable habits, and admire them as a part of every Australian bush scene.

Well, I cannot be sure that you will exactly know what I am driving at, but I am coming to the point. After assuring you that I admire and enjoy the beauty of bush scenery as much as any one, when it is really admirable and enjoyable, I defy any man living to picture to himself or to endure a more detestable ordeal than a ride through that same beautiful bush scenery on the sort of day when my story commences, Over a long, broad, treeless plain, we will say, with the sun burning up every blade of grass dry and brown, and pouring down upon your miserable head; or on a lonely track, where only now and then a tree comes aggravatingly near the road to make you wish for shade, if it were but for one moment; I say aggravatingly, for I think that, with respect to shade, those same eucalypt are the most aggravating trees in the universe. Fortunately I was in no hurry on that particular day. I was returning from the successful accomplishment of a troublesome piece of police business, and was only anxious to get to my destination for the night, and over the seemingly interminable day of heat I had just passed through; but had I been upon the most urgent business in the world, it would have been next to impossible for my poor horse to have galloped many miles at a stretch, with the thermometer standing so high as it did that day.

Poor Vino! I fancy I see her now, as we neared the lonely bush inn, where she was as certain as I was myself of rest and refreshment. She was a glossy bright bay, strongly built, and yet a half-blood; and although she bore no broad arrow painted on her silky coat, she had been in the Force many years. She was a detective's animal, and I had ridden her for most of the three years during which I had seen colonial service. I do believe she was almost as good as a detective, as I was myself; and I am not ashamed to own that her sagacity and instinct—whatever you may choose to call it—gave me many a hint, of which I never found it to my disadvantage to avail myself.

The sun then was just dipping below the tops of the trees as Vino pricked up her ears with a glad whinny, and I perceived, away through the heavy bush that was thickly scattered upon the grassy plain over which we passed, the long, weather-boarded "Wallaby Hotel," which was my destination for the night. I had been there before, but in such a different guise, that I had no fear of mine host recognizing me; nor did I much care though he should, save that the usual caution of a detective officer made me prefer secrecy, with a view to some possible future contingency.

As we neared the hotel I perceived a bullock-dray approaching it from an opposite direction to that in which I myself travelled, and just as I drew up at the door, the team also came to a halt in front of it; while the driver, leisurely tumbling himself off the empty dray, proceeded into the bar, one might guess for the purpose of obtaining a nubbler. All this was very natural and there was nothing whatever suspicious about it; but as this man passed Vino, from
whom back I had just alighted, she turned her head sideways, with a suspicious twist that I well knew, and gave a sniff at the man’s back, pretty much as a dog might do, when he happened to come in contact with a person who his instinct told him was not to be trusted.

This was quite enough for me, and as I threw the bridle over the hook, I took a close survey of the bullock driver. He was a young, fair-haired, and soft-featured man, certainly not more than twenty-seven years of age, dressed in the usual careless dress of a teamster; and the expression in his face was one of listless dreaminess—in short, just such an expression as one might expect to see in the face of a man of little intelligence, who passed most of his time on the monotonous roads of a bush country.

As I entered the bar he asked for a pint of ale, and, receiving it, sat down on a bench that ran along the wall, and seemed absorbed in imbibing it, and in gazing listlessly out at his bullocks. Casting but a glance at him as I passed, I informed the landlord of my intention of passing the night there, and requested that my horse might be carefully attended to. I have already spoken of my tweed coat. I was dressed in a suit of tweed, and to all appearance might have been a comfortable farmer, or a country storekeeper on my way to, or from transacting some business connected with my livelihood, at the not very distant large township.

“It’s been a terrible hot day, landlord,” I observed, as I availed myself of the drink I had ordered.

“Frightful, sir,” he replied, glancing at the thermometer that hung in the bar behind him. “At two o’clock the glass stood at 112 and I say that’s too hot for any white man.”

“Or a black one either,” I answered, carelessly. “Well, will you see about my animal, if you please? By-and-by, when I get a bit cool, I’ll go and see that she’s all right myself.”

The landlord left to see after Vino, and I remained sipping my brandy-and-water, and slyly watching the bullock driver, who still kept silence opposite. His eyes seemed to be fixed upon the belt of the forest, which skirted the grass at a little distance; and had it not been for the entire absence of any intellectual appearance of face or expression, one might have fancied he was engaged in trying to solve some knotty problem, to the entire forgetfulness of everything around him.

At this moment a woman entered the bar. I am not one to forget faces readily; it is my trade to remember, and I recollected having seen the very same face when I visited the “Wallaby” some eighteen months before. This woman was a quiet, staid-looking person of about thirty years of age, precise in her movements, and rather slow. She was quite respectable looking, but had not a single iota of the too common “flashiness” of a colonial barmaid.

Very possibly the landlady had sent her in to attend to the bar just then; at any rate she commenced, in a mechanical sort of way, to rinse out some glasses, and to polish them in the same mechanical sort of a manner, without lifting her eyes, that I could observe, from her employment. My seat commanded a view of both her and the bullock-driver, it is true, but my thoughts were engaged so entirely with the latter that I paid but little attention to the barmaid, and she was not one of those obtrusive ones, who, for “the good of the house,” will insist upon making themselves conspicuous.

My man, however, appeared so completely absorbed in his ale and himself, and manifested so little inclination to move, that at length I turned my regards towards the woman. At the moment I did so, she lifted her eyes carelessly toward the door, and something she saw there distended them with some feeling of terror, while her cheeks grew ashy pale and her lips as rigid as stone; the glass in her hand, too, had almost escaped her fingers, but, with a strong effort she replaced it upon the tray, and caught hold of the counter as if to support herself, while she turned a quick, piercing glance first toward me, then toward the bullock-driver—there her eyes rested.

Naturally I looked at the door to see what had occasioned the strange change in this quiet woman’s face. I saw nothing that could possibly have affected her, turn it any way I would. The patient-looking bullocks were standing drowsily under their heavy yokes directly in front of the entrance, and nothing else was in view, save a grassy patch of land over their backs, and farther away the green bush, now beginning to look dimmer, that the sun had nearly set, and was throwing long shadows beneath the trees.

I own to being completely puzzled, but was beginning to be quite in my element. I like to be puzzled; and the detective instinct has grown so strong with habit, that to perceive there is a secret, is to give me an insatiable craving to find it out.

I could not fancy the barmaid was acquainted with the man, for the gaze she fixed on him was not one in which was the anxiety to find some trace of an old acquaintance, it was a look with which you might regard a person in some way notorious to find out what constituted his peculiar difference from others of his fellow men. And yet the woman’s eyes still retained that strange terror with which she had seen the unknown something in her look out through the doorway.

All this, you will understand, scarcely occupied a moment of time; and, after her straight quick survey of the bullock-driver, the woman sauntered idly as it were round the counter and stood in the doorway. She looked first up the road and then down it, and then she looked directly before her. Of course, I could but judge from the movement of her head, as I was now behind her, but whatever she looked at, she remained but for a moment and then returned to the bar.

My friend the driver now began to show
squares of a move. He lifted the long-handled whip which he had leaned against the seat and went to look out of the door likewise, and then he returned to the bar, and called for a nectar of spirits. Tossing it off at a mouthful, as if it were, he appeared to have reached some determination, for, as soon as he had swallowed it, he walked outside, and commenced rapidly to unyoke his bullocks. There was a veranda in front of the public-house, and, finishing my glass, I strolled out, with my hands in my pockets, to watch my friend the driver in his arrangements.

"They are a fine team, mate," I observed, "and in good condition. I wouldn't care if I had such another. Horses are no good in rough bush-land where mine lies. You're going to camp here to-night?"

"Yes," he answered, quietly. "I did think of pushing on to Cole's Creek, but it's later than I thought, and the day's been so terrible hot the cattle's regular baked."

"I think you're right. There's plenty of feed here, and water too, I think," and I moved inside to order supper.

There was no business doing to distract my attention from my chief present interest—the bullock-driver. In that quiet bush inn, dependent upon stray travellers, or perhaps the occasional wasted cheques of a shepherd or a shearer, there was scarcely a movement upon that particular evening; and, my supper and Vino attended to, I sat down in the bar, and, while indulging in a "colonial yarn" with the landlord, watched the man outside as he made all his arrangements for passing the night. He had taken the dray a little farther on before he unyoked his cattle, and it now stood close to the stable of the horse. I saw him drive the bullocks to water, and then fasten on their bells, and then turn them out. I watched him return and unfold the tarpaulin that lay upon the dray and spread it over it, while his blankets were spread beneath to form a primitive but accustomed couch. In all this I was as yet at fault; but I never believed that Vino's sagacity was, or doubted for a single moment, that my watch would be rewarded.

During the time the man was so employed I often spared a curious glance at the movements of the bar-woman. Her demeanour seemed as calm and unruffled as ever; but I observed that her whole thoughts were occupied with the same object that formed the subject of my watch. She made many excuses to visit the bar; and once, with a glass in her hand, which she still kept polishing with that circular movement that barmen and maids affect, she went to the door and stood a considerable time, looking intently over the now grazing cattle, with an occasional glance at the teamster as he prepared his bed for the night.

At length he retired under his tarpaulin, and I, too, expressed a wish to be shown my room. It was one of a row of small bedchambers built in a style frequently to be met with in country public-houses, viz., of weather-board with iron roof, and almost detached from the main building. Each room was provided with a door of its own that opened into the yard—a rather unpleasant arrangement, especially during wet weather, when you require an umbrella to reach the dining-room, but one which exactly suited my plans at that moment.

My room was the very last of the row, and it was within a few feet of the stable that lay between me and the road where the teamster was camping. No sooner had I gained it than I took an opportunity, in the now gathering darkness, of passing out again, locking the door, putting the key in my pocket, and entering the stable, where Vino and another horse were contentedly munching their feed. In the stable was an aperture, constructed, as is usual, for throwing out the manure, and this opening was almost close to the dray in which I was interested. Placing myself in as easy a position as I could I commenced a watch—for what, I should have been puzzled to tell. I was certainly determined to watch the bullock-driver, but what I expected to discover was, at that time, as much a mystery to me as what I did discover is to you at this moment.

The darkness, as I have said, was gathering—indeed, it had gathered, and now there was nothing but a host of clear, bright stars to illuminate it, but not a cloud in the whole magnificent firmament. I waited there quietly until every sound of life had died out at the hotel, and every light was extinguished, and my patience was beginning to be almost exhausted, when a rustle of the tarpaulin attracted my quick ear. In the starlit obscurity I could perceive the teamster cautiously emerge from his lair, and peer carefully around before he raised himself to his full height from under the dray. Once satisfied, however, that everything was quiet, he started off quickly in the direction of the bush, and I, bounding through the opening of the stable, was on his track as rapidly.

It might have been his bullocks he was looking after, for all I knew, for he was proceeding directly toward the sound of their tinkling bells; but if so, why all that caution as he left the dray, and why his anxiety to steal under the shadow of every tree and bush he met? It was to solve this question that I followed his example, and kept as much in the shadow as I could: and it was fortunate I did so, for the man's haste did not prevent him from stopping occasionally and casting a quick glance behind him, although, strange to say, he seemed to hesitate more as he neared the forest than he had done as he left his dray. It was but a few moments ere he reached the darker bush, and there he paused out of breath, as I could hear him panting as I stood within fifty feet of him, behind the huge trunk of some tree, the genius of which I did not trouble myself to note. As he stood there, irresolutely it seemed to me, I was glad to perceive that the moon had risen, and was beginning to pour long, slant rays of
brightness through the branches, that lay like lances of silver upon the shaded grass, and made the darkness of the bush less obscure.

Slowly, at the lapse of a few minutes, he went on, cautiously creeping, and, as it appeared to me, starting at every crack of a stick under his foot, or every rustle of a branch that he disturbed as he passed.

I followed him as carefully, and once, as I was obliged to hide hurriedly behind a bush, as the teamster suddenly stopped, I fancied I saw another shadowy form stop likewise, and likewise hide behind the trunk of a tree, at the other side of the man I followed. This rather startled me, and I felt to see that my revolvers were all right; but a moment served to convince me that it must have been all fancy, or the shadow of some branch that the evening breeze had moved.

The teamster moved onward again, and in a few more steps reached a small open glade in the bush, where the trees were further apart, and the moonlight, penetrating through the more open distance, lay brilliantly upon a small clear space, near which he stopped suddenly. I was not more than ten yards from him now, but remained in the dim shade of some underwood while he stood directly in the slant rays of the moon, and I could see every feature of his face, that looked white and wan as that of a ghost in the weird light, contrasted as it was by deep shadows of overhanging heavy branches.

He stood like one fearful, staring directly before him; and directly before him lay a fallen tree, that seemed to have lain there for years. The patches of grass looked white, like snow in the moonlight, and so did parts of the log; but directly before the man a broad spot seemed to have been burnt, and the fire had blackened and scorched the centre portion of the log, so that it contrasted vividly with the two extremities, and with the surrounding lighted grass spots.

I had but barely time to notice these facts, and to wonder what interest they possessed for this man, when he retreated backwards as if in fear, and fell rather than leaned against the rough trunk of an ironbark, that must have been anything but comfortable as a support, and there he stopped, with an expression upon his face I shall never forget, and which the momentarily-increasing moonlight rendered almost as visible to me as if it were day. His face, that had seemed so expressionless as I first remarked it, was full of terror; every muscle was rigid, and his distended eyes turned in every direction alternately, as if in dreadful expectation. From my first glimpse of that face in the lonely bush, I was as sure of the correctness of Vino's instinctive suspicion as if I had seen the crime the man had committed, and if I had been asked to name the crime, I should have answered "Murder!" Murder! and where? Was it here on this spot where the man shook like a leaf, and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a hand that trembled as if it would scarce hold the handkerchief? Had he come, drawn by that strange fatality that makes guilt hover round the very spot it ought to avoid, until the avenger's hand is stretched forth, and justice is at length appeased? But in the middle of such thoughts as these I arrested myself angrily.

"You are a fool!" I mentally apostrophized myself, "a fool and a detective! Can't a man go into the bush for any purpose but to commit a murder? Suppose he has a 'plant' here? Nothing more likely, and everyone knows it isn't safe to carry money about the country nowadays; his own hard earnings, perhaps, and here you are dogging his steps, without any cause whatever save the sniff of a horse!"

This reasoning did not satisfy me, however. I am afraid I must confess that I wanted to find out this man a criminal—that I would have been disappointed to see him go and dig up a cahnois bag, with a few coins of gold in it, and that I would have much preferred clapping a pair of steel bracelets upon his wrists to seeing him go happily on his harmless way, driving his patient cattle, and smoking his short, black pipe, to keep him company upon a lonely bush-track. I am afraid I must confess that it was so; it is the force of habit, you see, and I do believe I was born to be a detective, as it is so entirely my "vocation."

As I was thus arguing with and against myself, the teamster seemed to make a strong effort, and raised himself from his leaning position to his feet. Pressing his hat firmly down upon his head, he strode determinedly to within a few feet of my hiding-place, and, kneeling down upon the ground, began to rapidly remove the soil with his knife, or some small implement he had brought for the purpose. As he did so, a rustle behind me caused me to look hurriedly around, and again I distinctly saw that dark shadow I had fancied before; but this time I kept my eye upon it, and distinctly saw it flit past me, and creep cautiously to within ten feet or so of the busy teamster, and there, behind a bush, it rested, and leaned eagerly over to watch the man's movements, as if life and death depended upon sight and silence.

I will confess to you that at this moment I was so entirely paralysed with astonishment that, if there had been occasion for sudden action, I could not have used it. The figure that I had watched, and fancied was a creation of my own imagination, now distinctly showed itself to be a woman in dark attire, and in the white anxious face that leaned over to watch the teamster, who rooted and scraped out the mould so hurriedly I recognised the barmaid at the Wallaby.

In the face of all creation, what was she doing here? What connection was there between this man, who evidently knew nothing of her, and this woman, who left her room to steal into the fearful dark bush, to watch a man who was an utter stranger to her?

It was all dark to me, and I was glad when the bullock driver, quickly gathering something out of the hole, and throwing or rather pushing the mould in again with his feet, hastily co-
But that there was still some more powerful feeling than mere animal courage at work in her breast to make her keep silent, I had no doubt. When I arrested her arm so suddenly she did not, as I have said speak, but she shook in every limb like one who had been stricken with the ague.

"You need not be afraid," I repeated, quietly; "there is nothing wrong, only I want some information from you. Go in there," and, as I spoke, I opened the door of my room and pushed her gently in. Even then she did not speak; and when I had locked the door, and, as there was no window, lighted a candle, I saw her leaning against the wall with a face white with terror, and her hands hanging by her side helplessly.

"Sit down," I whispered, placing a chair for her. "Is there anyone in the next room?"

"No," she answered; "there is no one outside the big house but yourself."

"Well, now," I continued, calmly but firmly, "I want to know what you have been watching that bullock driver in the bush for?"

"Are you watching him?" she whisperedly questioned. "Do you know anything? Oh, tell me, for mercy's sake!"

"It would not do for me to tell everyone my business, you know," I replied; "but I tell you I am a detective, and I followed you both to-night, and now I want to know for what reason you watched that man, who seems a stranger to you? Is he a stranger to you?" I added, as she hesitated and wrung her hands.

"I never saw him in my life before."

"Explain, then—you must do so, mind."

"If you are a detective," she whispered, suddenly lifting up her face and looking keenly into mine, "you will remember James Parsons."

"James Parsons? A man who disappeared about two years ago, and was supposed to be murdered?"

She nodded.

"He left home with a team of bullocks," I went on, "and a heavy purse to bring a load from F—, but never returned."

She nodded again.

"Why, 'twas about two miles from this very house," I continued, a light all at once breaking in upon my bewildered brain, "that we lost all trace of him. Some one had met him upon the road, and after that he was never more heard of!"

I was looking keenly and anxiously at the woman as I spoke these words rapidly; when concluded, she said, faintly, "I was James Parsons' wife."

If I had not been accustomed to control all outward semblance of feeling, I should certainly have uttered an exclamation at this moment. It was as if the corner of a mysterious curtain had been lifted, and I was beginning to see a dim but partially illuminated vista beyond, which included a lonely bush track, upon which jogged along a team of bullocks, driven by James Parsons, and terminated in that
schorched and blackened log, near which I had so lately seen that strangely moved teamster digging up some hidden thing.

"I was James Parsons’ wife, and this evening, when that man came to the door, I knew my husband’s bullocks. I could swear to every one of them. We reared them ourselves; and I am sure as I stand here, that every one of those, this moment, would eat out of my hand."

I was silent, as much from admiration of this poor woman’s noble courage in the attempt to discover her husband’s murderer, as from any other feeling, and she went on calmly:

"When the police gave up all hopes of finding James, or any trace of him, I came and took a situation here, in hopes that some day I might see or hear something of the man that killed him. Killed, I’m sure he was, and I am sure that the man I followed to-night did it, and did it on the very spot where the hand of God seemed to strike him to-night, and freeze up his marrow with fear.

"Well, give yourself no further anxiety, my poor girl," I said. "I will dog this man’s steps like a shadow until I prove his guilt, if he is guilty. Meanwhile, say not one word about the events of this night, and as soon as I gain any information I shall see you again."

"Mind," she said, emphatically, as I opened the door to let her out, "if you play me false in this I will find this man out though he died. Now that I have seen the hand that spilled my poor James’ warm blood, I will track him until I die myself, or he is hanged," and she softly closed the door and went away.

I sat down upon the edge of the bed to think, and, you will perhaps laugh at me when I say, that my first thought was the proved sagacity of my faithful mare Vino. Well, you may laugh if you like, but she never did deceive me and never will; I feel as sure of it as I feel Heaven’s aid is around me at this moment.

Satisfied that all was well with the teamster, as I could hear the tinkle, tinkle of the cattle bells still, I lay down in my clothes to snatch a few hours of sound a sleep as I ever enjoyed. We are used to it, you see. And the certainty that I had fairly got hold of the right end of a chain that would give me credit with my superior, caused me to sleep well. The sun was but barely up, however, when I awoke and hastened to look at the things outside.

The bar was open, and the woman, as quiet seeming as ever, was attending to her various arrangements in it. The teamster was busily yoking up his cattle with the same quiet and listless manner I had observed the night before, and, hastily giving the bar-woman a hint to let me have my breakfast immediately, I went to look after Vino.

While I was eating my breakfast I heard the loud cracking of a driver’s whip, and the rumbling of the rough conveyance convinced me that he was off. This, however, gave me no concern; for it was far from my intention to let him perceive that I was about to return by almost the same track I had arrived on the previous evening. I was most anxious, of course, to avoid exciting his suspicions. Half-an-hour saw Vino and myself on the road, upon which, however, I proceeded scarcely half-a-mile, when I diverged into the bush and rode leisurely along, keeping within an easy distance of the road, so as to be able at any moment to near my friend the driver. I could hear the crack of the whip in the distance, and even the rattle of the wheels, and, satisfied that he was still proceeding, I proceeded also. It seemed a long forenoon, going at the slow pace of the cattle, but everything has an end, and at last the hour of noon arrived, and, from the vicinity of the only water within miles, I felt that my man would camp soon.

I was right. As I neared the road cautiously I saw that he had selected a shady spot near a waterhole, and was about unyoking his cattle once more. Alighting, I left Vino to graze quietly—she was too well trained to stray far away—and then stole cautiously nearer, and seated myself under a close bush to resume my watch. I was anxious about that little parcel he had exhumed, and fearful he might make a fire and burn it. He made no fire, however. As soon as his cattle were turned out, he commenced to examine one of his yokes —and a most unusual step it was for a carter who had two good hours’ spell before him to set to work mending a yoke before he had made the slightest preparation for his noon-day meal. That, however, was what he appeared to be doing; and he chose an old stout log that lay upon the bank of the creek, and, leaning the yoke across it, went down on his knees and commenced his repairing. This was how it looked to me, I say, for I was at some little distance, you know, but his occasional fearful looks around him aroused my suspicion, and I kept a closer eye upon the movements of his body. Mending the yoke? Bah! he was digging a hole under the log, and simply using the yoke as a screen in case of watch.

"Ah, my man!" said I, to myself, "I have you now; you are simply replanting your parcel, and with a bad conscience, too, or you would not use so much caution."

A few moments after and his task was ended, his fast broken upon some cold provisions, and he was lying in the shade, to all appearance fast asleep. I followed his example, in that matter at least, after having consulted a pocket pistol, and some sandwiches with which I had provided myself at the Wallaby.

The first crack of the teamster’s whip aroused me, and I watched his departure with impatience. It appeared an hour ere he had fairly disappeared, and I had liberty to pounce upon his plant and to unearth it. I found some difficulty in doing so, but at length the parcel was in my hands, which appeared to be of so much value to the bullock-driver. It was tied up with strong cord in a piece of tarpaulin, and, had it
been a measure of Aladdin's jewels, my fingers could scarcely have trembled more as I undid it.

There was little to reward me, you might have supposed, but I was perfectly satisfied. One old leather bag containing notes to the value of one hundred dollars. I remembered these very notes were missing, and known to have been in the possession of James Parsons when he so unaccountably disappeared (and I had the numbers of them in my note-book at that very moment, and a crooked sixpence which had also been described. This was absolutely all of value the parcel contained, as two or three scraps of belt, shrivelled and burnt, two buckles, as if braces, a few brass buttons sadly discoloured, and a few charred and partially destroyed bones might seem valueless to any one, but were everything to me, and were life itself to the wretched man, who had tried to hide them to his own destruction.

Carefully wrapping them up, and once more securing Vino, I placed my precious find in my valise, and mounting, rode rapidly along the road after the bullock team. I had not much to hide now, as I was quite satisfied in arresting this man, with such a strong chain of evidence against him. I thought it well to wait, however, until we reached a house of accommodation not more than three miles off, which I knew he must pass, as a desperate man in a lonely bush had a chance it were as well not to give him.

I soon overtook the dray, and I thought the driver looked rather uneasy as he recognized me. You're luckier than myself, mate!" I cried, as I rode up. "I've been riding in the bush all day lost. I ought to be ashamed to tell it, too, after being in the colony so long."

"There's a good many tracks hereabouts," he answered. "You've taken the wrong one, I guess."

"Yes, I took the wrong road after leaving the Wallaby, and then trying to cut across the bush, I lost myself. If it hadn't been for the sound of your whip, I should have pulled myself up. Are we near any public-house?"

"Yes, the Accommodation Inn is only about two miles off."

"Well, I'll go on, then. I am regularly tired. Call as you're passing, mate, and I'll shout."

So we parted, and as I left him I saw a feeling of relief steal over his face. Had there been any other road I should have feared his trying to avoid me; but there was not, so I waited patiently in the bar of the inn, until I heard the dray passing, and then I went to the door and called him in.

There was no one in the bar but the man who served, and who supplied the driver and myself with our chosen drinks. I suffered him to swallow his in peace. Poor wretch, I knew he would require all the fortitude it would give him to enable him to undergo the terrible ordeal before him. But no sooner had he finished than the handcuffs were locked upon the hand that placed the glass upon the counter, and in another second the other was clasped beside it.

He turned upon me such a look of speechless terror as I shall never forget, and once more I saw before me the same agonized face of the night before, during the midnight watch in the moonlit forest.

"I arrest you for the murder of James Parsons," I said, and he staggered back against the wall, and then fell heavily on the floor.

I assisted him to rise, for he was faint and weak, and the handcuffs prevented him from helping himself. But when he had been seated on a form, where he could support himself against the counter, his pale, haggard face grew red with excitement, and I feared he was going mad.

"Thank God, it's over!" he said. "It's better to be hung at once than to live such a terrible life. I did it! yes, I did it! I killed him and buried his body!"

"Take care!" I remonstrated, "every word you say now will be used against you."

"I want them to be used against me," he said, loudly. "I want to relieve myself and die. I met Parsons about two miles from the Wallaby. I was on tramp with my swag, and he gave me a lift. I found out he had money, and coaxed him into the bush, gammoning I knew a nice water-hole to camp for the night. We made a fire near a log, and while he was putting a billy over it, I struck him with the axe—his own axe—right on the back of the head, and he fell into the fire. I piled branches and wood on half the night, until he was burned to cinders, and then, when the fire died out, I raked up every bit of strap, and button, and bone that I could find, so that no one could find any trace. I put these into a bit of rag, and planted them, but, until last night, I never had a chance to take them from the spot. Oh, heavens above! It's a fearful thing to be a murderer! I should have had to drag these bones over the world with me; fire and water would never have hidden them! You will find them planted at—"

"They are here," I replied, laying the parcel before him as he spoke.

He glared at it for a second, shuddered as if a keen, cold wind pierced his bones, then he lifted up his manacled hands, as if to seek for the hot blood he had spilled; and starting wildly at them for a second, fell back—dead!"

* * * *

I have been in many terrible scenes during my colonial experience, but among them all, this one often starts vividly into remembrance. The bush inn, with the open door, showing the green, beautiful plain, with its dotting trees, the quiet bullocky lashing the flies off lazily on the road, and the dead man, with staring eyes and fettered hands, fallen against the wall, with that terrible look of unspoken agony stiffening into his face.
PARIS: AND LIFE THERE IN 1861.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

(In Two Parts.)

PART I.

There is a subtle relation between the mere spectacle of Parisian life and French history, like that which exists between physiognomy and character. Careful observation of this sparkling tide on the surface will reveal the hidden currents that direct its play. The success of a man in France has been justly described as achieved moitié par son savoir, moitié par son savoir-faire. Two characteristics at once impress an Englishman in Paris—the provision for life independent of homes, and the excessive tendency to system and detail: from the one comes a diffusive habit of feeling well adapted to pastime, but most unfavourable to efficient individuality; and from the other, a devotion to routine which secures results brilliant in themselves but limited in their consequences. The bare fact that the people of England and America, however wide and intense be the sphere of our activity, instinctively revolve about a permanent centre, hallowed and held by the triple bond of habit, love, and religion, gives a certain dignity and permanence to our interests and aims which nourish political as well as personal consistency. Imagine the case reversed: suppose, like civilized Ishmaelites, we dwell in a kind of metropolitan campus, requiring no domicile except a bed-room for seven hours in the twenty-four, and passing the remainder of each day and night as nomadic cosmopolites: going to a café to breakfast, a restaurant to dine, an estaminet to smoke, a national library to study, a cabinet de lecture to read the gazettes, a public bath for ablution, an open church to pray, a free lecture-room to be instructed, a thronged garden to promenade, a theatre to be amused, a museum for science, a royal gallery for art, a municipal hall, literary soirées, or suburban rendezvous for society. Would not the very custom of enacting all the functions of mundane existence, apart from the idea and the retirement of home, generalize our ways of thinking, make us more children of the time, and weaken the tenacity, as well as diminish the scope, whereby the reflective man becomes the practical citizen? And if the régime under which our education was initiated, had for its great principles, skill, knowledge, and aptitude for specialties, would not the natural fruit of such culture be a fragmentary excellence? Herein, at least, some of the causes may be found of that extraordinary union of genius and childhood in the French nation; the ability to declaim like philosophers about freedom, while an immense standing army—the most available resource of tyranny—is recognized as the basis of civil power; an unrivalled taste in the ornamental, and a savage ignorance of the comfortable; a most profound and reliable insight in diagnosis, with a pitiable incapacity for remedial applications; a prompt adaptation to the moment, almost infantile, with a hackneyed insensibility to experience; vivid aspirations, with little sense of what really constitutes glory; making fine arts of cookery, talk, and dress, while a little field and a caricature are their most popular limning; deifying their military heroes, and, at the same time, giving vent to their own enthusiasm in the lively figures of a new dance. The social economy of Paris is based on a combination of narrow means, with bright conceptions; we see it in the graceful but frail upholstery, the exquisite fit of a plain muslin robe, the bewitching trim of a cheap bonnet, the variety of a two-franc dinner, the bon-mot which atones for inability to read, the absorption over a game of dominos, the philosophic air with which a cigarette is smoked, and the artistic ruffle of a chemisette; the prolific fun educed from an anecdote, and the slight impression made by a revolution; the inexcusable notice of what is comprehensive, and the intense desire to make capital of the frivolous. To cultivate illusions is apparently the science of Parisian life; vanity must have its pabulum and fancy her triumph, though pride is sacrificed and sense violated thereby; hence a coincidence of thrift and wit, shrewdness and sentimentality, love of excitement and patient endurance, superficial enjoyment and essential deprivation—in the mind, the life, and the development of France, wonderful to behold and perplexing to consider.

The names given to bridge and temple, fount and promenade, arch and avenue, recall saints of the middle ages, kings whose reigns embody memorable eras, brave soldiers, great victories, authors and savans—all reflecting glory on the nation. The guide at the Concierie tells you: “Le cachet où fut détenue Marie Antoinette a été converti en chapelle.” If roaming in the Luxembourg, you think of poor Ney’s last words, on the spot where he perished, “I need no priest to teach me how to die”—the honours paid to his memory are cited to atone for the sacrifice; if you descent on the murder of the King in 1793, you are told that the mass, so long discontinued, is now celebrated on the
annual anniversary of his death. All that meets the eye and ear either protests against what in the past of France is disgraceful, or celebrates what is glorious. Whoever rules, the lamp of national fame is thus kept burning. The very cafés and restaurants possess an historical interest. The Frères Provinces was frequented by General Bonaparte; the Café Foy was the rendezvous of Italian liberals, the Zemblin that of the officers of the Empire, and the Caveau of the Garde Imperiale; the Regence has witnessed games of chess either shared or overlooked by Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Marmontel, and Saint Pierre. At the Place de la Bastille, the column erected to the memory of those who fell when Charles the Tenth was "lurled from his forfeit throne," links that recent event to the site of a prison tragically identified with the Reign of Terror. The gates of St. Denis and St. Martin attest the rendezvous of more than one émancie; and from the Champs Elysées to the arch of triumph de l'Étoile, is the scene of the most exorbitant dramas of modern history were enacted.

The routine of a banker's life would seem antagonistic to romance and dramatic incident; yet the celebrated financiers of France occupy the foremost in her civic history: Ouvrard's interview with Napoleon at a memorable crisis; the details of Law's career, including the wonderful vicissitudes to which the famous Mississippi scheme gave birth; and the charlatan adventurer's intrigues with the Duke of Orleans and escape from the Paris mob, are like the most exciting chapters of a modern novel. Laffite stood at the side of Louis Philippe when the new Constitution was proclaimed, and staged the waves of insurrection at the obsequies of Napoleon. If, in the social phenomena elsewhere, we find hints for romance and incongruities the more piquant, here they are more potent. Hospitality is not a national characteristic, as in cities less amply provided with external resources, and the effect is to secure for social aspirants, who have the means and the tact to entertain, advantages they could never realize in other capitals. A wealthy man, with decent manners and average intelligence, ambitious of fame as a host, or the delights of gifted intercourse, puts himself in communication with diplomatists, savans and men of letters, who never object to a good dinner, or women endowed with the graces which lend a charm to the source, and his salon is nightly filled with people of fashion and celebrity. The dramatic star, the popular author, the famous military, the brilliant cantatrice will attract those who are insensible to the zest of pâtés and champagne. "Do you know that man?" asked some amanuensis of the illustrious guest when they encountered the parvenu-Ampthystian. "He does me occasionally, is the cool reply. "Foreigners of either sex, even with a damaged reputation, find no obstacles to such partial successes. Let the frail one have preserved somewhat of her youthful vivacity and the bulk of her fortune, and she has only to hunt up a poor Marchesa or Countess of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and install her as a friend of the house, in a costly hotel, and coronated pastepboard will soon fill her vase in the ante-chamber, and wis and beauties, official and distinguished strangers surround her fauteuil. That there is little meaning in these arrangements; that they merely serve as a pastime, like an opera or vaudeville we pay to witness, is true; but, on the other hand, facilities thus easily obtained by cash and policy afford scope and yield opportunities for the display of character and the drama of social life, which more exclusive circles never know. The art tenir un salon is one peculiar to the French, and there are ladies of that nation, whose fame is as traditionally and even historically established as that of great generals, statesmen, and poets; their rivalry equals the competition of the other sex in war and politics; and, strange as it may appear to an Englishman, the social prestige thus acquired and transmitted is as often based upon sin as sanctity; an equivocal character united to attractions of manner or rare intelligence, makes the popularity of one Madame and a reputation as a devotee that of another. In a word, society in Paris is an arena so free, versatile, necessary protected by established conventionalities, and moulded by the laws of taste—that it includes infinite possibilities, as the French memoirs and plays annually demonstrate.

A social atmosphere thus concentrated in effect, and diffusive in its nature, brings into contact associations with more intense domestic life and a more formal organization keepapart. The company in an English drawing-room may vary from year to year, but its tone and character remain intact; while in Paris saloons are designated by historical allusions and renowned for special and temporary features. If it is desired to recall a certain epoch and set of people, the whole idea is conveyed by such names as Hotel Rambouillet or the Salons du Restoration; whereas Holland House bears an identical fame as a place consecrated by intellectual hospitality, under successive reigns. Pedantry and artifical consequence belong to the fashionable levees of Louis the Fourteenth's time, while those of the first Napoleon represent an entirely diverse set of ideas and feelings. It is because society is directly exposed to the "form and pressure" of the hour in Paris that it is thus Provençal; religion, politics, and the taste in art and letters instantly stamp the talk and the manners as the coin of the realm bears the image of a new potentate; the life of the family, of the devotee, of artistic genius, of statesmanship and of arms, penetrate and interpose the social sphere, and an acute writer, therefore, alludes with literal truth to the period when "the perfume of the boudoir mingled with the incense of thesearicty." There phrases of society are bestowed upon art and politics; the favourable commencement of a new régime has been called its honeymoon and a critic of Watteau's pictures refers to him as "cet maitre coquet et naïf."

The capricie and tasteful arrangements in the
minutiae of life, noted by Yorick in his sketch of a Sunday in the French metropolis, when La Fleur brought the butter for his master’s déjeuner on a fresh currant-leaf, and found the bouquet he presented his own chosen; fair had changed hands three times in the course of the day—though not so patent now, are equally characteristic; the valet still knows his master’s debts, and the femme de chambre her mistress’s love affairs; there is the same familiarity in the relation of master and servant, but the chance is, there is less gossip between them, as both have more ideas and think oftener than before the days of cheap literature, steam, and telegraphs. Comedy still makes sport of husbands; “the literary mind of France takes a religious turn” occasionally; and “people laugh at everything” as they did in the time of the young Duchess of Burgundy, whose remark to this effect was then considered so sacrilegious. The mariage de convenance is quite as prevalent, children as artificial, and old people as child-like; the précieuses ridicules are, however, on the wane, being fused in the cosmopolitan pressure of a more general intelligence, while the femme savante has given place, in a great degree, to the female authors, who are too alive to the inspiration of the times, and their own ideas to be pedantic.

To such an extent does the tyranny of custom dominate in the social history of France, that duels and gaming have their periods of triumph as well as bonnets and constitutions; at times they have each enjoyed a fashionable prestige, so that individuals, without the least taste for either occupation, in order to be comme il faut have sought to lose a notable amount at roulette and to provoke some famous swordsman to combat. An acute observer of Parisian life, prophecies that two growing tastes are now at work destined to modify the French character, one the rage for English horses, and the other the use of cigars. Of the normal traits of the national mind, that which apparently remains most intact is the instinct of military life. The same adaptation for the camp that we recognize in Froissart’s Chronicles and Napoleon’s campaigns, is obvious at this moment. “This is worth considering,” says Montaigne, “that our nation places valour (vaillance) in the highest degree of virtue.”

The same extravagant notion of an Englishman’s whims and sang froid prevail in the French capital as used by farce-writers before the age of steam. Veron recently published the anecdote of an Anglais, who had been his neighbour at a restaurant for several weeks, bidding him good-bye one day, as he was going on a trip round the world; and eighteen months after, the traveller reappeared at the accustomed hour and table, and found his old companion in the same seat; meantime, the Englishman had circumnavigated the globe. We are told in Paris of every conceivable mania on the part of English collectors; one spent a fortune in bottles of water from all the rivers in the world, one in every kind of pipe, and another in species of bird’s eggs. On the other hand, the French are better understood across the Channel; it is curious, at the present era of alliance, to read one of the old travellers, who reported France to Londoners, in the heyday of British prejudice. “What is there,” says the famous Thomas Nashe, “in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry and to love no man for my pleasure? I have known some that have continued there by the space of half-a-dozen years, and when they came home they have had a little, weairy, lean-face, under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of gray paper, and spoken English strangely. Naught else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bordeaux grape and know a cup of neat Gascony wine from wine of Orleans; yet peradventure to wear a velvet patch on their face and walk melancholy with their arms folded.”

We recognize the life of Paris by the analytical pictures of the French novelists and the graphic details of the memoirs. No mode of national existence had ever been so candidly revealed; the stranger, if familiar with the author of the country, is better acquainted with what is peculiar in the habits and thoughts around him than an unlettered native. Parisian character and the salient qualities which distinguish metropolitan and provincial existence have been daguerreotyped and anatomized by Balzac; each class, economy, and phase he makes the basis of a story, has been not only carefully observed but artistically and psychologically studied. What memories of an old pension haunt the reader of Père Goriot—a kind of prose Lear—as he gazes upon some venerable house of that description! How intensely he realizes the consciousness of the well-endowed yet sated young Parisian, as he recalls the opening chapters of La Peau de Chagrin. Every aspect and secret of grisette life has been depicted; the poetry of the career of a gifted French noble, whose first youth witnessed the prologue of the fatal revolutionary drama, is embalmed in tragic or tender lines in the autobiography of Chateaubriand; Saint Beuve’s critiques have revived the associations of each epoch of French literature; Lamennais recorded what of faith lingered in the heart of the people; Scribe reflects the most shifting traits of manners and character; and such an indigenous figure, building, and custom appeals to the imaginative memory as well as to the curious eye.

The salon of a literary clique suggests the extraordinary social history of Paris; and the names of De Stael, Sèvigné, Recamier, and others, memorable as female arbiters and queens in conversation, occur to us in connection with each political era and great name in science, art.

and letters. Delaroche's portrait of Napoleon amid the Alps and at Fontainebleau has stamped that remarkable countenance in all its intensity of expression upon the mind; and thus it ever reappears on the scene of his power. The new style of pavement attests the triumphs of barricades; and every old lamp-post the horrors of the Reign of Terror. We cannot pass a foundling hospital without thinking of Rousseau; the Jardin des Plantes brings back the benign researches of Buffon, Michaux, Cuvier, and the host of French naturalists; old Montaigne's Essays are recalled by many a philosophic hint and maxim of worldly wisdom; and each glimpse of the comedy of French life is elegant of Molère. As we pass either palace or prison, the fair vision of Marie Antoinette, as it lives in Burke's description, the heroic devotion of Madame Roland, and the heart-melting voice of Charlotte Corday, appeal to remembrance; and thus the localities of Paris lead the fancy, at every step, from the guillotine to the fête, from massacre to beauty, from blood to flowers; and in early morning rambles we almost expect to see the First Consul roaming incognito, wrapped in his gray coat. Notre Dame to the admirers of Victor Hugo seems less a Cathedral than an architectural Romance. Yet, there is no city where the past is so lost sight of in the present, and where local tradition has so slight a hold upon the sympathies. It is fortunate, therefore, that when inclined to detach ourselves from the immediate—here so absorbing—and rehearse the story of the past, with every needful aid to memory and imagination, there is an available and complete resource: we have but to quit Paris for Versailles. The Place de Carrousel and the Tuileries are unimpressive in comparison with the stately decadence of that palatial château, before which the mob, with ferocious glances, heaved like a raging sea up to the balcony where stood the Queen and Lafayette; the first solemn confrontation of regal and popular will, ere the deadly struggle began—whose renewal is ever at hand. Within those walls is gathered the pictorial history of France in one successive and elaborate series; the battles, counsels, domestic life of every reign; the lineaments of heroes, poets, and kings; the deeds, and the men and women that are identified with the country from the beginning. To live at Versailles, with a good library at hand, and pass hours of every day in these halls, would make us intimate, not only in a technical but in a picturesque way, with the annals and the celebrities of the kingdom. It would be as if French history was enacted before us and we saw the features of the leading spirits of each generation as we listened to their achievements. "C'est à la Seine," says a popular historiographer, "que Paris doit ses premiers agrandissements;" but so completely have modern activity and embellishment overlaid the rude defences whereby barbaric hordes indicated the site of a magnificent capital, that few of the artists who linger on the bridges to note the effect of moonlight on arch and islet, or of the scholars that haunt the bookstalls on the quai, have the associations of the past awakened by these picturesque and suggestive localities; yet they signalize the enterprise of Philip the Handsome, of Charles the Fifth, of Francis the First, Henry the Second, Henry the Fourth, Philippe Augustus, and Louis the Fourteenth. There Clovis and his Germanic tribes and his converted Clothilde, formed the nucleus of Pepin's inheritance, and Charlemagne established his name; thither came the Scandinavian pirates, and musing on the banks of the dingy stream now associated with science and fêtes, with baths and suicides, with boot-blacks and handresses, with the romance of student life, artistic, medical and literary, and charming to the eye for elegant bridges and massive quays—the historical dreamer recalls a century and a half of wars between French and English kings; and the Black Prince and Joan of Arc, Calvin and Huguenots, Guise and St. Bartholomew, Condé, Montmorency, Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Louis the Sixteenth—the Revolution, Bonaparte, and the Bourbon! Such a panorama, its foreground crowded with memorable figures, its perspective dim with the smoke of battle, its groups distinguished by varied symbols—the oriflamme, the lilies, the cross, the tricolour—blood-stained yet radiant with female beauty and animated by martial prowess, seems to bear no relation to the living scene typical of prosperous order and the age of commerce, of luxury, and of science. Yet the analyst detects in the most commonplace fact of to-day the influence of a dynasty and the bequest of an era. Madame de Genlis tells us how she taught the boy Louis Philippe after Rousseau's maxims; and made him cosmopolitan in taste by her German system of gardening, dining after the English fashion, and taking supper en Italien; and Veron says her pupil, when he became King, introduced the rage for fine horses and clever jockeys; it was, according to the same authority, the fermiers généraux who initiated French cookery as a unique art in their table rivalry with the old noblesse. "Scarcity of fuel," says the Quarterly Review, "has not been without its effect in forming the manners of the polished Parisians, and has transferred to the theatre and the café those attractions, which in the British islands belong essentially to the domestic hearth." The use of tobacco, in the form of cigars, is another modification of the national habits; but a few years ago it was deemed a nuisance, now it prevails among both sexes; and keen observers declare that the French have grown more contemplative and less excitable as the puff has superseded the pinch, and the slowly-evolved cloud (emblem of ruminating quiescence) taken the place of those "pungent grains of titillating dust" which stimulate a bon-mot rather than lure to reflection.

"You would hardly believe," said Madame de Maintenon, "how much a talent for combing hair contributed to my elevation:" tact in the minor economies, the ability to minister to
approbativeness and epicurism, nowhere finds such scope as in Paris. "Be more amiable," said an experienced mother to her daughter, an employé of the opera, "be more tender and emprese to your admirers, if not for your child's sake, or for your mother's, then for your voiture?" The triumph of material niceties here reaches its acme: from what an infinite variety of petty resources is French subsistence and enjoyment derived! A journal of our day announces the death of a distinguished eclairer, at his country-seat, and the event is signalized by an obituary notice declaring him "master of the art of expressing feeling to the subject!" A eulogy nowhere else applicable to any but an author, composer, or artist, thus celebrates one whose vocation it was to testify approbation and blame at the theatre! Liquorice-water, the caricature of an abbe, an omelette scientifically fried, a fancy clock; a woman in front of Tortoni's letting off swallows from a basket, at two sous a flight; a bird-cage, a flower-stand, a plaster bust, a lap-dog, a fan, a little glass of Otard, a cake of scented soap, an opera-glass, a pan of charcoal, a wax candle, or a parrot, an elegant coiffure, a geranium leaf, or a bit of sugar—where on earth, but in Paris, do such things weigh so much in the scale of diurnal experience, felicity, and even fate?

How many "gentle stoics" exhibit frivolity and contentment; how many complacent epicureans ingenuity in pleasure-seek ing; how many devotees of science-isolated self-devotion, in that might of humanity! We are told of a famous surgeon who questioned the credited idea that a vital gun-shot wound is followed by an involuntary leap, or sudden turning of the body: called to the field, and mortally wounded, he exclaimed, "It is true; I could not help that movement," and so died. In no other meridian do the frivolous and the solemn, the fantastic and the philosophic associations of life thus incongruously blend.

An historian quotes a royal letter, the possession of which he accounts for by the statement that he purchased it of a rogue who stole it at the sack of the Tuileries; a philosopher cannot study in peace without a group of tropical plants and two gazelles in sight; the Amazonian market-women, whose savage air would frighten a novice, keep a plaster bust of the Emperor on their stalls, and throw nosegays into Eugenie's carriage; the identical transparency which represented the Goddess of Reason in the bloodiest days of the Revolution, was subsequently used as the festal effigy of Liberty, Josephine, Faith, Hortense, and the present Empress; a painter's model impulsively engraves on his card, Nature de Christ; an amateur takes down a new dance in short-hand; a female novelist assumes male attire, in order to observe life in Paris with more facility; the best poet of the South is a barber; at the same shop-window the flaneur gazes on a print of Napoleon at St. Helena, contemplating, with folded arms, the declining sun—and a national guard lacing the stays of a grisette; the municipal authorities imprison a refractory opera-singer, and, without their permission, not a bucket of water can be dipped from the Gulf of Lyons; our dinner-companion says good-bye, after coffee, and goes deliberately to blow his brains out. The fireman makes love to the femme de chambre, while in the act of extinguishing a conflagration; the people read their fate in placards; Galigambi's column of foreign news is arbitrarily cut down, and the suppressed items come to light in Charivari; a deposed king's effects are sold at auction, and Serves were bearing his crest thenceforth adorn American tables; the streets swarm with police and spies, and the child of a Dutch admiral and Hortense Beauharnais, having turned the cannon on the populace, issues a religious bulletin after the massacre: no flower-market in the world is patronized so well as the Parisian, and no urban gardens more frequented than the Tuileries and Luxembourg, while rural life is irksome to the citizen, and only sought as a pretext for love-making, a dance, or dinner al fresco. Catch a few phrases from the leaf of a courrier's memoirs, the mouth of a neighbour at restaurant or theatre, or the bourgeois in a crowd, and an epitome of this mingled levity and talent, the comedy of life, and quaintness of apprenticeship without seriousness of conviction, is hinted at once. "They are like me, they regret their mud," said Madame de Maintenon, watching the restless carp in their pellucid vase; "il y a quelqu'un qui fait encore plus d'ennemis qu'un cheval anglais—c'est la femme de théâtre," was the observation of a Parisian sage; "my confessor has ordered me to be dull in company," said Madame Scarron, "to mortify the passion, he detects in me, of wishing to please by my understanding," "Un femme d'esprit ne doit rien à personne," bluntly remarks an obese traveller, as he shifts his feet to avoid the provision-basket of his vis-à-vis. Opera-girls, we are told by Veron, have a passion to appear in mourning for some distant relative whom they have never seen.

In 1740, Montesquieu, in a letter to a friend, wrote: "France is nothing but Paris and a few distant provinces," "Here," says a traveller of the last century, "things are estimated by their air; a watch may be a master-piece without exactness, and a woman rule the whole town without beauty, if they have an air. Here life's a dance, and awkwardness of step its greatest disgrace. Character, here, is dissolved into the public, and an "original" a name of mirth. Cela se fait, et ce la ne se fait pas, are here the supreme umpires of conduct. Their religion is superstition, fashion, sophism. Tyranny may grind the face, but not the face of a Frenchman; his feet are made to dance in wooden shoes. The parliament resembles an old toothless mastiff. France was the country of Le Sueur and Racine, and is that of Voltaire."

And a more generalized and recent portrait is given by an American, Henry James: "Your
true Frenchman will sit for any number of consecutive hours glued to the benches of the Champs Elysées in order to see the monde pass by—to see it merely with his eyes, remember—never speaking to a soul in all the moving mass, yet perfectly content to see the monotonous waves roll on and repeat their tiresome glare, till darkness comes at last to snatch them from sight, and the beligerter, let us hope, from imbecility. To frequent from childhood to manhood, and from manhood to old age, the same unchanged scenes; to sit year in and year out on the same dusty sidewalks, in front of the same crowded and noisy cafes, playing the same eternal dominoes, seeing pass the same throng of similar people, each as like the other in his diversity as a big pea is like a little pea, as a double clover is like a single clover, or a wilted cabbage is like a fresh one; eternally sipping the same eau sucrée; eternally hearing and repeating the same stupid gossip of Mrs. B. to-day, which was heard and repeated of Mrs. A. yesterday; eternally resorting to the same play-house to applaud the same actors; running to the same opera to go into ecstasies over the same fiddle; strolling along the same streets to gaze at the same or similar prints in the same windows at the end of the year which he gazed upon at the beginning; such is your true Francitizen's conception of variety, such is his ideal of life; and he cannot but heartily despise a state of things like that at home, which drops all this imbecile routine out as an infinite dearliness and ennui: a full stomach, a faithful wife or mistress, and an honoured name, and he will agree to live for ever in immortal joy. Life to him is not the commerce or play of an infinite inward ideal, with a responsive outward organization with what is still more fine and outward than itself, namely, the universe of sense. God forbid that I should undervalue a mental constitution so pronounced, and, in its way, so admirable; I only allege it to show that the Frenchman commits suicide only when some tangible possession takes its departure from him; only when poverty, or some other palpable calamity, comes to shake him out of his easy-going routine, and that he can't imagine any profounder source of disgust.

Garvan's illustrations of Paris life contain a domestic interior which might serve an artist, a political economist, or a dramatic author, so entirely does it suggest the ways and means of the domiciliated Parisian. Like his frugal Caledonian brother, he prefers the nook of a large and substantial edifice to a small isolated tenement, and is content to occupy a floor, and adjust the height thereof to the length of his purse: both space and cash are saved by the arrangement: while a far more uniform, permanent, and effective architecture is secured. Thus each huge building is a world in itself; the ground-floor may be a shop, but ascend the steps and you find the guardian-genius of the place, whom, if you are a resident or an habitué of the premises, it is well to propitiate. All the conveniences for a family are found in each of these suites, which vary in extent and costliness as you ascend; survey, the next glass case, wherein sits the porter's wife in her spotless cap, knitting, with an alcove containing a bed, perhaps, in the back-ground, and a dainty pendentium or flower near by, and a sleepy cat purring at her side; accept her courteous directions, mount the polished oaken staircase, note the different coloured cord hanging at each door, look in upon the prosperous family who hold a salon once a week on the premier étage, or the smaller domestic establishment above; the economical traveller's winter-apartment, full of knick-knack and sunshine, as transitum; or mount if you will, to the highest region of all to find the provident musician practising in his cheerful attic; or the light-hearted and hard-working grissette, his neighbour, with her box of mignonette at her side, embroidering a kerchief, or making artificial flowers; while she muses of the next holiday, when her bean is to escort her to a dance at Montmorency. These, and a thousand similar scenes, have been so graphically described in novels, plays, and memoirs, that such a casual inspection seems like a process of memory rather than observation, so exactly does the still-life and local arrangement correspond with vague images of apartments in the French capital to which biographers, novelists, and playwrights have conducted us. This way of living in colonies, the diversities of condition thus brought under one roof, is another of those special phases of life in Paris, which render it eminently dramatic and scenical.

Yet the convenience thus secured is often modified by Anglo-Saxon appreciation, by miserable provision for a fire, scraps of rug instead of an entire carpet, and a want of comfort scarcely atoned for by sundry cheap expedients for elegance; so that we can well believe the assertion of an American envoy, fresh from his snug country-seat, that the charms of the French capital were dispelled for him by a habit his chimney had of smoking, and his waiter of bringing him punch in a tea-pot. The requirements of warmth and ease are secondary in the estimation of the fair Parisian; she says: "Le salon sera rouge et or, la chambre à coucher en brocasselle jaune, et le boudoir en satin de chine bleu; ce sera ravissant." And yet there is not a city in the world where a comfortable retreat, in our sense of the word, is more requisite. Cold humidity is the normal trait of the winter climate; catarrh is almost permanently endemic; Moccasins, snuff, and eau sucrée, are the usual remedies, and their universal use confirms and suggests atmospheric causes.

Montesquieu says: "I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived; and, if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about."
The Natural Sphere of Woman.—Never in the history of Christendom did woman fall so low in morals or intellect as when she was immersed in the narrowing walls of a convent, and when her conscience was committed exclusively to the keeping of priests. The fearful horrors of medieval conventual life, as painted by the faithful pens of Popish historians themselves, are too horrible to be recorded in these columns. It is enough to say that our forefathers paid the heaviest of all penalties for allowing the heels of a priest to trample in the dust the laws and instincts of human nature. The family, and not the cloister, is God’s appointed place for woman; which she was destined by her God to charm with her smiles, to solace with her sweetness, and to bless, as nothing else on earth can bless, with her love. Has the devoted daughter, and the kind and gentle sister, and the loving niece, no appointed round of duties in her own home, or amongst those who have the nearest and the dearest claims on her time, her love, and her goodness, that she must leave, it may be, her neglected sisters, her aged and helpless parent, or her invalided aunt, and a host of other friends, to do the bidding of some self-styled “Mother Superior,” whom neither God nor nature recognizes, or the bidding of some slim shaveling, dressed up like a Popish priest, who, under the guise of confession, steals the secret of her young heart and stains the innocence of her soul by the insinuations of sins of darkness? A true Christian woman’s influence, like charity itself, should begin at home, her natural centre; and when this, her proper field of labour and love, is exhausted, then, but not till then, she may bestow the surplusage of her care on those without. Some Ritualistic defenders of the conventual system tell us that home life presents not sufficient scope to develop a woman’s duties as a practical Christian. But what says Keble, the High Church poet:

“We need not bid, for cloistered cell, Our neighbour and our work farewell; Nor strive to wind ourselves too high For simple man beneath the sky. The trivial round, the common task Would furnish all we ought to ask: Room to deny ourselves, a road To bring us, daily, nearer God.”

Never does woman’s whole nature rise to a higher earthly beauty and dignity than when it is seen strung to its utmost tension with feelings of devotion to the husband of her heart, and discharging, in holy and humble reliance on her God, the sweet offices of mother and wife to those whom God has given her to bless and to be blessed with. Is it this seat of tranquil and purifying power—is it this reign of peace and joy—is it “all the joys that crowd the household nook”—“the haunt of all affections pure,” is it this, the truest image on earth of the happiness of heaven, that must now be flched away from the daughters of England for conventual recesses, set up to outrage the deepest instincts of womanhood, and to pervert and poison the sweetest as well as the tenderest aspirations of her nature?—The Rock.

Abergele.

(A Record of September 20th, 1868.)

By R. E. Thackeray.

He knept in prayer, a journey lay before him; He knept to God, how humbly to adore Him! The lordly man, with limbs matured and strong, Pour’d forth his soul, then hynnd the “angels’ song.” Bright years to come, with sunny vista rose, And all his thoughts were peace, ere calm repose. He pray’d for all—his son, in youth’s first day, That man’s vile temper might not make him stray; That his fair daughter, wedded and beloved, Might be a matron, rich in virtue proved. “Great God! be willing such gifts to bestow!” Cried the strong man, in spirit meek and low; And then regretful memories would rise Of sins, for which he vowed some sacrifice!

He left the church, the day’s sweet prime and night Succeeded with perfume, and starry light. He join’d the low’d home circle, till would cease The parting prayer, and all should rest in peace. But what is that they gather from the rail? Bright gems, and gold so malleable, not to fail. Looking like native nugget, and rough stone, To toil or smelting flame alike unknown. Could these last season glisten at a ball, When light upon a graceful form did fall? Did envy’s glance covet the handy work? Where these for years a theme for female talk? Was it with these the bride bedecked her charms, With these encircled neck and snowy arms? While her fond husband with admiring eyes, In courtly circles showed his blushing pride. What labours, money, time, hath been bestowed On the missapen mass found on the road! There is a lovely spot!—in it appears A village church, grey with the lapse of years. There the Welsh peasant rests, and flowers sweet Thrice round and deck this solemn calm retreat, And there a record, carv’d on stone, will stand A sad memorial of that fated hand, And travellers, too, for many a future year, Will whisper “Abergele!” with a tear. How little thought they, as he bent the knee, That evening was the last they all would see! How little did they know that one long grave His ashes, and their ashes soon would have! Mingled like sand, the master, servant—all, And found a tale the nation to appall! Yet it fell so!—each carriage onward sped, And noon’s fierce sunshine glittered overhead. The train flew on, the lovely landscape glowed, The shore of ocean reached and rocky road, Then came the sound of doom! the awful crash, A poisoned vapour rose, and lurid flash! And then, what once was beauty, youth, or pride, In one charred mass fell silent and died. Oh, God of mercy! yet some few were left To tell the tale, or comfort the bereft! And may we hope that those alike who shared The sudden doom were not all unprepared To meet Thee, and will welcome the glad sound Of angels’ trump, which calls them from the ground, Each in his proper form, unsouled and pure, And fitted, like Thy Kingdom, to endure!
OUR HEROINES.

Few of us have passed through childhood and youth, and gained the calm of middle age, without having often deeply in love with the fair beings who flit before our fancy, obedient to the wind of that greatest of enchanters, the novelist of ancient or modern times.

Emerging from the childish days when Cinderella was our ideal of an oppressed damsel, and Jack the Giant Killer our most sensational romance, do we not remember the delight of finding the charming "Evelina" hidden away in some attic? She was our first love. Her candour, her innocent ingenuity, and her beauty, dimly hinted at, never described, won our young hearts, and set them throbbing with eager interest as we read of the strange old-world-manners, and the "noble courtesy" of Lord Orville. Few in our days know the charming old tale, the first effort of a young girl of seventeen.

"Cecilia, too, was one of our early favourites; but she never rivalled Evelina in our good graces, for her solicitudes lacked the artless simplicity of the "dear Miss Anville."

What a tender humour Thackeray employed in the immortal "Round-about-papers," in which he describes the perfect enjoyment and dolce far niente of a certain idle boy, who is so wrapped up in a novel that he hears not the river flowing beneath, and heed not the prospect of a caning for neglected lessons! We have made many friends among Thackeray's own works. It is a groundless belief that he could create no heroine who represents a good type of womanhood; for when could we meet with a more noble, high-minded woman than Laura in "Pendennis," although in later life she has become sharp and common-place, when we meet her again in the "Adventures of Philip?" If we detest and shrink from Becky Sharp, the old Countess of Kew, the "dowagers," and Mrs. Baynes—if we entertain a respectful but distant admiration for Ethel and for Elizabeth Prior, we must still love rosy, artless Charlotte, and admire the brave fight which good Smollett wages with the world.

But there are heroines who have become so real to us, that we can scarce believe them to be only the creations of a vivid imagination. Hundreds have wept over the death of sweet little Nell—hundreds have found their smiles at the baby-talk and feeble attempt at wifehood displayed by Dora turn into tears as they read of her parting from Copperfield. Agnes, wise and prudent though she be, does not charm us or win our love as this silly sweet "child-wife." Little Dorrit is very meek, very self-sacrificing, and very godly; but somehow she has not enough of spirit, and her innocent unconsciousness of Clenham's love is provoking. Even Flora's chatter, on the severity of "Mr. F's. aunt" is preferable. Mrs. Clenham, Miss Ward, and Rosa Dartle are types of a very strange perversion of right feeling, on which Dickens dwells much. Their characters are very unlovely, and yet their extreme misery, self-inflicted as it is, forces us to pity them. Edith Dombey and Lady Dedlock are both fine characters perverted; yet how distinctly their traits stand forth as contrasted with the gentle goodness of Florence, the weak sentimentalism of poor faded Lucretia Fox, and the false blushing and withered affectations of Mrs. Skewton, or with fussy, self-sufficient "Dame Durden," pretty, inane Ada, and the poor law-stationer's "little woman!"

We love Bella, in "Our Mutual Friend," for her pretty wilfulness and deficient grace and beauty; and the story of Lizzie touches a finer chord: but the "rampages" into which Pip's sweet sister occasionally falls are capital, while her sharp, caustic remarks make us almost share in her contempt of good Joe Gargery. Very dear friends are those whom we meet in the pages of this great author: we return to them again and again, and never weary of their beauty. Like Mr. Woppell's grandmother, "they have got into a bad habit of living" in our hearts.

Miss Yonge has introduced us to many pleasant acquaintances, Ethel May—the most widely-known—being the most characteristic. Her short sight, her sallow face, her eager, impetuous love of knowledge, are all familiar and dear to us; but we always considered Miss Yonge too partial, and thought that Flora had very scant justice meted out to her. The fair "Dove in the eagle's nest" is very sweet and good and angelic; but somehow we cannot feel that she is so real and lifelike as poor blundering, truth-loving Rachel in the "Clever Woman of the Family." Pretty bright Bessie appeals to our sympathies, as did Flora May. Decidedly Miss Yonge is more lenient to "old girls" than to the youthful, blooming maidens.

We cannot say that the American type of heroine is so attractive as our own. We shrink from the peculiar, feverish, nervous development of feminine character portrayed by some of the transatlantic novelists. Those who appear in the semi-religious novels are very sweet and fair and fragile; but their bluses are hectic; their delicacy is mawkish, and their piety is of a stern and superstitious order. Nevertheless there are some very loveable maidens who really interest us, and draw our regard; but alas! I like Dick Swiveller's dear gazelle,"they always
pine away and die”—generally of consumption. Why did Mrs. Stowe deny to poor Nina the happy life just opening before her? Why sadden the hearts of innumerable readers by cutting off Evangeline St. Clair?

Thackeray was wont to say that a doleful ending was a great mistake, and that we do not care to re-read books that make us sad. And was he not right? Are not there enough hearts, sorrows, sad scenes, and blighted lives around us, without seeking them in the pages of a novel? When we take up a novel it is not to read of faded rosebuds, but to feel young again, with the stalwart young fellows who woo and win such blythe, bonny English maids as Kate Lindowaine or Sarah Brownlow. If we feel sure that “all will come right in the end,” we rather enjoy the small difficulties which Lord Lufton, Major Grantley, and Frank Gresham encountered in their courtships of charming Lucy Roberts, gentle Grace (who is rather blue, we fear), and that sweet winning, yet withal high-spirited, Mary Thorne. We feel a friendly interest in the elderly loves of Dr. Thorne, and good, merry Miss Dunstable; but we cannot feel quite satisfied with Lily Dale. She is a very dear friend, her audacious slang, her warm, faithful heart, and her arch, mirthful glances, have won all hearts. But was there no way of making her happy? We know that her sweet temper will not sour, that she and her mother will be very happy together in the small house at Allington; but she will be an old girl; and, though she will make a capital one, we could have wished her better luck.

There is a certain heroine, whose claims on our admiration are very doubtful, who says and does things that careful mammas would consider “very naughty;” but then, as she frankly tells us, she was not bored by a careful mamma, and certainly we would have learned to ourselves from her general “ton,” poor Nellie Le Strange! We have shaken our heads over her grave misdemeanours, we have pursed up our lips at her lapses in grammar; but we have screamed with laughter at her keen wit and her happy quotations. Yes, over and over again, when all alone, her sharp epigrammatic sayings have fairly overcome our gravity. “The Brum- agen young man,” and the tableau vivant in the old garden, are fairly inimitable, and although we cannot commend the scene where the dripping lilacs, and wet meadow-grass, are the only witnesses of the reconciliation of “bonny Dick, handsome King Olaf, and blue-eyed Nellie;” yet we can only say, “Well, well, poor things! It’s naughty, and they will inevitably catch cold; but they are so happy!” What a pity it is that the authoresses should have spoiled such a cleverly-written tale by the highly sensational part, which must offend good taste. We are sorry Nell must die; she would have pleased us more if she had “plucked up heart,” and set herself to please good Sir Hugh. The last pages are very sad, and we almost expect her to describe her own death, so pathetic does she grow. We cannot help shrinking a little from the idea of introducing phrases from the Bible to point a keen jest. But with all her faults we cannot but love poor pretty Nell Le Strange.

For an honest, downright lassie, commend me to Molly Gibson. Our monthly meetings on Cornhill, where we have spent half-hours with many whom we have learned to love, were great treats. She is emphatically “a girl with no nonsense about her, you know?” as Fanny Dorrit’s admirer often says, Cynthia is a nice girl, but never rivals straightforward Molly. As for Clare, the vapid fine lady governess, she is so real and true, that we feel sure we must have met her in life. But of all Mrs. Oliphant’s heroines, our favourite is her first, Margaret Maitland. She is unequalled as a type of the class to which she belongs. Young at heart, if old in experience, her wise, tender counsels have an ever new charm for us, and from the “golden hair,” the “maddening eyes,” the “trailing garments,” and passionate outpourings of our latter-day heroines, we turn with delight to the picture of doury aunt Margaret; with her homely language and her kindly face, and delight in being, as she is, the confidant of the vain Grace; the one to mourn over the “bit impatient spirit” of “Mary my niece,” and the old love (for she, like all heroines, had some romance in her life) of “that blythe lad, wild Harry Monteith.”

M. W.

OU R FOREFATHERS AND THEIR SPORTS.

There cannot be a doubt that the men of days gone by—yes, and the women too—were beings of more physical powers than we of the present time: that both men and women, and even children, were capable of enduring stronger exercise, and for a longer period of time in connection than we are; and, that hardships arising from weather, lack of food, or other such causes did not tell on their hardy frames so severely as they do on our less capable bodies. Many causes combine to produce this result. Some favourable to the general well-being of man, though not to the increase of his physical strength; others wholly adverse and injurious.

Amongst the causes which are favourable to the general well-being of men, we may surely consider the growth of medical and surgical science. In former days, if a delicate child
made its entrance into the world, it was almost sure to die before many weeks had passed; but, did it escape this fate—and, as a child was found to shrink from the rude blast which penetrated its tender frame, or sicken at the close atmosphere and noisome odours that hung about its unventilated home, and turn away in disgust from the coarse, strong food that covered the table—there was no change to a softer climate, no suitable fare provided: the poor little creature was probably pronounced to have been bewitched, and instead of clearing away the filthy rushes amidst which lay long-decaying bones, excrement of dogs, and all sorts of uncleanness, throwing open windows, and pouring in the living air to refresh the weary invalid, in all probability some poor old man or woman would be persecuted even to death for the supposed crime of casting an evil eye on the square or parson’s child, and the poor little sufferer’s nerves be fretted with silly superstitious charms, and its body weakened with long fastings, until it sunk into an early grave. And so the weak and delicate, instead of, as in the present day, living on, and probably becoming the parents of delicate children, died; and the strong and healthy only were the propagators of our race.

But it has been chiefly from such as these that have sprung those of fine strong nerves, and high sensibilities, our men and women of genius; and thus, though from this cause amongst others, our race has become less physically powerful, it has surely gained what is better than brute force—I mean the high intellectual standing which is accorded to us by all the world.

Another cause of the deterioration of strength of which I speak is early and general education. A child who cannot read at seven or eight years old is, in the present day, denounced as an incorrigible dunce; and it is expected that at that age both boys and girls shall know something of several other matters besides mere reading. French and music with girls, Latin and French with boys, and with both arithmetic and geography, etc., are, at an early age, beginning to make lodgements on the young mind. Formerly these children were running, riding, wrestling, and playing all sorts of antics in the air, thereby strengthening their bones and sinews instead of working their brains. Follow their course for a few years, and you will find that every day of their lives presents but a stronger contrast to that of their forefathers at their age; that whereas those were engaged in athletic sports and exercises, rowing and riding, fencing and tilting; and then, as life went on in active war service; or, in times of peace in hunting, and the practice of all kinds of woodcraft and venery. The young men of our day are reading at college from eight to twelve hours a day, seated at a desk in some wireless office or bank for a greater number of hours; and happy for them if they are not in worse places, and engaged in more deteriorating employments during the hours of evening, and late into the night.

The girls, too, what are they doing? Studying German, and French, and Italian, and music. Reading with a master (seldom enough without) all kinds of science and physiology, analysing words, making historic charts, &c., &c., until eighteen; then casting all aside, save those pursuits, such as music and singing, which are calculated to draw admiration, and involving themselves in a round of drawing-room amusements, seldom taking more exercise than a lounging walk or a walk in the park, and so conceiving the grand objects of their lives fulfilled. O that they would be wise—that the mothers and daughters of England would look around them, and see the growing evil which infects our land—that they would remember that their mission on earth is not to spend all on self and self’s belongings—to learn to study that only which may make them accomplished and learned women—to spend their time only in seeking something new; but that God has given them all they possess to hold as stewards, and to use to his glory; and that their beauty, their knowledge, their graceful manners, and gentle voices, are as much possessions which they are bound thus to use as is their wealth or any other part of their heritage, and that it is their part and duty to study how these gifts may be used to help those beneath them in their station, how they may best employ such talent in striving to aid the forlorn and desolate, to restore the lost, to comfort the sorrowful; and how they may best bring them to bear, healthfully and helpfully, on cottage life around them. But I digress. My object in this paper is to enlarge a little on the games and pastimes which formed the amusements of our progenitors, at a time when all this book-lore was unknown, and whence, as I conceive, they drew the unbounding store of wealth and physical power which were as remarkable characteristics of the ancient Britons and Saxons as the wonderful mental energies are of men of the present age.

Amongst the earliest records of our history, after the Norman Conquest, we read of the noble youth of the land, one and all, being exercised from childhood in feats of arms, and the practice of every kind of military exploit that was then known. Before the time of the invasion of our land by William the First, athletic sports and trials of strength were much in vogue; but for the practices of chivalry which adorned the time, from the eleventh to the seventeenth century, we are indebted to the French, as the terms used in such sports will show, they being all in the Norman French—the language of the Conqueror—and not in Saxon, which was then the vernacular spoken by the people in general.

The wonderful taste for military prowess and adventure that seems to have possessed the gentry of the land at that period is a curious example of the rapid growth of any new fashion. We see the same infectious characters
Our Forefathers and their Sports.

pervading the amusements and employments of our day. What one does, all who would be of note or fashion must do, and thus we see all England, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, devoting their whole thoughts and desires to perfecting themselves in fencing, tilting, archery, &c. Of course in times of war these arts were of high import, and the achievements in arms performed by some of the princes and high nobility of those days were very astonishing. But the more frequent use of them was for exhibition in the splendid tournaments and jouests which formed the chief opportunity for exhibition of the magnificent arms, shields, and other accoutrements of the knights, as well as of the beauty and lustre of the ladies and courtiers who acted on such occasions as spectators.

Tournaments were the most grand of all the spectacles of the middle-ages. They were usually exhibited at royal marriages, or when the King would entertain a foreign prince or ambassador, or sometimes on other occasions at court. The pomp and pageantry were supposed to be especially called for. Sometimes, however, jouests were substituted for the more august tourneys, the former being encounters between only two mounted knights; whereas, in the latter many of the flower of the knighthood met as combatants, each bent to overthrow as many adversaries as possible, and thereby to remain conqueror of the field, and receive his guerdon, the prize awarded to the conqueror, from the hands of the fair lady of his vows; for never could there be a knight without a lady-love, and that lady-love one of high degree—a "bright particular star," whom, in most cases, the champion had no hope to wed, but was content that she should be recognized as the goddess of his idolatry, and his highest aspirations were gratified did she vouchsafe him a smile, or the gift of a glove from her fair hand, or a ribbon from her neck to place in his helmet, and, by its cheering influences, to carry him forward to victory.

We find the following directions for the conduct of a tournament in one of the Harleian MSS. First the proclamation, in these terms: "Oyez! Oyez! Lords, knights and esquires, ladies and gentlemen: you are hereby acquainted that a superb achievement-at-arms, and a grand and noble tournament, will be held in the parade of Clarencoix king-at-arms, on the part of the most noble baron, Lord of T—, and on the part of the most noble baron, Lord of C—, in the parade of Norroys king-at-arms." Then we have the regulations: "The two barons on whose parts the tournament is undertaken shall be at their lodges two days before the commencement of the sport. Each of them shall cause his arms to be attached to his pavilion, and set up his banner in front of his helmet; and all those who wish to be admitted as combatants on either side must in like manner set up their arms and banners before the parades allotted to them. Upon the evening of the same day they shall show themselves in their stations, and expose their helmets to view at the windows of their pavilions, and then they may depart to make merry dance and live well. On the morrow the champions shall be at their parades by the hour of ten in the morning, to await the commands of the lord of the parade and the governor, who are the speakers of the tournament. At this meeting the prizes of honour shall be determined." We are after told that he that shall best resist the strokes of his adversary, and returns them with most adroitness on the part of Clarencoix, shall receive a very rich sword; and he who on the part of Norroys shall show most prowess shall be rewarded with an helmet of equal value. On the morning of the day fixed for the tournament the arms, banners, and helmets of all the combatants were to be exposed at their stations, where the speakers were to examine all, and reject or approve at their pleasure. The arms being returned to their owners the choice of his horse to be placed at the entry of the parade, and the blazon of his arms to be nailed to the roof of his pavilion. The baron on the other side did the same, and all the knights on either side who were not then present were to forfeit their privileges and not be permitted to tourney.

The king-at-arms and the heralds then went from pavilion to pavilion, crying aloud, "To achievement, brave knights, to achievement!" At this signal the combatants crossed themselves, and on the heralds crying, in like manner, "Come forth, knights and esquires!" then the barons took their places in the lists, the champions ranging themselves on their respective sides under their banners, and then two cords were stretched between them, which cords it remained until the speakers commanded the commencement of the sports, when they were to be withdrawn. The combatants were armed with pointless swords, the edges of which were "rebated," and with a baton or truncheon hanging from their saddles, either of which they were free to use, while the speakers continued to give the words "Laissez les arer." When the speakers saw fit to stop the sports the heralds cried "Ployer vos baniers!" which was the signal to stop the games.

The joust often formed the conclusion of the tournament, but it also very frequently was held as a wholly separate tetratlet, though considered inferior to the tournament was a game or trial of skill with lances. It seems to have been of considerable antiquity, having been practised in the reign of Stephen, Edward I., &c. The combatants in jouests used spears without iron heads, and the play was to strike the opponent on the front of the helmet, so as either to unhorse him or break the spear. In the days of chivalry jouests were more especially made in honour of ladies, who inspired the knights by their presence at the spectacles, and at their close dispensed the prizes and rewards. They were, as were the tournaments, exceedingly splendid. The lists were superbly decorated,
as were the pavilions of the knights, and the scaffold or galleries, from which the beautiful ladies who patronized the sports, with their attendants, princes, and relatives sate, all being hung with tapestries of gold and silver, and needlework, and the dresses of the noble ladies glittering with gorgeous colours and rich jewels. We read little of flowers as decorations in those days, indeed it is probable that they were not much used, as the gardens of even noble castles and palaces seem to have been more used for the growth of such herbs and simples as were employed in culinary and medical purposes rather than for the mere growth of "possies," and the art of making artificial flowers appears to be of later date. Alas! the eyes of the fair ladies of those days were not feasted with the sight of such splendid geraniums and fuchsias, and calcocarrias and portulaccas, &c., &c., as now flourishes even in our cottage-gardens; nor did crystal houses then shelter the splendour of "East and Western Ind" for their delectation.

The very children in the Middle-Ages were initiated into the military sports, their little toys being made such as to lead to them. We read of a wheeled toy, probably of the 15th century, of a knight and his horse, made of brass and copper, was equipped for the jouster, with hole in its stand for a cord to be tied, that the little gentleman to whom it belonged might draw it about as children of the present day do their wooden horses or cars. In this toy the man and the horse were separate, and so balanced that a blow on the helmet would throw the rider off his steed.

There were also boat jousts, some grave and some laughable and absurd. In the tournaments or jousters on land none below the rank of esquire could play; but the passion for such sports took such hold of the public mind that these boat jousts, and other corresponding diversions were invented for the gratification of the London apprentices and others of inferior degree. In boat jousts the game was that two boats impelled by rowers, and each bearing an armed man, with spear, shield, and helmet, should rapidly approach each other, and the conqueror was he who could dexterously turn aside his adversary's spear with his shield, and at the same time strike him with his own spear so as to overthrow him into the river without himself being moved. Boats were in attendance to pick up the conquered. In Queen Elizabeth's time, when she visited Sandwich, she was entertained by a boaten joust, "where certain wallounds (wallows?), that could each swym, had prepared two boats, and in the middle of each boat was placed a bord, upon which bored thereof two men, and so the two men together, with either of them a staff and a shield of wood, and one of them did overthrow another, at which the Queene had good sporte." No doubt it would not unfrequently be the case, as Sow narrates, that "for the most part one or both of them were overturned and well ducked."

The quintain, or riding at the ring, was another of the sports, in which both noble and simple shared. Then came various kinds of quintain, some of them apparently of greater antiquity than tournaments and jousters. The quintain was originally nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of tyros in chivalry: this was superseded by a staff or spear stuck in the earth with a shield hung on it, and the skill was displayed in so smiting the shield with the lance, as to break the ligatures which bound it and throw it to the ground. Then was substituted for a shield a wooden figure which they called "a Saracen." This was armed at all points, and bore a shield and club. This "Saracen" was placed on a pivot, and so contrived as to move with facility. In running at the "Saracen" the horseman had to direct his lance right to the middle of the forehead between the eyes; if he succeeded in doing this, a certain number of the strokes were reckoned to his score, but if he failed and struck wide of his aim, and especially if he struck the shield, round would go the image with sudden velocity, and if not very careful the prostrated lancer would get a powerful thump on his back from the wooden sabre of the image; a result that caused much laughter and mockery in the surrounding spectators, and was accounted very disgraceful to the sufferer.

But the quintain was not always played by mounted lancers, it was often performed on foot: a post called a "pel" (from palas a post) was set up, and the practitioner armed with sword and shield was to assail it as he would a man aiming his blows at the head, legs, &c., or rather at those parts of the "pel" which would answer in position to those parts of a man. Arms of double weight were recommended on these occasions to give strength and power to the frame.

"This fanne and mace whome either double wight
Of shield, or swayed in confictie or bataile,
Shall exercise as well swordsmen as knyghtes,
And mane man, as they sayn, is seyn prevale
In field or in castell though he assayle.
That with the pike nathe put firste grate exercise,
Thus wreteth Werrouveis, olde, and wyse."

The assailant of the "Saracen" is extolled by the same old writer to

"Empeche his head, his face, love at his gorg
Bear at the breste or sperne him on the side.

Wonde him, make woundes wide,
Hew of his honde, his legges, his thighbes, his armys
It is the Turk, though he be slyn noon harm is."

The name is probably derived from the inventors of the game quinqueus or quintas. It is spoken of by Vegetius as common among the Roman youth, and was by them probably introduced into England. There was a water quintain, which was much of the same character as the water jousters, being played by tilting from boats at a shield erected on a post in the water.

Tilting, or running at the ring, was also a fashionable amusement. The name seems
Our Paris Correspondent.

derived from the Italian, as the Florentines called it "cara alla quintana," quintana being in Italian sometimes used to signify a ring. This seems to have been much the same game as the quintain, only that a ring was suspended in the place of a shield, and the postman was to ride at full speed and thrust the point of the lance through the ring which was supported in a case or sheath by spings, but might easily be drawn out by the force of the stroke, and remains on the lance. The riding at the popinjay which Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes in "Old Mortality," seems to have been the Scottish mode of running the quintain or ring.

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OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——,

The world may turn or stand still, the horizon be black or clear, we Parisians must enjoy ourselves, particularly at this season, when the dark, dull days are only supportable by the thoughts of the brilliantly-lighted up rooms, the gay dresses, and the magic dance that is in store for us as soon as night closes in. Amusement we must have, and this winter seems to answer all our hopes, for there are dinners and fêtes everywhere, their Majesties and King Hausmann setting the example. The first ball at the Hotel de Ville was splendid, as it always is; many prefer it to those given at the Tuileries, and pretend that it is more select and the costumes more costly, which is very probable, because there is more room to show oneself in the magnificent saloons of the Hotel de Ville than in those of the Palace, where it is generally a regular cram. But what, for the moment, most occupies us is the late opening of the Chambers, and the Emperor's speech. Was it to be peace, or war? Numerous and various were the rumours abroad as to the good or bad tidings therein contained. Some insisted on his Majesty's liberal intentions for the interior of his Empire, others shook their heads in doubt. And, after all, what has the speech told us? That we are ready for war if our enemies provoke us, and that Napoleon III. has the firm intention to rule as he thinks fit. We can at least see through the ambiguity of the language, in spite of the skill of the commentators to turn and explain it as their desires incite them. Those who wish for war exult. The Emperor wishes for peace, but he lets us see that peace is far from being sure. Those who desire peace find in the imperial speech substantial hopes that peace we shall have. It is amusing to see what different and opposite conjectures may be drawn from one piece of oratorical eloquence. Their Majesties and the little Prince looked in remarkably good health and spirits at the ceremony. The Empress in particular was all beauty and smiles; she was dressed in sky-blue, trimmed with white lace, with a very long train, and a blue bonnet, of a very high shape, on a profusion of fair hair; two splendid diamonds—solitaires—for ear-rings. It was remarked by all that she shook hands very cordially with the Prince Napoleon, who is only just recovered from a fever that has rendered him very pale and thin. His wife (the Princess Clotilde) was also present, very simply dressed in grey. All the time of the ceremony no carriages were allowed to circulate in the rue de Rivoli. Two velocipedes (the new-fashioned two-wheeled carriages for one person, and that person his own horse) arrived in lull gallop. The sergent de ville was puzzled to know whether he must stop them or not. His orders had not foreseen the case. What should I do? asked he of a garde de Paris. The garde twirled his moustache at the gravity of the case: "One velocipede has only two wheels, so is no carriage; but two have four wheels, which certainly makes a carriage, so stop them and send them back," which was accordingly done, to the great annoyance of those who were on them, and who protested that there was no fear of their horses taking fright, or doing any harm to anyone. The garde de Paris's opinion did not coincide with theirs, so there was no alternative but to turn back.

Our guest the Queen of Spain receives frequent visits from the Tuileries. It is an odd occurrence, that so many of the last of the Bourbons should have now taken refuge in France! Some men seem to hope that the little "Prince des Asturies"—as they call Isabella's eldest son here—will be chosen by the Spanish nation, and it is said that the Emperor favours, with all his power, this solution of the Spanish question. The royal boy accompanied the Prince Imperial to the theatre on the 3rd of January, and I believe is frequently with him. He is sent every morning to the College Stanislas—an institution half clerical, half belonging to the University—for his studies. They say that the Empress is bigoted; but really I can scarcely believe it, for the Prince Imperial's German master professes the Jewish faith, and an English clergyman has just been appointed
to teach him English—that does not appear very intolerant. It is true that the child’s governor, the General Boyer, is complete master in his Imperial pupil’s education, and they say half rules the palace.

There has been a great deal said lately on the way our national riches are protected in point of the pictures belonging to our museums. A fire at Madame Trolon’s (the wife of the President of the Senate) destroyed, a little while ago, two pictures belonging to the gallery of the Luxembourg. The public was not pleased, and our papers took it up, and asked why those *chef d’œuvres*, that are purchased with the public money for our public galleries, are thus exposed to be burnt through the negligence of a servant? They also affirmed that no one has the right to lend those pictures to adorn the apartments of those in office. A very just remark, methinks. However, no answer was given. A semi-official paper stated that all public property belongs to the Emperor, that he has the right to dispose of the pictures as he thinks fit. The question became warmer and warmer, and it was discovered that about thirty other pictures had been lent by the Director des Beaux Arts to the Imperial Cercle—a kind of club-house. Nothing governmental that! The indignation became greater and greater, and at last the Director des Beaux Arts has vouchsafed an answer. The pictures lent to the Imperial Cercle are of minor value, and were stowed away in the lumber-rooms of the Museum. They were lent during the Exhibition when the Cercle was daily crowded with strangers of distinction, who could thus admire them, &c., &c. However, it is his Excellency’s intention to call them in immediately, and so here the question rests. After all, it appears a strange thing that a man placed to protect the national collection of paintings should have a right to dispose of them according to his fancy! I remember hearing a lady say, a little while ago, that through the medium of her cousin, then a Minister of State, she had obtained from Monsieur Nieuwerkerke two splendid pictures for her parish church. How differently Napoleon I. considered the works of Art in the public museums! He says, somewhere in his memoirs, that when Josephine, profiting by his position, had adorned their apartments with pictures from the public galleries, that though he had them daily before his eyes, it appeared to him that they were stolen from him, because they were no longer in his public galleries!

Mr. Jefferson Davis is now in Paris; he intends settling here, for the education of his children. The Parisians who know him are delighted with his manners and conversation. He is indefatigable in visiting our public monuments, which he very much admires; but what astonishes us the most is that a man who has been a president of a republic—a monarch we may say—can dine on *two dishes* and desire nothing more. It is the height of philosophy. But the real “lion” of the day is Monsieur le President Seguier, late president or chief judge of the court of justice at Toulouse, who has had the courage to resign office to protest against the judgment rendered in the condemnation of the press in the affair for the Baudin subscription. Some throne him as a hero, and deputation after deputation have been to congratulate him on his heroism; others only see in his conduct revenge for the way his father-in-law, the General Goyon, has been treated by Government. The General was for some time at the head of the troops in Rome, and gave frequent proofs of his attachment to the Pope while there. He has lately been put on pension, much to his annoyance. At the age of sixty all officers are pensioned off, except those who have gained the right to remain on full pay by having, before that age, commanded the troops in face of the enemy, which honour the General Goyon had never had; and as Government was not sorry to get rid of him, I suppose his expostulations were not listened to. A wit says Government was certainly wrong: for when the General commanded the troops in face of the Romans, he was most assuredly in face of the enemy. The revolt in the Réunion Island has also occupied public attention, and we expect a change will be made in accordance with the rights of this colony, though I do not suppose that the Corps Législatif will be opened to them as they demand.

M. de Fries inhabits the *entresol* (a kind of first-floor in the Hotel Bel-Résipio). The Chinese embassy, just arrived, have hired the two storeys above M. de Fries. The other night the Chinese gentlemen made a mistake and entered their neighbour’s apartment, their key fitting perfectly well the other lock, and without further ado they went to bed. In the middle of the night M. de Fries returned home, entered, and was about putting on his nightcap, when, to his horror, he found his bed occupied. “Au voleur! au voleur!” he cried, thinking that the thief, in wishing to try his bed, had found it so comfortable that he had fallen asleep in it. Immediately, one—two—three Chinese arrived, alarmed by the cries issuing from their companions’ room. I wonder whether they had all their nightcaps on, and whether they have adopted the European male head-dress à la Mr. Caudle! M. de Fries rubbed his eyes to see if he had not a hallucination; and what rendered the scene more comical is that not one could speak French, or understand a word. Gesticulations, Chinese on one hand and French on the other, followed, but finding it impossible to make anything out on either side, both parties finished by bursting out laughing. Others in the hotel came to the rescue, and the affair was cleared up, the Chinese leaving the apartment, and M. de Fries at length retiring to rest.

We are soon to have a new novel from Victor Hugo. An indiscreet person of the Paris press tells us that he has seen the manuscript at the printer’s: “L’homme qui rit,” is the title. We are impatient to have it; particularly as the in-
discreet person assures us that it is superior to anything Hugo has written for the last ten years.

Gordon's new drama, "Seraphine," is the great success of the month. It is an anti-Catholic piece, but full of wit and movement, and will certainly have a long run. Only those who take their places some time beforehand can get into the theatre. At the first representation a shrill whistle (our way of hissing) expressed the discontent of some one; but, happily for the piece, none of the actors were speaking at the time, so the signal had no effect but that of the spectators asking for the intermitter to be turned out.

The opera-balls are now in full play, as mad and tumultuous as ever. At the first one, some mauvais plaisants contrived, among other tricks, to empty, in every corner of the foyer, paperfuls of pepper at a moment when it was crammed. Such coughing, sneezing, and crying ensued as mortal never heard, without anyone being capable of accounting for it. Some drew their cloaks over them, imagining that they had caused severe colds, others accused their neighbours of taking snuff, and of throwing it on to them, &c.

The annual masses at the Tuileries Chapel have commenced. Letters of invitation are issued by the Grand Chamberlain, by order of the Emperor to assist to these masses to which the ladies go in grand array. It is a kind of State affair, in which great ceremony is observed. Their Majesties are announced when they arrive, and they bow to those who are on either side of the nave who pass to their seats. Apropos—the Prince de la Mos Moy, Edgar Ney, the only surviving son of the famous Marshal Ney, was married at this chapel the other day to one of her Majesty's ladies, the Countess de Labadieré. The bridal room is only about fifty-seven, and is the Emperor's most intimate friend. I suppose that is the reason the sürébille of the bride was so rich with lace and diamonds; for the Ney family sort des pioniers percés, and never had anything, in spite of all they have received from their country through the munificence of the sovereigns. Talking of the Empress, a mot spirituel of the Princess Clotilde is now running through Paris. Her Majesty Eugenie the other day was complaining before the Princess of the great fatigue Court ceremony caused her; "and you, dear cousin," said she to the Princess, who are proud of belonging to one of the oldest royal families in Europe, "does it not fatigue you also?" "Oh, no!" answered her imperial Highness; "but then I have been used to it from my infancy."

It appears that the provincial towns are as gay as the capital. Nice in particular is vying with Paris in dinners, balls, and musical soirées. A wealthy Russian gave a fête there the other day that will long be remembered by the fair sex in that town. All the most aristocratic of the visitors there answered the Russian's invitation, except the Préfet and his wife, which caused great astonishment, so much so, that the papers spoke of this apparent haughtiness of the chief magistrate of the country. The Préfet in answer, says, that a short time since two Englishmen, visiting Nice, gave a splendid breakfast; at the dessert a quarrel arose between them about who should pay it. The Préfet justly adds, "Had I been there my position would have obliged me to do it—that is why I have determined never to accept an invitation from those I do not know." No one can blame him, I think. A lady at this same place gave a ball: during the evening two ladies (mother and daughter) entered the room; the hostess remained stationary in her chair, and never offered to welcome them, but, turning to a lady near her, she said, loud enough for the newcomers to hear, "I did not invite these ladies: really they take my drawing-room for a public room!" Fancy the confusion of the two intruders! After a few minutes they withdrew, deeply wounded by the insult. The next day the husband enclosed the letter of invitation his wife and daughter had received to the ungracious woman, assuring her that they would not have thought of intruding had they not received that letter. She tried to get out of it as well as she could by apology, but the insult remains. At another of these balls Madame Rattazzi, although a talented woman, and the wife of an eminent man, was shunned by the ladies as if she had been the pest. The gentlemen, in revenge, were at her feet. On the whole, I think Paris festivities are preferable to those of Nice, though even here we are not always the most amiable or gallant, not more than other countries, in spite of our reputation.

Madame—remarkable for her want of beauty—was one day in her carriage in a narrow street where it was difficult to pass, she heard her coachman in altercation with another who wanted to pass with his carriage, containing the witty Duke of S. The Duke, impatient, ordered his coachman to proceed. The lady arose from her reclining position, and showing her face at the door, expostulated on the want of politeness on the Duke's part. "Oh, Madame," he answered, "why did you not show yourself before? My horse, my coachman, and myself would have quickly drawn back if you had!"

Adieu, with kind compliments.

S. A.

PS.—The conference on the Greek and Turkish question is ended; but we are not yet let into the secret of the gods—much to our vexation.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE MULETEER.

BY NETTIE CARLILE.

It was early morning in the ancient city of Granada. The snowy tops of the Sierra Nevada, which encircle it on every side, were glistening like silver in the first rays of the rising sun, but the city, with its domes and spires, was still wrapped in shadow.

Early as it was, however, the inhabitants were all astir. Water carriers, driving before them funny little donkeys laden with great earthen jars, were hastening along to the deepest, coolest wells, so as to supply their customers in time for breakfast; shopmen in the bazars were laying out their gayest silks to tempt the pretty senoritas, who, wrapping in their lace mantillas, tripped demurely along the broad streets and squares, to attend morning prayers at the cathedral.

In one of the narrower streets of Granada, on this bright June morning, a patient mule was standing in front of an old tumble-down house, awaiting the appearance of his master. It was a long journey honest Pedro was about to undertake—nothing less than a trip to the seaport town of Malaga, to dispose of the goods with which the mule was laden.

At length the half-closed door was thrown open, and the muleteer sauntered forth, followed by his wife and three shouting children. Each little one carried something for father’s use; black-eyed Pedro came lumbering a great water-bottle, almost as large as himself; sturdy little Philippe carried the alforjas, or bag of provisions; while little Lotta, the youngest, not to be outdone, scammed forward with a cigar in her tiny fingers.

At length all was ready. The poor mule was so well laden that scarcely anything more than his head and tail could be seen, and Pedro, with an air of satisfaction, remarked—"Those goods will bring a large price in Malaga."

"Now Pedro," said his wife, anxiously, "be sure to have thy weapon always loaded, and keep a sharp lookout, for there are many robbers on the road."

"My good trabuco will take care of them," answered Pedro, with a smile, as he slung the heavy weapon to his saddle. "I should like to see the rascally bandolero who would dare to come within its range."

One more embrace from each of the children, and he set off. Slowly wending his way through the crooked uneven streets, he came at length to the gate of the city.

Before him stretched the beautiful Vega, a perfect fairy-land of gardens, orchards, and sunny fields. Merrily be trudged along by the side of his patient companion, now puffing at his cigar, now singing a snatch of some old Spanish song, till at length the burning noontide arrived, and the mule declared, as plainly as mule ever spoke, that he would go no farther.

"Poor Sancho!" said his master, patting the rough, shaggy head, "I believe thou art right; we will stop just here, under the shade of the trees, and eat our dinner."

So saying, he fastened the mule’s bridle to a low branch, and seating himself on the short green grass, took out of his provision-bag some pieces of bread and an onion. These, washed down with some fresh water from the brook, formed his frugal dinner.

The mule, meanwhile, was cropping the grass with much satisfaction, and Pedro, after glancing round to assure himself that no one was in sight, lay down to rest till the heat of noon should be over.

Below him was the city, its red-tiled roofs glowing in the sun’s scorching rays, while far above, on the other side, rose the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, towering up into the clear blue sky.

At length the muleteer roused himself. "We must gain the mountain-pass ere night. Dost hear, Sancho?"

Sancho pricked up his ears, announcing his willingness to go on, and in a few moments they were again on their way.

The path now began to grow more barren and rocky as it slowly wound along towards the mountains. Soon it entered a wild, dark valley, where rough walls of rock towered above them on each side, almost shutting out the sunlight. This was the mountain pass. The mule picked his way cautiously along, amid rocks and stones, till at length the gorge was passed, and they entered the open country once more.

Dreary and desolate was the scene before them. A vast barren plain, without a single tree or bush, and covered only by a few scanty blades of grass. It was now nightfall, and not a single house was in sight.

Little did honest Pedro care for this, however. He spread his cloak on the ground, and placing the bridle of the mule beneath his saddle-bags, which did duty for a pillow, stretched himself on the ground, and was soon fast asleep.

The stars kept quiet watch over his slumbers, and he did not wake next morning till the long slanting rays of the sun, as it slowly rose above the level plain, shone full into his face.

Sprunging up, he made a hasty breakfast, and was soon on his way. He had not travelled far before something in the distance attracted his notice. He clambered to the back of the mule to obtain a better view, and soon exclaimed, in
great excitement—"It is a rascally bandolero plundering some poor traveller."

The next moment the mule was trotting across the plain as fast as his short legs would carry him, and rapidly nearing the robber.

The latter, startled at this unexpected interruption, raised his head, and seizing the bridle of his horse, which stood near, sprang into the saddle just as a bullet from Pedro's trabuco whistled close past his ears.

He was soon scurrying across the plain at a rate which rendered pursuit impossible, and Pedro turned his attention towards the traveller, who was lying prostrate on the ground.

He was a young and handsome man, but now deathly pale from the loss of blood, which was flowing freely from a terrible wound in his arm.

Pedro bound up the wound as well as he was able, and then, with the help of a flask of brandy, proceeded to revive the half-s象ing stranger. His efforts were successful; in a few moments the young man was able to sit up and tell his story.

He was a merchant, a stranger in Granada, and bound for the sea-coast. His goods had been seized and left a few days before, in charge of a strong, well-armed travelling party; but he himself had foolishly lingered behind, and attempted to cross the plains alone.

"I had more money with me than I cared to lose," he proceeded; "and when you rascally bandolero attacked me just now I resisted; but he proved too strong for me, as you see. He has emptied my pockets, but the greater part of my money is concealed in my clothing, and, thanks to your kind help, it is safe."

While the stranger was speaking, Pedro stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, in deep thought. He knew that the young man's wound needed to be attended to by a physician as soon as possible; but, on the other hand, to turn back to Granada would cost him more time and money than he could well afford to lose.

His generous heart soon prompted him how to act. "Hark thee, friend," he said, turning to the stranger, "let me help thee to thy horse, if thou art able to stand. We will go back to Granada, and find a skilful leech to attend to that arm of thine. My poor house, with all that it contains, is at thy service, till thou art able to start on thy journey once more."

The merchant thanked him warmly, and, staggering to his feet with some difficulty, was at length placed on his horse. On account of the roughness of the road, it was necessary to travel very slowly, and consequently two days and nights elapsed before, with honest Pedro, he entered the gates of Granada.

By that time the exposure and pain had brought on a fever, so that it was with great difficulty that he was able to keep his horse. Great was the wonder of the children at beholding their father returned so soon, and their astonishment was increased when, gently lifting the sick stranger, he bore the almost insensible form through the doorway, and laid it on the best couch the house afforded.

The good wife was rather disposed to murmur at this additional charge. "Doest thou think," she said to her husband, "that we can afford to turn the house into a hospital for any sick wayfarer thou may'st pick up on the road?"

But when she heard the sad story of the stranger, and perceived that he was seriously ill, her heart was touched, and she at once set about making him as comfortable as her limited means allowed.

Pedro, in the meantime, rallied forth, and soon returned with a skilful surgeon.

With the utmost care, it was nearly three weeks before the merchant was able to proceed again on his journey. In the meantime his frank, winning manners had made him a general favourite in the household. Little Pedro and Philippe liked nothing better than to sit at his feet, listening to his wonderful stories of foreign lands, for young as he was, he had been a great traveller; while little Lotta, the youngest, was perfectly contented if she could only nestle in his arms, her curly head laid close against his breast, and her dark, lustrous eyes upturned to his face.

It was a beautiful morning in July, when accompanied by honest Pedro, he again set off. Before mounting his horse, however, he laid two broad pieces of gold in the muleteer's rough hand, and calling little Lotta to his side, threw over her head a dainty golden chain.

"Let the little one wear this to remember me by till I come back again," he said; "I shall never forget your care and kindness, and some day I hope to be able to repay them better."

Thus speaking, he waved a last adieu, and slowly followed the muleteer through the crooked streets of the city. No further accident befell either of the travellers, and in due time they reached their destination.

Two years passed away, and the stranger was almost forgotten in Little Lotta, indeed, fondly cherished her golden chain, and never took it off her neck at night without praying the Virgin and all the blessed saints to take care of her handsome, merry friend, and send him back to her again.

At length a great misfortune befell honest Pedro. While returning from one of his journeys to Malaga, he was set upon by three robbers, and after a desperate resistance was obliged to give up, not only his money, but what was even dearer, the poor mule which had borne him over so many a weary mile.

Returning to Granada, penniless, footsore, and weary, he was met at the door of his own house by his wife, who, with tears in her eyes, informed him that little Lotta was dangerously sick.

"It was only this morning that the blessed little lamb was taken ill, but already she knows no one, and her fever increases every hour."

Without a word Pedro entered, and followed his wife into the next room. The little girl lay upon a low couch, her curly hair pushed back from her throbbing temples, and her dark eyes glowing with the wild light of fever.
The father stooped down and kissed the burning cheeks, murmuring—"Lotta, darling Lotta, dost thou not know father?"

The child's only answer was a low moan.

"Father, shall I go for a doctor?" asked little Pedro, who had been watching by his sister's bedside.

"Nay," answered his father, with true Spanish pride, "why should we send for a doctor when we cannot hope to pay him? My boys, we are penniless beggars!"

Then in a few words he told the story of his loss. His wife burst into loud lamentations, while the children, though hardly as yet understanding the full extent of their misfortune, wept for sympathy.

"This will not do," said the father, rousing himself at length, "we are forgetting Lotta. He then proceeded to try such remedies for fever as his simple skill suggested.

His wife left the room to attend to her household affairs, and her eldest son followed, but little Philippe still stood by his sister's bedside, the tears chasing each other down his dark cheeks. "Oh, father! he at length burst forth passionately, "what would we do if Lotta should die?"

The father only groaned and buried his face in his hands. Long he sat there motionless, whilst the sunset light faded away, and the dim, shadowy twilight crept on apiece.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps broke the stillness, and, looking up, he saw standing in the doorway the tall figure of a man.

"How goes the world with you, my good Pedro?" said a pleasant voice, whose tones sounded strangely familiar. "I found the door open, and, taking the liberty of an old acquaintance, I entered without knocking. What! do you not know me?" he continued, smiling at Pedro's bewilderment. "I have you forgotten the wounded stranger whom you found on the plains, and nursed back to life again?"

No, Pedro had not forgotten him. Starting up, he warmly welcomed his old acquaintance.

"But what is this?" said the merchant, glancing at the couch. "My little Lotta sick! not dangerously, I hope?"

"I do not know," stammered Pedro: "we have not sent for a doctor."

"Not sent for a doctor!" said the stranger reproachfully; "here, Philippe," and he turned to the little boy; "haste thee quickly for the most skilful physician thou canst find. Tarry not!"

The boy needed no second bidding. He flew off like the wind, and speedily returned with a grave old doctor.

"It was well you did not delay sending for me any longer," said that worthy, shaking his head gravely as he bent over the couch. "The child is very sick, but I think, with the aid of the Blessed Virgin, we can bring her through safely."

"Spare no pains, no expense," said the stranger, slipping a gold piece into the doctor's hand.

"I understand," said the latter, nodding with a satisfied air.

When the doctor had departed the stranger told his story. He had retired from business a rich man, and having no relations in the world, had determined to spend the rest of his days with his honest friends in Granada.

"I hope the little one has not forgotten me," he said. "With your permission, I mean to act as nurse till she has fully recovered." So saying, he threw off his cloak and seated himself by the bedside of the sick child.

More than a week past away before little Lotta was conscious again. One bright, still afternoon she woke from a long refreshing sleep, and fixed her dark eyes upon her old friend sitting by her bedside.

"I knew you would come back," she murmured, while a glad smile lighted up her pale face. Then stretching out one little wasted hand, she laid it in her friend's broad palm with a look of perfect contentment.

"Yes, little Lotta," he whispered, leaning over her, "I have come back, never to go away again." Now lie still, darling, and you will soon be well."

"Ah! wife," said Pedro, who was watching at a distance, "did I not tell thee that a good action never goes unrewarded?"

Pedro's words have been more than fulfilled. From a poor muleteer he has become a rich trader, but never are the wretched and sorrowing turned away from his door. As for little Lotta, she is now a beautiful maiden, the pride and joy of the whole family, but especially of her adopted brother, who always calls her "the Rose of Granada!"

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THE SILLY SHEPHERDESS.

"Let us have a game of the Silly Shepherdess," said little Fanny, one bright summer-morning, as the young family assembled on the lawn.

"How do you play it?" asked her cousin Katie, who was staying with them.

"O, we will show you. Philip shall be a wolf, and I will be a shepherdess. All of you are to be my sheep. Now take hands, all six of you, and stand closely, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, with your arms down by your sides. Philip will hide behind the laurels. Now I take a stick which I must call my crook, and I measure how long a string you make instead of counting you; that is why I am called the Silly Shepherdess. I must see how many sticks or crooks you are long. Now! One, two, three, four, five, six," she added, measuring them across the chest with her stick. "I see, six sticks long. Now I must go away, and Ada will show you what to do next."

Fanny then ran off, sat down on the bench under the oak-tree, and pretended to go to sleep.
"Sister lambs," said Ada in a whisper, "I think I should like to have a little run outside the fold. If the Shepherdess should come while I am gone, will you try to prevent her from finding out that I am not here?"

All the lambs answered—"Yes, we will try."

Then Ada ran away, and danced and jumped about like a little frolicking lamb. But very soon Philip (who made a capital wolf) sprang from behind his tree, and carried her off with him to his den.

And now Fanny woke up; and when the lambs saw her coming, the two end ones stretched out their arms as far as they could. "For," they said, "two arms' length will be wider even than our sister-lamb was."

The silly shepherdess measured her lambs again. When she had finished, she said—"This is wonderful! They have grown since I went to sleep; they have grown a little longer."

Then she went away again.

"Sister Lambs," said Anna, "I think I should like to have a little run outside the fold. If the Shepherdess should come while I am gone, will you try to prevent her from finding out that I am not here?"

All the lambs answered—"Yes, we will try."

Fanny woke up again, and came to measure them. And now the lambs stood apart a little way from each other, and stretched out their arms to make the length of the six sticks.

This sort of play went on till so many lambs were gone, or had been taken by the wolf, that only two were left. Then they put only the tips of their fingers together, and stretched out their arms, to deceive the shepherdess; but as they could not, even thus, make six sticks in length, the silly shepherdess guessed what had happened, and went in search of the wolf.

"Wolf, wolf!" she cried, "give me back my lambs."

"Shepherdess, you shall have them if you can catch them," said the wolf.

And he let all the lambs out of his den. The Shepherdess ran after them. While she was gone, the cunning wolf stole the two lambs left. When at last the shepherdess caught a lamb, it became "Shepherdess" instead, and the game began over again.

"Do you understand it now, Katie?" gasped breathless Fanny, as she brought Katie, whom she had caught, back to her place.

"Yes; only does 'Wolf' go on always the same, or do we choose a new Wolf?"

"The old 'Shepherdess' becomes 'Wolf,'" said Fanny. "It is my turn now, and Philip will be a lamb. I will let you have a good frolic before I catch you."

Katie soon knew the game, and so I think you will, if you try it.

If there are any very little ones amongst the party of playfellows, the wolf must be careful not to howl too loud, for fear of frightening them. A good boy or girl will always take care not to frighten or hurt the tender little creatures who are allowed to join their sports.

THE PEARL RING.

(Lines suggested by a ring, the pearls in which were captured at Scrimopolam.)

BY H. P. MALET.

While gazing on that ring of thine,
I think upon that ocean-gale,
Where, clinging to the rocks below,
The pearly oysters love to grow,
And, looking through the cloudy stream,
They catch the glancing of the beam
Of sunshine through the water curl,
That gives them light to form the Pearl.

No mortal knows how pearls have grown
From matter in Creation sown,
Gather'd by this fitter'd creature,
Rough of shell, of shapeless feature,
Yet gifted, with a gift divine,
To make dull earthy matter shine,
When garner'd by its care and skill,
The shellly lustres slowly fill.

While looking on these gems we hide
Our little art, our learning, pride,
And deem the reason that was given
To make us rulers under Heaven
A common gift, that oysters share
Beneath the great Creator's care,
And know that we of Godlike mould,
No pearls within our bosoms fold.

These pearls were brought by buoy hand
Within their rugged shells to land,
And there they lie, till rotted through,
The pearly substance comes to view,
And glittering tells the owner's eye
Its light was borrowed from the sky—
A chastened light, henceforth to hide
Beneath the blush of Tippo's Bride.

But Tippo Sultan fell, the prize
Of ocean depths, of sunny skies
Is carried off, and set to linger
On a fair and graceful finger;
While I my little fancies fling
With careless words around the ring,
That beaming from those peerless skies,
Shines half eclips'd beneath thine eye.

PRINTING.—The origin of printing is completely enveloped in mystery; and an art which commences all other inventions—which hands down to posterity every important event—which immortalizes the discoveries of genius and the exploits of greatness—which has been the most effectual instrument in banishing the darkness and overturning the superstition of a begotten age—and which above all continues to extend and diffuse the word of God to all mankind—this very art has left its origin in obscurity and given employment to the studies and researches of the most learned men in Europe to determine to whom the honour of its invention is justly due.
LEAVES FROM MY MEDITERRANEAN JOURNAL.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

CHAP. IX.—FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

"Now we shall hear all the old story of the Alexandria Library and the heating of the baths with priceless records," some reader may be fancied to exclaim in reading the above heading. To dismiss such fears at once, I may remark, in limine, that no such events will be treated of in the following pages. The Alexandria of which I write is merely the great resting-place of the overland route, the third and most important stage in the journey from England to India. This journey, beginning at Southampton, finds its first stage at Gibraltar, coals and proceeds to Malta, takes in mails and passengers, and having deposited a mail from England, takes a fresh departure for Alexandria. The mail deposited at Malta brought orders to the Mediterranean Fleet to send a branch squadron to Alexandria on public service; and in consequence of these orders some four or five Line-of-Battle-ships were despatched with the Hannibal as flag ship, thither; and hence came the opportunity of seeing what will be described in the following pages. Passing over the voyage as the least interesting portion of the narrative, let us at once arrive within a day of our destination. We had already learned that the stay at Alexandria would be sufficiently long to admit of a visit to Cairo and the Pyramids, and consequently were busily engaged, by the way, in reading up for the purpose. The eight days' run from Malta had afforded ample time for the discussion of the pros and cons of a sight-seeing expedition; so that by the time we were within a day's distance of our destination each ship was ready to send its quota of tourists on shore by the first opportunity.

Arriving at night, there was nothing to be done but obtain the necessary leave and make arrangements for the morrow. A dragoman duly boarded each of the ships to make offer of his services, and after some delay in negotiation we of the Flag-ship engaged one of these functionaries to be our guide and general master of the ceremonies. The terms of our contract were that each excursioneer was to pay the sum of one pound sterling per diem to cover all the expenses of the journey to and from the Pyramids. This, though not an exorbitant charge, was more remunerative to the dragoman than we were then all aware of, owing to the fact that the Pacha of Egypt had generously placed free railway passes at the service of all officers desirous of visiting Cairo. This complimentary attention on the part of the Viceroy was cunningly kept secret by the dragoman till after our terms had been agreed upon. Before returning to rest we issued the necessary orders to be called at 5 o'clock a.m. on the following day; and then all preliminaries having been duly settled we retired, if not to rest, "perchance to dream" of eastern scenes, and Pachas, and Pyramids. In due time on the following morning the gruff voice of the cockpit sentry was heard as he knocked at each cabin-door to announce "two bells." As this was the appointed hour of our récital, we were soon stirring, and dreams at once gave place to the stern realities of a hasty toilet and a scramble for a cup of hurriedly-prepared coffee. To "muster" was the next duty, and as the bust had been ordered over night, to "stand off" at four bells (six o'clock a.m.,) little time was lost ere we were all safely stowed in the stern sheets of the Cutter, accompanied by the dragoman who had wisely slept on board the night before.

A four-mile's pull in a man-of-war cutter against a rough sea is an experience neither pleasant at the time nor one of which the well-known line of Virgil,

"Haec olim meminisse iuvabit,"

could with any degree of truth be predicated. Hence passing over this part of the journey, I shall conduct the reader at once to the place of our debarkation, the transit wharf at Alexandria. It was only when we had disembarked that the many varieties of "plain clothes" presented by the costumes of our party exhibited their well-known eccentricity. Time, however, being of a proverbially fleeting character, we could not devote much of it to the admiration of the originality displayed in "the get-up" of some individuals of our party, but found more profitable occupation in the mustering of our carpet-bags, knapsacks, rugs, &c. Immediately on our landing the dragoman assumed the direction of the expedition, and taking possession of all personal luggage, made it up into a group by means of a stout rope being passed through bag-handles, and knapsack, and rug-strap, and committed the whole to the care of a native porter. Preceded by the last-mentioned functionary we now wended our way from the wharf to the neighbouring thoroughfare, presenting, as we went, a very picturesque, if not imposing appearance. The ragged Arabs, however, who had crowded down to receive us, did not, I must confess, seem to be much impressed with respect for the cortège as it passed, but most rudely pressed upon us in our attempt to quit the wharf. To reach the thoroughfare was in consequence a matter much easier to speak of than to accomplish—a fact we were made aware of as soon as our presence was perceived.
by a mob of donkey boys. These *gamins*, as is their wont, soon made a rush upon us, each dragging along his own particular donkey for hire. The effect of this "charge" was such, that in an incredibly short space of time our party was surrounded by a motley collection of boys and donkeys, the forner screaming out the praises of the latter in rival assertions, "very good donkey, Captain," "Captain, very good donkey." Now, as all were vociferating at the same time with a violence of tone and gesticulation known only to Arabs, and each one "suiting the action to the word" by forcing forward his own donkey, as a practical illustration of the truth he was shouting himself hoarse to proclaim, it became necessary to mount the nearest quadruped in self-defence. The dragonman, meanwhile, was engaged in an indiscriminate attack upon the boys and their donkeys, and was "laying about" vigorously with a stout stick! Arabs take a thrashing well, and, apparently the more indiscriminately it was administered the better! Whether it was that the mob were all in fault, or that justice was not to be obtained against a dragonman in charge of a European party, we could not determine; but the wonder was more the less, that sound castigation could be administered to the many by one, and, above all, with such manifest impunity! Once safely extricated from the noisy mob, I have just described, our way was easy to Shepherd's hotel, and a few minutes sufficed to reach it. Our stay here was of the shortest, but as we saw more of this world famed establishment in the course of our return, I may reserve notice of it till I come to describe our second visit.

From Shepherd's hotel we drove to the terminus of Alexandria railway in the open carriages to be hired on the stands. On arriving at the terminus some slight delay occurred, owing to the number of passengers being in excess of the accommodation; soon, however, additional carriages were attached, and we were not sorry for the delay, as it gave us time to study the scene presented by the groups on the platform. Many present seemed to have no higher object in being there than to gratify their curiosity. Others, however, (women of the poorer class) carried pitchers of water, which they offered for sale at the carriage windows. Water sold as a luxury seems to the European—at least at first sight—a strange thing enough! It does not, however, require a very long residence in the east to teach one to appreciate this novel practice. It is only in a climate like that of Alexandria that water—always and everywhere a necessity of life—becomes a perfectly indispensable companion for a journey, and an invaluable addition to comfort. Fortunately, though at the time unaware of what a luxury it would prove, we purchased a couple of these water pitchers, the cooling contents of which we fully appreciated during the day. The usual bell-ringing and railway-whistling having been gone through, we at last started, and experienced, as we leaned back in our richly padded carriages, that momentary feeling of relief that always accompanies a decided start in a journey well begun.

The scene that now met our eyes as we steamed away miles from Alexandria, was one of an essentially eastern character, presenting extensive plains of sand sparingly interspersed with patches of verdure, and here and there a pool of muddy water dammed up with a care that evinced its great value. These were the principal physical features of the immense level that not only lay around us on all sides, but seemed also to stretch *ad infinitum* towards Cairo. Meanwhile, groups of wandering Arabs leading camels, venerable-looking old men riding on donkeys, and even the presence of oxen treading out the corn, furnished foreground figures so much in keeping with the scene as to be suggestive of the pictures to be seen in many an old family-bible. Barren indeed must the fancy be, and feeble the memory of him who could not here recognize a likeness to Eleazar journeying in search of a wife for his young master; and there a group such as the Ishmaelite presented to whom Joseph was sold. Even you solitary Arab, with his turbaned head and flowing beard, meditatively riding along on his ass, was sufficient to conjure up a recollection of the sad fate of the man of God from Judah, whom a lion met in the way.

The aptness of the groups we were now passing to the incidents of early Scripture-history was such that it could scarcely fail to strike even the least observant. Many of the Scripture allusions to the scorching heat of the sun, and the luxury of a "shadow from the heat," seemed all the more vivid to us now that we beheld practical illustration in some weary traveller halting beneath the friendly branches of a solitary tree; or if no better shade presented, gladly availing himself of the shelter of a standing wall. So necessary was it to have some protection against the sun, that travellers seemed in some cases to be provided with a piece of carpet or other coarse cloth, which when stretched upon light stakes, at a height of some three feet from the ground, allowed the weary owner to creep under and stretch his tired limbs until, the heat of the day having passed, he might resume his journey. To return, however, to the progress of our journey: we arrived in due time at the halfway-station, access to which is obtained by the train passing over a splendid iron bridge which here spans one of the branches of the Nile. This magnificent structure is the work of an English engineer, who, report says, received a deserved recognition of his merit in the form of a munificent present from the late Pacha. To our great surprise, on arriving at the halfway-station we found it to contain a spacious refreshment-room! Here we were marshalled into places by our attentive dragoman, and were soon busily engaged in discussing the merits of what, from its number of courses and dessert, was a dinner in every sense of the word.

Somebody has said that "all animals rejoice at sight of food"—a dictum which we found
true, even of the higher animal Man, who though lord of creation, is never altogether insensible to the attractions of the table. The early hurried breakfast on board, followed as it was by eight hours on the road, had, as may be easily understood, done little to prevent our now doing ample justice to the repast set before us. Our banquet, though plentiful, was at an end ere the time came to turn to the train. When seated in the carriages once more, we had time to study the garbs and groups of idlers looking on. All the women were of a poor class, and their dress consisted of a cheap blue cotton material, their heads being covered by a square piece of the same stuff; they almost all wore the long black triangular veil, which is suspended by a rude brass tube-like ornament, reaching from the hair to the meeting of the eyebrows; to this the upper edge of the veil is attached at the centre, so as to allow it to droop under either eye for seeing purposes, but being caught up at its ends round the ears of the wearer, it descends almost to the feet, tapering out at its extremity to a mere point. Two-thirds of the face are thus concealed by what the British turns, on first seeing it, irreverently called "a nose-bag!" The usual selling of water, requests for "backshiesch," &c., already described, were again present, and served to amuse us until the signal was given to "take a fresh departure," as sailors call a fresh start. The fierce heat of the sun, now at its greatest intensity, rendered the following two or three hours' journey none of the pleasantest. The absence of curtains from our carriage windows was a great inconvenience, and we were forced to suffer by being covered by the clouds of dust that entered by the open windows, rather than adopt the alternative of closing the latter to the exclusion of air. As the day wore on we naturally became rather weary of the length of the journey, and began to peer anxiously into the distance, in the hopes of obtaining a distant glimpse of Cairo or of the far-famed Pyramids. The desire of seeing the Pyramids being the motive of our excursion, it became stronger as we were lessening more and more the space separating us from that goal. After many false alarms, and much consequent amusement, the Pyramids were at last really "sighted," although the fact of what we saw being such was at the first doubted, owing to our ignorance as to how such structures would look when seen from a great distance. Instead of the triangular face of the quadrangular structure we were looking for, we had here what appeared to be two cone-topped pillars of gigantic proportions, such as might have supported some fabled Herculanean gate! The difficulty of accounting for these objects, otherwise than by concluding them to be the Pyramids, caused their claim to that distinction to be finally admitted. Cairo was at length announced, and right glad we were that the hot, dusty journey was at an end. Extricating ourselves and our not very cumbersome luggage from the train we drove to Shepherdi's Hotel. This famous resting-place for overland route passengers has, I believe, been burned down since the date of our visit, and it is to be devoutly hoped that its successor can boast of more supervision than the old one seemed to possess. Our first impressions of this house were not favourable, as we saw it under circumstances of great crowding, which perhaps accounts for the difficulty of getting hold of a waiter, or the still greater one of getting him to give his attendance.

**Our Library Table.**

_Circle of Light; or, Dhawalegeri._

By H. P. Malet. (London: T. Cately Newby, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.)—The title of this work does not explain the purpose of it, or even suggest its subject. The first chapter is at once initiatory and introductory, and we shall best enlighten our readers by quoting parts of it, merely observing that Dhawalegeri is a town in the interior of India, which in the native language means several things: "Dhawal is a temple, Dewalle is a festival, Devi is a divinity, Walla is a fellow, Ghira is a circle, Ghar is a hill, fort, or house." "Those who please," says the author, "may call it the Circle of Light, or it may be called God's House. I do not use it thinking that I am entitled to do so, either by the height or depth of my subject, but simply because I require a measure of comparison to refer to. On no other pretence could I aspire to write of one of the highest mountains in the world—one of the first evidences that the chaotic masses of water were gathering into one place, and that dry land was appearing; one of the first that stood up triumphant over the muddy waters and testified to the fact of firmness and solidity. Proudly Dhawalegeri raised its head as a proof that earth was growing distinct from water, assuming its place in creation, and offering its drying and consolidating masses as one of the strong bulwarks against the troubled waves. On the top of this mount shone one of the first
sunbeams that sent its glances of warmth and love upon earth. Here some of the first-born atoms of existence were ushered into this world; here first fell the sweetness of the morning dew; from hence was absorbed the early moisture from the grateful earth; here first sprang up the children of her loving bosom—the grass, the herb, and the tree; and here their seeds grew again upon the virgin soil around them. All along the new-found shores the water vegetation discovered quiet nooks to grow in, the little lives of the deep found a place to cling to, and ere long the great fishes sported on its sandy banks. Here, midst the tangled bush, the first birds chirruped out their joyous songs; in its sheltered vales, on its sunny slopes, the happy cattle pastured in freedom; amidst the rocky cliffs and fissures the unmo- lested reptiles glided at their leisure, and the beasts of prey found food in plenty round its teeming brow. Did man first inhale the breath of heaven amidst the rugged lands that form the outworks of this mighty bulwark of the earth? Was his only commandment here broken, and his first knowledge of good and evil gained in this early Paradise? Was it from hence that he was driven out by the chastening hand of his Creator from the burning gardens he had vainly thought his own? Did his thoughts turn to a knowledge of his God as the golden sunbeams glittered on high, up the summit of the mount, long before they shone more feebly on his degraded home, or did he wander up and down upon the earth careless of all save his life for to-day and to-morrow? Leaving these speculations, our author surveys, as it were, creation from the high standpoint he has chosen, and following the Mosaical account day by day in its now generally received sense of a period of unknown time. "Let us for a moment look back upon what had been upon the back from which this globe was rising. Imagination can scarcely grasp a world in darkness—so dark that the human eye, if it had been there, could have dwelt on no object; when there were no forms, no shadows, no reflection, refraction or defraction; when chlorine and hydrogen gases had not combined, but hovered separate and distinct in the darkness around, or when the water had not decomposed sufficiently to liberate its hydrogen, and when the chlorine gases were still absorbed in the all-prevailing deep; when there was no vapour for vegetation to flourish in, and no herb to consume the vapour; when chlorine gas and oxide of carbon had been united beneath the genial light, and when, in consequence, there was no colour—all dark, dismal, and chaotic." The division of the waters completed (to follow our author): "All around this globe the action was even and uniform, there was nothing unshapely in the firmament, there was nothing unequal upon earth; all was adjusted beneath the curbed deep with an ever-even measurement; while above the canopy of air thin, transparent, yielding and powerful, flowed in equal streams all round the rising earth, gathering the cold from the poles, and warming them from its bosom, raising the waves in its haste or smoothing them in its calmness, was gradually getting luminous and preparing the Heaven for the great event which was to follow this the second day of creation." Looking at the traces left of the creation of the second day in the present configuration of the earth and the present action of the sea, Mr. Malet observes: "Far away in Central Asia are the snow-capped summits of the mountains which first grew out from the sea; here peeped out those massive mounds which first saw the light of day, and offered their breasts as a bulwark against the beating wave. Here the waves first met with opposition, and flung their angry foam on high to fall not again on the bosom it had left, but to carry in its foamy spray atoms to aid the growth of its prison walls. There was no refuse then to wash away; the harden- ing rock had but just emerged from its birth- place, blue and bare, manufactured in darkness, with no vegetable or animal life; no organic matter to aid its consistency or to give it covering, but all pressed together by a long and inter- mitted weight of water; it arose even as those rocks arise which can be seen on the north and west of Ireland, or just emerging from the water in the Adriatic Sea—bare rocks, upon which the surging wave still beats and rushes over." Taking the gigantic mountain regions of Central Asia as the first which arose in this hemisphere, our author likens these confused masses of mountains to the confusion which we see amongst the clouds when the wind is on the change. Varied heights produce distinct and separate masses of moisture—one stratum thin and filmy, one blown into whirling tails, another into white straight lines, while the lowest evince the agitation of the atmosphere by mount- ing into jutting masses, and white-capped pro- montories. There are whirls in the air to pro- duce these appearances, and there were, ac- cording to the original and beautiful theory of our author, whirls in the water to produce these mounds, which whirls he considers were produced by the action of the winds, which even at the present day prevail in the regions referred to from the south-west for one season, and from the north-east for another.

Supposing these to be the normal conditions that these currents have been blowing for ever, that these winds affected the currents of the then waters as they do at the present, those meetings of currents were not like the little meetings of present days. There was a wide, uninterrupted space for the breath to blow over, and a wide expanse of water for the currents to flow over. Here was a meeting-place, and here that meeting produced the natural results in eddies and in whirls... The whirls and the eddies, seizing those mixtures of all matters in solution, gathered them into places where the currents permitted them on their confines, and within the circle of their embrace. Anyone who likes to study the effects of whirls and eddies can see the same operations performing at the present time in any moving water.
"Nature," says Emerson, "makes every creature do its own work and gets its own living, be it plant, animal, or tree, and this law has undoubtedly existed from the beginning, and thus, according to the author before us—

Steadily and zealously the waters worked, stirring up the material from the dark depths with one effort, and collecting it with another, through all time before it was distinguished by light, through day and night, even till the Heaven was made, and then its first works were required at its hands.

It is only by quoting the writer that we can do justice to his ideas, or set them clearly before our readers, the treatment of his subject scarcely allows of condensation:

Bene, hard, and strong the dry land appeared, offering its breast to oppose the waters, and to prove that "it was good." Thus the currents of water were turned aside; the streams from the south-west could no longer pass the monstrous barrier they had heaped up, and the current from the north-east could no longer meet them on the first disputed grounds: but their dispute was not over; the south-west current came up from the west over the present Persia, from the north-east over the present Pegu, and meeting its adversary on other terms, and with divided strength, built up the continued range of the Himalaya mountains on one side, and finished the great Hindoo Kout on the other. The winds, still blowing from their normal points, blew over these obstacles, and aided the water-currents in forming the foundations of the Stanovoi mountains, ending in Behring Straits (I may as well say here, that I do not insist upon winds and currents acting together; it has been clearly explained by authors that they do not). Strong currents coming down here from the north built up the mountains of Kamtschatka; a troubled and uncertain sea raised the China hills, and continued its work through Pegu, Siam, and the Eastern Archipelago.

While the currents of water—according to Mr. Malet's theory, were forming the Highlands of Siberia, the Steppes of Tartary and of Khiriyta, the north-east current turning westerly along these obstructions built up the Urals, and formed the rough region of the Oronboorg. Nor was it only in the north and east of Asia that the foundations of the mountains were being laid, the author gives the same origin to the great Caucasian range, the Syrian hills, the mountains of Arabia, and the highlands of Abyssinia; he believes that the labour of Creation was going on all over the sphere, and that a sort of relationship or co-relation existed in the growth of lands.

Asia had a centre, Europe a similar one on a smaller scale in Switzerland. The Alps may correspond with the mountains of Nepal, the Bohemian hills with the Ilanovoi, the Hartz mountains with the Altai, the hills of Norway with the Urals, the Pyrenees with the Palestine, the Jura with the Beloeochistan, and the Appennines with the Syidra range in India. In both regions the centre exhibits similar grand functions of sea and water, similar forces, operating on watery deposits, and heaping them up in mounds and banks by the working of their eddies and whirls.

But while interrupted currents and shifting eddies are presumed to have laid the foundation on the Asiatic side, crossing Behring Straits other forces were at work; on the American side a steady current flowed for continued ages from west to east, and built up the Rocky Mountains and the Andes over 180 degrees of latitude. There was a disturbing cause in about 20 degrees north, but the line was resumed again on the equator, and carried on till it reached the present rugged regions of Cape Horn.

In this way our author suggests that the foundations of the dry land were raised. It will be perceived that his ideas are contrary to the received opinions of geologists, who, while confidently asserting the first formed solid ground to have been granite, give it an igneous origin. "Basalt and granite are the first dry lands upon which the herb and the tree grew and the light of heaven first gleamed." Both contain similar mixtures. "Basalt is a hard, colourless, dark rock, such as would be formed from the water ere light gave her colours to the world." It is of fine grain, and occurs in horizontal, vertical, or columnar forms, both of which first frequently occur in the same formations, to the perplexity of geologists, who are still unagreed as to the natural cause of the shape of the columns in the Giant's Causeway. Mr. Malet's simple and most feasible explanation is, as far as we are aware, original, and conveys to our mind the most clear conception of the primal formation of these and similar basaltic shapes.

If (says the writer) a heavy, porous weight is placed upon a soft matter, that matter will escape from below the weight through the first orifice that opens. Suppose then a mass of liquid mud, the washings of troubled seas collected in a basin of rock at the bottom of the sea, and over this liquid mud a covering of a firmer matter is collected. As this covering sinks by its own weight and by the pressure of the water over it, the liquid mud forces its way up through the covering, which sinks down in proportion to the quantity of mud that has risen. The nature of this rise was in globules; but as many of them rose together each globule retained its situation, but, being pressed by its neighbour, each assumed the shape of an hexagonal prism. Each globule then attained the height above the substance that covered it, which the pressure demanded or the quantity of mud allowed. The perpendicular rise being unobstructed some globules became taller than others, and some had unequal sides.

The author conceives that for an unknown length of time, the pressure was renewed and the supply came up—that the original holes through which the mud escaped being the weakest point of the covering, the globules of each succeeding season were forced up through them. "The heptagon of the previous year had now become a firm mass, so that the fresh mud
did not adhere to it, but pushed it up, and proved, by a concavity on its upper surface, that the first globule of mud had become a hard mass, while its lower extremity still retained its convex form." To illustrate great things by small ones—"A coarse sieve reversed and placed over a mass of prepared material will, upon pressure, send up the mass of matter through its orifices, and this would assume the shapes which the contiguity of the next globules allowed." The principle is seen in the mud which oozes up from our pavements, in the water that bubbles from the rock, in the petroleum oil which rises through the strata above it." The ingenuity of this hypothesis will be perceptible to every understanding. On the other hand Mr. Malet conceives the lava principle in its spasmodic and violent action to be an impossible agent for such results—"Volcanic eruptions, from their very nature, are incapable of measured effects, especially of such a measurement as we find at the Giant's Causeway for several consecutive occasions." Our author considers lime to have been the material which, constantly growing in weight, pressed down on the slime-pits below, and drove its matter up into the shapes and forms so curious but so expressive of this natural arrangement. We regret that we cannot give in detail the author's arguments in favour of the formation of both basalt and granite by water power rather than by volcanic agency; but our space is filled for the present, and we can only hope to do so in a future number. Those who read our notice of Mr. Malet's previous work—"New Pages of Natural History"—will be prepared for the expression of many ideas and conjectures wholly at variance with those of the present school of geology, but which tend to remove many of the difficulties with which its theories are surrounded. Evidently a man of science, of keen and reflective observation, he reasons from the processes still active in nature, her probable agents in the past, and opens in his interesting and suggestive volume new views, as it were, of the wondrous story of creation and the glorious works of God.

* * * Books received, but kept over from press of matter.—"The Life-boat Journal;" "Hanover Square;" "The Odd-Fellows' Quarterly;" "Shakespereian Gems, in French and English Settings."

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THE THEATRES.

THE PANTOMIMES, &c.

...The tricksy spirits of pantomime have this year as unwillingly remained to play their pranks in the realms they have made their own for well-nigh a century. At such a juncture a short retrospect of pantomimic history seems called for. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has written the pantomime openings for Drury Lane for nearly twenty successive years, records in his interesting Player's Portfolio, forming part of the Era Almanack for 1869, that "Mother Goose" destined to acquire a degree of popularity unprecedented in the history of pantomime, was announced "in a very modest manner," to be performed for the first time at Covent Garden theatre, Monday, December 29th, 1806 (not on the usual Boxing Night); and as Grimaldi has recorded the management entertained no very sanguine hopes of success. Drury Lane had in opposition hurried on the production of their pantomime "Harlequin Sultan," which was brought out three days before the one at Covent Garden, and to oppose Grimaldi, they engaged Montgomery, who had acquired some celebrity at the circus to play clown. The Drury Lane pantomime was a decided failure, although brought out with great splendour of decoration. On the other hand "Mother Goose" had neither splendid scenery nor gorgeous dresses, neither gaudy banners nor showy processions. No blanc-mange transformation scene such as latterly our eyes have been feasted with. There was not even a spangle used except for the harlequin's jacket, the latter hitherto unaccustomed to the luxury of tin-foil. Grimaldi considered the pantomime a bad one, said his own part was the worst he ever played, and that there was not a trick or situation in the piece to which he had not been well accustomed many years before. "Mother Goose" was, however, received with deafening shouts of applause and became immensely popular and profitable to the manager, who bore precisely the same name as the new manager of the Christmas entertainment at Covent Garden, Harris, who, we believe, is a descendant of the ancient lessee. Doubtless the success of "Mother Goose" was due to the highly original grotesque genius and humour of Grimaldi, but partly due also to the agile and vigorous dancing of the Harlequin Bologna. Some notion of the kind of transformation or last scene may be formed from the perusal of the fact that a new last scene was added to "Mother Goose" in her second season representing the ruins of Covent Garden theatre (which had been burnt down at the end of the first season), transformed by a touch of harlequin's wand into a new and splendid building. The career of Grimaldi was of
course identified with an annual succession of pantomimes from the famous "Mother Goose" year. But he was not always at Covent Garden, having become a settled attraction as a great pantomimist at Sadlers Wells, Islington. He took his farewell benefit at Sadlers Wells in 1828. Finding the size of the theatre insufficient to accommodate his many admirers, he took another benefit at Drury Lane theatre three months after his Wells benefit. On this occasion "Harlequin Hoax" was played, Grimaldi acting clown in one scene and delivering an admirable address written for him by Tom Hood. We have no space to dwell upon the successes of Farley or the getter-up of pantomimes at Covent Garden for many years, nor for setting forth chronologically the Drury Lane pantomimes; we therefore bring the reader on with us to the epoch of the popular Blanchard régime which began about the year 1850. The first night of Mr. E. T. Smith's lesseeship of Drury Lane was December 27th, 1852, when was produced one of Mr. Blanchard's first pantomimes, "Harlequin Hudibras." It was a remarkably good pantomime, having the benefit of very splendid scenery. Of nine other "annuals" in succession following "Hudibras," "Little Giddy Two-Shoes," or "Harlequin and Cock Robin," was "last, not least," produced December 26th, 1862. The magnificent pantomime of succeeding years doubtless remain fresh in the recollection of our younger readers. The burlesque openings of Mr. E. L. Blanchard contain scenes and versification, the former fancifully conceived, the latter tastefully composed; they are not the mere stage carpentry and doggerel of pantomimes in general. Having sketched the history of modern pantomimisedown to a recent date, we proceed to discuss the merits of the productions of the hour.

"Grimalin the Great, or Puss in Boots," the Drury Lane annual, has proved a good average production, and has become a favourite notwithstanding that it has lost Dikwynkin the Hogarth of Mask designs, and that the little Prince of Burlesque juveniles, Master Percy Roselle, does not appear in it. A scene much talked about is the ballet of the "Girls of the Period," which possesses, by the way, a rival and similar style of dance at Covent Garden. The very first scene representing a hive in which hundreds of children are engaged to illustrate a throng of bees busily occupied manufacturing honey is a pretty fancy, besides expressing a moral suggestion incentive of industry. Puss is played by Mr. Irving, a clever mime, who sings and dances well. The transformation scene is a costly and magnificent congeries of glittering revolving wheels, burnished and transparent pillars, floating faires, floral ornaments, and all the other attributes which go to make up such flamboyant and dazzling pictures. The harlequinade possesses two clowns (Boleno and Lauri), two harlequins, and two columbines, (Misses Marion and Grosvenor). The costumes in the "Girls of the Period" dance, are by Messrs. Stag and Mantle, who ought to send us their advertisements for mentioning it.

"Robinson Crusoe," the pantomime at Covent Garden, is a burlesque and a grand spectacle combined. Mr. W. H. Payne, who played Robinson Crusoe as a mime about 20 years ago at Covent Garden, is now fitted with a new part to the same pattern, and his son is now Friday, being a very comical one indeed. But it is the spectacle which costs all. The latter reminds us of the "Africaine," but verum sap. The new "Robinson Crusoe" possesses a great number of attractions, including the feminine ones of Miss Maria Harris daughter of the manager, and Miss Nelly Power, the last-named promoted from the music halls to introduce on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera her programme of popular songs. Miss Power's style of costume as an Elfina Prince is a la Meca more rather, but must be rather! and so is there. There is a very grand transformation scene, although we find it totally out of our power to describe what it is like, unless we recur to our previously used comparison of blanc-mange, and add that the blanc-mange design is many degrees magnified and brilliantly illuminated, so that you can see right through this transparent confection. We should mention that there is a well-contrived scene in the new pantomime representing "Lord's cricket ground," which everybody seeing it, appears to recognise with immense glee.

Mr. E. T. Smith's "children's pantomime" at the Lyceum must be seen to be believed in, it is called "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty." The great scene (Mr. Smith advertises that it has cost £2,000) is rich in gas-lights, colour, gilding, and suspended ballet girls; the whole combining to produce a tableau of blinding splendour, representing a gleam of Fairy Land. We should note that Master Percy Roselle has removed from Drury Lane to the Lyceum, where this clever boy plays a personification part in the old farce of "The Four Mowbray's." Miss Caroline Parkes is the star of the pantomime opening, and Miss Vokes the columbine of the harlequinade.

With regard to the remaining pantomimic novelties for 1869, we can only report that the Surrey has devoted much attention and expenditure on "Harlequin Jack and Jill," the Holborn Amphitheatre possesses a spectacular pantomime associated with "Marvels of Electricity," and a wonderful cavalcade, comprehending 250 soldiers horses and foot, and 50 ponies. The Crystal Palace pantomime of "Little Boy Blue" is a pretty, although petite production. A pantomimic entertainment of the illusory order is popular at the Polytechnic Institution. The Royal Alfred has we hear, an excellent pantomime in "Whittington and his Cat," written by Mr. Soutar.

A new burlesque has been produced at the Haymarket for the holidays, being a travestie on Lord Lytton's new play, the extravaganza
Evening Parties.

"Evening parties are doubtless a great institution, and according to some people the structure of society would be rendered unstable were anything to happen to put an end to the due observance of such solemnities. But, like other institutions without which we cannot conceive ourselves existing, evening parties are apt to gather about them a species of venerableness which conduces more to their claims on our respect than on our liking.

"There are, indeed, circumstances under which we can conceive evening parties to become truly charming. The number of people invited must not be too large; they must know or must desire to know something of each other; there must be some topic of interest common to at least the larger number of the guests; and, above all, there must be no strain upon any one to be or appear to be something which he or she is not.

"We know, unfortunately, that in the majority of evening parties these conditions do not exist. People have a large circle of acquaintances to whom they owe something in the way of entertainment; and, heedless of everything but that consciousness, they rush into the giving of an evening party. So it happens frequently that a number of people are collected who know little or nothing of each other, and who do not care to know more, who have no interest in common, who very rapidly exhaust the weather, and, having done this, are at their wits' end for something to say to each other. It is possible that people may be thrown together who do not agree in any one single subject of liking. Books, public amusements, politics, are all matters which cannot be touched on, unless one of the parties be content to be considered pedantic and the other intensely ignorant. It is not, everyone who has the tact to find out the subject on which his or her interlocutor is au fait, and to enter on that with a semblance of interest. We do read and hear of people who have such all-embracing sympathy; but it very seldom indeed falls to our lot to meet them. Besides, we are supposed to go to evening parties for enjoyment, and the exercise of a very large amount of self-control is not compatible with the species of pleasure we expect to accrue to us from association with our fellow-creatures. We need not only to exercise our faculty of admiration of others; but we want to be admired a little ourselves. If we are so unfortunate as to be thrown among unappreciative people, how are we to display those qualities, the possession of which is so pleasant to ourselves, and we conceive, ought to be so delightful to other people? It is hard indeed to have to be a social martyr, without any reward of admiration accorded to our suffering.

"Miscellaneous evening parties appear to us to be a great mistake in so far as the giving of pleasure to the guests is concerned. When a number of people of varying ages, different pursuits, and uncongenial tastes are thrown together, nothing but weariness and a general sensation of the vanity of such meetings can be looked for. People who will give such parties are responsible for a greater amount of discomfort than is generally imagined. We grant that when there are a large number of young people, and dancing is possible, there may be much enjoyment. But that circumstance changes the character of the party entirely, and provides no amusement for the elders of it.

"When conversation cannot be sustained, when music is a dreariness, when dancing is impossible or looked upon as wicked, what remains to be done? For there are still evening parties, in which, by the nature of circumstances, all these varieties of amusement fail, and yet, in which something must be done to prevent immoderate yawning from becoming too evident. We have had experience of such as these ourselves, and it may be written among the things that are to be that we shall have experience of them again. We have tried hard to be entertained by the smallest of small talk, the feeblest of jangling on the piano, the mildest of uninteresting games.

"It seems to us that people have no right to invite others to meet unless they provide proper means of amusement for them. We cannot wonder that, in a large number of cases the advent of refreshments constitutes the only real enjoyment to be extracted from the meeting.

"The French fashion of being "at home" on a certain evening presents all the advantage of the evening party with none of its drawbacks. If one's friends care to come they come without so much ceremony; they stay as long as they choose, and they probably are amused because they come willingly.

"If, however, this plan does not suit, we would recommend to the consideration of givers of evening parties the undoubted fact that their assemblies would be invested with new charms if they were to exercise a judicious amount of the principles of selection with regard to affinities between their guests, and of adaptation of amusements to capacities in the entertainments provided for them."
THE LADIES' PAGE.

KNITTED PATTERN FOR COUNTERPANES.

MATERIALS:—Bohr's-head Knitting Cotton, No. 10, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, 5 steel knitting needles of a corresponding size.

According to the size of the cotton employed, this beautiful square is fit for different articles, such as counterpanes, couverttes, &c. If worked with cotton No. 10, it will be about four inches square, and will be suitable for the first-mentioned purpose. Begin the square in the centre, cast on 9 stitches, 2 on each needle; join them into a circle, and knit plain the 1st round.

2nd round. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1; repeat 3 times more from *.

3rd. Plain knitting. This knitted round is repeated after every pattern-round. We shall not mention this again, nor the repetition from *.

4th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

6th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 3, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

8th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 5, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

The 9th or 15th rounds are knitted in the same manner, only in every other round the number of stitches between the two stitches formed by throwing the cotton forward increases by 2, so that in the 18th round 15 stitches are knitted between.

20th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 5, slip 1, knit 1, knit 1, throw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 5, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

22nd. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, throw the cotton forward, knit 4, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

24th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch; throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, throw the cotton forward, knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, throw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

26th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward 3 times alternately, slip 1, knit 1, draw the first over the last, throw the cotton forward, knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, draw the first over the last, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3 times alternately, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

28th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 four times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch; throw the cotton forward, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch; knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1 four times alternately, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

30th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 six times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1 six times alternately, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

32nd. Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 six times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, throw the cotton forward, knit 3 stitches together six times alternately, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

34th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 seven times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1 seven times alternately, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

36th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 seven times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, throw the cotton forward, knit 3 stitches together seven times alternately, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

38th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1 eight times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over the knitted stitch, knit 1 eight times alternately, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

40th. * Knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, eight times alternately, throw the cotton forward, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped over
the knitted stitch, throw the cotton forward, knit 3 stitches together as 1 stitch eight times alternately, throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 1, throw the cotton forward, knit 1.

You now have 41 stitches on each needle; knit 1 round, and cast off. When completed, the squares are joined together on the wrong side.

DOLL PINCUSHION.

Procure a small china doll. Cut a piece of round card-board, cover one side with silk, then sew a piece around this so as to form a bag, place the doll in the centre of this, and fill with bran. Then fasten around the doll’s waist.

Crochet a dress of scarlet wool, with five rows of white for border. Fasten with sash around waist. Crochet a piece with scarlet wool, which twist around her head for rurbann. The pins are placed around edge of skirt.

"THE GRECIAN BEND."

"Do you see the ‘Grecian bend’ yonder?" asked a friend of me, as we walked up the High-street of our town together. An Irishman crossed our path at the moment, bowed underneath a hod of bricks, and I, suspecting a joke, and laughing, asked him if it was the man to whom he referred. "No," said he, "I mean the young lady opposite."

"What—that poor, deformed creature, a pitiable object, though dressed in regal finery? Now, really, my good fellow, I would not have thought you so heartless as to make the unfortunate girl a subject of raillery."

"But she isn’t deformed," said my friend, almost convulsed with laughter. "That’s the latest style of carriage among belles; you don’t know how much trouble and painstaking that young woman has been at, to accomplish that result in her figure."

"You’re not in earnest, surely?"

"Indeed I am. You show you were not at the watering-places this season by the ignorance you manifest. It was quite the rage there, I can assure you."

"Impossible," said I, elevating my eye-glass to gaze at the spectacle again. "It’s queer, ain’t it," said my friend; after a moment, "how the women all go in flocks after a thing, even to a particular gait or manner. Now those trivialities of street customs have always been an interesting study to me. They change with the seasons as regularly as the cut of a coat or style of a bonnet. Sometimes it’s the way of bowing to an acquaintance; now, every lady will greet you with a low salute, and a great deal of ‘empressement; again, the style will be only a very conservative nod of the head; again, the mannerism will be in the walk. Some two or three years since, it was a certain way of carrying the parasol—a coquettish sticking out of the elbow and grasping the handle high. Every fashionable lady from fifteen to thirty, affected this manner of holding the parasol or umbrella. Finally, I noticed shop-girls and apprentices doing the same, and then the ‘ultras’ dropped it."

"But do you suppose," said I, "that such a custom as that (pointing to the shape opposite) can become general?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "Why the thing is reduced to a regular science. There’s some sort of machinery about it, I don’t know what, exactly; you consult the papers, and you’ll find out all about it."

So I bought a paper and went home, and sat down to read as follows:—

"The ‘Grecian Bend,’ is an S-like curvature of the upper figure, caused by thrusting out the chest, bending forward the head, contracting the stomach, and elevating the hips, the latter effect being aided by wearing very high-heeled shoes, and an arrangement upon the hips called a panier. The ‘Grecian Bend’ is quite painful and wearisome, and some girls adopt artificial contrivances to aid them in preserving the posture for several consecutive hours. A belt is fastened about the waist, under the skirts. From this belt, down either side the hips, two straps, furnished with buckles, descend, and are attached to strong bands made fast around the lower thighs. As the buckles of the straps are tightened, the hips are drawn up and held in position. This is a relief, of course, to only one part of the frame. The construction of the upper part has to be preserved with no other aids than the stays, and those often render it the more difficult and tiresome."

I was trying to bring my scattered senses to believe the truth of what I had read, when my pretty niece, Nellie, danced into the room with a new dress on; and after tapping me lightly on
Mutual Forbearance.

the shoulder, tripped up and down the room for the usual inspection, turning herself before the per-glass, and saying—“How do you like mes paniers, mon oncle?”

“My dear,” said I, with a tone of severity which made her look sober at once, “I have no longer any patience with these fashionable follies; as long as they were only ridiculous, I could laugh at them. Now they are positively criminal. I must say I am heartily disgusted with them.”

“Why, what do you mean? What new foible concerning the ladies, uncle?”

So I gave her the paper indicating the paragraph in question.

“Oh, nonsense,” said she, when she had read. “I don’t believe it, uncle. It’s only a ‘sensation’ for the papers. I never have seen anything like it.”

“Out your foot,” said I. She stuck out a little number two slipper, with a heel full two inches high, terminating in a point no larger than a sixpenny-piece. “Now turn round.”

There was the bouncy skirt, or “panier,” at her back.

“Those things are rightly named,” I said; “they make a donkey of every lady who wears them. And really, my dear, now my attention is called to the subject, I think you present an appearance quite similar to the ‘Grecian bend’ Beware, lest unconsciously you fall into the extent of the fashion, which is not only absurd, it is positively wicked. I did think the ladies were growing sensible—now they had put on thick-soled boots, and taken their dresses up out of the mud, but—”

“Ay, there’s the very trouble,” interrupted Nelly; “now you’ve hit upon the cause of all the folly; these short dresses—they are the occasion for the French heels.”

“How so?”

“Why in former days, a lady’s feet might be as crooked, flat, and ugly as she pleased, her long skirt hid them, and it was no matter. Now, the feet are so generally exposed they must present a true appearance; and where they are not naturally shapely, why, the bootmaker’s art must be called in to effect a remedy. Now the high heels make instep whether you will or not. It is impossible for the hollow of the foot to make a hole in the ground when it is lifted two inches from the ground—you see; and that is just how the fashion came about. As for the ‘paniers,’ it would never do for the ladies to get too sensible; then retired old sages like you would have nothing to scold about. We must have some little weakness, just to prevent us from becoming altogether angelic, spreading our wings and flying away.”

“Well, I must say I think you are hurrying yourselves out of this wicked world just as fast as possible. What kind of mothers are these tortured, bent, strapped women going to make, I should like to know?”

“Just such mothers as our grandmothers were before us; those grandmothers whom I have so often heard you laud to the skies.”

“They were not drawn out of shape as these women now-a-days.”

“I don’t know about the straps and buckles, but the high heels they certainly wore. I have a pair of blue satin slippers in which my grandmother walked, or, I suppose you would say ‘bubbled,’ at sixteen; except that they are somewhat faded, the exact counterparts of a pair which came home from my shoemaker’s this morning. As to the paniers, I refer you to that very common engraving, which one meets with everywhere of Franklin at the court of Versailles. I may not be a judge, but there one may see something which looks marvellously like the ‘Grecian’ to me.”

“But really, uncle, if the grandmothers were, as you have often told me, the type of everything truly excellent, in dress as in everything else, I ought to please you vastly. My hair, fashionably arranged, is an exact copy of the portrait of my maternal progenitor, which hangs in the garret. My dress is fashioned like hers as nearly as possible, and if I wore such a horrid bonnet and head-dress, I might be made to look as ridiculous as my grandmother.”

I had to confess that Nelly rather got the advantage of me on the grandmother’s question. We talk with tender memories of those quaint old costumes of our forefathers, but really, we do not realize how very absurd and ridiculous they were until we see them reproduced, and they become again the extravagant follies of the day. Still I cannot believe that any woman, with any true feeling in any age, could lend herself to such horrid monstrosity as this “Grecian bend.”

I am, very respectfully,

UNCLE GRUMBLER.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will have occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.
The love that cheers life’s latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate and blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those ills it would gladly cure.

COFFEE.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of light green faille, trimmed with a plaing at bottom. Ball cloak of velvet with wide simulated sleeves of bear's ear velvet. The trimming is of maize-coloured satin indented at the edges. The back plaits are fastened down by a maize silk cord with long tassels. Fuchsias in the hair.

SECOND FIGURE.—White tulle dress trimmed with sky-blue silk ruches. Bertha bordered by a double ruche of blue silk. The waistband is also of blue silk. Blue ribbon in the hair.

THIRD FIGURE.—Dress of straw-coloured posset de soie, covered by a Spanish tunic of black lace, caught at the sides by large bows of black satin. Black satin waistband forming two pendant loops. Corsege à la vierge covered with black lace. In the hair, a white aigrette issuing from a tuft of black feathers. Necklace and ear-rings of unburnished gold.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Du Barry dress of white tartalan trimmed all round with a deep flounce surmounted by small puffings. Five flounces surmounted by small puffings are placed one above the other, in the apron form on the skirt. Open redingote of pearl-grey satin trimmed all round with five very small rolls of black satin. This dress forms the pantier behind. It is drawn back at the side by means of large bows imitating leaves. These bows are ornamented with very small rolls of black satin. The corsege opening on a plastron of white tartalan placed on white silk, is closed with gimp buttons. Sabot sleeves with tartalan puffings. Coral satin bows on the corsege and in the hair. Coral parure.

At this season, when people receive so many visits, the toilet de reception is of importance.

One of the prettiest forms is the robe cut a little on the bias (not behind), very ample, with a train, the body in one; the sleeves tight. The corsage fastened before with little knots of satin, which are continued almost to the bottom. At one side only are placed two biases of satin, which, parting from the waist, descend likewise almost to the bottom, and terminate in large bows. The sleeve has an ornament also cut on the bias, which is placed just above the elbow, and is finished with a bow of satin. Behind, marking the waist, are two choux of satin, or, still prettier, a bow en evantail. Le velours epingle is the material most in favour for this genre of robe; but it is also made in English velvet, peluche, or even simple cachemire, always ornamented with satin. If one desires to have a yet more neglige air, the dress should be composed of two colours. Velours epingle is the mode, above all, in marron and in mousse of deep shades.

We have robes de chambre of bright-coloured tartan, lined with quilted silk of the colour that dominates in the plaid; the cords and tassels, of course, to correspond. Robes de chambre of black cachemire, trimmed with cachemire of a bright tint, or with satin bands, are also much worn; le satin Boston d’or is certain to produce a good effect on black cachemire.

Young girls wear des sorties de bal in the form of little paletots, with rather wide sleeves; but pretty women put upon their heads, in lieu of warm wraps, scarf of white silk or embroidered tulle, which they put under their chins, and envelope their faces with, after the fashion of sultanas. The lace mantelles of Spain is another favourite sortie de bal, and Indian lace shawls are, above all, employed for this purpose.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks.—"The Mill-stream;" "Mistress and Maid;" "Stanzas to Hope;" "Lines" (by the late Lady E. S. Wortley); "The Children by the River;" "The Mother’s Visit."

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—"An Account of a Voyage from Ceylon to Aden, and so on to the Red Sea;" "A Passage through the Desert," &c.; "Thistles;" "Many a Slip," &c.

Poetry received, but not yet read.—"Blanche Rivers;" "The Image-boy;" "Walter Warren’s Search for a Publisher;" "Solemne."

Errata.—On page 29 of our January number, 2nd column and 25th line, read 1747 for "1847."

On page 30, line 8, read near Deptford for "at Oxford."

Music, books for review, &c., &c., must be sent in on the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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DARLISON.

Chap. XXXVIII.

HOME AGAIN. HOW AFFAIRS WENT AT DARLISON. A NEW WAY TO AN OLD END.

I must not worry that no positive result has been brought about by my visit to London. I should have been more unhappy if I had left undone anything that seemed to offer a chance of more light on the subject. The best train of inquiry possible in the circumstances has been set on foot; I have done what I could; I must not worry.

The heat of the journey home has wearied me, but how pleasant it is to return home in the sweet country after a July fortnight in London! Not that I have had reason to complain; I have had some real enjoyment; and much kindness from new as well as old friends.

I have been considering if I should commence a narrative of my proceedings in town, and have decided against so doing. I have already told Richard about them. I rather wish to turn my thoughts from the main object of my journey, and all else is quite apart in interest from the course my journal has taken since it recommenced. Darlison affairs again occupy my mind, and it seems rather preferable to think over and write of them. So, let this suffice; I stayed longer than the affair I went about required, because my friend really desired my stay; and it seemed to me it would be rather ill-behaviour to make her home convenient for my business, and not accede to her wish that I should give a week to sharing enjoyment with her.

I do not know that I need regret my longer stay on Helen's account, though I had considerable inquietude in thinking I was so far from her; for she was in trouble.

A few days after my arrival in town I heard from Miss Ainslie, who was staying at Darlison, that Mr. Wainwright had been seized with a similar fit to that Nanny Cargill had told me of soon after the robbery. This seems to have been a more serious attack than the other, for the old Squire was obliged to keep his bed for three days.

Helen wrote the Monday following. She had then Alice with her. The preceding week a hurried letter had come to her from Mr. Mainwaring, who was about leaving Vienna for some fashionable summer resort. He said he believed politics would accompany him, for Lord St. George had declared he could not spare him from Paris yet, as he had other and more important work to set him to. Helen enclosed me the envelope, which had been, as usual, addressed to me at Fairclough. It contained a few words to the effect that he was exceedingly pressed for time, having to arrange and secure his lordship's papers before leaving. Our letters were to be addressed to the British Embassy.

Thus Helen wrote concerning Grant Wainwright: "He behaves certainly very well, but I feel it desirable to avoid being alone with him, and he is now constantly at the hall communicating with my grandfather, who is much too weak to attend in person to the business of the farm. Alice's company is great comfort to me, and not only on this account; for she helps me in attendance on my grandfather, who has taken to her wonderfully; keeps up my spirits, and is pleasant with everybody."

Four days later I heard again. In answer to a question I had put concerning Mr. Witham, Helen told me she only knew that he was still at Captain Ashton's. This she learnt through her cousin, who had received a note to the effect that Mr. Witham was willing to visit the Rood Farm for a few days. Grant had declined receiving him on the plea of his uncle's serious illness; and had said to Helen that he intended to be more particular than he had been in the selection of his friends.

It pleased me to hear Mr. Merton Brown was again in the neighbourhood. He had called at Darlison Hall, but Helen being engaged with her grandfather had deputed Alice to receive him. Through Mrs. Wellwood he had been made aware of the fresh suspicions attaching to the self-styled Mr. Witham, and he was particular in inquiring if any fresh attempt at molestation had been made towards Helen.

A little note from Alice, enclosed with the foregoing, intimated that she must be at home on the second of August, and this decided my departure from London. I arrived at dear
little Fairclough on the evening of Saturday the thirty-first of July.

An invitation from Mrs. Ainslie awaited me. Tuesday is Edwin’s birthday, and it is expected he will spend it at home. I intend walking over to Darliston this evening, and if all is well there, shall have much pleasure in joining the family-gathering.

Helen appeared here before church-time yesterday morning and gave me a very warm welcome back. She wished me to accompany her to Darliston Hall to dinner. I at first was disposed to decline going, but gave way when she proceeded to say:

"I came away very quietly, and Grant did not look for my starting so much earlier than usual. I counted on having your escort on the return."

"You think he is sure to follow? you still fear he has not given up thoughts about you?"

Helen shook her head and answered, "He has said nothing; nothing that I could exactly find fault with; but I feel certain he entertains no idea of giving me up to Mr. Mainwaring."

"He knows it is Mr. Mainwaring who claims you?"

"Ah, would that he knew what right he has to claim me. It is not fair towards him, and very awkward for me; I do not know how I ought to behave. I suppose he guessed it was Mr. Mainwaring. Last week he made some remarks about him that were not such as his wife should suffer in her presence. I rose to leave the room. He rose too, and followed me to the door; his eyes upon my face. He did not speak then; he only opened the door for me; a very unusual piece of politeness on his part. Next time we met he said he was afraid he had driven me out of the room. I answered that if he talked scandal about my friends I was not one to sit still and listen. ‘Mr. Mainwaring is your friend, then,’ he said, with rather marked emphasis. ‘Yes, my cousin,’ I answered, deliberately, ‘Mr. Mainwaring is my friend.’ ‘Oh, then, I’m bound to beg your pardon,’ he said; and then added, ‘but Helen, it generally takes some time to know who is a real friend; and as I could not know you had much acquaintance with this one, I think you should forgive me.’ I said I could forgive what was said in ignorance, for so I feel I ought. Very likely, though, he repeated what he did concerning Mr. Mainwaring in order to test if his guess were correct.

"Probably he may have had a double motive, Helen. If he only suspected Mr. Mainwaring of being his successful rival it is too likely he wished to depreciate him."

Helen’s expectation was well founded; her cousin came to church, and though he abstained from joining us on our walk hence, doubtless if Helen had been alone he would not have tarried behind as he did. He was up with us in time to open the garden gate. I observed that he still looked pale, and his voice retained the quietude of tone acquired during his London visit. If anything this was a little more marked when he addressed Helen. During dinner he was attentive to the requirements of those about him, and he conversed a little with me about the places I had visited in town.

Old Mr. Wainwright did not look ill, but certainly was much weakened, and seemed less awake to the general conversation than usual. He was friendly towards myself, and I was pleased to observe that Alice Ainslie was much in favour with him. He expressed regret that she was leaving on the morrow, and told her she must come again when she could be spared.

Dinner over, Helen proposed to read her grandfather to sleep, and urged me to take Alice a walk in the garden, as she had been indoors all the morning. I readily acquiesced.

Grant Wainwright showed no disposition to move, although Alice stopped at the door and looked back as if she expected him to follow. Closing it upon them my thoughtful little cousin glanced at me with almost a distressed countenance, and as we stepped into the air said: "You see how it is?"

"He is very much changed for the better in demeanour," I answered; "so remarkably indeed, that I fear he calculates on some success by its means."

"He is very confident, I know it," proceeded Alice; "and I think too he is taking the surest means of success. Yet Helen will never be happy if she marries him, I feel sure of that."

"You do not like him?"

"I should not perhaps dislike him if I were indifferent in this matter; but, I am sure it would be wrong of Miss Dalziel to allow herself to be won from one so much more worthy. I know she is engaged, and whom to, although I have not been precisely told so."

"After all, dear Alice, why should we fear? Helen is not of a fickle nature."

"No; but, though he does not speak words of love, he is making love to her all the time he is in her company. I see it, though I don’t know how to describe it. The very change you notice, is it not one continual flattery? He never loses an opportunity of sitting beside her; waiting on her; his eyes are on her continually. He will sit now, I daresay, until we return, silent while she reads, whether aloud or to herself; doing nothing, but as it were content himself in being with her and watching her. Yesterday while reading to his uncle he stopped in the most interesting passage of a speech of our county member’s, to pick up a reel of cotton for her. Then, though he dares not attack Mr. Mainwaring’s character openly, I am aware he is trying to undermine her faith in him. You know, of course, that the engagement was conducive to Mr. Mainwaring’s interests in another way than that of affection. Well, he will talk, referring to some affair in the newspaper, of the unhappy results of mercenary marriages. In particular I remember on Thursday his speaking of one such
Darliston.

where the wife had eloped with her first love. He said he laid the blame upon those who had forced her to accept a man who loved her money rather than herself.

"And how does Helen take this?"

"Gravely; with a steadiness of manner I admire in her; but still at times I fear it has some weight. One thing I am certain of, the constant sense of being so watched in every look and movement is a great fatigue to her. She must feel always on the defensive."

"Mr. Merton Brown called, I understand, on Friday. Do you know if Grant saw him either time?"

"Yes, the last. We were all in the parlour and I felt half frightened when Mr. Grant walked in; but the two gentlemen saluted each other in a perfectly peaceful manner. Mr. Brown continued talking to old Mr. Wainwright, and Mr. Grant spoke to Helen about some trailing matter, a new stirrup leather I think it was. He afterwards accompanied Mr. Brown to the gate."

As Alice had surmised, Grant was still in the parlour when we returned to it, and he was with us during the greater part of my stay, so that I had little opportunity for conversation other than of a general kind. I arranged, however, in regard to Helen's studies during the afternoon three times in the week. In this I had regard less to her improvement than the necessity for her having other companionship than that of her assiduous cousin. Although he comes in at intervals during the day, farming affairs usually engage him the greater part of the morning, and it is chiefly between four o'clock and eight that Helen has to endure the fatigue of his company.

Friday, August 6th.

I spent a very pleasant evening on Tuesday at Cedar Lawn. Edwin must have been satisfied he was made much of by all.

Mr. Coulhurst has, I understand, been doing the devoted to Laura during the last month, and it struck me that he was jealous that she gave so very much of her time and attention to her brother, and seemed so greatly to enjoy his society. Considering how short and infrequent are his visits to his home, it seemed to me rather amiable of her. I am sure her conduct was spontaneous and not derived from any disposition to tease. Yet now and then she certainly does tease her admirer, and I question if he is not irritated or attracted by her combative inclination.

Rather a longer time than usual has elapsed since we heard from Mr. Mainwaring; but this may be accounted for by his being some miles out of Vienna.

The more I notice old Mr. Wainwright the more I perceive that his mind has been lessened in activity by his recent illness. He seems to require that Grant should detail the events of the day on the farm; but pays only slight attention, and assents to everything. Evidently he takes such information for amusement. Grant noticed yesterday in his presence that Helen was looking pale and had taken no exercise: then the old man said she must ride. Helen observed that her mare was likely to want exercise more than herself and she wished Dick Wilcox would lead her out for a good gallop daily, else she would hardly be safe to mount.

"I have attended to that," Grant said directly; "she is in very safe condition. Indeed her temper must be improved, or I have become a lighter weight; for she has at last consented to take me for something better than kicking and contention. We have had quite a friendly gallop over the marsh."

Helen looked surprised, almost alarmed, by this. Her first thought she afterwards told me was that poor Prossy had met with severe treatment.

"You remember clipping Grey Randal's mane, Helen?" Grant proceeded. "What a little terguman you were! I think we are all getting tamer together; you, and I, and Prossy. However you must have a gallop now and then, must she not, Mrs. Gainsborough? or we shall be seeing you a great deal too tame soon. The men will be at work at the oats near the marsh for the rest of the week, so you may ride without fear in that direction. Only keep on the safe side of the Cleft channel."

Alice was quite correct in her observation; Grant Wainwright does constantly exhibit towards Helen that most flattering sort of courtship which is demonstrated by a close attention to her wants, her looks. Yet, as Helen says to me, while he steers clear of words that she can cavil at, while he avoids sentiment and behaves rather as a particularly devoted brother might do, what power has she to put a stop to this? Saturday night, August 7th.

Still no news from the continent. Poor Helen declares she is quite hungry for a letter, and I begin to surmise that one may have miscarried.

I found her in the orchard this afternoon when I arrived. I saw she looked anxious and that her cheerfulness was forced. "I have a note from Alice kindly offering to come again," she said, "and think of availing myself of her offer, though certainly I have not the excuse of needing her help as nurse; for my grandfather, though not active, requires very little tendance."

"I hope then, dear, you may feel more at liberty; for your staying at his side, though quite right while it is needful, is almost making you look an invalid yourself. Did you have a good ride on the marsh yesterday?"

"Yes; but if it did me good one way it gave me some worry too. You know Grant has certainly been very good, but I do not like to feel that he is only good on my account. That I am, as it were, running into a debt with him which I cannot pay. I ride seldom because I have found that when I have done so, he either has mounted guard over me himself or sent another to insure that no such adventure could befal me as that which led to my leaping the
cliff. Yesterday when I came to the channel I turned my rein towards the sea, and presently heard him coming up along the other side by the same narrow path where I was overtaken. He hailed me and made some remark about the tide, which was coming in rapidly and dashing among the rocks about the cliff in a very beautiful manner. I drew up to see it, and he brought his grey on to the plateau so that we were near enough to converse. He remarked that the ride had freshened me, and in a half-Jestingly way said, 'You look very attractive over there, Helen. What will you give me to leap Grey Randal across?' and he began backing for the leap. I cried 'Don't be so mad,' I was in real earnest frightened for him. He laughed and said 'Now you look like my own little passionate Helen. Helen, I'm coming.'

'No, Grant, no!' I cried. He answered, 'I don't take no from you, Helen; where there's a will there's a way.' The same moment he leapt. It was a near thing indeed. The rock crumbled under Grey Randal's hoofs when he alighted and pieces fell into the channel.

'No doubt the life I have been leading of late has tended to make me nervous. I was so agitated I could hardly keep my saddle. I knew it was best not to speak, but I could not conceal my distress. My cousin dismounted and came up to me saying, 'You were really frightened. Now scold me as I deserve, though I must say I'd do it again any day in the week for the pleasure of seeing you cared that much for me.'

'I did not dare to trust my voice, but tried hard for composure and soon was able to guide my mare onward. He still urged me to speak; to give him a smart scolding. I chose to ride away in silence and he followed at some distance. This morning he alluded to the matter, asking, with a smile, if I were going to make him leap the cliff again to-day. I answered that such a feat was not to my taste, and little calculated to benefit my nerves. Then he said he feared he had been inconsiderate, but that the temptation was too strong at the moment to be resisted. How very different from Grant's former self,' said Helen in conclusion, 'to admit that women's nerves should be considered.'

'Helen,' I answered, 'I hope for your cousin's sake that much of the change in him may be grounded on a serious conviction that his former conduct and manner were unbecoming and unworthy; but it may be as well to bear in mind that what is not so grounded is merely, as it were, a part played for a purpose. Do not let his exemplary behaviour tempt you to treat him otherwise than you have done; for his sake, for your own sake, and for the sake of our absent friend.'

'No, indeed; I bear in mind all the while that the time must come when he hears that I am married. This, too, gives me some consolation for the hard, cold way in which I have to treat him. He will know thereafter that I could not do better than appear ungrateful, as I must, of course, now.'

'Don't you think, Helen, it might be possible to make your grandfather see the expediency of acquainting Grant with the fact of your marriage?'

'I dare not urge it. You see how he is just now; on pleasant terms with Grant, the affairs going on just serve to amuse him, and he is secure and confident that all will go right. Dr. Meredith said I must be especially careful to keep him from any worry or excitement. No, it's very unhappy for me, and worse for Grant; but we must bear it.'

'You had no private conversation with Mr. Brown when he was here?'

'No; and nothing of much importance was spoken of, except that he mentioned our pale-faced man had been positively identified, his natural complexion having returned. We had some talk too of Mr. Witham. I believe he is still under careful observation, but nothing has been discovered to confirm suspicion.'

'Does Mr. Grant know that he is other than he represented himself?'

'I feel uncertain. I am afraid of touching upon the subject, as I must not yet say how much reason there is to suspect him; and I do not wish to enter upon the matter of our warning through Alfred Merrivale, or the photographs from the continent.'

'It seems the horse-dealer could get off without applying to your cousin for a character. What sort of one do you think he could have given?'

'He said he knew nothing of him beyond the fact that he was a horse-dealer. He was very angry indeed about his conduct on the marsh. The only time I have heard him swear since his return from London was when he adverted to it.'

I mentioned to Helen that I had received the day previous a few lines from Merton Brown, dated from his brother's house in Derbyshire. He intended coming again to our neighbourhood before long, and assured me he was quite at liberty, did I see any reason to wish for his presence, to be with us immediately.

My pupil completed that day a very pretty sketch of two old pear-trees in the orchard. The next subject is to be selected at the rocks. It is to be a very small drawing, so that it may be forwarded in a letter to a certain friend abroad, whose twenty-second birthday anniversary is not far off.

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CHAP. XXXIX.

CAREFUL SAILING. A SIDE WIND FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

Thursday, August 21st.—I received a visit from Willie Ainslie on Monday. He came to bid me good-bye before returning to school, and brought a little note from Alice, in which she
Darliston.

wrote that she feared Miss Dalziel thought her offer to visit Darliston again so soon implied some self-denial; and she was desirous I should assure Helen that the contrary was the case, as she had a special private reason for wishing at the present time to be away from home.

What that reason can be puzzles me, but I cannot be sorry she is so desirous of being with Helen. I sent back word that I would attend to the matter she spoke of.

Helen’s sketch from the rocks was commenced that day. On the north side where they shelve towards the bay we found shelter from the afternoon sun, and while my pupil took a portion of the rock for a study, I ventured on the more extended prospect which included Cardington Castle.

I had a ride with Helen afterwards, and in the evening she sung to me. Her grandfather retires now at eight o’clock, and the piano being against the wall of his room, he hears her music, but says he likes it, that it sets him off comfortably to sleep. If Grant Wainwright has not previously departed, he rises and says goodnight when the old gentleman does so; having been, I suspect, required to observe this rule by his uncle. I am concerned to hear to-day that it is only in seeming he takes his departure then.

Mrs. Cargill either found or made an excuse to come down to the village to-day, and called upon me. Her first question was concerning Miss Alice Ainslie—if I knew when she was likely to come again to Darliston Hall. I had heard nothing since Alice’s note came, but knew Helen had written expressing readiness to receive her; so I replied that I believed it would be soon.

“Well, ma’am,” said Mrs. Cargill, “the sooner the better, say I; she’s a sweet young lady, and so thoughtful, like. Master likes her, and I would be glad to see her come any time; but just now most partic’larly. I feel so bewildered with one thing or another—master not being himself, nor Grant neither.”

“Have you anything new to tell me about him?” I asked.

“Well, ma’am,” she proceeded, “you see he has been altogether so changed since master told him Miss Helen was engaged; and he don’t go on about her to me as he used: but for all that, somehow, I don’t know what he does think about her. Certainly, considering, things have gone on of late wonderfully smooth and pleasant; and I don’t want to be the first to make a stir about anything; yet it makes me uneasy like, to see that when Miss Helen thinks Mr. Grant has gone off to his home, and she sits singing to herself, he’s always now a-sitting listening. He goes into the spare bedroom, which you know is on the other side of masters, and sits there in the dark. It seems a thing as is no harm in itself, but I know if I was to tell Miss Helen she would stop playing, which would be a pity, for it pleases her and pleases master. Now you see if Miss Alice was at Darliston, either he would not stay, or there could be no harm if he did?”

Saturday, August 14th.—I went the same evening to Darliston, and heard from Helen that Mrs. Ainslie had written, fixing the end of the following week for Alice’s next visit. I the more wished an earlier day had been named in that Helen’s spirits evidently required cheering under the depressing effects of the prolonged silence of our correspondent. Mr. Mainwaring had never let more than ten days elapse between his letters. We had agreed to consider one lost, but now more than double the time had passed bringing nothing from him.

Mr. Gray and Dennison wish to see me in Liverpool on Monday, so I went up this evening to sit a few hours with Helen. I had previously counselled her against sitting long alone in the dreary drawing-room as ill calculated to keep up her cheerfulness; but in answer was told it was to her the happiest place in the house—the only room where she had been with him. I therefore contented myself with enjoining Nanny Cargill to keep as good watch as she could to prevent Helen receiving any annoyance, and if the key of the spare room could not be found (which I understood was the case), either to find other means of fastening the door, or to say at once to Mr. Grant Wainwright that she could not think it right to let him conceal himself there, and must speak to her master if he insisted upon the practice.

Nothing else worth noting has occurred this week, except that this morning another bouquet arrived by the carrier for Helen. Grant was by when it came. He knew what the little box was likely to contain, as the servants had told him about the last. He brought it into the parlour himself, saying: “This is for you, Helen, do you know who it comes from?”

“No, I do not,” she answered.

“Well, Helen, you never told a falsehood yet, so I must believe you.”

Nanny Cargill was in the room, and at Helen’s bidding opened the box and took out the bouquet. Grant snatched it from her, looking at the poor flowers, Helen said, very contemptuously.

“What do you mean to do with them?” he questioned.

“I don’t know,” was her answer.

“And don’t care?” he said.

“I don’t care, only as they are very pretty, and somebody I cannot object to—as I do not know him—has been so bountiful as to send them, I think you had better give them to Nanny to put in water: they may serve to decorate the drawing-room.”

Grant deliberately crushed the bouquet in his hands, shred the flowers in pieces, and flung them out of window with a curse on the sender.

“They are sent by some lover, Helen,” he said, “whoever he may be. I ought to beg pardon for swearing in your presence; but as to
Darliston.

your drawing-room, if you want flowers for that
you can have plenty.”

When he came in again at tea-time he had
brought from his own garden enough for all
the vases Nanny could muster.

Thursday night, August 19th.—The matter
Messrs. Gray and Dennison had to speak of,
concerned the probability of my husband being
required to take command of the Andromeda,
which was about sailing when her captain was
taken with a serious attack of rheumatic gout.
The cargo being very valuable, and wanted in
the market, it is thought expedient Richard
should leave his ship to the chance of Captain
Starling’s recovering, and bring home the laden
vessel. On one account I must regret this—he
will have no time to make the inquiries I wished;
but, it is great compensation to think of his
being home by Christmas, and making a long
stay with me. Messrs. Gray and Dennison were
both very considerate towards me, and pro-
mised the search for news of the “Emma”
should be followed up by their agent until some-
thing definite was known. Other affairs de-
tained me some hours on Tuesday, and, when
I arrived at home, I was too tired to undertake
a visit to Darliston. I sent Lance with a note
to say how it was with me, and forwarded also
a letter I had found from Mr. Merton Brown.
He had written to a friend in Vienna, and
received a reply now enclosed.

The writer, a young Oxonian, travelling
during the long vacation, had been desirous of
an introduction to Arden Mainwaring. In
answer to inquiries at Vienna, one person had
told him he believed Lord St. George had sent
him into Podolia; another jestingly said he
thought he was on a private mission in Turkey
—studying the sumptuary laws; as the last
time he had seen him he was being earnestly
consulted by an Archduchess on the subject
of oriental costume. In fact he could get no
certain information concerning either Mr.
Mainwaring or his lady relatives; and had been
advised to forward the letter of introduction he
carried to the care of Lord St. George, who was
most likely to know what had become of his
secretary.

Mr. Merton Brown thought if we were still
without a letter, this negative sort of informa-
tion might appear better than none, as it proved
that no ill-news was extant at Vienna concern-
ing our friend.

I met Helen at the Croft next afternoon. I
saw she had suffered from anxiety and hope
deferred, but she strove to be gay, and proceeded
very industriously with her sketch.

We had been busy with our drawings for
about half-an-hour, when we were surprised by
visitors. Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Grant Mainw-
wright appeared in sight and joined us—the
latter only for a few minutes, having come as
guide. Mr. Hawkins tarried a while, talking on
general subjects and watching Helen’s work.
Presently he said to her, “Why, Miss Helen;
what have you been doing to your cousin
Mr. Grant looks as pale, and is as changed as
if he had started fair for a consumption. It
isn’t your fault, I hope?”

“I do not think anything ails Grant, now,”
Helen answered, but she coloured. “He was
ill while in London.”

“So I’ve heard,” he said rather drily. Then,
after a pause he continued, “maybe after all
his illness and the rest of it may have been for
his good. He has somehow been induced to
avoid the foolish set who were about him a while ago. I know he refused an invita-
tion to Captain Ashton’s for to-day because he
did not wish to meet that Witham. Still, I can
plainly see his health is not what it used to be.
He is not only thin and pale, but there is a spot
of red rises in his cheek at times, like hectic, and
his eyes seem unnaturally bright. I hope he’s
safe; but, you must not use him badly, for at
his age there’s no saying how it might turn
out.”

“Mr. Hawkins,” Helen said, “has my
cousin complained to you of my behaviour to-
wards him?”

“No, not a word. To say the truth, I could
not venture to speak to him on such a subject—
especially as it is reported he is not standing
so well with you as formerly. I don’t feel so
ceremonious with you, for I’ve had you often on
my knee, and you were never apt to take amiss
my plain speaking; so I tell you my convictions:
that young fellow loves you from the bottom
of his heart, and he loves you for yourself. He’s
a fine young fellow, there isn’t a handsomer in
the country, and he’s quite the gentleman.
Now you are going to be an heiress one of
these days, and will have dozens of lovers, but
not one like him, that would take you without
a penny if he had the pick of all the heiresses in
the land. So, don’t cross his love because he’s
a bit spry at times. You were a little in-
clined that way yourself, once.”

I would have given much to have checked
this speech of Mr. Hawkins. It was too much
for Helen; she fell into a fit of tears and sobbed
violently. All I could do was to excuse her
nervousness on the plea of her having been
 lately in such close attendance on her grand-
father. I also told Mr. Hawkins as plainly as
possible that Mr. Grant Mainwright had been
informed by his uncle that his suit was un-
acceptable, and that he could only be recog-
nised at Darliston as a relation. Mr. Hawkins
gave a sort of civil attention, but probably
thought it still depended upon Helen’s inclina-
tion, and calculated on his speech having had
much weight. He apologised certainly, but the
 apology was as bad as what had gone before.
He said he could not help speaking, for he was
sure that one like Grant Mainwright could not
give up a girl he loved at the bidding of any
man, and that Helen, though she might find
fault with him, might likely have more cause if
she chose another.

Helen attained sufficient composure to say
“You mean well, I know, Mr. Hawkins, but
you don’t know—”
She ceased, held out her hand to him, and then ran quickly down the rocks towards the sea. Neither of us could have pursued her had we wished.

Mr. Hawkins bade me rather a hasty good-by, remarking that there would be rain before long, and he had some distance to walk. When he left I rose to look for Helen, and saw her afar off, standing with her arms raised to her head. I saw her cast herself down, and was certain she was weeping again. Anxiously I looked, and commenced making my way in the direction she had taken—a difficult task, which I was glad to give up when I saw she had turned, and was coming towards me, rather slowly and sadly indeed.

"My dear Mrs. Gainsborough," she said, "there is a storm coming on, and you will be wet through. Go to the croft at once, and take the key with you; I will take care of your drawing.

I had intended spending the evening with Helen, but the aspect of the sky made me think there might be difficulty about my return. I said, "I don't like leaving you, dear."

She kissed me, and said, "Come and see me to-morrow: I feel as if I could not talk now."

"I am sorry, my darling, you should be so tried," I said; "but remember, it is a trial, and you never meant to bestow a love which could not stand such trial. Do not let what has been said move you too much."

"No," she replied, "I knew it all before; but it gives one a strange feeling to be so loved. Do not fear; I have a conscience, and I know, I feel, what Mr. Mainwaring says is quite true— I not only consented to be his wife, but I consented freely—yes, even gladly. So all laws bind me to him, even the law of my own heart. What it has done it must abide by, and shall."

A resolute face enough it was, but pale and sad. I longed to speak of something happier—of a letter on the morrow: but I had done the same thing so often during the last week I could not now. I kissed her, commended her to the care of the Friend who never changes or forsakes those who trust in Him, and with a heavy heart turned from her and hurried towards my home. Large drops had commenced falling, and a flash of lightning quivered over the old ruin as I fastened the gate of the croft.

CHAP. XL.

Course and Current.

Not yet had I looked for the postman with so great anxiety as I did this morning, and I looked in vain. Instead, Dick Wilcox appeared, I fancied he looked unusually serious and important, and hastened to him. He told me Mr. Cargill had sent him to say that Miss Dalziel was very poorly, and she would be glad if I would come over.

Without further question I ran up to my room and put my bonnet on. Descending, I spoke a few hurried words to Barbara, who was beating up eggs for a pudding, and stood staring at me as if she could not or would not understand—I did not care which.

The storm which had raged half the night, had cooled the air, which I was glad of, as it enabled me to walk the faster. Dick attended me, and now and then pointed out the cleanest way along the very dirty road; but I never thought less about damp feet, and I never entered Darliston Hall with less ceremony. At once I walked up to Helen's room, and I heard Nanny's voice murmuring in unusually low tones as I opened the door.

I expected Helen's eyes, if not her voice, would have asked for a letter, but a look of such serious depression met me that I stood for a moment as if I had been struck. Nanny was partly supporting her in the bed, and endeavouring to induce her to take some tea. Helen raised her hand towards me and I took Nanny's place. She smiled faintly, and threw her arms affectionately round my neck. Then she whispered, "You have not anything I suppose?"

"No, dear, not to-day," I answered; "but remember he wrote very regularly while he could, and we cannot tell what the difficulties may have been."

"We cannot indeed," she said; "and I dare spy it is not his fault.

She turned her face on the pillow, still with one arm round me; and I looked to Nanny for some hint of what had caused her very evident illness.

"Poor dear, she has had such a bad night," said Nanny. "I wanted to send for Dr. Meredith, but the dear child would not hear of it."

"I hope we shall not require him," I said.

"Leave her to me. If there is anything I think she can take I will ring. Keep all as quiet as you can." It was plain to me that Helen was suffering from exhaustion, consequent on some great mental distress or excitement. My first thought was that it was possible some ill-rumour or information had been received by her concerning Mr. Mainwaring's silence. The few words she had spoken set this on one side, and I rightly conjectured that Grant Wainwright had given the occasion of her trouble.

As soon as Mrs. Cargill left, I said: "You have had a scene with your cousin." A shiver passed over her, and she laid her head on my neck, silently weeping. I sought to soothe her, and, though longing earnestly to know what had transpired, bade her not speak, but try and rest.

"You will not leave me?" she said.

"No, darling. I have come to stay with you until you are better."

When next Helen's face turned towards me I felt rather re-assured, but still perplexed how to account for some of the feelings I had read there. She now lay with the look of a tired child, sighed, and said "You soothe me so. Be
near me; but you must not sit looking at me. Take a book—his book is there."

It was a volume of Mrs. Browning’s poems. I took it up to please her, and found now and then that I had read, by the fact that leaves were turned over. My mind was not in it.

In half-an-hour I went softly up to Helen, and she opened her eyes upon me.

"You have not slept, dear?"

"No; but very nearly. The quiet has done me good, though—I am better than I was. Dear—I am afraid I have made you anxious; you look it now."

For some while I sat beside the bed, with one of her hands in mine. Then she said, "Dear, I want to tell you."

What she did tell me was so broken into fragments that for some time it was scarcely intelligible to me. Now that I see the whole as it happened, I think it better to relate it circumstantially.

When Helen parted from me, and, having collected our drawing materials, and descended the rocks, she was met at their base by Grant Wainwright. He had brought a cloak to protect her from the rain, and, while adjusting it, passed his arm more affectionately round her than she approved of; but, as the next moment he was away to bring her mare from the fields into shelter of the stables, she let the matter pass without reproof. He came in afterwards wet through; and, feeling some real anxiety about his health, from the possibility Mr. Hawkins had conjured up, she told him she should not allow him to sit down to tea until he had dried his clothes, and a little delayed the meal to give him time. The old Squire was in an irritable mood. He was cross with her for being late with the tea, and unusually sharp with his nephew. On a lull occurring in the storm, towards seven o’clock, he told him very plainly he had better make his way to the Roed Farm, as he did not want him stopping at the Hall all night.

Grant rose and bade good-night, but instead of repairing to his home went to the stables.

Helen thinks it likely Mr. Hawkins’ visit may have occasioned her grandfather’s illhumour. When Grant was gone she had to endure some very unpleasant comments on the fact of Mr. Mainwaring’s apparent neglect of correspondence—a matter in general never referred to between them. Among other irascible speeches made by the old man he declared he should not wonder if after all she had to take Grant; that such gay gallants as young Mainwaring were likely enough to get knocked on the head or run through the body in that libertine region—an observation which Helen felt not only as a painful suggestion, but as a reflection on her husband, and also a first indication that her grandfather could repent having bestowed her hand away from her cousin.

Poor Helen bore all quietly, and went up to the drawing-room to her music. When eight o’clock came the old gentleman went to his room, charging her to keep on singing.

Helen did so. The lull of the storm and the influence of her own music had soothed her into a calm sadness, when at the close of one of her favourite songs she was aware that heavy rain was again pattering against the windows, and a footfall near the doorway made her look to the other end of the room.

Seeing who had entered, she rose and said, "What is it, Grant?"

"What is it?" he repeated; "why it is—I—Grant. Can you refuse me a little music this evening?"

"I think I can—I think I ought," she answered, commencing to close the piano.

He came up and gently resisted her action.

"Not one song for old times’ sake?" he said.

"Helen, we are good friends, are we not?"

"I have no quarrel with you, Grant," she said gently. Her spirits were a good deal subdued, and she only desired to dismiss him in some quiet way."

"Then, considering I stayed away from a gay company of good-for-nothing fellows in the hope of such a reward, may I not ask it as a favour?"

Helen sat down again irresolutely.

"Helen," he continued, why did you say you ought not?—I ought you not?—What are you afraid of?—Afraid for me or for —"

And he stopped short.

"I am afraid of nothing," she replied, "but of acting wrong."

"I understand," he said. "They have entangled you in an engagement, and you are beginning to perceive what it is to be bought and sold. You don’t love me if you could, you think. You think there’s no way out of it that would suit you to take. Helen, I will tell you a way—a way that you must take, or you will throw yourself away on one who does not care two straws for you. Young Mainwaring has your money; let him take it, and marry the fine lady he has set his silly heart upon, I hear they’re as thick as ever. Let him take it, and leave me my own girl—my first and my only love——"

Helen had risen and tried to pass him, but he passionately threw himself before her and poured forth such an earnest appeal to the memory of their childish affection, so fervent an expression of his present devotion to her, that for the moment the tide of his passion carried before it every feeling but the conviction that she was strongly loved—that she might have reclaimed him from his errors, and had flung the chance away. For that moment she repented her marriage; she regretted she might not comfort him, give him hope.

"Oh, Grant—poor Grant!" was all she uttered; but the tone of pity was enough for his encouragement, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

It was a sad mistake on his part. Never, even as a child, had she permitted this from him. To her proud, sensitive, heart it was an indignity she could ill pardon herself for having incurred.
"It seemed to seethe me," she said, when speaking of it; "but it opened my eyes. I felt how weak I had been; how shameful it was of me, because for a short while I no longer received the support of my husband's letters, that I should fail in my duty; that for one moment I should have felt disloyal.

Yes, it was that thought more than all had sunk into Helen's mind. She had for days been allowing suspicion distrust to cross her mind; and no relief coming to fortify her faith in her absent lord, for one moment she had wished herself free to wed another. Rather was it a momentary feeling than a deliberate wish; she had not yielded more than a word of pity, and had sought to leave her cousin before he had startled her moral sense; but this remembrance could not restore her injured self-opinion: she had fallen below the standard of her own sense of right.

Helen's indignation speedily made itself understood. Grant perceived he had ventured beyond prudence; but he held her hands, kneeling before her, and still entreating her to listen. Helen was deaf to all his arguments—his entreaties. Not pity for him, but penitence towards her husband now swayed her. She was willing not only to avow that her engagement had been freely entered into, but to proclaim that she loved—that she was proud to have been thought worthy to be the wife of Arden Mainwaring.

As she opposed a resolute will to his, Grant Wainwright's fiercer passions rose. He swore that never while he lived should her engagement be fulfilled; Arden Mainwaring would have him to deal with first. He did wisely in staying out of the way. Other vague, but not less terrifying threats concluded this distressing interview, which was brought to an end by the appearance of Mrs. Cargill. All throughout Grant Wainwright's voice had been subdued in tone, and Helen felt it add to her fears that it was so. It made his threats sound less like anger; more like determined resolution.

Poor girl! fears for the safety of her husband, and for the comfort of her grandfather had added heavily to the load of grief and mortification she had had to bear. All through a sleepless night their pressure had been upon her mind. She told me she could feel no doubt Grant would let nothing stand in his way.

"His will once directed to an object," she said, "he can govern himself with a strong hand. Had he been taught to subject that will to God, his might have been a fine character; but what is right in his own eyes is the only law he recognizes, and who can say where it may lead him?"

I tried to cheer poor Helen with the recollection of how his former threats had been met and turned back by our stout champion; but could not feel free from alarm myself when I thought of the possibility of an encounter between us two rivals. An idea I had entertained of writing to urge Mr. Mainwaring to come and strengthen poor Helen's faith and courage—so sorely beset—began to unsettle. I thought it better to consult first with Mr. Ainslie, and as Helen was averse to her grandfather being made uneasy by any dispute with Grant, it was arranged that Helen should keep her room, till, on the following morning, I had been to Cedar Lawn and endeavoured to secure her the immediate companionship of Alice Ainslie.

In time I had some success in quieting the sharpness of poor Helen's self-accusation; but, though a little cheered, it had left a new feeling of humility, almost of humiliation, towards her absent lord. She no longer seemed to think she had a right to complain of his silence, or to suspect any blame attached to it. She said she felt grateful he had so thrown the protection of their marriage over her, that she could not in a moment of mistaken feeling give way to Grant's strong will, and consent to belong to a man of such a violent, headstrong nature.

"I believe," she said, "the power of his will, the strength of his passion, must have swallowed me, that, had I been free, I should have promised what I could not have retracted. Yet, if even it had been as he supposed, that no more than an engagement subsisted between Mr. Mainwaring and myself, and that he cared not two straws about me, I should have been wretchedly unhappy to have had to substitute Grant Wainwright for him—oh, very, very unhappy; now especially, that his dear letters have made me feel I understand something of the mind of the true gentleman to whom in future years I must look as my protector and first friend. The strength of Grant's love has a measure of power over me, but he is not what I would have in a companion—he is not what I love. Even his love for me is wanting in something. He seems to respect me through fear of consequences, because he knows I will insist upon respect—not from the reverence with which one who is an innate gentleman regards a girl whom he thinks worthy of his love. I do so hate myself when I think that there, on the very spot where I gave my promises, my vows as a wife, and wondered and gloried that so great honour and blessing was granted me, when I think I could be so weak; that my love and truth could not stand more strongly against the will of an impetuous spirit! I know I am more to blame than Grant in the matter. I had been too easy with him throughout the day. I ought not to have opened my heart to his pleadings, still less have spoken one word as if I could give way. Dear, you know," she continued, nestling her head on my shoulder, "he kissed me when he went away; and now I feel as if I had lost it. Do you think he can forgive me when he knows?"

"My poor darling," I said, "I cannot think he will judge you harshly: I am very sure he will not. But it must be said, too, for him to think any temptation could lead you to even a momentary preference for another."

"Yes, dear, how could I let such an idea enter my mind? I think I was mad! Oh, you
may believe me, I would rather be his dutiful little girl, looking to him for such affection and support as he has hitherto had to bestow on me, than the dearest loved of that fearful, undisciplined cousin of mine. That he does love me, with all his fierce heart, I believe, and such love has a strange power of attraction; but it frightens me; I feel that he would drag me with him to perdition sooner than give me up."

We were talking thus when Mrs. Cargill entered the room, and intimated that Mr. Wainwright wished to see me. Helen urged me now to go down and make tea for him, and I did so.

The old man was evidently under the idea that Mr. Mainwaring's silence had worried Helen into illness, and questioned me peevishly, as if I could be in any way responsible. Grant had been absent throughout the day, which was another cause of complaint, though he seemed to suppose he had gone to a horse-fair held at Dryton. I thought, with Helen, that it was probable Mr. Hawkins had been urging Grant's claims with his uncle—there was so great a tendency to harp upon his merits and demerits.

I was ascending the stairs on my way to Helen when Mr. Wainwright called me out of the parlour; and Nanny, who was carrying out the teachings, informed me that my servant Barbara was coming to the Hall. I had not intended returning home for two or three hours, and, supposing she came to offer herself as my escort, was but ill-pleased at the idea of her remaining that time in the kitchen at Darlington; Barbara's propensity to gossip being rather to be dreaded. Accordingly I gave her but a cool welcome, merely questioning, What is the matter?

"That I don't know, ma'am," she replied, "because it's not my concern; but it seemed it might be of some importance to somebody, so I brought it myself. I came just an hour ago, but I could not leave the house till Mrs. Barncliffe was ready to come."

"Is it a letter?" I inquired.

"That's what I asked myself, ma'am" (she was fumbling in her pocket all the while); "but the lad said it was not—only a message, and that I should be responsible to—Goodness gracious! I'm sure it's in my pocket somewhere, for I wrapped it in paper directly, and put it there—"

The old squire had come out of the parlour, and was listening. "Be quick, woman!" he cried. Don't be keeping your mistress on tenterhooks in that fashion. Turn your pocket inside out, and have done with it!"

But Barbara, loving more the exercise of power than of charity, kept taking first one thing out then another, then replacing the former, and producing a fresh article, until finally forth came a paper parcel which, when unfolded, disclosed the envelope of a telegraphic message from Vienna.

I said, shortly, to Barbara, "Wait," and ran into the parlour, whither Mr. Wainwright, more deliberately, followed and closed the door. These were the words I read—"Lord St. George to Mrs. Gainsborough, with compliments. All is well, but a letter addressed to you on the 30th ultimo has miscarried. You will hear in two days."

I read this slowly over to Mr. Wainwright. He looked gratified, and said, "Very civil of Lord St. George."

I felt in good humour with Barbara and all the world, dismissed her with thanks, and a promise to be home before nine o'clock, and was soon at Helen's door again.

"IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step, grow slow;
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below;
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
And he turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When "the strong man armed," in the middle-watch,
From life's dim deck is gazing,
And strives, through the wreck of the tempest, to catch
A gleam of the day-beam's blazing;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can awhelm:
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling—dying;
When his woes are unwep, and his deeds unsung,
And he longs in the grave to be lying;
Then a Voice shall charm, as it charmed before
He had wept or waited the dawning:
"They do love thee there for ay—"ll be thine as of yore—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and by shore,
Where the mother bends over
The cradle, whose tenant "has gone on before;"
Where the eyes of the lover
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wall, or a warning,
This is everywhere cherished—this everywhere heard:
"It will all be right in the morning!"
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

April 4th, 1805.

I sit down in very bad spirits, out of humour with all the world except you; I prefer Oxford, but I am not violently bent upon it, and whichever is determined upon will meet with my concurrence. My friend, (as you observed), danced with the little Princess, nor did I in the least envy him the honour. I presume that you have heard that Dr. Drury leaves Harrow this Easter, and that as a memorial of our gratitude, the scholars presented him with plate to the amount of 330. I hope you will excuse this hypocritical epistle as I never was in such low spirits in my life.

Burgage Manor, April 25th, 1805.

Thank God I believe I shall be in town on Wednesday next, and at last relieved from those agreeable amusements I described to you in my last. I return you and Lady — many thanks for your benediction, nor do I doubt its efficacy as it is bestowed by two such angelic beings: but as I am afraid my profane blessing would but expedite your road to Purgatory instead of Salvation, you must contain your best wishes in return since the unshallowed adjurations of a mere mortal would be of no effect — I have seen this young Roscian several times at the hazard of my life from the affectionate squeezes of the surrounding crowd, and I think him tolerable in some characters.

But I remain on purpose to hear our sapient and noble legislators of both houses debate on the catholic question, as I have no doubt there will be many nonsensical and some clever things said on this occasion. My wise and good — is at present thundering against somebody or other below in the dining-room. By the bye, Lady — ought not to complain of your writing a decent long letter to me, since I remember your 12 pages * to her, which I did not make the least complaint, but submitted like a meek lamb to the innovation of my privilege. Nobody ought to have had so long an epistle but my most excellent self.

Burgage Manor, Aug. 6th, 1805.

Well, — here I am once more, situated at — which together with its inmates is as agreeable as ever. I am at this moment vis-à-vis and tête-à-tête with that amiable personage, who is, whilst I am writing, pouring forth complaints of —'s ingratitude, giving me many oblique hints that I ought not to correspond with her.

You may picture to yourself, for your amusement, my solemn countenance on the occasion, and the meek lamb-like demeanour of her ladyship, which, contrasted with my saint-like visage, forms a striking family painting; whilst in the background the portraits of my great-grandfather and grandmother, suspended in their frames, seem to look with an eye of pity on their unfortunate descendant, whose worth and accomplishments deserve a milder fate. I am to remain in this Garden of Eden one month.

I presume you were rather surprised not to see my consequential name in the papers amongst the orators of our second speech-day; but, unfortunately, some wit who had formerly been at Harrow suppressed the merits of Long, Farmer, and myself, who were always supposed to take the lead in Harrow eloquence, and, by way of a hoax, thought proper to insert a panegyric on three speakers who were really and truly allowed to have rather disgraced than distinguished themselves. Of course for the wit of the thing the best were left out and the worst inserted, which accounts for the Gothic omission of my superior talents. Perhaps it was done with a view to weaken our vanity, which might be too much raised by the flattering paragraphs bestowed on our performance the first speech-day: be that as it may, we were omitted in the account of the second, to the astonishment of all Harrow. These are disappointments we great men are liable to, and we must learn to bear them with philosophy, especially when they arise from attempts at wit.

Burgage Manor, Aug. 10th, 1805.

I have at last succeeded, — in pacifying and mollifying that piece of flint which the good lady denominates her heart. — When I go to college I shall employ my vacation either in town or, during the summer, I intend making a tour through the Highlands, and to visit the Hebrides, with a party of my friends whom I have engaged for the purpose. This my old preceptor, Drury, recommended as the most improving way of employing my summer vacation.

As I shall be perfectly independent of her — It is my serious intention never again to visit or be upon friendly terms with her. This I owe to myself and to my own comfort, as well as justice to the memory of my nearest relations, who have been most shame-
fully libelled by this female Thiphone—a name which your ladyship will recollect to have belonged to one of the Furies.

Trinity College, Nov. 6, 1805.
As might be supposed I like a college life extremely, especially as I have escaped the trammels or rather letters of my domestic tyrant... I am now most pleasantly situated in super-excellent rooms, flanked on one side by my tutor; on the other, by an old Fellow, both of whom are rather checks on my vivacity. I am allowed... so I feel independent as a German Prince, who coins his own cash, or a Cherokee Chief, who coins no cash at all, but enjoys what is more precious—Liberty. I talk in raptures of that goddess, because... was so despotic. I am afraid the specimens I have lately given her of my spirit, and determination to submit to no more unreasonable commands... have given offence, as I had a most fury letter from the Court at... because I would not turn off my servant (whom I have not the least reason to distrust, and who had an excellent character from his last master) at her suggestion, for some caprice she had taken into her head. I sent back to the epistle, which was couched in elegant terms, a severe answer, which so nettled her ladyship, that after reading it she returned it in a cover, without deigning a syllable in return. The letter and my answer you shall behold when you next see me, that you may judge of the composite merits of each... I am comfortable here, and, having one of the best allowances at college, go on gaily, but not extravagantly. I am not the least obliged to— for it, as it comes off my property... and she has, moreover, a handsome addition to her income, which I do not in the least regret, as I would wish her to be happy, but by no means to live with me in person. The sweets of her society I have already drunk to the last dregs. I hope we shall meet on more affectionate terms, or meet no more... *I suppose that... in his vulgur idiom, by the word jelly did not mean fat, but high spirits; for so far from increasing I have lost one pound in a fortnight, as I find by being regularly weighed.

A VOYAGE FROM CEYLON TO COSSEIR, AND A JOURNEY THROUGH THE DESERT FROM COSSEIR TO THEBES.

BY LT.-COL. H. COPINGER.

In the present time, when the navigation between India and Egypt is becoming interesting to English readers, I take up my pen to describe the recollections which I bring back to my mind of a voyage from Ceylon to Cosseir, in which I passed on to Cochin, through the nine-degrees-channel, to Socotra and Aden, then up the Red Sea, touching at Mocha, landing at Juddah, and ending my voyage, which was a sailing vessel, at Cosseir. I then proceeded across the desert to Thebes, of which place, though often described by scientific travellers, I have ventured to put down my impressions also. I thought that the detail of the navigation from Calcutta via Madras to Ceylon might be well imagined, inasmuch as the descriptions of such a voyage have been often brought home to English readers, but will commence with Point de Galle, that very important fort, which was constructed by the Portuguese very many years ago. It is built of stone, and exceedingly strong. By the towering rocks which stand before it it is sheltered from the Indian Ocean, and certainly the surf which is perpetually beating against them requires that some such rampart should intervene to protect its works, which are, however, bastions of stone, well constructed. Part of the military, and the respectable merchant, have houses inside the fort constructed in the Dutch style.

Ceylon is considered the most beautiful island in the Indian Ocean. I found that, in all respects, it fully realized the glowing descriptions I had frequently listened to regarding it. I saw the rich forest scenery, the palms, the caoconut trees, the bread-fruit, the jack-wood, the groves of cinnamon, the luxuriant vegetation, the wonderful mineral productions. Amongst all of the extraordinary natives I noticed most particularly the Modlars, who wear a long blue coat with double rows of buttons, short petticoats like highlanders, and hose with shoes. Their head-dress is simple—a large comb stuck on the back of the head, which stays their hair tightly back, in the way that the... *This fear of becoming fat increased with years, and the evil dreaded. It appears in the later letters, and so firm a hold had it taken of the writer’s imagination that neither the entreaties of friends nor the cravings of nature could invalidate its influence. When these last became too intense to be supported, Lord Byron was in the habit of having recourse to astringents and stomachics to palliate the pains of hunger. To opium he was never addicted. He utterly only restrained himself from those viands which contain most aliment.
French women wear theirs. The poorer nates, also, wear this remarkable comb, varying in size and costliness according to the means of the wearers. They were generally of massive tortoiseshell, and in breadth about eight inches, while they were nearly four in depth, exclusive of the teeth.

Of the equipages I was struck by the appearance of the long palanquin carriages, of which the reins which guided the horses were passed through the front windows, and the driver sat inside the body of the carriage. I saw also many of the long carts laden with the fruits which abound on the island, covered with the leaves of the tallpot stitched together. These leaves are generally about a yard square; they grow on a high palm-tree, which is, I think, peculiar to the island. I went to visit at a house of a lady who had been a long resident in the island, and who lived about two miles from Point de Galle. She told us, among other things, that these palm-leaves stitched together are used for sheds, covering of outhouses and verandas; and that when a regiment is on its march through the island the encampments, constructed at intervals for the troops to shelter in after each day’s march, are formed of these leaves. We observed that the roads which ran through the country were firmly made, and most convenient for carriages. We visited the cinnamon groves and cut sticks which were covered with this fragrant bark. At dinner we had the bread-fruit boiled, which tasted not unlike a yam, but was somewhat insipid. The natives make curry either of fish, vegetables, meat, or eggs, mincing these with their sauce; which is of pure and relishing ingredients, not at all too hot, and considered very wholesome. There is an abundance of rich fruits, chiefly those of India—the guava, the custard-apple, the alligator-peach, the plantain, which last fruit is a great boon to the natives; and the cocoa-nut also supplies numbers of their wants. I remember particularly the jack-fruit: it grows out of the branch of the forest-tree which bears it, and some specimens of these fruits I saw so large, that two native men had slung it to a bamboo, and, placing the bamboo on their shoulders, were thus taking it to market. I was not tempted to purchase any of the native boxes, the numerous precious stones, cinnamon-stones, sapphires, rubies, &c., or the boxes made of elephants’ grinders, nor the desks of porcupines’ quills. For one going to cross the desert, it is not expedient to encumber oneself with luggage.

In the houses of the richer gentrey I frequently saw before the door a portico formed of a species of plantain-tree, which had a cool and refreshing appearance, and was very welcome in a climate so exceedingly hot as this. I shall leave to others, who have longer time to devote to it, the remarks upon the strange Buddhist temples and religion, the priests of this heathen ritual, who dress completely in yellow—the vast numbers of wild animals, which range through the thick jungles, elephants more numerous and larger than any found elsewhere—cheetas, leopards, the jungle-fowl, the varieties of the monkey-tribe, which actually swarm on the trees—the fishes of the coast, whose varied colours naturalists find pictured by those curious in such matters—or the pearl-fishery (dreadful trade), where the alert and hardy native dares the wondrous “perils of the deep” for some greedy trader, and receives for salary the wretched pittance which serves for his subsistence. But I proceed with our sailing from Point de Galle. Certainly our boat, with its large outrigger, was the most curious, as well as the most unartifactly speedy, aquatic conveyance I ever was in. It was in this boat that I crossed the harbour each time that we passed between the shore and the ship. It is cut out of one large jackwood-tree, consequently narrow, so much so, that more than one man cannot sit abreast in it, but still long enough for five men to sit in it lengthways. Parallel to this canoe, lying on the water, was a plank of the same length as itself, attached by two booms about eight feet long. One of these boom had the sheets of the large lattein-sail, and the tacking requisite for its use, delayed or fastened to it, which sail, filled by the wind, bore us along at a surprising quick rate, and with scarcely any perceptible motion. We also saw many native fishing-boats, constructed in nearly the same way, only that these were formed of three boards, the centre one forming the base or bottom of the boat, the two others the sides; but they had the outrigger precisely similar to the one in which we were sailing.

We left the harbour, and had a fine breeze, and felt a joyous anticipation of the future course which the Colombo would have in its progress to Cochin on the Malabar coast, which was the port we were bound for. I rose very early the next morning, and saw the most superb sunrise I have ever witnessed in any part of the world. The sun rose over that high towering mountain called Adam’s Peak, in the very centre of the island, on which the natives insist was the resting-place of the first man.

There was not a single cloud to dim the glorious flood of light which, stretching over the island mountain tops, shed the most brilliant halo of splendid golden gleams, which nearly reached across the horizon, as superb as any that the “gorgeous east” ever boasted of. Then the bright sun rose like a globe of fire, as clear and defined as some enormous luminous mass looming into vision. Certainly the loveliest hour in the twenty-four is the one which ushered in the sunrise in tropical climates, and those who neglect to watch it lose a charm which no view belonging to “Day’s pariah eye” can compensate for. No wonder the ancient poets, Homer in particular, are so diffuse and enthusiastic in speaking of the “rosy-fingered Aurora.”

We went through the next two days without anything very remarkable occurring, unless we should consider the shoals of bonitas, and the
A Voyage from Ceylon to Conisir, &c.

passage of some tropic birds, worthy of record. But the third day after leaving Point de Galle we saw Cape Comorin, situated as it is under a high mountain, and we soon had a view of the continuous range of heights which terminate the ghauts of the Malabar coast. These exhibit fine bold outlines, linked together as the mountains are. This same sort of scenery prevailed until we reached Quilon. After passing this place the coast lay flat all along until we came to Aleppo. It seemed well cultivated on shore, and plenty of vegetation. We remarked at the margin of the coast at intervals the number of Portuguese churches which the early settlers of that nation had built, and also those of the Syrian churches founded by the Nestorian Christians. After this we encountered a gale, and were delayed in reaching Cochin until the middle of the next day.

When we neared the shore we saw a town composed of a large number of well-whitewashed houses, in good repair, and tied. They were built in the Portuguese style, and the streets regular. The town altogether, for India, was a neat one. It had an excellent pier jutting into the sea, and this was the construction of a Prussian, who had been in the Portuguese service. It was built by him previous to the town being captured by the British. In the background were numerous groves of coconut-trees, and the country surrounding the town was covered with verdure such as one never witnesses on the plains of Hindostan.

The forests of teak which abound in the Malabar coast produce, I am told, the best shiptimber in the world, not even excepting English oak; the latter, however, is said to be lighter. At Rangoon the teak is equally good, but not so celebrated. These forests are, some of them, in the vicinity of this seaport, and consequently there were several ships being constructed in its docks. There are plantations in numbers of coconut-trees, ground tastefully laid out, cottages built of mud, with thatched roofs, low sides, and matted inside. The enclosures surrounding these are spacious and well-plantcd.

The principal reason of our captain's making this port was to take in stock, which are here more numerous, and cheaper, than in any port at all approachable. The stock, vegetables, and fruits were procurable at about a tenth part of the Indian prices. Soon our deck was crowded with turkeys, hens, ducks: fruits and vegetables also came in in proportion. Of the fruits the pineapples were the most abundant and choicest.

I saw here the most extraordinary mode of fishing—one which I suppose exists nowhere else. By the side of the wharf or pier are about twenty very large frames, in the centre of each of which is a hand-net attached to a lever, and on the other end of the beam is a weight appended. When the weight is withdrawn the net falls into the water, and after staying in it a few minutes is raised from the deep water again by means of fastening to its end the same weight, and comes up invariably laden with small fish. These nets are lowered, of course, according to the serving of the tide; but such a systematic mode of taking a prodigious quantity of fish I never witnessed.

We weighed anchor after staying here a day, and sailing northward in order to make the course through the nine-degree channel. The sailors hailed as a happy omen, the circumstance of our passing through the curious lines in the ocean, which being of a yellow colour, are said by them to be the spawn of a sort of fish and to betoken the prevalence of fine weather. Little passed worthy of note until we came in sight of Calpinè, the largest of the Lacedavies. We certainly saw shoals of porpoises, but one used to a sea life is so accustomed to these that they are thought scarcely worthy of remark. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from leaving Cochin (this is on the second of April), we saw the island of Calpinè, the largest of the Lacedavies. I have set down both the dates of the sailing, the course we have made every day, and the latitude and longitude, which we took also every day at noon, from the time we left Calcutta until the end of our voyage; but I do not here insert them, nor yet the minor incidents of seeing shoals of fishes, tropical birds, our occupations on board, the remarkable characteristics of our party, or anything excepting the scenes that we visited which seemed worthy of note.

We kept about six miles south of the island of Calpinè and at six o'clock lay to, and at half-past six o'clock six of the natives of the island came off in a canoe, like one of those which one sees on the Malabar coast formed of the trunk of a tree. They were Mussulmans. They talked the Malabar language. They said that the island was under the command of a chief who resided at Cananore, and was subject to the English Government, that the population of the island was four hundred, that the people employed themselves chiefly in the manufacture of nets of the finest workmanship, and coir, which is a rope formed of the cocoa-nut fibres, and that they exported these together with shells and cocoa-nuts to Ceylon and to the opposite coast. These men brought with them only a few cocoa-nuts. They did not differ much from the inhabitants of the Malabar coast. The island did not present any very remarkable features: it was green and well-wooded; it seemed to me so flat, so well-studded with plantations, displaying so many shades of green exotics that one might have described it as resembling a Bengalee village and its neighbourhood let into the midst of the sea. I could easily discern with a telescope the simple and unsophisticated inhabitants engaged in their primitive occupations. There is one good bay in the centre of which is a small island. One feels in a sea-voyage a pleasure in approaching one of these spots, which seem in the vast ocean as an oasis in the desert. The sight of land breaks agreeably the monotony of the voyage, the smell of the breeze from it, the freshness of the air, the number of thoughts or associations
which are brought to the fancy by the object in view, all render it a subject of interest.

We sailed the next morning the third of April, and during our progress through the Indian Ocean we had not much to record except matters of local interest, such as the sight of the dolphins, those most beautiful of submarine objects, the catching of bonitas, the harpooning porpoises, all of which little events form topics of very great interest to those who in the waste of waters have little to amuse them. The birds of several kinds, the tropic bird called the boatswain, the booby, the albatross, were seen also and observed; reading was the greatest resource to me, and we had a good library on board. Of all the living objects which caught my attention the flying-fish were the prettiest; their body in colour and size like a trout, their wings being long, nearly the length of their body, and it appeared they could not keep them long out of the water from their having so frequently recourse to it. How beautiful their varied hues as they flutter in the sun’s rays skimming along! They enjoy, as it would seem from nature, the double boon of wings and of fins, rejoice in the capability of moving through two sublime elements, and can alternately flutter through the gay ether of the delightful clear atmosphere which encompasses the seas, or they can descend to view the pathwayless and unknown glories of the depths of ocean, and yet are doomed to endure the horrors of a double chase; for in flight the numerous birds which frequent these tropic latitudes are perpetually in pursuit of them, and in the water their incessant foes the various fishes, dolphins and bonitas are ready to follow them close when they descend. A moralizing beholder might picture in his fancy an analogy which these creatures bear to those whose steps follow the career of glory in her splendid chariot; whom Fulgenti trahit constrictios gloria currum, or to those who are placed in the inevitable publicidad of fame, as both from their conspicuous positions are subjected to attacks from all quarters. All the passions which actuate human nature are in array against them usually, and at no time are they free from enemies wherever they bend their course. The weather was so warm that most of the passengers and I myself slept on the deck at night, and so much pleasant was the open air than the cabin, that I only went to mine as seldom as I possibly could to get out clothes for purposes of ablution and for dressing. The myriads of cockroaches which swarmed through the ship, made the localities between decks anything but agreeable. I found a few days after I left Calpíne, that they had been busy with the cinnamon sticks I had cut in Ceylon and hoped to carry home, but these little wretched insects peeped the bark off them completely; they also bit numerous holes in my boots and shoes, and before my having removed to sleep on deck I had been awakened by their nibbling at my feet. Our party consisted principally of foreigners, and they played cards all day and the greatest part of the night. On the evening of the nineteenth of April, some swallows which must have flown from some adjacent shore came near us, and at 6 our first officer saw Socotra and the islands called “The Brothers” in the distance. As we advanced the next morning we kept these in view, and, sailing onwards, approached nearer to Abdool Kury, which presents a long rocky outline of successive table-lands, surmounted by peaks. It is inhabited by about fifty Arabs, who live by selling fish, oranges, and grapes, but have scarcely any other production for sale. We saw this island clearly at 2 p.m., and had it in sight the whole evening. Towards the close of the day we saw the very remarkable cape called “Garde de fui” on the African shore, which all sailors are anxious to keep a good distance from. The outline of this is tame, with some slight elevation. We had fair weather and favourable breezes until the 24th, when, at 12, the captain told us that we were not thirty-eight miles distance from Aden. We saw land at 3 o’clock, and, as the wind continued with unabated force, we got near to the mountains which border the coast at 5 p.m. There was not a mark of civilisation of any kind until we got to the harbour of the West Point, where three of the Bombay navy ships were lying, and two or three Arab craft. We anchored at 6 p.m. The mountains opposite the harbour have precisely the same appearance near as when we first saw them. Those on the opposite shore have similar characteristics. There were some tents and huts constructed of reeds and mats on the mountains next us. These were the only human habitations in view. The old town of Aden was once large and a place of great note, from the sanctity which the Mussulmans supposed one of the tombs to possess; but it was almost completely depopulated by a plague which broke out there, and the buildings are now all in ruins. We landed next day, and a party of us for Aden was soon made up. We took the path by the side of the sea, and our prospect was confined to it, the land, and the adjacent mountains. After proceeding about half a mile, we met an Arab riding a donkey, who immediately on seeing us, dismounted it, and, pointing to its saddle, asked one of our party to get on it, saying that there were more to be had. The person addressed consented to this, and after our proceeding about two hundred yards further, we met about twenty of them, each attended by an Arab boy, and selecting from those the ones most promising to bear us, we all rode on towards Aden. Our ride lay by the side of the mountain, bleak, precipitous, and much jagged and broken. We came to a narrow pass through which the English have cut a road which is level enough, and, having gone on a mile further, we saw the lines of that very wild, savage, but still advantageously-situated place called “Aden”—meaning in English the place of faith. Batteries had been placed all along the edge of the mountain, and, where the rock
itself did not afford fissures for embrasures, sand-bags had been placed, and guards were stationed at intervals.

We ascended to where the main guard was stationed, and arrived at a naturally-formed pass, cut evidently by some convulsion of Nature out of the solid rock, winding and steep, and at most parts about a thousand feet high. Then we entered an isolated spot, barren, bare, and as bleak as it is possible for anyone to fancy, with some rude matted huts lying in different lines, and dotted by numbers of tents. The whole enciente was surrounded by a sort of natural amphitheatre of rocks, and we were told that the huts and the tents were occupied by the officers and soldiers of a British regiment, and that this was Aden, and could fancy an officer sent to be quartered here, exclaiming, with the character in "As you like it":

"Well, now I am in Aden, the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

I met here a friend, with whom I passed the day and the evening. The words of Horace occur to me when a meeting of this kind takes place in some remote locality:

"Nil me contulerim jocundo saebe amico."

I went to see the town in the cool of the evening. The habitations seemed exceedingly primitive, being constructed of cane sides and matted roofs; but as it scarcely ever rains here, and when rain does fall it is only a slight shower, these huts answer for shelter well enough. The hut in which we dined, being the mess-room of the regiment, was thus constructed, and the sides, being of mats, were opened after the dinner was over. They were supported on poles, and, when thus raised, the air which surrounded us made a cool and pleasant change. I was told that the garrison was supplied with mutton, beef, and grain from the opposite African coast, called Berber, and that the natives from the villages in the interior brought them in corn, dates, fruits, and coffee; but they had to send to Bombay for their stores. There are some few shops kept by Parsee merchants. The station is healthful, and not nearly so hot as India. One of the curiosities of the place is the number of Portuguese coins of the time of Albuquerque, which had been dug up in its vicinity.

The next day we retraced our steps to our harbour, again embarked, and the Colombo sailed for Suez on the 26th April, at 6 p.m. We directed now our course for the entrance of the Red Sea through the Straits of Babalmandel, as we call them, the Arabian name being Bibamundulub (the gates of Death): the navigation being so difficult and dangerous as to have originated that name. We have on the Arabian coast a continued chain of heights, bleak, barren, and totally devoid of aught but the bare stones; on the left, the African shore, with the mountains at intervals, grey and misty. At the foot of the vast heights are the rocks called by th
centre of them, plying about in all directions.

There was also a schooner, well built, belonging to the Consul at the place, lying at anchor. Next day we went on shore to see the lions of the place. The boat which took us was one of the same sort as that which is mentioned above. The first object which struck me was a large ostrich, walking about, as tame as a favourite dog. As we advanced into the town we saw numbers of these stupendous birds to whom the Persians give the name of the camel-fowl. The houses were all built of granite, there were no glass windows, but as a substitute, they had wooden-panels which were opened or shut at discretion to admit or exclude the air. The streets, much broader than those one sees in an Asiatic town usually, are of stone covered with clay, and as rain does not fall oftener than once a year, their surface is firm and also clean. The number of coffee-houses is astonishing: they were to be met with every thirty yards: they are furnished with couches of matting, and rustic chairs, and calculated to contain about two hundred people. This gave us a lively idea of the partiality which the natives have for the juice of their favourite berry “fit for Moslem’s use,” as nearly all of them were half filled. The shops containing fancy articles or clothes were few, but there were many for vegetables and fruits, particularly dates, and numbers for goat’s flesh and mutton which came from far; for pipes, raw coffee, tobacco, &c., there were many. We went into the slave-market, where we saw about eighteen African boys and two girls waiting for purchasers. The owners did not put them up for sale as at an auction, but kept them pent up in a series of sheds round a large court as a drover would his pigs or cows at a fair in England, until some purchaser arrived. I was told that the price of these children, whose age was about ten to twelve, seldom exceeded thirty-five dollars; from twenty-five upwards was usually given. As we went along, a little boy came up to the youth who was with us and acted as our interpreter, and bowing down kissed his hand most reverentially; he told me that “he was a slave-boy,” and seemed to take it as a matter of course. The persons we met in our walk were all either Arabs or Arondonas, all well dressed, but not cleanly. We saw some few camels and the finest specimens of donkeys which I ever saw anywhere: some were ridden by Arabs and looked much finer than mules. It being very hot we repaired to the boat and got on board again. I determined to make a more lengthened stay the next day. As I viewed the town from on board, it seemed to have a gloomy and bleak appearance—owing to the absence of all sorts of vegetation near it, and the greyish colour of the stones of which the houses were composed. The houses, however, seemed well-built and looked a compact assemblage. On the left-side of the town were a number of windmills which Mahummad Alee had caused to be built for the purpose of grinding corn for his troops. The whole of the city is under the control of a pacha of three tails. The next day I went on shore at first to the Consul’s house, ultimately resolving to have an interview with the Grand Turk.

On landing at 8 o’clock, I went to the house of the former: he was then the only European resident in the place. I had to ascend a number of dark staircases and through some corridors, all of the same greyish stone, and arrived at last at the divan, which had, as usual, no windows, but the same sort of air-hole which I have described as serving in most of the houses here for such. The interior apartments had mud floors, no furniture, and shelves of stone in the wall for putting up moveables in. These were separated from the divan by lofty lines of boards; the divan was carpeted, and all round the chamber was attached an immovable seat covered with thick cloth; this seat formed as it were part of the wall. It was provided with twenty-two cushions, for visitors to place their hacks against. A short time after I entered the Consul arrived, and immediately after him a servant carrying a long pipe, with the tube made of cherry-stick, and having an amber mouthpiece; the same domestic brought him a cup about the size of a claret glass, fixed in a brass case; and another, at the same time, brought the same articles for me. During the course of the morning I saw the same ceremony observed to all the visitors who came, except the inferior merchants, who were given coffee without the pipe. The number of persons who came to visit and the number of dialects talked to them by this English Consul was quite surprising: amongst them I noticed Arab merchants, Albanian officers, Turkish traders, Armenian doctors, and two Persians, who actually came to his house for the purpose of meeting the captain of our vessel. So far as the wish of meeting him went they had it gratified, but on their accosting him in the Persian language he was not able to understand what they said. As I was present and knew Hindostanee I spoke to them in that language, and translated what they said to the captain. They commenced by a number of far-fetched compliments with regard to the beauty and excellence of the ship, the fortune it had in rejoicing in such a master, the hope that its voyage would be prosperous, and other pieces of civility which were received calmly and smilingly enough by the captain; but when they proceeded to divulge the pith of their discourse, which was that they wanted him to give them a free passage to Cosseir, he broke off the interview very shortly. I went in the afternoon to pay a visit to the Pacha. His palace was built in a rude style of stone, and had the same number of dark staircases, passages, and galleries which most of the other houses here have. At different intervals, in the large galleries there were groups of Arondonout soldiers, dressed in garbs of every sort of colour, loose jacket and trousers, and glowing coloured waistcoats. They had all pistols, mounted either with silver or gold, and swords
with shining steel or leather scabbards. The
divan, where the Pacha sat, was a large lofty
room at the far end, carpeted, and supplied
with some very costly cushions for persons to lie
against. The Pacha was an old reverend-looking
man with a majestic air, and long, white beard,
and he sat against one of these large cushions.
He seemed about seventy years of age, and very
handsome and dignified in appearance; he was
dressed in a long costly robe of cloth of gold.
When I entered from the farther end of the
room he was engaged with two office men, whom
he instantly waved with his hand to, and they
went away; then the servant brought me the
long pipe and coffee, and the pasha had his pipe
also. I had for an interpreter an Armenian
doctor who spoke Italian, in which language I
said what I had to say, and the doctor, who sat
in a corner, translated it into Turkish for the
pasha. The topics of discourse were the usual
commonplaces of the news of the day. The
intellectual character of the Asiatics, even of the
first-rank, certainly receives little culture.
As we returned from the Consul’s this evening,
we saw two Arabs playing backgammon in one
of the coffee-houses, and though they had dice
they had no box, so used their hands. When
the game went against them they swore, blew
on the dice, and exhibited other frantic-looking
antics. I had an opportunity of seeing here
how very much debased the coin is by the
Turks, as in asking for change of a dollar the
shopkeeper in the bazaar told me he could give
twenty-five piastres; but on showing a Spanish
dollar, such was his joy at getting the coin of
intrinsic value that he gave me twenty-seven.
I saw here numbers of the hajees or pilgrims
bound for Mecca, of which there are such
countless numbers in the east: the miseries and
privations which some of these endure are
horrible to think of. The consul told me that
this pilgrimage was in many cases a piece of im-
position, as it was very common in Cairo and else-
where for a man of wealth to give a large sum for
the certificate to some one who had really made
the pilgrimage, and got the said certificate.
Mecca is about fifty miles from this port. The
cheats practised on the pilgrims or hajees there
are countless, and the inhabitants look to these
for their livelihood. Nineteenth of May, this
morning, we were taken in tow by a pilot in a
native craft who threaded our ship through the
dangerous narrow strait lying between the reefs
of coral, and when we were clear of them a
breeze sprang up and took us out to sea; the
tacking to and fro and the avoiding the coral
reefs formed the principal part of the subsequent
voyage. The view of land occasionally formed a
marked feature in the course of the different
days’ career. This vast range of heights on the
Nubian coast, called the Emerald mountains,
showed like a series of pyramids. We passed
the site of the city of Berenice, which is now but
an assemblage of fishing-huts. On the after-
noon of the twenty-third, when we were off
Cape Bareddy a fine bald-looking land with
ranges of mountains in the back-ground, but,
as usual barren. We saw a Bedouin camp, which
had the appearance of a few rude huts. One
day we had a calm, and took up some coral to
examine it. In its first growth it is tender and
seems like a compound of animal and vegetable
life; the interior was as soft as a polypus or sea-
amenone: it was of a muddy grey colour. There
is also a sort of black coral which much more
resembles a petrified plant; of this last, the
beads which form the Mussulmans’ rosary are
composed. On the twenty-ninth we entered into
a road for ships, where there were some Arab
crews, and the water was so deep that there was
much delay and even damage to be apprehended
by anchoring there. The town which surrounded
this Egyptian port was composed of mud-huts,
gloomy, bleak, and utterly devoid of either
herbage or cultivation. There was a large fort
constructed like a mud-redoubt on the upper
face of the works and riveted on the lower part
in the turrets at the angles were two heavy guns
mounted; two of these turrets were square and
two round. There was a fine wooden jetty in the
centre of the bay, or rather it should be called
the roadstead for ships. Here, then, we had at
last reached terra firma, and we ended our very
long and tiresome sea-voyage. This was the
long-expected Cossier. Nobis parta quies nul-
um parvae aequor arandum. The passing
down the desert by Suez, although it had not
then become such an every-day feat as it is now,
was yet a very uninteresting affair. There was
none of the interest of getting an insight into
the desert life, of being free from the host of
parties which are passing and repassing, and
being also at liberty to take one’s own time to
halt or for movement. But the crowning advan-
tage we had before us was the prospect of seeing
Thébes, that wonderful city of the
desert, which yet displays the most magnificent
ruins to be met with in the world.
I was surprised in looking over He-
rodotus and Strabo, to find nothing like an
account of the grandeur which marks the build-
ings at Thébes; the former writer only men-
tioning the customs which prevailed in the
country, and the latter advertsing to the extent of
the city. Of all that the ancient writers say, with the
exception of the well-known words of Homer,
I find nothing at all descriptive of the grandeur
of Thébes. Before the French went there in the
time of Napoleon’s invasion, I do not think the
world were at all cognizant of the wondrous extent
and the magnificent character of these temples.
I anticipated with great interest an oppor-
tunity of making an excursion through the
desert from Cossier to Thébes.
[The Latin quotation at p. 128, commencing
"Nil me contulerim," should be "Nil ego", &c.]
The great delight of Mrs. Septimus Jenkins was to give evening parties; a taste which, it may be observed, is not very singular among ladies of her age and standing in the world; and though she had peculiarities of character, which to her intimates distinguished her sufficiently from the throng, mere acquaintances thought her little else than a commonplace—good-sort-of-woman-of-the-world kind of personage. Mrs. Septimus Jenkins was the wife of a solicitor, with a thriving practice in the county town of Dilton, and the mother of a growing-up family, whose ages ranged from a son of one-and-twenty, "articled" to his father, to a little maiden of seven. Her own age was a subject of doubt and speculation, but was probably guessed within a year or two. She often mentioned that she married very early; and she dressed, though well, in a style a little too juvenile for a matron of forty. A bottle of hair-dye had once been detected on her toilet-table; and she was fond of a very subdued daylight in her drawing-room, especially during the hours when morning visitors are most likely to present themselves.

Mr. Septimus Jenkins, a sensible, plodding, honourable man of business, liking his profession, and working hard at it. He was fifty years of age, as he said himself; and, as could be easily ascertained, for a reason to be given presently, were the exact truth of the slightest consequence to know. It was clear he had no collateral interest in the bottle of hair-dye, for his head was bald, all but a fringe, which was decidedly avowedly grizzly. He was of what is called obscure origin; the child of humble, but honest parents; and had been named after an eccentric bachelor, to whom his parents had been servants, one Mr. Septimus Vernon, a magistrate of the county, and who chanced to die the very week after his godchild's christening. A marble tablet in the principal church of Dilton was a perpetual reminder of this event, and, consequently, fixed the age of Mr. Septimus Jenkins with some accuracy, supposing, as was natural, that at the period of christening that portly personage was an innocent, helpless baby, in long clothes. On opening the will of the old bachelor, it was found that ample provision had been made for his name-sake and its parents: hence their rise in the world.

The name being a singular one, Mrs. Septimus Jenkins had sometimes been asked "if her husband was a seventh son?"—and, on these occasions, she always replied, "an only child!" accompanying the words with a perfectly indescribable turn of the head and modulation of the voice, as if the circumstance were one of which she was humbly proud; yet acknowledging that he was named after a seventh son, with a precisely similar proud humility, which intimated that this also was an honour to be meekly borne. But, countless were the occasions which arose for the display of her peculiar manner. If one of her children was called good, or pretty, or clever, whatever the mother said, the declaration of her looks was, "How can I help it?" and if an acquaintance admired the fashion of her new bonnet, Mrs. Septimus was constrained to admit that her bonnets always were becoming, though rather deprecating the circumstance than otherwise. From this brief sketch, I hope the reader perceives that the character of Mrs. Septimus Jenkins was shaded with a soupçon of affectation.

Mrs. Septimus gave parties frequently; as often as she could, by any witchery of persuasion, convince her husband that there was an absolute necessity for one. Birthdays, wedding-day, the visit of a schoolfellow to Isabella Maria, or the desire to entertain an eligible acquaintance of Adolphus, or, in fact, any occasion which presented a plausible excuse, she made the most of: acting the victim, however, all the while—a victim, compelled by inexorable fate, to disarrange her house, and disturb her family arrangements for a length of time graduated to the scale and importance of the party—from the yearly ball, with chalked floors and balcony covered in, or heavy, solemn, pompous dinners, to the friendly carpet-dance and sandwich supper, to which the young people, at any rate, gave the preference.

Now the excuse for the little party, some particulars of which I am about to relate, was found in the circumstance of a certain Miss Hardy spending a few days in Dilton. She might, indeed, be called a client of Mr. Jenkins’s, although he had never seen, and scarcely heard.
of her until within these few days. He was connected with some business in which she had recently acquired an interest from inheriting a very considerable property. If, however, we listen to a discourse which took place between Mr. and Mrs. Septimus, the day of the party, we shall better understand the motive-wheels which were at work.

"I should say eight-and-twenty, at least," exclaimed Mr. Septimus. The subject under discussion was evidently that delicate one, a lady's age.

"Well, perhaps she may be, or perhaps she only looks it. Consider what a wearing life hers must have been," continued the lady, "especially latterly, confined almost entirely to her aunt's sick room. But she has a slight figure, and that takes off her age."

"Yes, slight, but decidedly crooked," returned Mr. Jenkins, who seemed determined to depreciate the heiress.

"And what does that signify, if the young people should like one another? And I am sure she would have chosen you, Mr. Jenkins."

"Yes; and much too sensible to marry a boy. Pshaw! my dear, the idea is preposterous."

"Well, at any rate, it was worth while to give Adolphus the opportunity. Besides, I really wanted to have a party."

"That is another affair," said Mr. Jenkins with a smile, and brushing his hat preparatory to leaving for his office. The lady now remembered a commission she wished him to execute, and which, amid her castle-building, she had well-nigh forgotten.

"You will pass the door of Twang and Tuchitt," she exclaimed; "just call in and ask them to send the people who are to play the harp and piano at eight o'clock instead of half-past. You know it is only a carpet dance, and that will not be too early."

Mr. Jenkins dropped the hat-brush, and in seeking to recover it, let fall his hat also. Stooping to pick them up was a means of hiding his confusion. Mr. Septimus Jenkins, who had been requested three several times to order the musicians—and, on the last occasion, had been guilty of an evasion rather than acknowledge his negligence—had altogether forgotten the important trust confided to him. Hoping, however, that it was not too late to repair the omission, he made no confession of his fault, but saying "very well, very well," he walked out of the house.

Be sure his first visit was to Messrs. Twang and Tuchitt's. Alas! alas! there must have been an epidemic of party-giving at Dilton; every member of the establishment was engaged that evening, down to a boy of twelve years old who played the accordion—an asthmatic companion to the piano. Messrs. Twang and Tuchitt published music, sold and let out instruments, provided players for parties, and, indeed, enjoyed a monopoly in the town; and faint was the hope with which Mr. Jenkins journeyed on in pursuit of a quadrille and polka-player. It was no use, after wasting at least an hour-and-a-half, he was obliged to make a full confession of his omission to his wife. This he did by note, suggesting that Mrs. Septimus should invite the young lady who was daily governess to their children, and who, no doubt, would excuse the shortness of the invitation, and, being a good musician, would make herself useful at the piano. I should mention that he softened the "blow" of this note by sending in with it some choice flowers which had been for three days coveted by his wife, but, with a wonderful stretch of authority which had been positively prohibited by him.

Conflicting were the emotions of Mrs. Septimus Jenkins on receiving that note. On one hand were the flowers which would make her an object of envy to Mrs. Myles and Mrs. Brownlow, who never could persuade their husband to do things with any elegance; and on the other, the disappointment of the musicians; but to be sure their absence might be explained, only at the expense of holding up her husband to playful censure. But then the inviting Lucy Drayton! It must be done, and with as good a grace as Mrs. Septimus could assume.

Like many another vain, ignorant, and worldly woman, Mrs. Septimus had hitherto treated her governess—to whom the hearts and minds of her children were intrusted—with rather unbecoming coldness and haughtiness.

At the moment the note was delivered, Lucy Drayton was in the little back parlour, called by courtesy the "study," busily engaged with her usual duties, imparting knowledge in homoeopathic doses, the only method in which it is imbibed by children with a certainty of permanent benefit. The governess had been quite aware of the projected party, and, to do Mrs. Septimus justice, she felt a little awkwardness at the lateness of the invitation; accordingly she deputed her daughter to be mediator. Isabella Maria was a good-natured girl, full of life and spirits, with just sympathy enough for a girl of her own age so differently circumstanced from herself, to always take part in the wars which sometimes arose between her and juvenile rebels; and on the present occasion Miss Jenkins was elated at the prospect of a party and the adoration of her own particular beau. By dint of sincere good feeling, she smoothed down the awkwardness of the invitation, though Lucy was quite aware of the purpose for which she was required.

Lucy Drayton was an orphan, who, to use a common phrase, had been tossed about the world since her childhood. Educated on the wreck of her father's means, she was now residing with a distant relative, who had made an advantageous bargain by giving her board and lodging in return for her services as instructress to her child. The remainder of Lucy's time was occupied by her duties at Mrs. Jenkins's. Early responsibility, and the habit and necessity of taxing her powers to the uttermost, had influenced her character, and in many respects developed it. With a naturally warm, affectionate, and grateful heart, she was reserved and almost cold in manner; perhaps because
Mrs. Jenkins’s Evening Party.

her childish sensibility had been so often chilled or rebuked. But though sensitive, she had both good sense and decision; and though she certainly did not feel any great pleasure at receiving Mrs. Jenkins’s tardy invitation, she felt that it was in fact a “command,” which she could not with propriety disobey.

Lucy came early, and brought with her a thick roll of music. She wore a simple white dress, and, twined in her hair, a few sprays of jasmine, fresh and odorous, just gathered from her cousin’s garden. Perhaps after all, to a pretty girl of nineteen, which Lucy undoubtedly was, this unpretending attire was the most becoming that could be chosen; and devoid as she was of all the petty affectations which sometimes beset very young ladies, to whom evening parties are frequent occurrences, there was absolutely something distinguished in her very simplicity.

Miss Hardy, the heiress, was also among the early arrivals; and though in every respect her appearance presented a decided contrast to that of Lucy, they were alike in their perfect freedom from mincing affectation. I am afraid I could not positively say that any other lady in the room that evening, under thirty years of age, entirely refrained from “flirting” her fan, coquetting with her bouquet, draping her gossamer handkerchief, primming her face to a stereotyped smile, or displaying with careful carelessness the tablets that enumerated her partners. Miss Hardy was in deep mourning for the aunt to whom she had been for years nurse and companion, and who had bequeathed her two thousand a-year. The high dress, fitting close to the throat, by no means concealed that one shoulder was decidedly awry, and not those who loved her best had ever considered her handsome; and yet there was a soul of goodness in the thoughtful face of Sarah Hardy, that made one feel how natural it might be for a gifted and a noble-minded man to find in her the nearest approach to his ideal.

But the old maid, as Mr. Adolphus called her, in nothing resembled his ideal. Mrs. Septimus very soon perceived that her bubble scheme had already burst. Still, though the daughter-in-law had vanished, the rich client remained; and Miss Hardy was the chief object of attention to host and hostess throughout the evening. Visitors also took the cue, and the lady became quite the centre of attraction. She declined dancing, saying she “had not danced since her aunt’s death;” but it is probable that at any time she preferred looking on. Meanwhile Lucy Drayton remained at the piano, playing dance after dance with ease and good humour. To quadrille succeeded polka, polka melted into waltz; and, after brief breathing pause, the waiters again steadied into a quadrille; and so it went round and round, with little variation.

By-and-bye Miss Hardy changed her seat; her careful entertainers had feared a draught, and recommended an easy chair near the piano. She had now a full opportunity of perceiving that the indefatigable pianist was about as much neglected as she herself was faded. Miss Hardy understood all that was passing around her, just as well as Asmodeus when he unroofed the houses, or rather better, for she comprehended the inner springs of feeling which set outer wheels of action at work. Moreover, for long years she had been herself a neglected dependant, and she felt a sympathetic attraction towards the young governess, with whom, waiving the ceremony of an introduction, she began chatting in the intervals between the dances.

Again was Miss Hardy besought and entreated to dance, and Mrs. Septimus escorted a gentleman across the room, who requested he “might have the honour.”

“Pray excuse me,” repeated Miss Hardy, but without waiting for an answer, she continued, “I can, however, find you a substitute; I am sure the young lady who has been playing so charmingly all the evening is a dancer, and I shall be most happy to take her place.”

“Allow me the pleasure,” murmured the gentleman, bowing to Lucy, though he was a good deal disappointed at not having the opportunity he coveted of playing the agreeable to the heiress. Meanwhile, Miss Hardy had risen, drawn off her gloves, and taken the seat Lucy had vacated for a moment, before the latter quite realized what had happened. Mrs. Septimus expressed herself as quite “shocked;” but while Lucy was blushing and hardly knowing what she ought to do, Miss Hardy struck a few preluding chords, just to ascertain the temper and power of the instrument beneath her touch, and then dashed into an extempore and brilliant polka. In an instant, every head was turned in one direction, even some sober whist-players, in the next drawing-room, looked round; Lucy’s playing had been good, but that to which they now listened, revealed, at once, the apt pupil of Thalberg.

As for the dancers, they quite revelled in their enjoyment; and, perhaps, not one of them more than Lucy. She was an exquisite dancer—not the dancer of the stage, but of the private ball-room; her lithe figure moved with as much grace as a flower stem swayed by the breeze, and her little black satin slippers seemed to touch the ground only with the lightness of a feather. Her partner speedily grew contented with his lot; and Mr. Adolphus dared the frowns of his lady mother, by asking the hand of the governess for the next “Schottische.”

Like all fine pianists, Miss Hardy played with the utmost apparent ease, looking at, and watching the dancers instead of her fingers; her face lighted up, too, with a kindly expression, for it was to her a real gratification to give pleasure to others.

Poor Mrs. Septimus! her usual affectations were almost absorbed in the real earnest anger and vexation which were consuming her. The great lady of the party seated at the piano, playing like a hired performer, and not to be turned from her resolve by any persuasions! Supper was only a reprieve; for though Miss Hardy’s carriage was already waiting, Mrs.
Mrs. Jenkins’s Evening Party.

Franklin, her chaperon, whose wishes she generally consulted, was quite willing to stay; both were of opinion the horses could not suffer on a warm summer night, and she knew that her servants were customarily too well treated to make hardship of a little extra duty. And so Miss Hardy played on, refusing the offers to play which now were made by several young ladies; firing out the dancers, till the ringlets of Isabella Maria were quite out of curl, and her especial beaux dropped off one by one.

Mrs. Jenkins knew not where to make her attack on Lucy; and yet she was very angry with her. Angry with her for looking well, and dancing well, and for being admired, and for Miss Hardy taking a fancy to her, which was very evidently the case; for, to crown the contrarities of the evening, the heiress volunteered to take home the young governness, insisting that it would not be a street’s length out of her way.

Lucy Drayton felt very happy, she hardly knew why; but the truth was, her heart was opening to a sympathizing kindness with which she had rarely met. As they rode homewards they talked a good deal of music, and Miss Hardy said:

“Mrs. Franklin and I are going to a concert at the Town Hall, to-morrow; if you have no engagement, I have a ticket to spare, and shall be most happy to take you.”

There can be no doubt of Lucy’s answer; and though a little pale and tired from keeping unwonted late hours, followed by a toiling day, the concert was, nevertheless, about the most delightful treat she had ever enjoyed. She loved music, and Miss Hardy soon perceived that her taste was remarkably correct, considering how little, by comparison with her own, it had been cultivated. Miss Hardy grew more and more interested in her young friend, and a desire to be of service sprang up in her heart, yet, at present, taking but a vague indistinct shape. When again they parted, their hands instinctively lingered together, and when Lucy stepped out of the carriage at her cousin’s door, Miss Hardy said:

“If you can find time, pray come and see me in a day or two. I shall not leave Dilton for another week.”

Poor Lucy, her heart was full of grateful emotions; for she must have been dull indeed not to have been conscious of the kindly interest she had awakened. As if to deepen her feelings, and yet present a contrast, she was a little scolded by her relatives for being ‘late,’ and a passing allusion was made to her having kept a servant up the night before. An event, however, which seemed to Lucy something more serious than her cousin’s rebuke, occurred the next morning.

“Affection” is often thought a harmless foible; it may be sometimes only the proof of a weak head, yet I am much mistaken if, being, as it more often is, the sign of a certain false-ness of character, it is not generally accompanied by a selfish nature, which brings its vicious train of “envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitable-ness.” Mrs. Septimus Jenkins, the spoilt child of fortune, with no sympathies beyond a mere animal affection for her children; unused to the thwarting of her projects; irritated that her daughter had in her own house been eclipsed by a “nobody,” which “nobody” had evidently inspired a warm friendship in the chief “somebody” of her acquaintances; and angry with her husband, whose forgetfulness had been the original cause of these disasters, vented the accumulation of her wrath on poor Lucy’s head. A pretext was easily found. Though but a week before she had condescended to praise the skill with which Lucy had ‘brought on Evelina in her music,’ she now discovered that Georgiana Victoria played, if possible, worse than she did a month ago. Lucy gently remonstrated that the little girl was not yet eight years old, that she had learned but six months, that it was difficult at present to measure her progress, that she had been studying exercises diligently, and that, moreover, it was right to allow that the child had never evinced the least ear for music. When Lucy Drayton meekly suggested all this, she was rebuked for impertinence, and, to shorten a disagreeable scene, summarily dismissed.

Stung with the insults, which yet seemed to have aroused her pride and dried up her tears, she hastened “home;” but here, instead of sympathy, rebuke awaited her! For Lucy’s cousin was one of that shallow class who always think the unfortunate must be in error.

It was indeed with a crushed heart and drooping spirits that the poor girl paid her promised visit to her new friend. But there was something about Sarah Hardy that always won confidence; old and young always told her their troubles, and her heart was quite a depository for secrets. Not that Lucy had any secret, properly so-called, to tell; but before she had been seated five minutes on the sofa beside Miss Hardy, she found her hand warmly clasped, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and herself relating all her griefs, though with more eloquence than she was aware—the eloquence of feeling and sincerity. Instead, however, of Miss Hardy echoing her regrets, as, from the frequent pressure of her hand Lucy had expected, her first exclamation was “Delightful!”

Lucy looked up, amazed.

“Yes, delightful!” continued Miss Hardy; “for now I see no obstacle to a scheme that bristled with difficulties and improprieties a quarter of an hour ago. My dear child! dry your eyes, and listen while I tell you a secret.”

Lucy smiled through her tears, and tried to obey.

“You see,” continued Miss Hardy, with an air of frankness that defied contradiction, “that I am neither young nor pretty, and three months ago, my dear girl, I was as poor and dependent as yourself, and yet for five long years I have been as truly loved as woman with all her exiguence can desire. Loved by one who, once penniless as myself, has been devoting
Mrs. Jenkins's Evening Party.

those years to earning a competence in India; for when he left England for that purpose the circumstances of my aunt rendered it a mere chance that I should ever inherit her fortune; besides, she was not old, and, until the last twelvemonth, her chances of life were quite equal to my own. Now that I am rich, there is no longer need for him I love to waste his health and strength and life in India; we have ample means for all our wishes, but it will be at least six months before he can settle his affairs so as to return to England. To pass away this time, I purpose travelling with Mrs. Franklin on the Continent, and if you will also by my guest, I am sure we shall be a pleasant little party. You have excellent talents for music; a few lessons in the German school are all you want; and you must accept my purse for these, remembering that, dearly as I love music, I also studied it to become a teacher. Now you know what I mean by calling Mrs. Jenkins's dismissal and your seeming troubles delightful. It would have been ungracious of me to take you from her, but the case is quite altered now."

I am sure it is not necessary to describe Lucy's feelings; the reaction was great, but she had a well-disciplined mind, and as she had borne up bravely against many trials in her young life, she was also equal to meet, with deep gratitude, but still with calm happiness, the better prospect which seemed opening for her. It was so in every sense of the word; for Miss Hardy's good sense had proposed a plan which would permanently benefit the young governess, raising her to the rank of an artist, instead of her remaining a drudging teacher.

It may well be imagined that Lucy's preparations were soon made; and now her relatives assisted them with hearty good will, for they were just the people who turned prodigiously amiable as soon as Lucy had found a rich and generous protector. Besides, they indulged in a fairy castle-building on their own account, dreaming of the great advantage her improvement might be, at some future time, to their children.

Mrs. Septimus Jenkins actually fell ill on hearing the news, and took to her bed for three days. When she arose she engaged a new governess, hard-featured, and forty-three years of age; but this lady only remained a month. She had had twenty-five years' experience in her calling, which had hardened her temper, and sharpened her features, instead of breaking her heart.

His tour in Germany was protracted beyond six months, and Lucy worked hard, and soon surpassed even the sanguine expectation of her kindest friend. She was now in a position to earn by her talents an ample income; while at the same time her favourite taste was cultivated, and her most remarkable talent exercised. Meanwhile, a warm and sisterly affection had been cemented between Miss Hardy and Lucy, and they did not separate till the former stood at the altar, with Lucy for her bridesmaid, beside him whose faith absence had so long tested.

EPILOGUE.

A friend, looking over my shoulder, tells me my tale is not worth the telling, for it has no moral! My good lady, think again, or at any rate, listen to my defence. I thought there were half-a-dozen morals self-evident—don't compel me to tag them to the end, just as used to be done with ancient fables—postscripts which were always "skipped." Suppose, for instance, Lucy had been too "dignified" to be "made a convenience of," and had refused Mrs. Jenkins's tardy invitation? Suppose, not doing this, she had been as silly and insipid as some other young ladies, whose "mincing affectations" had repelled instead of attracted the earnest-hearted and clear-minded Sarah Hardy? Then is there not a little lesson shown—some resignation to meet seeming sorrows, inculcated in the fact, that Mrs. Jenkins's harsh dismissal was the happiest event that could have occurred to Lucy Drayton? Very strange are the instruments which bring about good and evil; Mrs. Septimus Jenkins's desire for a party, and her ridiculous idea of giving her common-place son an opportunity of addressing a very superior woman, was the point on which turned the whole future of the despised and neglected governess!

EPILOGUE THE SECOND.

Can I never finish! A letter just received, tells me that Lucy Drayton will be neither concert-player, nor music-teacher. She is going to be married to a friend of her friend's husband, a gentleman of good fortune and high character. So, after all, her musical talents will be only displayed in the happiest sphere of woman's influence—the domestic circle.

There may be no learning, there may be no "accomplishments;" but if there be a deep, fond love of nature, it compensates for the want of all, and we find a more lively and engaging companionship than in the society of the profoundest scholar who is void of it. People should cultivate this love, and bring up their children in it, if they would but realize the full beauty of the commonest objects of household ornament.

The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be, is to do present duty.
PARIS: AND LIFE THERE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

An artist-friend of mine used to relate, with graphic humour, a scene he once witnessed in a lonely swamp of Louisiana, the actors in which were several turkey buzzards and a horse: the former unclean and awkward birds were perched on a rail; the latter noble animal was stretched on the reeking turf; at several rods' distance, and obviously in a dying condition. The funeral real, eager for their prey, watched the horse with relishing glances, fluttering and gazing; all expectancy and impatience, while he continued motionless; but every now and then, when the poor beast, as if conscious of their purpose, lifted his head and looked toward them, with one accord they turned their eyes in another direction, and appeared absorbed in contemplating the distant landscape: but the moment that the dying horse, exhausted, let his head fall back upon the earth, the flutter of anxiety and the craving glances were resumed. This by-play continued for hours, until the noble animal expired, and the carrion-birds swooped to their fell repast. I could not banish this scene from my imagination, as I pondered the game of ruler and ruled in France; a mute and hypocritical vigilance on the one part, and a silent disdain on the other, until circumstances shifted the balance of physical force into the scale of fortunate ambition: in fact, the relation between an industrious and frugal people, such as constitute the mass in France, and the Government, is less intimate, less actual, less representative, than that of any other civilized nation. It has been truly said, that the government of Louis Philippe was not less one of centralization than that of Charles the Tenth. Normandy, Provence, and Brittany were, politically speaking, as isolated from Paris in the one case as the other. The sphere of political action in this anomalous country has been called, with no less truth than humour, "the lodging-house of so many travellers between obscurity and disgrace:" one day the prominent guest is a military man, and the next a poet; to-day a financier and to-morrow a philosopher; what an incongruous rôle is that which includes the names of Neckar and Lamartine, Lafitte, and Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac, and Louis Blanc—not more so, indeed, as regards diversity of talent and views, than those which figure in English or American political history—but their exits and entrances, their sayings and doings, and their wide contrasts of character and theory offer an antagonism and dramatic vicissitude thoroughly French.

"Never did a nation," wrote Henry Beyle, "undergo a more rapid and entire change than from 1780 to 1832. The fool (sot) of 1780 produced stupid and insipid pleasantries; he was always laughing: the fool of 1832 produces philosophic reasonings: vague, hackneyed, sleep-inspiring; his face is constantly elongated. Here is a notable revolution. A society in which is an element so abundant as that of the fool is changed to this extent, cannot support either the same comic or the same pathetic rôle; then everybody aimed at making his neighbour laugh; but now everybody wishes to pick his neighbour's pocket."

Complicated indeed are the political elements which so many vicissitudes and philosophies have engendered in France; and when the stranger looks around him to recognize the Imperialist, Royalist, Republican, Parliamentarian, Legitimist, or any other representative of a special phase of opinion, he finds it so fused and modified that the original and distinct type is often quite obscured. It has been truly remarked, that a revolution in France leaves behind it no such complete result as in other countries; the supremacy of the Capital blinds the observer to the actual sentiment of the country as a whole; and the mere news of an émeute, an abduction, or a usurpation in Paris, often produces more apparent excitement in the provinces than the fact itself does in the metropolis. One inference alone is clear from such phenomena: that the problem of labour, the rights of the ouvrier, remains practically unsolved; that there is an obvious limit to the efficiency of government of any kind, and the social evil to be removed lies deeper than its functions, and demands nothing less than a social regeneration; "over one man," says Carlyle, "thou hast power," and to the individual we at last resort, and perceive that it is his want of faith, moral energy, and genuine purpose, that in the final analysis explains what is sickle and unsatisfactory in the institutions, and the men that bold outward sway. "Here in France," says Comte to one of our countrymen, "where we sit tête-à-tête with anarchy, it is the positive philosophy alone that can give us any safety; as for universal suffrage, it is founded on a cerebral deviation; rights of man! I deny that he has any rights; he has duties only; the doctrine of equality is an absurd and mischievous falsehood; the people care nothing about the electoral law." "One may be silent," says Lamartine, "with sadness and sometimes through patriotism, upon the problem of government." "L'Empire c'est la
paires," argued the defenders of the coup d'état, "I care nothing for the opinion of the Parisiens," observed Napoleon at St. Helena; "they are no better than wasps that are always buzzing; they are no more worthy of attention than an ape delivering a lecture on metaphysics.' "He is full of intermediate qualities," says an acute British reviewer in describing the bourgeois of Louis Philippe's reign, "and aims at a kind of décorum in vice, making gold his idol, yet anxious for public esteem; lavish from calculation, good-natured from indifference, and sceptical from pure shallowness of intellect; unburdened by any principles, unshackled by good taste, narrowly cynical, selfish and vain." When the philosopher, the poet, the quiet citizen, the ruler, and the intelligent foreign observer, thus speak of the social character of France, or rather its Capital, each intent upon the result of a different crisis of public affairs, ranging from the empire of the first Bonaparte to the present, does one imagine that no action had resulted from the success of dynasties, popular agitation, and emphatic announcements of new principles; so hopeless, distrustful and barren are the united verdicts of such diverse yet important witnesses; such a conclusion, if applied to the realization of great political ideas or moral advancement, may be correct; but the civic and the social life of a nation are not wholly parallel, and to rightly estimate the effect on the national character of such shifting governmental experience, we must have regard to the latent family and personal traits of the people; and visitors to Paris, at long intervals, find changes in domestic life and individual tendencies, quite as noticeable as those in the external aspect of the city.

Il arrive souvent que la vie arrache comme un vaudeville; but no where so frequently as in France, where dramatic scenes are normal; in political transition, in juridical scenes, in social life—tableaux, crises, denouements, all the essentials of stage effect are continually evident; a certain union of vanity and expressive ness multiplies these phenomena as well as the external habits of life; and there is not a place of resort in Paris but suggests an episode of romance, or a scene in a play; the Jardin Mobile, the Château des Fleurs, and the Bois de Boulogne are so many theatres for life's tragic and comic phases: le Pays Latin has its heroism and its buffoonery, instinct with local traits not less than the Faubourg Saint Germain and the Palais Royal. The names of Parisian vocations, places and characters hint a play as those of no other capital can or do; and the most serious aspects of life inevitably wear a theatrical guise.

This dramatic aspect, which even the more serious life of France exhibits, was illustrated by a signal contrast which appealed to my observation and memory. A few months prior to a visit to Paris, I had passed a summer week at Bordentown, New Jersey, where Joseph Bonaparte found such congenial exile from 'the smooth barbarity of courts.' Anyone disposed to question the philosophic content he manifested when perambulating the beautiful pine-groves of his domain at Point Breeze as, with hatchet in hand, he strolled through their fragrant arcades, and lopped away the dead branches, or entertained some foreign visitor at his hospitable board, should read the lately published correspondence between him and his imperial brother. The unaffected weariness and vexation therein expressed as the cares of state and the unwelcome orders of Napoleon elicit his incessant remonstrance, proved that his taste was allied to the enjoyments of private life and personal independence. Whoever has sailed down the Delaware with this amiable man, who literally had royalty thrust upon him, cannot forget the bonhomie and complacent simplicity with which he would begin a story, "when I was King of Spain," an exordium truly startling on the deck of the little steamboat which in those days plied along the sluggish river, with its freight of republican citizens. Recalling his domain, his life in Paris was indeed a magical contrast. The laurel trees were in blossom in the Jersey woods, and balmy odours filled the air; the brown needles of the pine made the turf slippery; the maize stood in full and tasseled ranks in the field; huge sycamores and catalpas cast a dense and gloomy shade; the heat of June made gay the parterres; squirrels ran along the fences; fire-flies lighted up the meadows at nightfall; cherry-trees were ruby with fruit; and the feathery bloom of the chestnuts waved proudly in the wind; old brick dwellings with Dutch porches, flanked by many windows, line the village street; and one is sentinelled by an oak said to have been planted by William Penn: a quaker-silence and order seem to brood over the hamlet, from which you emerge into just such a park as diversifies English scenery, or ride through sequestered roads by patches of timothy, orchards, wheat-fields, and hay-ricks. It was in the midst of these rural images and this quiet country that the villa of King Joseph stood: its appointments and surroundings hinted a curious mixture of Italian, English, and French; a picture-gallery such as we find in the palazzi of Florence and Rome; groves and meadows like those of Cheshire; beds of undoubted Parisian garniture; mosaic tables of Tuscan workmanship; a French cuisine; and a household corps on the scale of European nobility; a freedom of access and kindness to inferiors, which might teach humanity to many an American parvenu; a library rich in continental lore; documents pertaining to foreign rule, and yielding materials for modern history on the same table with the last "Philadelphia Gazette:" birds unmolested singing in the trees tops, and rabbits flitting across the path as in the land of game-laws and poachers; these and other memorials of Joseph Bonaparte's sojourn, blended with that home and landscape, the associations of Europe, and vividly suggested the life of the throne and the camp, of the
villa and the English rural seat, of the old-world aristocracy and the new-world country gentleman. But striking as is the contrast between that Bonaparte in New-Jersey, and this one on the throne of France, it was a secondary personage in the Napoleonic drama who now illustrated to my fancy the marvels of political vicissitudes.

Sitting in the tavern-porch of that American village, or roaming listlessly through the fields, with a dog and gun, might then be seen a lusty improvident, one of those characters who seem born to personify the "fellow about town," ready to join the first passing acquaintance in a drink, a bet, or an hour's gossip; good-natured and boastful, not without the lingering pride of the decayed gentleman, but of too social a humour, and in circumstances too straitened to admit of an exclusive taste in companionship. This free-and-easy representative of the first Napoleonic dynasty was no other than the son of Murat, that ideal of the melo-dramatic hero, whose brilliant attire and impetuous charges, brilliancy of origin, and tragic death, form the materials for a medieval romance. The unadventurous scion of this gay warrior had married an American lady, who kept an excellent school in Bordentown, and maintained her self-respect, while she bravely struggled with poverty, and supported her idle lord. On Sundays, at the village church, the tall and elegant daughter, whose proud features and reserved manners seemed prophetic of a better fortune, won every eye. The gentlemen of the place used to lend Murat a few shillings at a time, and the tradesmen gave him credit to an extent which, it is said, some of them have repented; while he would often astonish his rustic neighbours by brilliant pictures of rank and wealth, should his family regain power in France—a thing so little imagined at that epoch, that he was considered an amusing visionary. With such reminiscences, it seemed indeed like a dream to behold him the central figure, and a most solid one too, of a little mimic court in Paris, where his levees were regularly attended by scores of Italian refugees, confidently anticipating that under the title of Murat the Second he would, with his cousin's aid, assume the sceptre of Naples; how his state near the Tuileries contrasted with his isolation by the Delaware! This little episode was so like the acts of a play, that it was difficult to note the line between pantomime and fact.

No one can observe the French without perceiving a certain uniformity of ideas and expression not elsewhere prevalent in civilized lands; for, although the routine of business and domestic life in England and America are singularly monotonous, the talk and the action of the people in both countries is individual: they use language and have opinions that indicate originality of purpose and character; whereas, on a given subject of popular comment, identical phrases and notions among the French strike the stranger by their uniformity. There is something organized, as it were, in the most spontaneous development of their social life; the three great elements of language, manners, and temperament favour and develop adaptation and association; but the history and method of the nation tend to develop bodies of men, institutions rather than persons. For a long period there did not exist a class corresponding with what in England and America we mean by the people; but instead thereof, noblesse and bourgeoisie, armies, schools. Citizen became a proud appellation in Bonaparte's time, but it was a word that meant more in the utterance than in practical significance. Revolutions among the Anglo-Saxons have invariably brought to light astonishing moral forces in the mass; in France they have betrayed such a want thereof as often to reconcile philosophic liberals to the resumption of personal supremacy, and the abrogation of the rights of humanity, which her children failed to substantiate in their collective character; the effervescence of egotism and vanity proving the result of sacrifice and triumph, and leaving no solid basis of popular moral capacity without a moral complete. "Aujourd'hui," says one of the recognized interpreters of modern life in France, "nous allons à l'aventure n'ayant rien à craindre," and yet such is the moral contradiction bred from the social perversions and the native urbanity of the French, that their errors and excellences of character and sentiment are intricately mingled in a manner and to a degree impossible among Teutonic or English races; for the reason, that with their temperament and faith, sentiment and conscience, outward refinement and inward unscrupulousness cannot become so fused; and the principles and offices of life and humanity are too clearly defined by instinct, custom, and education to admit of the moral incongruities so common in France. A striking illustration is before us as we write; one of the ablest British reviews* analyzes French fiction to warn its readers of the perverse and unprincipled tone thereof; and this it does with intelligent emphasis; but critical justice obliges the reviewer to praise while he condemns; to recognize artistic and even moral beauty, while he expatiates on the "poison" contained therein; and the summing up of the case presents a combination of good and bad, true and false, pleasing and pernicious, such as no other literature in the world could hold in combined solution; and yet the delicate adaptation of language, the subtle sentiment, the sense of beauty, and the metaphysical grace of those writers unconsciously exhibits the bizarre union of the most opposite qualities; the harmonious juxtaposition of apparently most antagonistic elements of life, of nature, and of character.

"The inspiration of French fiction," says the critic, "the source from which flow half its deformities, its vile morality and its vitiated taste, is the craving for excitement that has so long been characteristic of the nation." But to this generalized statement, so explicit and

* "National Review."
condemnatory, justice compels him to add: "There are eloquence, pathos, and fancy; characters of high endowment and noble aspirations; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection; pictures of saintly purity, heroic daring, and martyr-like devotion."

Such is the violent contrast which the written delineation of human life in France offers, and it extends to actual experience and to real character. Analysis there is, often irreverent though scientific; sentiment, morbid; art, meretricious; and the wonder and peculiarity is, that those patent and vital defects can co-exist with so much that is instinct with genius, insight and beauty, which, in our vernacular tongue, are embodied intact and "unmixed with base matter." If an English or German writer is natural, he is not theatrical; if he is pure, he is not tainted; if simple, he is not meretricious; such diversities are represented by classes not blended in individuals, either in life or authorship. Akin to this inconsistency in fiction, is the coincident prevalence of libertinism and domestic affections in France; as a country, she is less famous for gallantry than for filial devotion; the latter sentiment is a national trait. What Lady Morgan observed in Lafayette's household, fifty years ago, has struck habitudes of French circles and readers of French memoirs, always. "They" (she wrote of the children at Lagrange) "are so polite and affectionate, and so unlike English children, that I am convinced the French character is more physically amiable than ours." Nor is this winsome trait observable only in family life; it pervades the middle class, cheers student exiles, and makes cheerful many a heterogeneous and accidental household colony.

Nothing strikes an American more forcibly than, after years of sojourn in a busy, eventful city of his native land, where houses are demolished and people scattered every month, to find, on returning to Paris, the same faces round the table d'hôte of his old pension, and the same hearty greeting and amiable sympathy that made him at home there when a youth attending lectures at the Sorbonne or Hotel Dieu. In violent contrast with the essential humanity of this cultivation of the affections, whereof the casual relations of life so aptly avail themselves in Paris, is the utter absence of delicacy in the literary, artistic and social use made of experience in relations of sentiment or passion. An instinctive reserve, if it does congregate, at least decently sequesters, these private and often profound episodes in the life of a German or Anglo-Saxon; and when they are reproduced by genius or in conversation, it is under a disguise which conceals the individual; but capital is made out of love and liaisons in Paris as habitually as by the rat-hunters in the drains and the chiffonier in the gutter; and that with a sang-froid and apparent unconsciousness of indecency which marks emphatically the difference between the intellect and the soul, the intelligent and the emotional, and shows how in the Gallic nature they are consciously distinct and capable, as it were, of an alteration of function scarcely human. A notable instance of recent occurrence is the detail in a novel of an amour between two famous littéra- teurs, which ended in a quarrel and separation: first, the narrative and analysis of the fair object; then the other side of the story from one of the lover's kindred; and at last, a third exposition from a female admirer of the departed poet. No where but in Paris could such a literary experiment, such a sentimental post-mortem occur, with the clearness, the candour, and the plausibility, but above all the abandon, which these three novels of real life exhibit for the sners or the sympathy of a curious public. One of their most popular barbs advocated, through a long career, in eloquent songs, the theory that Le bonheur tient au savoir-vivre; and one would infer from the freedom with which all that is sacred in life and the heart, is discussed, revealed and analyzed, that there was no under-current to the solemn tide of "the vast inland sea that brought us hither." The external philosophy is complete; the niceties of observation and of arrangement, as far as material things are concerned, is marvellous; delicacy of perception abounds; delicacy of feeling is in the inverse ratio thereto.

The spectacle of life is no where else so comprehended, so significant, so essential; while the ideas, aims and sentiment that underlie and are supposed to be demonstrated by it, are crude, capricious, unreal. It has been truly said that the sympathies of the French with the American Revolution "sprang more from a sentimental feeling than from a political understanding of the necessity and merits of the case." A careful reader of the letters and life of Franklin will perceive that his success at the French Court, in his own and his country's behalf, was mainly owing to the shrewd use he made of what Byron calls "antimony," and that other normal element of success in Paris, la mode. While in no civilized land are the distinctions of rank, circumstances and vocation more obvious both in nomenclature, costume, manners and the phrases in vogue; in none are they all so liable to be fused by an identical impulse, merged in a common idea. In Napoleon the First's day—at the crisis of his success—boys and women were as demonstrative for military glory as soldiers and generals. Each class, partly from an extreme social temperament, and partly from the effect of organization and centralization, whereby the economy of private and the administration of public life intimately act and react on each other, are found to partake of the enthusiasm, the event of the hour, in a manner and to a degree never realised among more phlegmatic and less disciplined people. But if this is the result of a combination of intelligences warmed and moulded by capricious or intense sympathies and objects in the capital; the same mercurial natures when isolated, subjected to routine, kept apart from great interests, by the very lack of high individuality and deep resources, become singularly narrow, dependent and monotonous. Social life in the Province, therefore, offers the
same extreme contrast to that of England, Germany, or the United States as the metropolis; if the one is the excess of superficial brilliancy, the other is no less the excess of prejudice and pettiness. Another striking evidence of the dramatic, the unreal in conviction and expression—as a social characteristic in France, is the incessant sacrifice of substance to shadow, of things to ideas, and of ideas to words; so that thoughtful observers can scarcely credit their senses when the Gallic mind or conduct is apparently in earnest. The excitement, the profession, the demonstration seem to answer all the purpose of the faith, object, act; it is the exercise rather than the realization of a sentiment; the pursuit rather than the achievement; the "show of things" rather than the "desire of the soul," to conform which two is, on the contrary, the desideratum of the Anglo-Saxon nature. Thus concentrated politically and dependent socially, is it difficult to trace directly to life in Paris the great facts of French history as inevitable fruits of national character: such, for instance, as the single one stated by a late writer, that 'the French, with an army vastly more numerous than the English, is comparatively destitute of colonies.' And do not the same facts explain the prevalence in the French capital of that peculiar kind of life called Bohemian? So many resources and conveniences brought together and made available, with the absence of strong domestic proclivities and social reserve, not only invite but confirm that living for self and the immediate; that facile alternation from study to pleasure—that repudiation of permanent ties, that trusting to chance for diversion, knowledge, companionship, love the gay, egoistical, urbane, sometimes fasting and sometimes fêted, sometimes ambitious and sometimes indulgent, but always improvised existence—half artist, half-scholar, and wholly man and woman "of-the-world" experience, which has been so well sung by a bard of this nomadic citizenship:

"There stands behind St. Geneviève,
A city where no fancy paves
With gold and narrow streets,
But jovial Youth, the landlady,
On gloomy stairs, in attic high,
Gay Hope, her tenant, needs,

"There Love and Labour, hand in hand,
Create a modest fairy-land,
And pleasures rarely fail;
Each chamber has its own romance,
And young ambition’s frenzies dance
Along the plastered wall.

"Enchanted cells of solid stone,
Where hermit never lives alone,
Or beats the moody breast;
Where each one shares his bed and board,
And all can gaily spend the board
That never is possessed.

"Delightful battle-fields of strife
Between the hot redundant life
And boyhood’s tender awe;
Between the lecture and the dance,
The lasses and the lore of France,
The pipe and Roman Law."

From this facility of entertainment and metropolis vagabondage, results a kind of sensual egotism, which makes self-denial both rare and difficult.

THE DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

It was a fair and happy dream
Of joys and hopes all faded now,
When, gliding down the sunlit stream
Of early youth, with laughing brow
And trusting heart, I fondly deemed
Life eye should be what then it seemed.

And memories that had lain concealed
In heart’s depth for many a year,
In sweet sleep stood forth revealed,
Unimbed by grief, unstained by tear,
As in that bright and happy time
When youth and love and joy were mine.

’Twas strange how truly memory glassed
That scene unvisited for years;
How through my heart the same thoughts passed
Of timid hopes—of gentle fears;
The same quick feelings of delight
That but in first pure love unite.

Again dark eyes looked into mine,
And loving lips spoke vows to me,
And round me did an arm entwine,
As though to cling eternally;
Unheeded passed the rippling stream,
Half-silvered by the young moon’s beam.

I only felt and knew that he
Loved then—lost now—was at my side;
I only felt how rapturously
My heart to his soft tones replied,
And stilled my very breath to hear
The love-words to that heart so dear.

Yet fade false dream, I must resign
Memories that now are worse than vain,
Of days when eyes and lips met mine,
They never now can meet again:
Enough, my slumber had portrayed
Nought but the shadow of a shade.
MISTRESSES AND MAIDS.

(A Matrimonial Dialogue).

Kate. I really have no patience with our careless housemaid, Dinah;
There's a day, a single day, but she's at war with china;
Smash went the lunch-tray—everything to atoms
smash'd—this morning;
If this continues, I must give the tiresome creature warning;
We shall not have a glass, or piece of earthenware uncrack'd—
Indeed, we shall be ruined, Charles, we shall, and
that's the fact.

Charles. Dear Kate, don't let that little tongue of yours become unruly,
We'll talk this matter over, love, but let us take it coolly.

K. Coolly! indeed—dear Charles, I see, you talk
like all you men—
I might, 'praps, if this sort of thing but happen'd
now-and-then;
But as it happens every day, such conduct's not
defensive—
Why, if she served for nothing, then she'd even be expensive:
Last week, from pettishness, I think—for Dinah has
his pets
She broke a china dish, and spoilt our best of dinner-sets—
Talk coolly of such losses! Charles, and be like you,
philogmatic!
No—when I'm vex'd, as I am now, my words must
be emphatic.

C. It is annoying, and I own you've reason to
complain,
But grumbling won't set humpty-dumpy on his legs
again;
Be mistress of yourself, my Kate, yes, e'en 'though
china fall'—
These breakages are accidents—they must be, after all;
And accidents will happen, Kate, no matter whence
their source;
In the best regulated family, and ours is that, of
course.

K. Despite your vulgar proverbs, Charles, my anger
is no less,
Because I'm sure these breakages all come through
carelessness;
I shall persist in calling things by their right names—I
say
This carelessness of Dinah's is repeated day-by-day:
I wish some person would invent a kind of apparatus
To supersede all servants—how the blessing would
elete us!
I do declare most seriously that since I've been a wife,
They've been the greatest plague, in fact, the misery
of my life.

C. I see, my dear, just what you want, a kind of
nun's mistress—
An excellent idea it is—ma petite chère maîtresse—
It would not smash your crockeryware, and would,
too, be unwise.
To give pert answers if you were at times—unreason-
able.

K. Unreasonable! Charles, do I break glass, or
every day smash china?
Of course I don't, and if I don't, I ask you why should
Dinah?

C. I'll tell you why—your parlour-maid has more,
far more to do
With china, glass, and crockeryware—things apt to
break—than you;
She, from and to the kitchen has to bring, and then
re-take them,
Which, as you never, never do, how can you ever
break them?
Three-hundred, yes, and sixty-five, her chances are
each year,
Whereas, your own are none at all—you will admit
that, dear:
And so to make comparison between your maid and you
Is, I repeat, unreasonable—that epithet is true—
And if the term does not apply to you, and to your
railings,
It is because we all are blind to our own little failings.

K. So, I must never blame my maid for doing her
work ill
Unless I do her work, myself—that's what you would
instil;
If it be true, girls never ought to be reproved at all,
And this, my dear, I simply phrase, downright nonsensical.

C. Not quite so fast—'I never said, unfair interpreter,
That when a servant does do ill, you're not to censure
her;
I only meant to say it shows you great fallibility,
To measure in the way you did a servant's culpability;
Even in such a trivial case as Dinah's late mischance,
Your judgment should control your tongue—weigh
every circumstance:
In drawing your late parallel you set this rule at
nought,
Because by your comparison you most unjustly sought
To magnify your servant's blame—for, as I think I've
shown
Her chances in the crashing line do far exceed your
own.

K. A Daniel come to judgment! I declare I shall
be bound
Henceforth to call you Solomon, your judgment's so
profound.

C. Well, you may laugh, Kate, as you please, my
judgment, too, deride,
Depend upon it, all the blame is not on Dinah's side;
Who should the more forbearance show, the educated
grade,
Or—as perhaps you'll say she should—the uneducated
maid?
Go where we will, we hear complaints in these com-
plaining days,
Of servants' foibles, petty faults, and their degenerate
ways,
And scarce a word is spoken now, except in their
dispraise;
Mistresses and Maids.

As, if this class in moral worth had sunk extremely low,
While all their betters have improved, or kept in status quo;
Now, all experience tells us, Kate, that when two parties pother,
It’s half-a-dozen on one side, and just six on the other;
I think a reformation should from mistresses begin—
That they should cease a trifling flaw to deem a heinous sin:
That they should due allowance make, and show consideration
For their domestics’ trials, and their daily provocation,
Their want of proper training, and their lack of education:
They’re lectured now for trivial faults, and in no kindly tone,
In fact, to some poor servant-girls a kind word is unknown:
The part they have to play in life is difficult, indeed,
And those sometimes they may be ‘plagues’—they’re often friends in need.

K. But surely when a girl persists with Dinah’s pertinacity
In breaking all she touches, Charles, ‘tis no undue loquacity
If I reproved her for that act, or, is my censure wrong?
And should an educated mistress in such case hold her tongue?
C. Of course you will be justified in taking her to task,
But do it without anger, Kate, and that is all I ask;
Remember, too, this simple fact, that Dinah’s carelessness
Is not more culpable in her than e’en in—a Princess;
And think how you yourself would feel if angrily attack’d
For every little thoughtless word, or every careless act;
Of her position and your own let blame be irrespective,
And do not pour on Dinah’s head a torrent of invective.

K. I’m not accustomed, Charles, to pour, as you’ve politely said—
A torrent of invective on a careless servant’s head—I shall, however, name to her the lunch-tray smash, this morning,
And I suppose the end will be the girl will give me warning.

C. Now tell me why you think your maid will give
her mistress warning.
If she but mildly names to her the breach of this morning,
Your parlour-maid appears to be—to give her her desert—
A very civil girl indeed, the opposite of pert.

K. O, yes, she’s civil, and all that, her temper’s not amiss,
Her carelessness is her great fault—a dreadful one it is—
But, then, the foolish creature wants to better—as they say—
Herself, improve, herself she can, and possibly she
may,
And so, she wants to leave her place, live where a footman’s kept—
Into poor Dinah’s simple head what foolishness has crept!

C. Well, why on earth Kate, should she not “to better herself,” try?
Would you, ‘er you refuse had you the opportunity?
K. O, dear me, Charles, don’t fancy that I wish the girl to stay,
To-morrow, if she likes to leave the careless creature may:
But pray observe the ingratitude of these your protégées,
So soon as they can get more pay, or, as they fancy raise
Themselves to what they may believe a higher sphere
in life.
They leave you! O, indeed they are a plague to man
and wife.

C. Again, your censure is unjust, I cannot let it pass—
Pray, why should you apply to them, the uneducated class,
A test of human excellence which you would never dream
Of meeting out to your own self? dear Kate, you’d surely deem
Your husband was, what he would be, a most egregious ninny,
To take a half-a-guinea fee if he could get a guinea;
Then why blame Dinah if she strives to get her wages raised
From eight to fourteen pounds? poor girl, I think she’s to be praised.

K. My wages, Charles, are more than eight in fact, they’re nine pounds clear,
Including all et ceteras they’re quite nine pounds a year;
But Dinah and her class forget their catechisms or
They’d feel they ought to be content in that state—

C. Nonsense, palaw! Think you the catechism, then, design’d for only these?
To masters it applies as well, and, yes, to mistresses;
If we expound so lib’rally our duty to our neighbour,
Let us in fairness do the same to those who for us labour;
Methinks, the catechism, Kate, was really meant to show us
We should with justness act to all, yes, e’en to those below us:
And Kate you are ambitious, too, a woman of such pith,
You want to cut out her you call “that vulgar Mrs. Smith”—
Did you not hope the other day—I hope the same my dear—
My income soon might mount—to what? two thousand pounds a year!
Were you not planning, building, too, fine castles in the air,
As if that were my income now? You know, my love
you were;
Yet you’re so inconsistent, Kate, poor Dinah’s common sense,
Her laudable ambition, too, you style a grave offence—
This is another instance of your very great unreason—
K. Dear me, you harp on that one string, as if t’were petty treason.

C. Why do I harp on that one string? because it is the cause
To which I trace the censure of our servants’ little flaws.
We judge the acts of our own class with nice discrimination,
Whereas, our judgment's most unjust to those in
Dinah's station;
In me, a wish to rise in life is laudable and good,
In Dinah, it is discontent, nay, more, "ingratitude."
K. I'm sure, Charles, I am not the wretch which
you would make me out—
I'm not unjust, I'm sure I'm not—though this you
seem to doubt;
Say what you will, though daily vex'd, from scolding
bother,
But one must be an angel if one never did complain.
C. I don't deny your temper's tried when servants
are unruly,
But what I do complain of is you don't take such
things coolly,
Which if you bore in mind this fact you certainly
would do—
That servants have their tempers tried more often, far,
than you.
K. Am I ill-tempered do you mean? Is scolding my
delight?
Really, if you mean what you hint, I can't think you
polite!
C. O, not at all, Kate, not at all, it would be "petty
treason."
A little hasty, nothing more—not always ruled by
reason;
Your temper seem'd at fever heat when lately you
attack'd your
Maid, who caused the lunch-tray smash, that com-
mminuted fracture:
If in this matter our sex ne'er to yours told facts, for-
sooth,
Your sex would seldom hear the words of reason or of
truth;
When ladies in snug coteries together congregate,
The error which I now condemn, you know they ven-
tilate:
Ladies will gossip, won't they Kate? they've little
else to do,
And so they're apt to say harsh things of friends and
servants too:
There's Mrs. Jones the Vicar's wife, with pharisaic
tone,
Who everybody's business minds—I wish she'd mind
her own.
And then there's Mrs. Robinson, and canonic Mrs.
Brown,
And Mrs. Smith—your friend, my dear—the quid-
nune of the town,
They satirize, they scandalize—these words are apt
as true,
That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands
to do."
Your maids will owe me gratitude if, your ideas re-
tracting,
I can convince you of this fact that you are too ex-
acting.
K. Exacting, Charles! expect too much! reflect, my
dear, reflect,
A thoroughly good servant-maid all mistresses expect.
C. But servants must retort and say, that all we
do insist is,
Or, rather, all we want is this—a thoroughly good
mistress;
Each wants what she considers, Kate, perfection—I'm
afraid.
There's no such specimen on earth, in mistress or in
maid;
As for myself, I must confess, I have no wish to see
Our servants moral monsters of perfectibility,
And such I deem the "thorough good" of mistresses
would be.
K. If you mean me, Charley, and think, I really
think you do,
I must say I did not expect such cutting words from
you;
I want no moral monsters, Charles, of any sort or
kind;
I want what everybody wants, and this I hope to
find—
A steady, clean, industrious girl, obliging, civil too,
Pray, is there any harm in that?
C. Your wants are not a few.
Why, if you did exact as much from all your friends,
'tis clear
You'd change them quite as often as you change your
maids, my dear.
Few of your friends would come out pure—not even
the most real,
From such a fiery furnace-test as that of you ordeal;
And if in friends those qualities you ne'er or rarely
find,
Why, in one servant should you think such virtues all
combined?
K. Would you not like a servant, pray, both steady
and industrious,
Obliging, civil, honest, too, one strictly true and just
to us?
I know you would—I'm sure you would—then, why
make such objection
If I attempt to meet with one approaching to per-
fection?
When writing for her character what is it that I say?
What are the questions stereotyped, all ladies ask, I
pray?
"Is Mary steady, sober, clean, both civil and obliging,
Industrious, strictly honest, too, and all that sort of
thing?"
C. But, Kate—
K. Don't interrupt me, Charles, but tell
me, if you please,
If you would wish for qualities the opposite of these?
If not, why should you censure me, as I before have
said,
For wishing, what I hope to find, a thoroughly good
maid?
C. I do not censure your attempt to find as many,
Kate,
Of all those goodly qualities which you enumerate—
As many as you can, my dear—but this is my objec-
tion
You're angry if you don't find all, and all, too, in per-
fecion;
And such to find, you must admit, with me, for once
agreeing,
A servant-maid must surely be—who is?—a perfect
being.
Now tell me, as applied to her, what is comprised in
"steady?"
K. You only want to vex me, Charles, I'm sure you
know, already;
I mean she's not to gad about to see her friends, and
then,
She's not to pate with other maids, nor yet with
gentlemen;
That everywhere, with everyone (ours laughs like a
lyreus),
She shall maintain a steady and respectable demean-
our;
Mistresses and Maids.

And above all, I won't permit, I never will agree to
Her having friends to visit her—on that I put my
veto.

C. I understand—I see my wife with caution is
endowed—
O, my prophetic soul! you mean "no followers
allowed."

K. Followers! indeed, no, not with them'll I have
my kitchen stock'd—
No—every night the area-gate at dusk is always
lock'd.—

C. Your "steady" adjective implies with reference
to Mary,
Not only that the girl shall be, in your vocabulary,
Of strictly moral principle, and free from all suspi-
cion,
(For there I quite agree with you) but that, too, in
addition,
She be devoid of natural and filial affection
For father, mother, sister, brother, relatives, connec-
tion—
And you herself—I wonder how this wish you can
express,
To that unhappiest state, a life of single blessedness;
Now, Mary, if a comely girl, will, all the wide world
over,
Be pretty sure some time to have—what you once
had—a lover;
Whereas, your epithet would bar all virtuous affec-
tion—
She never could become a wife—you, Kate, had no
objection;
The best of all emotions, too, implanted in our nature,
Would all be term'd mosteadiness in this dependent
erenture;
Her gadding, or her gossiping, whenever it occurs,
Would lay her open to the charge of having followers:
Yet, strange to say, you quite expect your maid to
manifest,
Less callousness of heart to you, and to your interest;
Tho' des't to all the calls of love, the claims of friend-
ship, too,
Yours, she is zealously to own, and be attached to you;
Now, surely, on reflection, you will see, and this con-
seque;
The life of this poor servant-girl must slavery be, in-
deed,
If she would please a mistress who exacts a slave’s
submission,
Regardless of the thraldom of herensual's position.
Reflect, how egotistical in us the wish alone,
To have another's being all centred in our own!
That she should have no wish, no thought, but what
concerns
us, Kate!
Then your impatience and reproof I hope you'll
moderate.

K. If ladies gossip, satirize, and scandalize, 'tis clear
You gentlemen can sermonize—I will admit that, dear;
Really you are so eloquent on servant-maids' behalf,
So very serious, too, dear Charles—you almost make
me laugh—
Your argument in their defence is most elaborate;
But still, I shall persist, and lock, at dusk, the area-
gate;
I follow Ma's example, and in fact, a large proportion
Of ladies, married ones I mean, do follow Ma's pre-
caution;
I only wish all mistresses would do the same—in short,
They ought to be more cautious—yes, I emphasize
they ought—

I want no comely Marys, no, nor maids like her, be-
witching:
With my consent, no followers shall ever cross my
kitchen.
And, in addition, I require to what I’ve said already,
My servants shall be civil, Charles—civil as well as
steady;
In that am I unreasonable? to this do you object,
That they shall always serve and treat their mistress
with respect?
I think it natural to desire they shall be civil, too,
In one's own house especially; but tell me, what think
you?

C. Quite natural, Kate, tho' when I think how
wide, how very wide
The meaning of civility to servant-maids applied.
I must confess, I cannot say I always feel surprised
Our expectations on this point are not quite realized:
Civility, in servants, means a super-human meekness;
A temper, too, diluted to a milk-and-water weakness,
Which neither bile, nor coras (the plagues), a mistress
harsh, unkind,
Must overthrow or ruffle their serenity of mind—
It means they must be civil, too, tho' mistresses are not—
Despite discomforts, they must be contented with
their lot;
That every word, impatient look, or gesture in their
station,
Shows incivility in them, tho' great their provocation.
Which, under like conditions, Kate, tho' patterns of
docility,
Which of us, pray, would long remain a model of
civility?
K. You would not, Charles, most certainly, you'd
always be offending.

C. Thank you, my dear, that proves the point for
which I am contending;
That always to be civil, Kate, as servant-maids must be,
To those who try our tempers is c'en hard for you or
me.
To sum up this my argument, you—tho' I'm very far,
My dearest wife, from meaning you, you in particular;
But mistresses in general are really too severe,
Too inconsistent and unjust to those in Dinah’s sphere.
Because your judgment is unfair; because too, as I've
said,
You seek for that perfection in a poor domestic maid
Which you would never think to find in one of your
own grade.
K. I had no notion mine was such a wicked nature,
yet—

C. Not wicked—heedless, that's the word, the
proper epithet,
And tho' a fault, it does not show your wickedness of
heart,
'Is one too common in that class of which you form
a part;
And as in such society you live, you're well aware
Its failings to a great extent you're very apt to share.
K. I'm glad to find my heedless fault a pecadillo
common,
And that you think I am no worse than any other
woman;
But, as you think so ill of all the gender feminine,
How you could ever marry, Charles, I really can't
divine.

C. Don't make me think what I did not—nor try
me, Kate, to vex—
You know I'm far from thinking ill of any of your sex,
How a Little Place received a Great Personage.

And I declare tho' we've been wed five years—

K.
Six, Charles, in May.
C. Six! so it is, I do declare it seems but yester-

day—

What was I saying? tho' six years we have been man
and wife—

K. Six happy years they've been to me—the happiest
of my life.
C. I echo back your words, my Kate, and what you
now confess,
At least, absolves you from one fault—unreasonable-
ness.
Let us through life, I hope we shall, each heartily
combine,
I, to point out your little faults, and you to tell me
mine;
And, Kitty, if I've wander'd now, I hope you are not

veer'd—

Remember that the best divine sometimes forsakes his

K. An excellent divine you are, in word and act,
my love—
But gracious! What's that dreadful crash? 'twas in
the room above.
C. Why, hang it, Kate, the aquarium is smash'd
upon the ground—

That clumsy blockhead, Thomas, is the culprit, I'll be
bound;
I told you you would never make a page of such a
dunce,
You never should have tried, my dear—the doll shall
leave at once.

Dis. Please, mum, our Tummas as upset—
K. What, Dinah?
D. I declare, mum,
A-shooting of the shelteres Tummas as upset the 'qua-
run;'
The 'nemies and creturs is a-crawling all about—
C. For Heaven's sake, Kate, do run and see the
doings of your lont,
Or we shall have an ocean thro' the ceiling if you don't.
I'll box your stupid page's ears when—
K. Surely, Charles, you won't,
C. Kate, what on earth are you about? That stupid
little fool!
Do see what can be done, I pray? you now seem very
cool.
K. I've not so soon forgotten, Charles, your sermon
of this morning—

Why should you give my careless page, for this
disaster, warning?
His accident is trivial—reprove him mildly, since
'Tis no more culpable in him than 'twould be in—a
Prince:
Of his position and your own let blame be irrespective,
And do not overwhelm him with a torrent of inverte.
C. Well, though you are a wicked Kate to banter my
late preaching,
You prove he is a good divine who follows his own
teaching.

[Excerpt to the scene of the disaster together.]

* Paraphrased (from an article in Chambers's Jour-

nal) by Frederick Rule.

HOW A LITTLE PLACE RECEIVED A GREAT PERSONAGE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

It is all very well for the Guernsey folks to
plume themselves on the priority of the Queen's
visit to them, and the loyalty and enthusiasm of
their reception. But while the brave Jerseys
yield to no other people in the first-named sen-
timent, our present reminiscence of an event,
ever to be forgotten by the inhabitants of these
Isles, will show that while the warmth of
our greeting quite equalled that of our neigh-
bours, the extemporaneity of the event on
the part of her Majesty, and its unexpectedness
on their own, made the whole affair—so far as
the Guernsey people's preparations to do
honour to her coming were concerned—a most
perfect failure. That the desire existed, no one
can doubt; the very circumstance of the news
circulating through the churches and chapels
during divine service, and the congregations in
part deserting their hassocks for the shore—the
hasty foray upon the nursery grounds and
flower gardens—the rushing to and fro of
militia officers, giving notice to their men—the
midnight furnishing of arms—the gathering to-
gether of flags, &c., &c., all bear witness to the
reality of the inclination.
But when the morning dawned upon

the efforts of the night, the garlands
and festoons so hastily woven, showed
like the militia men's accoutrements, the hurry
and imperfection of their arrangements, and
nothing was perfect, but the century of young
ladies who lined the landing-place, and while
they scattered flowers beneath the on-coming
foot-steps of the sovereign, saluted her with
their "most sweet voices," in the choral strains
of the national hymn. It remained for us (the
Jersey's), to work out this attempted exposition
of loyalty, and to give finish and beauty to the
rough sketch afforded of a royal reception by
the inhabitants of our sister Isle; how we suc-
ceded, the "British press," (not in its local
individuality), but as a whole, has made the
world aware of, and while the history of this
most important and interesting event, will ever
have a place in the archives of our island, a
more familiar account of the transaction may be
this distance of time appear acceptable to the
general reader.
The news of the Queen's landing at Guernsey
served as a note of preparation of a similar
honour awaiting us, and was immediately res-
ponded to by the States and People com-
mencing arrangements to do her honour. What a week was that—what a week of action and rehearsal, of planning and performing, of putting up and pulling down, of drilling and dressing, of talking and imagining! Every
parish was in commotion, from Corbière Point to La Hougue, from Point Rouge to Greve de Lecq—every house furnished its quota of pre-
paration, and nothing was talked of which had not reference to La Reine. In St. Helier’s a fureur of cleanliness seemed to have seized alike
upon the housewives and officials—streets were swept, houses whitewashed, roads gravelled, and windows always bright, looked brighter
than ever, while paint and stucco work, and varnish, went circuit through the town; and door-knockers and door-steps vied with each
other in the perfections of brilliancy and whiteness; every waste wall was refreshed with lime, every unsightly object, if not removed,
masked in the exterior purity of whitewash, even the old cubooses or cooking houses on either side of the pier (for the accommodation of the ships in harbour) received their share of abstinence, while the more obnoxious were
wholly cleared off.
Platforms were being built, triumphal arches raised; in “La Cour Royale” the States were
resolving their address and the ceremonial of the Queen’s reception, and without were gilders busily employed embellishing the British arms; while in the square, some mystery under the shelter of a canvas screen was being perpe-
trated on the enigmatical old man pedestaled there.
Of course, upon such an occasion, it was only natural for the native army to desire to
impress the sovereign with their numbers and discipline; and accordingly not only the
town militia, but the whole of the efficient body in the country parishes, found themselves sud-
denly engaged in regimentals, furnishing their accoutrements, polishing their arms, in short, over head and ears in loyalty and pipe-clay; while the female part of the population were just as busy with their personal and domestic preparations; mantua-makers and ironing-girls were rushing in all directions, every white dress being in the wash, and, as the general taste favoured the wearing of this spot-
less fabric, those who did not purchase new for the occasion, employed the light hands, and
elegant niceness which these artists in the management of heaters and puffing-irons are
known to possess. Ironing in Jersey, let me
observe, is not a mere adjunct of the laundry, which every lavandière affects; it is a distinct art, a trade of itself, to which a proper ap-
prenticeship is served.
Well, at the end of something more than a week spent in framing castles and pagodas to
serve as Victoria arches, cleansing piers, painting
houses, cutting down boughs, ransacking
gardens, washing white muslin, and white-wash-
ing walls, and while half the town were de-
lightedly viewing the pavilion, with its fluted
lining and chair of state, with the royal arms
emblazoned above it, in which her Majesty was
to receive the address of the States, and other
arrangements for the spectacle and the spec-
tators, a single gun reverberated over the town,
and was answered by a simultaneous shout
louder and more prolonged than the roar of the
cannon, and a moment after the smoke curled
f orth from Elizabeth Castle, and gun after gun sent from the iron lips a sonorous wel-
come. A cry of “La Reine! La Reine!” ran
through the streets, as men, women, and chil-
dren ran also, and steaming round Noirmont
Point, with the bright sunshine of an autumn
evening blanking her snowy canvas, and
illuminating the gorgeous standard that floated
at her main, appeared the royal yacht, followed
by her three attendants, the Fairy, Black Eagle, and
Garland. A very few moments afterwards, the
mayor and Colonel Le Couteur, aid-de-camp
to her Majesty, carrying with them a grateful
offering of fruit and flowers, rowed off to the
Albert and Victoria (which with the other
steamers, had anchored in the outer roads), to
receive the royal visitor’s commands as to the
order of her landing.
In the meanwhile, the crier, one of those phy-

cisal oddities to be found in all communities—a
little man, of so round a figure that he
resembled in shape an Italian tomboli—perambulated the various streets of the
town proclaiming, with the aid of his bell, a
general illumination, and giving notice (for
chivalrous enthusiasm is ever generous) that
the States would supply lights to those who
were too poor to afford them. But even poverty
itself became profuse, and we were told that
few, if any, availed themselves of this offer.
By this time flags were garnishing the square
grey tower of the parish church, and flaunting
from the upper windows of the houses, while
those on the Parade had ropes carried across to the
trees in front of regimentals, florifiers, flowers, and
lamps suspended from them. Meanwhile, the
sun was just going down, the wind had sunk,
and the waters of the bay looked as calm
as the ornamental ones at Windsor. The
cannons had aroused the metal in the belfries,
and though the solitary inmate of St. Helier’s,
being solitary, could only chant an unvarying
dissonant ding-dong, St. Mark’s rang out
its lively peals, with an animation worthy of the
cause, and kept bursting forth in gusty showers
of harmony; heard far and wide above the hum
of preparation, the babble of voices talking in
as many tongues as Damascus numbered in her
palmy days; and the heavy rumbling of the
Norman cars laden with green boughs and
bouquets, which hurried into town upon the first
intimation of the event, which the castle-guns
had spread from parish to parish, with the ra-
pidity of wild-fire. Gloucester-street, the piers,
St. Aubin’s-road, every point from which a view
of the royal yacht could be obtained, was
crowded with persons, as heterogeneous in ap-
pearance as in position and country. Poles,
English, Germans, French, and Jersey, ap-
ppeared for the time bound by one common
feeling of enthusiasm; and this sentiment, translated into as many languages, spread itself from group to group amongst them; all was excitement and anticipation. In the meanwhile, the hour appointed by the States for the great fête of the night arrived; and, as if by magic, street after street, mapped its extent in lines of light, while bonfires blazed upon the hills; and innumerable lamps, ranged at equal distances upon the parapet of the esplanade circling the harbour, doubled their brightness in the waves beneath them; and, on different heights around the bay, firework challenged firework, till the whole scene looked unreal in its brilliance—an illustration of fairy-land, rather than our old town of St. Helier’s, and the yet unbaptized harbour of Victoria. As you approached the principal streets, banners bearing mottoes appeared spread across them, with chains of coloured lamps, groups of flowers, and green boughs interspersed; every private house had tables covered with lights, vases, and exotics before the windows, while the cafés, inns, and other places of the kind, exhibited transparencies fresh from the hands of the artists; here glowed the Jersey arms; there her Majesty in robes of state, with crown and sceptre (a mode of representation, by the way, which occasioned serious disappointment on the morrow, the less sophisticated of her subjects thinking these trappings integral portions of a queen). Here were stars of gas, the lambent light quivering over the frames, with the blue clearness of electric fire; there illuminated initials of the royal pair, with welcoming devices, and loyal sentiments literally written in “words that burn.” Crowds upon crowds of people thronged the streets, giving expression to their wonder and delight, and coming to full stops of admiration before certain points, where more than ordinary taste or brilliancy of effect was perceptible. Amidst all this brightness, “La Cour Royale,” the hospital, and other public buildings, appeared conspicuous, standing out in bold relief amidst the less imposing and irregular structures near them, for no dwelling, however humble, but added some rays to the glory of the whole; even untenanted houses, and an old dilapidated brewery were lit up at the expense of the States, and, like many a deserted heart on earth, masked the cold vacancy within in festive seeming. In fact, wherever lights could be placed, even in the clefts of the parapet upon the church-tower, there they shone; and, amidst all this artificial brightness, the heavens had illuminated likewise, and poured down the effulgence of moon and star-light, to add to the beauty of the scene. The effect from the bay was exquisite—every eminence has its bonfire—every house, however isolated, a blaze of light, while showers of pyrotechnics from the ships in harbour duplicated by reflection in the surrounding waters, and others sent up from every observable point on shore, afforded animation to the picture and turning-points for the interest of the spectators. It was midnight before these displays abated, or the church-bells rested for he night, and even then the streets swarmed with people, and laughter, tipsy merriment, and song; the sound of hammers putting the last nail to some decoration or another, the phizzing of a remainder fire-work, the rattling of the heavy cars bringing in materials for decking the triumphal arches; and, through the short hours that followed, the coming in of the country people in their cumbersome vehicles, made any attempt to sleep an almost useless trial, even on the part of those whose notions of the coming pageant were of a less expectant and excited character than those of their neighbours generally. Some never went to bed at all, others awoke in their first nap, and fancied it time to commence their toilets; all were more or less perturbed, and, shortly after sunrise, several of the tradesmen’s wives and families, who were privileged to seats on the New Pier, had taken up their position, content to suffer anything rather than hazard the deprivation of their places. By three long hours did these enduring people anticipate their neighbours, only to find that those who waited till nine o’clock were just as forward as themselves, and far more comfortable. In: he meanwhile, it seemed as if the entire inhabitants of the island had emptied themselves into St. Helier’s; wherever the eye turned, it encountered moving throngs. A torrent of people poured on between the militia (who lined the way) to the fort, the Pier Road, and towards the Pier itself (though only available to those who possessed tickets), the archway leading from the Old to the New Harbour became a point of confluence, and here a crowd of the most opposed materials were collected; peasant women in molleton petticoats and Norman caps, militiamen, English adventurers, bearded representatives of “jeune France,” officers in embroidered regimentals, Breton girls, fishermen in red frocks, Jersey dames’ des boutiques in all the fineness of their holiday costume, sailors, ladies, moustached Poilus, children; members of police, with wands in their hands, and white rosettes at their buttonholes; market women from St. Malo’s, with their full short jupons and becoming head-gear; boys in blouses, straw hats, and sabots: in a word, an epitome of all classes in the island; while, on the heights above, in boats in the harbour, on the St. Aubin’s Road, standing in the balconies, clustered at the open windows, swarming on the roofs, thronging the rocks opposite the landing-place, were just as incongruous and picturesque assemblages. Upon the new pier a more orderly appearance existed, the town band were stationed at the extreme end of it, where two flag-staffs confronted one another. Within these a part of the 91st depot were drawn up, much to the chagrin of the native militia, who naturally felt the post of honour should have been theirs; however, they consented to forego dissension for that day, and having a full muster, contrived to line the remainder of the pier as well as the streets and road by which it was known her Majesty would pass. On one side of the pathway,
covered with red cloth, leading from the landing-place to the pavilion, the mayor, bailie, griffier, and other members of the States, wearing their tarnished robes, and bearing the insignias of their office, were stationed; and on the other, clad in filmy white, with bouquets in their bosoms, and baskets of flowers in their hands, appeared a band of young ladies, who had borrowed an idea from their sisters in Guernsey, and were about to perpetrate it. Above them, on the raised platforms, all the élite of the island were gathered, and farther on appeared the gaily dressed wives and daughters of the townfolk. The day was one of those rich autumnal ones that seem made on purpose for a fête, not sufficient wind to ripple the bay or ruffle a ringlet, while the sun shone out gloriously, and every face looked radiant, as if human care had given the souls they represented a holiday on the occasion, "Nods, and becks, and westward smiles," passed to and fro between the fair occupants of the benches, and were ever and anon extended to the robed officials, and the officers on duty beneath, as relative or acquaintance were recognized.

All at once the roll of the castle guns, responded to by artillery upon the heights, recalled everyone to the grand object of the day, and all eyes turned towards the royal yacht, which the Fairy was just leaving, and in a few minutes the graceful little craft, ribbed with gold, and gay with colours flitting in the air her own speed created, came round the old fortress, and immediately the standard was transferred to the royal barge, which, steered by Lord A. Fitz Clarence (standing hat in hand behind his regal mistress) and followed by another boat, approached with measured strokes to the shore. At this moment, the masts of the ships, before animated with flags and sunshine, became alive with men, the roofs of the houses on the old pier grew populous with spectators, every lamp-post had its tenants, the rocks (for it was nearly low-water) bright with harlequin beings, some still anxious for that bitherto unknown satisfaction, which the sight of royalty is supposed to confer. The cannons have not yet ceased to pour forth their hollow plaudits—St. Mark's bells are ringing gaily, and the old sycophant at St. Helier's, who had the sametone for old years and new years—deaths and births, burials and bridals—tries it at royal flattery, and adds its shaking lip-service to the rest.

Hark! A shout from pier and platform, ships, fort, houses, heights. A shout, hearty, prolonged, simultaneous. A shout terrible as the trumpet of Tamerlane in its concentrated strength, but flute-like in the sentiment of enthusiastic loyalty it expresses. "The Queen!" "La Reine," flies from man to man along the line, and as her foot touched the shore, the royal standard floated above the pier, and a white satin banner, bearing the words "Victoria Harbour," in letters of gold, was unfurled upon the other flagship. Her Majesty's aide-de-camp, Colonel Le Couteur, and Sir John de Vieull, the bailie of Jersey, received her at the foot of the steps, the governor being too decrepit to claim the honour, and in which prolonged shout yet unfinished, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the strewning of flowers, all the ladies standing and the gentlemen remaining uncovered, the Queen leaning on her husband's arm, and followed by her suite, appeared on the pier. The soldiers immediately presented arms, and as the sharp sound peculiar to this movement ceased along the line, the tap of a single drum proclaimed silence, and up rose the rich sweet voices of women, singing as her appointed sister passed by, "God save the Queen!" Bowing, smiling, as only royalty can bow and smile, the august party, followed by the States and governor in his invalid carriage, proceeded to the pavilion, where the mayor presented an address, which proved no exception to the general rule, being graciously received, after which some of the ladies having in the meanwhile had the honour of being presented, the royal party entered their carriages, followed by that of the governor, several gentlemen on horseback, and the officials walking. Our town militia differ from their rustic comrades not only in having their clothes made to fit them, but also in the article of discipline. They looked, save for their exploded white trousers and gaiters, absolutely soldier-like, and the story goes (for they took care to place themselves in the van of their awkward squad) that the Prince Consort recognizing his own shacko, and seeing scarlet, like the blind man who could never separate the idea of this colour from the sound of a trumpet, inquired "what regiment were of?" But for that portion of the corps whose attendance at the drill shed has been made subservient to their attention to the seasons, who sacrifice willingly to Ceres, but only present themselves to Mars when local custom obliges them. Of all heights but the standard one, warped from bending to the spade and plough, under the small finement of military clothing, their muscles stiffened with labour, their faces browned from harvest, their flesh fried out with heat, their uniforms coarse, seedy, and ill-fitting—never had the spirit of patriotism playing at soldiers manifested itself in a less sophisticated guise, or one less indebted to the adventitious aids which the air of the parade ground and technical precision bestows: the only idea their appearance suggested was that of an army on the stage, equipped from the property room.

Amidst this harmless force her Majesty proceeded through the triumphal arch to the esplanade, the houses along which were all decked with flags and festooned with flowers, with knots of gaily dressed women crowding the windows and balconies. The scenes in Gloucester Street, the Parade, and Charing Cross, was but repetitions of these festive appearances, varied in the form of ornament, and phrases of gratulation that on every side met the eye. In the Grand Rue a platform had
been erected for the Freemasons, between whom and the prince the talismanic sign of the order was said to be exchanged in passing, and upon entering the royal square, behold the statue had cast its temporary covering and with pedestal new painted, stood glittering in the sunshine, till the States and people could scarcely look against the glory with which they had invested it. But the trophy par excellence, the telling object, the pride of the brave Jersey’s appeared in the vicinity of “Mourie Lane,” where the house called Pierson’s Inn presented the appearance of a huge mural monument, having its whitened sides apparently perforated with shot holes, the impressions of which were represented by circles of black paint, and along the front with victor wreaths of laurel overshadowing it, stood forth in huge sable letters the tragic intimation “Here Pierson fell!” Lugubrious as this object appeared amidst the noonday brightness, the gay colours and festive devices by which it was surrounded, to the patriotic natives it was as good as a present triumph, and the views that rent the air at this point became reddened, partly in compliment to her Majesty for loyalty to whose ancestors the hero had fallen, and partly in recommendation of their good faith and bravery, which vaunted itself in every leaf of the votive laurel sacred to Pierson and the Battle of Jersey.

From hence to Halkett Place is but a step, and here the market, made glorious with green boughs, gave and took its share of the holiday; further on, in Beresford-street, raised seats filled with Norman women, dressed in national costume, attracted general attention, and formed a striking and interesting part of the pageant; and so the Queen and her train passed on, amidst a continuation of tacit compliments, now drooping over her in banners inscribed with blessings—now taking the shape of flowery arches, or scattered in rose strawings on her path—here bands of children, those fair links between the present and the to-come, lined the St. Mark’s Road, and mingled their young voices in the general gratulation; the occasion which confirmed their father’s fidelity serving to baptize theirs. Houses, streets, public buildings—not a spot but teemed and heaved with expectant beings, clustering like swarming bees upon the house-tops, at the open windows, and wherever, and on whatever, appeared to offer a salient point of view, or elevate them above the heads of their fellows.

So, on, out of St. Mark’s to the St. Saviour’s Road, and on to Government House. Still under triumphal arches, and followed by the excited and desiring people, who could not sufficiently feast their eyes upon the fresh fair face of the then young sovereign. On leaving the governor’s, the royal party turned off by the St. Martin’s Road to Mount Orgueil Castle, and tired of the people’s curiosity, and the endless acknowledgements it called for on their part, they endeavoured to avoid both by taking another route on their return, and making a short cut (in this case the “unkindest cut of all” by the way), through Conway and York streets to the esplanade and pier. Meanwhile, the escort suffered by majesty, was felt with a difference by the militia men, who, fatigued with their preparations over night, and their unaccustomed amount of duty this morning, began to wax weary of their position, and to long exceedingly for cider. To leave their ranks was out of the question, but to debar themselves from drink was so likewise; the only alternative was to call upon friends and neighbours to furnish them with it, a request so generally complied with, that in some streets cider measures were more rife than muskets, which were ordinarily laid aside. Nay, in some places they piled arms, and finding the heat disagreeably oppressive, proceeded to divest themselves of all superincumbent restraints, and with their shackles hanging by the chin-strap round their necks, or thrust on the back of their heads, their trowsers turned up, their stocks buckled round their arms, and their coat breasts unfastened, continued to wait with a composed interest the signal of her Majesty’s return.

While thus literally standing “at ease,” reckless of appearance as Lord Hamlet when he broke into the presence of the fair Ophelia, word was brought that the royal cortège had turned out of the line of route indicated, and were making as privately and expeditiously as possible for the pier. Instantly fatigue and heat were forgotten, and indifferent to everything but the prospect of losing a parting glimpse of the Sovereign, the militia men broke up their ranks, and diving through the different by-ways came up with the carriages at a rather dangerous angle of the pier. The shouts of these men, animated with sunshine and cider, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm—their disordered appearance, and excited looks, evidently alarmed her Majesty as well as the horses, and the adjutant of the 81st riding on sword in hand to prevent their pressing indecorously near the august party, his charger reared, and threw him; an accident that had the effect of instantly stopping the royal progress; but, fortunately, a few severe bruises, and the destruction for that day of an increased amount of self-esteem, was all the injury the officer received, and these, in all probability, the personal inquiries of her Majesty attended, if they did not wholly heat—for even in our days it is well known that virtue goeth forth from kings and queens to cure evil.

With the exception of this event, and the apocryphal report of two or three cases of coup de soleil amongst the militia men, nothing occurred to cast a shade upon those of the day, which will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Jersey as one pre-eminently interesting in the annals of the island. The same reiterated shouts of gratulation that welcomed the royal party to the shore, followed them from it. Nay, like the farewells of a grateful host, they sounded after them, and
A LAMENT FOR LENT.

There is no wealth in thee dwells, but sorrow unsought,
A dear victual-market with thee thou hast brought
To the town.
Neither silver nor gold
Thou hast brought, as it is told,
But sorrow and cold,
And many blas't brown.

2.
Thou comest every year with sorrow and with sadness:
Ere thou be sent after, with bale and with badness:
Then gentle Christmas with his merry madness,
Thou dost him exile, which is ground of gladness.
I tell:
Feeble is thy fare,
Thy pastures be all bare;
I would God that thou were
Drowned in a well.

3.
For thou bringest to the market but little good else
But cluttering of cockles and of mussel-shells:
Herring and stockfish and dry mackerels
Full lean is the pottage when the pot wells
For to trust.
Thy chink is empty, with jags,
On thy neck hang thy bags,
Feeble thy wallet wags
With hunger and with thirst (thirst).

4.
Thus he works us much woe the space of seven weeks,
With much sore hunger our bodies he breaks;
The stuff of his household is onions and leeks,
Therefore a sorrow light on his lean cheeks.
And a mischance,
For those that are lean
He makes them to wane (waive),
For fault of a meal
And good sustenance.

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Albert and Victoria had departed, the Fairy was invisible, the Black Eagle had taken to flight, and the Garland faded into imperceptibleness. For festivity we had a blank, for creativeness chaos, for triumphal-arches dilapidation, our fires had turned to ashes, our pyrotechnics resolved themselves into blackness and their frames; and for all the flowerly profusion scattering the paths, spanning streets, and adorning houses, we had seer'd boughs, and withered blossoms, with gardens denuded of efflorescence for months to come. No matter, the memory of that one day's sunshine, of the presence it served to glorify, will brighten many a dull and shadowy one, and the loyal sentiments written by the people of Jersey, in light and flowers, will live on in the hearts of their children's children, effaceless as the occasion that elicited them.
5. Thus he has us catched with his lean crooke, He makes many beggars by bank and by brook. Feeble is his face, and lean is his look, He is but a robber by the faith that I took At a fount-stone:  
Many men on him wonder, And shortly bring him under: I would God in sunder, I might wrench his backbone.

6. Poor men he robs with his false jobs, It is ruth to rehearse how he reeves and he robs: He sets at a penny a pack of herning cobs: While for hunger and cold men sorrow and sob. And thus In his thraldom we stand, Fast bound in his band, Were he sent out of the land, Then well were us.

7. Poor men in the country sore on him complain: Much sort of their food from them he retains: They are glad when they may fill up their bellies with beans: With, "out upon him, traitor, for aye and for yeans!" And, alas! That he comes of such birth To exile Christians with his mirth; He has deprived him of his girth, And put him out of place.

8. They ding on at Boston with hammers and with mels: Upon rotten stockfish as thick as handbells. The skate with her green tail that full of maggots wells, That nine miles and more the market with it smells: I suppose That an if a man were blind, And held him in the wind, The high way he might find If he followed on his nose.

9. Mussels lie gaping against the new moon, Pain would the fishers sell, but buyers will not come: The cod and the ling lie burning neath the sun: The savour is sweet as a pair of new shoon. O fie! Much doth the fisher's eyes: For maggots and surdight flies; Much thicker than honey-bees, About his panier flies.

10. Red herring there are, but they are very rotten, Fie! fie! for a penny! yet will they be sotten. They savour full strong and they make a foul sot. It is but a dear good that is upon them gotten, And a bare?

By my truth as I trowe There shall no scrape in my craw, Unless I sit aweous From a grey mare.

11. The cod and the codling lie burning against the sun, Yeas, so doth the kyling as great as a ton; Also the congers as dry as a bone, They are a month of age by the course of the moon At the least. With sorrow he wrings us, With hunger he dinges us: It is but pillage he brings us By Him that rose in the East.

12. Does not he with envy put all away, Both eggs and collops and Alleluia: Fritters and droumes he closes in clay: And all the days 'tis the week he maketh Friday, No doibt. There is no more to tell, But by St. Michael He'll ring his bell All England about.

13. Farewell, Alleluia, with thy sweet liberty: The gentillest song that is or may be; He that hath thee exiled out of the country, A dog's death might he die, I pray the Trinity. Sartain, He was comfort of care, And weal of welfare, I pray to Jesus that Mary bare Send us him again.

14. Lenten has brought us, as I understand, Luan ti Domine tied in a band: He is come to the coast in the waniand And, fie! te Deum is put out of the land. No nay. Now there is no more to make, But the devil his neck crake (crack), That has made all the break With Alleluia.

15. Now our leave may we take of all wifar Of venison, of wild-fowl, and of the wild boar; Puddings and paunches, and all such ware Now must we forbear: the more is our care. Now, alas! Farewell all at once Pie and sweet marrowbones, I see no other means, But away must ye pass.

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8 Dish made of wheat and new milk; furmety, from frumentum.
9 Alleluia is used at Christmas and Easter; Luan ti Domine, in Lent, as a response in the mass. Te Deum, also, is not sung in Lent.
10 Waning of the moon.
11 Good cheer.
12 Black-puddings.
A Lament for Lent.

16. Farewell, gentle Wat,13 with thy long ears,
Also pigs and pork with all your sweet smears;14
Farewell the fat goose with sore weeping tears,
Behold robber Lenten how he upon us bears,
No wonder.
Thus can he chastise (chastise)
Men whom he hate (hates),
Yea, faith, yet trust I
To see him once under.

17. Farewell fat mutton, fat bacon, fat beef,
Farewell the fat swan that in service is chief:
Farewell the fat capon to me is so lief (dear),
No longer may you tarry, but quickly take your leave
At a word.
Farewell the bastard,
The brawn and the mustard,
Also the short custard,
Meet for a lord.

18. Farewell the calves'-foot and also the tripe,
Farewell the fieldfare, the spink and the ninja;
Farewell the woodcock and the wing (lapwing);
All I have up reckoned; full small may I pipe
In a cornet.
Farewell in hay (faith)
For seven weeks' day,
No more may I say,
If the devil had sworn it.

19. The peasant and the wild-fowl stand in little stead,
When Lent comes to town as hungry as a glid:
He will many to peal a garlic head,
Sit down and eat it with a piece of brown bread.
Such sorrow
Oft times in the week,
They'll be glad of a look
At mid-day and at morrow.

20. Hawkers and hunters and all that hounds leads,
They may go seek their service in divers steads (places),
The minstrels they may go pipe with the glads,
Yes, so may the butchers take them to their breads.
I pledge
The truth: they shall, I say them,
And nothing deny them;15
In truth they may go play them
On pilgrimage.

21. The cook in the kitchen may hang up his rost (spit),
The poult'rer and the partridge may make them a toast;
Thus this great robber Lenten makes a great feast
That they shall sell no fowl while as he is in course:
No store:
They may take up their stayles,
Their nets for their quails,
Sit them down and pick their nails,
This month and more.

22. It is good that the shepherd look well to his fold,
Take heed to his tale and heed what he told.16
For then the butchers' dogs begin to wax bold,
The rod is not always ready, but sometimes is cold,
Under lock.
They have no puddings17 nor crags,
Punches nor bags,
And they are a kind of sturdy stags,
If they come to a flock.

23. There is grinning and gnashing for aching of bones,
Tearing of hoods and costs for the nons (sonce),
Some halts, some stumbles, some grins, and sorrows groans,
Some sticks in the mire, some lies on the stones;
No grace,
By Mary, God's mother,
I ne'er saw such another,
Unless each would worry 'th'other
I ne'er saw such a case.

24. Thus the traitor Lenten with sorrow he leads us,
Both man and beast with hunger he feeds us
Let a wonder upon him, each one I rede us (adeus),
For if he reeve18 awhile, he will hang us and head us
If he may.
Thus he puts us to penance,
And also to finesse (fiace);
I pray God a mischance
Light on him this day.

25. He keeps an evil house, and that well ye ken,
For Niggaro is next to him of all other men;
Oliver Blyber19 is steward, over dear a salt hen.
A vengeance of such a household: now say ye all
Amen!
And I say the same.
Abstinence is his cook,
He puts all in his book;
The rascal has a hungry look
The devil give him shame.

26. Now betake us to our beads; it will no better be;
Let us sit us down to sadness, and leave vanity,
For now the time is come, we may not flee,
But put us to penance for our folly
And grief.
I had rather than my gown
The wretch were ready bound,
To be rung out of the town
And fare to take his leave.

27. Moreover must we count, we have not yet done,
After we have made our confession,
We must reckon for our tithings with our parson,
And all that ever he gets he thinks it well done.
I dare swear,
Tenth penny will he crave
Mickle more will he have,
Little Simony his knave (servant)
Sits whispering in his ear.

13 The hare.  
14 Saucens.  
15 I say they shall have "to go play them?" I tell them untrue in nothing.
16 Take heed to his counting, and remember what he has counted.
17 Entrails.  
18 Behead.  
19 Robber.
28. Therefore I rede you, clout your trewes well at the knees, Unto the cross must you creep: ye may not these Leave your offering there: it is our parson’s fees, Much care we have: whoso knows and sees Not to seek. God give him ill chance, For he has done us grievance, And leads us an ill dance All this six week.

29. He has punished us first with hunger and with cold, Since flesh that was nourishing he hath forbyd us bolde: The tenth part of our tithe and our household He has taken by my trust, and eke a penny told, And cross. He has the poor oppressed Both by east and by west; He is a shrewd guest, And to a poor man’s loss.

30. Now is Pask Even come, and he is ready bound For to take his leave: the devil might him drown, On a scald mare’s back to ride out of the town Many a knave after him, for to crack his crown. Choose.

With pain. With his beaks in his neck, Stinking fish in a sack: I pray the devil break his neck, That he come no more again.

31. Leave we this Lenten, and no more on him talk, Since he is gone, on his ways let him walk: Over the bents brown still let him stalk: Let no man him let by street or by ball: That swain, He bare mickle blame, And he was worth the same, But our Lady of Walsingham Let him never come in again.

32. Now God, the which was on a cross torment, And for our misdemeanors shamefully shent, Save all the company which is here present, And bring us to the joy where he is permanent. I do pray As he made us, he mend us, And from the fiend defend us, He save us and he send us To the bliss that lasteth aye.

LEAVES FROM MY MEDITERRANEAN JOURNAL.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

CHAP. X.

FROM CAIRO TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Knowing that our stay at Cairo must necessarily be a short one, we resolved to lose no time, but at once set about sight-seeing. First on the list of “lions” was the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and to drive thither was suggested as the most profitable use we could make of such portion of the afternoon as still remained at our disposal. The necessary orders to procure carriages having been issued, we were soon en route towards this noted temple. To reach it, however, involved the ascent of a considerable hill, which tried our by no means very “fresh” cattle considerably. On the right of the space leading to the mosque stand the remains of the old citadel, and the wall from which Emir Bey leaped is still pointed out as the Mameluke’s Leap, a name attaching an imperishable interest to the locality. That a man should have taken a flying leap on horseback from the summit of this wall and yet escape with his life seems almost incredible! Truth, however, is in this, as in many other cases, proverbially stranger than fiction. History tells us that this apparently break-neck jump was performed successfully, so far as the rider was concerned; but that the gallant steed was killed in the fall, notwithstanding the presence of a heap of rubbish at the base of the wall. Nothing but the extreme danger of remaining where he was could have suggested to Emir Bey was the last to enter the perilous alternative as this leap for life. The circumstances were briefly these: The Mamelukes who had been plotting against the Pacha were induced to enter the citadel ere they found that their plot had been discovered, where they soon fell victims to the Pacha’s astutely planned stratagem. Emir Bey was the last to enter the fortress, and, whether through the suspicion begotten of conscious plotting, or from having his sense of safety startled by something he saw, distrust at once seized his mind. To ride hastily back to the entrance porch was the work of an instant. Here, however, all egress was prevented by the gate being locked. Hurriedly calculating the cost, as a chance for life on the one hand, and on the other, capture (which his conscience told him involved certain death) he soon nerved himself to adopt the former; and putting spur to the noble animal that had carried him through many a fierce encounter reached the ground alive, but with the sacrifice of his horse’s life. To return, however, to our progress: we found in ascending the hill leading to the mosque difficulty so considerable as to cause us to moralize on the degeneration that must have befallen Cairo horses since the days of Emir Bey, and the exploit of his far-famed steed! After several fruitless efforts to induce
our horses to “keep moving,” an exertion that even a metropolitan policeman would have failed to get made in this instance, we were forced to descend from our position of graceful ease and continue the ascent on foot. Arriving at the court-yard that surrounds the mosque, we made our way to the entrance of it, and here found several Mussulmen in waiting. These janitors were furnished with a spare stock of loose canvas covers for the shoes of strangers who wished to enter the mosque. In Constantinople, as I have already remarked, the faithful put off their outer shoes, and the Europeans, if not so provided, are compelled to take their shoes off, ere they enter the sacred precincts of a mosque. In Cairo, however, the same object—that the dust of the highway or profane outside should not pollute the sanctuary—is supposed to be attained by encasing the still booted feet of the visitor in the loose canvas covers above alluded to; and the latter process is, it must be admitted, less troublesome. The interior of the mosque of Mahomed Ali did not strike us as anything very wonderful, after our Stamboul experiences; its chief attraction consisted of the mausoleum of the Pacha, which is surrounded by a brazen screen. After completing the inspection in which we had been engaged, we regained the vestibule, and returned our boot-covers to the janitors, accompanying the act with the usual backshish. In the court-yard some two or three men were awaiting our re-appearance, in order to offer for sale specimens of the white marble of which the mosque is built. We purchased some of these rude imitations of egges, to have as souvenirs of our visit; and, thus done, returned to our carriages, which we found where they had stopped, half way up the hill. The return journey to our hotel being a downhill progress, was more rapidly got over than the former one, and we arrived in good time for dinner.

Shepherd’s Hotel presented, on our return, the appearance of an united-service club, in which the naval element however predominated. Scores of naval officers, from the naval cadet upwards, had arrived on “Pyramid leave” from Alexandria. In addition, and sparsely commingled with these were military officers on their way to join regiments in India. Last, but most striking, were the military invalids, whose wan faces, attenuated figures, and slow, weak gait proved as plainly as the pith hats and other peculiarities of costume, the region whence they had come, and the penalty they had paid for residing in it.

Before retiring to rest we directed the dragoman to sally forth in search of carriages and donkeys for the morrow, that there might be no delay or disappointment on that score when we came to want these modes of conveyance. To secure carriages and donkeys over-night was absolutely necessary, owing to the number of visitors that had lately arrived, as they were all purposing an early visit to the Pyramids. Besides the securing of carriages and donkeys, there were other preparations, such as provisions, &c., all of which our dragoman was busily engaged in as we retired for the night. At one o’clock, a.m., on the following day we were duly aroused by the dragoman, who wisely went the round of our rooms in succession. On descending to the door we found that, in accordance with the arrangements of the preceding evening, carriages were in waiting to convey our party to the Nile. We were soon seated, though it was still grey morning, and driving Nilewards through the deserted streets; and with the exception of an occasional figure of some Egyptian sentry seated on a door-step, sleeping through the hours of his “watch,” we did not perceive any human being till we had emerged from the more populous part of the town. Immediately on quitting the city we overtook a donkey party of naval officers, who, like ourselves, were bound to the banks of the Nile, their plan being to ride the whole way. At length we arrived at the river’s bank, and here, for the first time, surrounding objects began to be somewhat better seen, though still but dimly visible. Numbers of tourist officers, commingled with Arab boys and their donkeys, were assembling upon the banks of the river-in noisy groups, when we, dismounting from our carriages, added our quota to the crowd and general confusion of tongues. Our dragoman now at once applied himself to the work of embarking us, and thereupon ensued a scene that I fear must fall short of any description; suffice it, however, to attempt it as follows: A large Nile boat was lying close into the land, and into this the donkeys, without any gangway being provided, were forced. The modus operandi was as follows: First the donkey was led down to the edge of the water, then his bridle was passed into the boat, and finally, by the united forces of tugging, beating, and pushing, the unfortunate animal was forced up the steep side of the boat! The animals were no sooner thus embarked than their biped care takers quickly followed, whilst we, the hirers, followed suit, thus completing the work of embarkation. The boat was so full, that standing room was quite as much as we were able to procure during our voyage. Fortunately, the journey was a very short one; and once our clumsy craft was fairly shoved aloft from the mud, we set the lateen sail and began a slow, if not dignified progress, towards the opposite side. A few minutes served to take us near the opposite shore; and here sweeps were got out and we pulled our way through a line of moored boats, to the landing place. Arriving here, we disembarked in an order the reverse of our embarkation, inasmuch as we jumped out first, leaving the donkey-boys and quadrupeds to follow. Once on shore, there was a general run to secure a good donkey, and as several excursion parties had meanwhile got mixed together, the strict rule of _meum_ and _tuum_ did not seem to be regarded. I should have failed to “mount” altogether, I fear, but for the
unceremonious manner in which the dragoman insisted upon an Arab giving up a donkey he was keeping for another rider who had already mounted the first steed to hand and gone on. The dragoman’s first words being unsuccessful in obtaining possession of the donkey, he at once, and without further preface, began to belabour the Arab with a stout stick. The *argumentum ad baccatum* had soon the desired effect, and relinquishing his hold of the bridle, the Arab, though apparently fully a match for his assailant, threw himself at full length in the sand growling out what I supposed to be imprecations on the foe. As soon as the dragoman had put me in possession *per fias ou nfas* of a donkey and attendant boy, he rode on after, the general party now some way ahead; so that by the time I had my stirrups adjusted, pendant as they were from a high carpet covered pack saddle, I discovered that, with the exception of my donkey-boy and a companion of his, companions I had none. Feeling rather uncomfortable at being thus cut off from the party to which I belonged, I used my best endeavours to urge the donkey forward, trusting to his instructive recollection of the road, and thus made my way successfully through the village Chised, devoutly hoping that I was in the right track. Emerging from the village, I was soon wending my way by a shady road, the same I hoped as had been taken by my brother officers. European society I now had none, and the English vocabulary of the two donkey-boys who accompanied me was of so limited a nature, that I was forced to be silent. From silence I must have gone on to abstraction and inattention; nor did I return to a sense of passing events till my donkey first stumbled, and then rolled over in the sand. On extricating myself from the stirrups and holding a hurried survey of damages, I found these latter to be a grazed skin and torn trousers, which combination, I was happy to find, made up the whole sum of results of my misadventure. The principal donkey-boy now rushed forward with great show of zeal and anxiety, to brush the sand from my clothes ere he would allow me to remount, gladly compounding by this officious service for the castigation he evidently had expected to receive for the misdeeds of his donkey. When once more remounted, I proceeded without further adventure, following even *longe intervallo* those with whom I had hoped to have ridden side-by-side. Arab peasants passed us from time to time by the way, and always answered in a way that we gladly interpreted as affirmative when we shouted the word *Ingles*, pointing ahead at the same time.

Cheered by even this slight encouragement, I kept my donkey in motion till the Pyramids were broad in sight. The memory of stories I had heard of robberies committed by lawless Arabs, now presenting itself to my mind, isolated as I was from my own party, was, I must confess, not such as to make me over comfortable. Reflecting on the fact that my money, though not amounting to a very large sum, was still more than I could afford to lose, I began to question the chances of my being able to identify any of the wandering Arabs I met—most of whom were one-eyed—and I admit the conclusion I arrived at was not of a very cheering nature; and I was by no means sorry to find that the wayfarers passed me without much parley. It seemed strange to me at first sight to observe that almost every second Arab I passed was blind of one eye. This I naturally attributed to the prevalence of ophthalmic disease; an opinion I had subsequent reason to modify on learning that it was, at all events, in part attributable to the habit of voluntary self-mutilation in order to escape forced military service. To such an extent had this barbarous practice gone, that it was only stopped by the expedient of embodying a one-eyed regiment. The late Pacha, I was told had, after much annoyance from this difficulty in raising levies, hit upon the happy thought of forming one especial corps for the reception of all conscripts whose only disqualification for others was the loss of one eye. To return, however, to my solitary journey, I continued my way without molestation for some time longer; and beginning now to approach the wished-for goal, had time to pause and admire the scene. No grander sight could well be imagined than that now meeting my eyes. Before me stood the Pyramids, giant memorials of the past, mementoes of the mighty dead; whilst yonder, rose the sun all bright and glorious, the same that had risen to smile on their birth, and to set upon the first day’s work; eye, and to rise and set on many a weary day ere they were finished. How easily might the busy fancy of anyone beholding the Pyramids, people the surrounding plains with hosts of workmen and beasts of burden, clustering like bees around a monster hive! In scenes like this, the mind seems to acquire a power of dropping, as it were, a great parenthesis out of time and reproducing the past as present. Everyone has felt the contrasted insignificance of him who nearly approaches some lofty mountain; nor is this feeling wholly absent in presence of the Pyramids, even though they be structures of man’s rearing. A truce to reveries was now however proclaimed by a joyous shout I heard from some tourists more adventurous than the rest, who thus announced that they had gained the summit of Cheops, the larger Pyramid. On looking thitherwards I was able to decry the figures of men upon the sides of the pole and at its top; but the distance and height caused them to look no larger than, and not unlike birds clustering upon the face of some lofty cliff. Urging forwa rd my now weary donkey, I was soon at the base of the larger Pyramid; and here dismounting, I must with the kind permission of the reader, leave the subject for the present, hoping to resume it in a future chapter, descriptive of the Pyramids.
A TENTH FOR HEAVEN.

His neighbours might go in through the wide gate and along the "broad way," if they chose; but Hartly Ambler looked to the "strait gate" and the "narrow way." He had no faith in that blind policy which gains the world and loses the soul. Quite early in life, he set about the work of "making his calling and election sure." Others might do as they liked, but he meant to be safe. So he became a church member—one of the most punctual and devout. He was a leading spirit in the Sunday-school, in the Missionary Society, and in the various "Aids," established in the cause of Christian charity—not so much, we are compelled to say, out of good-will to his neighbour, as for self-salvation. All these were the means by which heaven was to be gained, and to this end he embraced them.

Hartly Ambler's religion was not one of love, but observance. It had no foundation in charity—it did not regard the neighbour—it was self-love manifesting itself in pious acts.

"Let others go to destruction if they will, I shall save my own soul." This was the sentiment of his heart, if not the utterance of his lips. So his life became devoted to soul-saving. There can be no sweetness, no tenderness in such a life. In the very nature of things, it must be hard on the outside: hard in the degree of its selfishness. "How will this affect another?" was never asked by Mr. Ambler, but, "How will it affect me?" It was natural, therefore, that in his earlier married years, he should leave his wife lonely at home three or four evenings in every week, that he might look after his soul's welfare in religious meetings and other "means of grace." It was but natural that, as his children grew up around him, he should continue to give more time and thought to his religious than to his parental duties. Certain laws for family government were laid down—he was a believer in law and obedience—and all violations were sternly punished. But, there being no other love than self-love in his heart, his home was, consequently, a stranger to the law of love.

As Hartly Ambler grew older, he became more and more literal in his observance of divine statutes, and less and less charitable towards the world and its ways. He had acquired property through diligence in business, and was regarded in his church as a liberal man. He gave, because in so doing he thought to lay up treasure in Heaven.

But, this giving was always attended by a certain inward reluctance. Love of worldly goods and love of his own soul came often in conflict, and disturbed him sorely. He felt poor after making any gift to the church, and contracted his purse-strings; pinching and denying here and there in his family or among his employés—that he might recover back a portion.

At last, Mr. Ambler determined to act on an entirely new principle. His mind was led to consider the subject of tithing. The fact that, under the divine law, it was observed in the Jewish Church was, with him, a strong argument in its favour. To set apart one-tenth of his income for pious uses, could not, he felt, but be acceptable to God.

"I really shall be the gainer by such an arrangement," he said to himself, as his mind dwelt on the subject, not really perceiving the full meaning of his remark. "If every half-crown now given in a year were counted up, I'm satisfied that the sum would exceed a tenth of my income. If I fix this giving at a tenth, I shall know just where I stand."

A further argument in favour of the new method, which did not find its way into speech, was the impression that, for his systematic setting apart of a tenth of his income, God would so prosper him in business that the remaining nine-tenths would exceed the gains of former years. Viewed on all sides, it was clear to Mr. Ambler, that, for him, a system of tithing would make him the gainer in every way, both for this world and the next. So he commenced the work of setting apart, as he called it, "a tenth for heaven."

"If my income this year should be a thousand pound," said Mr. Ambler, talking to himself, "I shall have to set aside one hundred."

What a large sum to be given away, did this appear in his eyes! It was more than ten times what he had contributed for church purposes in any former year. "A hundred pounds!" Mr. Ambler dwelt upon it.

Well, the system began. No matter what might be the income—if not over a thousand—a tenth must be given. There were times when Mr. Ambler felt uncomfortable, as his mind rested on the subject, and various contingencies were imagined. His hand began to contract on the home purse-strings. He cut off here, and he carved down there. He exacted self-denial from wife, and children, and servants, in order to help on the salvation of his own soul.

At the close of each month, Mr. Ambler made up an estimated account of his profits, and set apart the tithe. He always left a wide margin for contingencies—took good care to be on the safe side. He could make all right at the annual adjustment. Beyond the tithe, he would not give a farthing to the church, nor in charity, no matter how pressing the case might be. He had done his part. Heaven had got its share—the rest was his own!

It is almost inconceivable how blind he was! How utterly unconscious of his real state. He
A Tenth for Heaven.

was a full-blooded Pharisee, trying to merit heaven by external deeds, while his heart was
given over to selfishness—believing himself on
the high road to salvation, and thanking God
that he was not as other men. He paid over
the church proportion of his income quite as
formally and coldly as he paid a bill or a note,
and considered his obligations to heaven as so
far settled. A case of touching interest was
presented to him one day, just after the last
pound of his periodic tithe had been transferred
to the church.

"I have nothing to do with it," he said,
without any sign of feeling.

"The poor ye have always with you,"
suggested the person who had brought the case
to his notice.

"If all of you would do as much for the
poor as I do, there would be no poor among
us," Mr. Ambler replied, with some asperity of
manner, like one who felt himself in a position
to utter rebuke. "I give one-tenth of all my
income to God's treasury. The account is
made up faithfully, and not a shilling withheld.
Yesterday I settled the account, and paid over
an accurate proportion. So my part is done.
You must go somewhere else. Have you seen
Cartwright?"

"No."

"Try him. He doesn't give a fortieth part
of his income in charity."

"Thank you! I will see Mr. Cartwright.
Much obliged for the suggestion."

Now, Mr. Cartwright, a member of the same
church to which Ambler belonged, was a man
of another quality. He had a warm side to-
wards every one. Was tender-hearted, con-
siderate, and self-denying for the good of others.

"I'll do my duty and trust God for the rest," he
would sometimes say, when very pious people
talked to him about the "witness of the Spirit"
as a thing essential to salvation. "He knows my heart, and he sees my life. The
witness of a good conscience is, in my view, the
surest witness. I am more concerned for that
than for anything else. When I look down
into my heart, it is for no vague signs or
impressions, but for motives. If I find only self-
seeking as the spring of action, I am troubled;
if I find a neighbourly good will—a desire to serve
another's good as well as my own—a shrinking
from what is wrong in the sight of God, I feel at
peace, and my soul rests in a consciousness of
safety."

Such was Mr. Cartwright, of whom our tithe-
giving Pharisee spoke so lightly, and with in-
tended depreciation. To him the case re-
ferred to was submitted. It stood thus: There
was a poor woman whose only daughter, a bea-
tiful and intelligent girl, was residing in a distant
city with a relative, where she was engaged in a
public school. It had come to the mother's
knowledge that a man of doubtful reputation
had succeeded in gaining favour with her child.
She had written to her on the subject, and re-
cieved only evasive answers. In consequence,
hers distress of mind was very great. She knew
how blind a woman's heart will sometimes make
her, and trembled for the peril of her child. A
letter came at last from the relative with whom
her daughter lived, saying: "If you would save
Mary from a life of misery, you must take her
home. Come to us if you can. Our influence
with her is at an end; but you might save her.
The man's reputation is bad; but Mary will
listen to nothing against him."

The poor mother had no money with which to
defray the expense of a long journey. Unless
she were helped, the daughter must be aban-
donated to her fate—a human soul might be lost.
In her distress, she sought for help, telling her
story with tearful eyes, even to the laying bare
of home secrets. Deeply touched by the case, pre-

cented with all the eloquence of a mother's plead-
ing tongue, a gentleman undertook to procure
for her the money she required. His first call
was upon Mr. Ambler. We have seen the result.
He had just paid over, as per contract with him-
self and an imaginary God, his monthly in-
stalment into the treasury of heaven. That made
his soul safe, and he had no interest beyond.
The next call was upon Mr. Cartwright, who,
according to Mr. Ambler, "didn't give a fortieth
part of his income in charity." His ears were
always an open way to his heart. He listened
to the story, became interested, and said—

"She must be helped, of course. The case
admits of no delay. Poor mother! I imagine
her distress, her suspense, her eagerness to fly
to the rescue of her child. Have you spoken of
this to others?"

"Only to a single person."

"The case is a delicate one, and, if much is
said, unjust scandal about the young girl may
arise. You know how apt some people are to
go beyond what is told them, and suggest evil
things that have never existed. Who is the
person to whom you refer?"

"Mr. Ambler."

"Oh! Did he take any interest in the case?"

"None."

"What did he say?"

"That he had settled his account with heaven
and had nothing more to give in charity."

"You are jesting."

"Not as to the meaning of what he said. I
only put it in other words. He tithes himself."

"Indeed!"

"So he informed me; and having just paid
over his periodic tithe, he could not give a
shilling more, if it were to keep a mother's
heart from breaking, or save a human soul from
misery or ruin."

Mr. Cartwright mused for a little while, then
asked—

"How much did you wish to raise for her?"

"Ten pounds."

Mr. Cartwright mused again.

"This thing," he said, "should not be
known to many; harm to the young girl might
come of it. I remember her very well. She
was a sweet, interesting girl. There is no evil

in her, I am sure; but she may not have strength of will or insight into character. By all means she should be back into her mother's house. I will give the ten pounds."

"And save a soul, perhaps."

"A human soul?" Mr. Cartwright uttered the sentence partly to himself. "How little," he added, "are we accustomed to think of its value. How completely does the Lord lift it out of all finite computation in these memorable sentences. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Ambler and Mr. Cartwright happened to meet. The latter was an outspoken man. The case of the poor woman and her daughter had dwelt upon his mind; and, on seeing Ambler, he remembered his refusal to give anything, and also the ground of that refusal. So he said—

"I'm sorry you didn't help Mrs. ——. Her case was one of pressing interest."

"The world is full of such cases," replied Mr. Ambler, drawing himself up in a cold, self-satisfied manner, "and if you all gave in the same proportion that I do, there would be no lack of means."

"You tithe your income, I have heard," said Mr. Cartwright.

"I do." The man looked more erect and self-satisfied.

"And never go beyond the tithe?"

"Why should I? Isn't that enough? Who gives as much?"

"The poor widow cast in all her living. Not a tenth, but the whole mite."

There was a visible change in Mr. Ambler. He didn't stand quite so erectly, nor look quite so well satisfied with himself.

"All we have is from God," said Mr. Cartwright. "Not the tenth to be paid back, as we would settle an account, man with man, and so cancel all obligation. Does the steward fix the sum he shall expend or his lord, and keep the rest for himself?"

"Do you give a tenth of your income?" asked Mr. Ambler.

"I don't know. I keep no account of my gifts. I never think of the annual sum."

"But, sir, should we not be as orderly and as equitable in our gifts as in our business? Is it not best to set apart a certain portion of our income for pious and charitable uses, and see that it is paid into God's treasury?"

"No, not if, after such payment, the man is to regard himself as having settled his account with heaven. No, not if, after such payment, the man shut up his bowels of compassion, and refuse to stretch forth a hand, though a soul sink into the gulf of misery, perhaps eternal ruin, before his eyes! Depend upon it, Mr. Ambler, the gift of a tenth, or even a twentieth part of his income, will not put the balance on the right side of his soul's account with God, if, with his coffers still full, he turn a deaf ear to the cry of the widow and fatherless. May I ask how much your tithe will amount to this year? The inquiry is not from curiosity. I shall not speak of it to another."

"My business is good; I shall, probably, set aside a hundred."

"And have nine or ten hundred left for yourself?"

"Yes that would be the proportion."

"And, knowing that this large balance would remain, you refused to help a poor woman whose heart was almost breaking at the peril of her child; refused to give a guinea that a life might be saved from wretchedness, or a soul from perdition! Do you think, Mr. Ambler, that, if this soul had been lost through your refusal of help, God would accept your little tithe, and square the account? I tell you no! He puts a higher value upon a human soul, weighing all the world against it as lighter than a feather."

Think of what He did for the salvation of a soul! He did not give the tenth of a poor human love, but the infinite treasuries of Divine love. Depend upon it, Mr. Ambler, this system of tithing is a snare, and it will prove to you a curse instead of a blessing. God does not measure our fitness for heaven by the sum of money we give, but by the neighbourly love that is in our hearts."

"What of Mrs. ——?" Mr. Ambler's voice was husky and unsteady. He saw by a new light, and fear for his soul's safety crept into his heart. It was not from any Christian interest in Mrs. —— that he asked after her, but that he might do something towards his own acceptance with heaven by helping her if she "till needed help."

"She has been for her daughter."

"Then she received assistance?"

"Oh, yes. When you turned from her, God found other friends. Her daughter is now at home, and safe."

Mr. Ambler drew a long breath of relief.

"I shall reconsider this matter of tithing," he said. "You must be right; and I wrong."

"It is not by the giving of money—not by setting apart a certain portion of our incomes for church and charitable purposes," said Mr. Cartwright, "that we lay up treasure for heaven. There is only one kind of treasure possible to be laid up there—only one kind of treasure that will make us rich when we pass to the other side."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Ambler.

"Love to God and our fellow creatures," answered Mr. Cartwright. "If we do not take that with us into the next world, we shall be poor indeed—poor, miserable, outcast. The money we have bestowed will not save us. It is not the hand-giving that avails, but the heart-giving. It is my opinion that a cold, calculating system like that of the tithe shuts the heart. We must do good as we have opportunity, and not by pre-arranged methods. Depend upon it, this keeping of a ledger account with heaven is a great mistake. It will not result in a clean balance sheet."
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ODD FELLOWS’ QUARTERLY. (Published by the G. M., and Board of Directors, Manchester.)—In the new-year’s number of this Quarterly the majority of the articles are by lady contributors, hence it is more than an ordinarily bright and pleasant number. We have read with pleasure the first part of a tale by Silverpen, (Miss Meteyard), “Amidst the Corn,” written with that pleasant power of word-painting of rustic-scenery, and of depicting quaintly charming characters, like Miss Poola of the present story, which delighted us in her “Three Hyacinths,” and the “Buttercup-spoon” of long ago. There are the little simple traits that we smile at though we love them, and touches of pathos that half awake tears. This is how the story commences:

It was an August afternoon, and the sun glared hotly over the wide landscapes of Southern England, yet in some districts the great heat was tempered by the shadows of fir and beech woods. In others the emerald-common showed tall and nooks of greenness, for fern and gorse, and scattered trees broke the baldness of the waste. The villages were silent and half tenantless at this hour, for reapers and gleaners were alike in the fields.

In a retired nook of one of these commons which lie around Esher, and steal up and within the fir-woods about Claremont, stands a small low-roofed cottage. A forecourt or garden separates it from the gorse-dotted waste in front, whilst a far larger garden lies on either side and stretches away to the rear. Beyond this is an orchard, of which the farthest trees mingled their shadows with those of the gloomy pine-woods. Yet, on this afternoon, all was bright about the little cottage. As you unatched the wicket, you heard the hum of countless bees; as you ascended the path a cloud of sweet old-fashioned perfumes stole upwards from the flowers; and as you glanced through an open casement which stood wide, you saw a plainly-attired old lady asleep in her chair. Her fat dog lay asleep, too, on the hearth-rug, a favourite black cat dozed and winked on a table near, and the loud tick of a clock in the not distant kitchen added to the somnolent, drowsy air of the scene and hour.

A simple, home-like, pretty scene, with that vraisemblance that makes the charm of this lady’s writing; just as simple are the characters and incidents of the story, and just as true to nature and humanity, Miss Munro finishes her prettiest story of “The Three Weddings,” founded on the old Dutch custom of renewing the marriage-vows on the anniversary of the twenty-fifth and fiftieth wedding-day. There is also an interesting paper by the author of “Scattered Seed” and “The Flowers of Spring and Summer in Switzerland.” But, having thus remembered Places & Names, we must return to reality. “An Old Nest,” by Mr. Edwin Waugh, a well-written description of a visit to Beverly Minster, or rather of the author’s impressions of the fine old fanes, It is a description to make others go and do likewise. Of the graver papers “Criminal Stupidity” by H. Oswan, L.L.D., and the Editor’s own article, condensed from “The Registrar’s Annual Report,” are the most importantly suggestive; for instance, “In the year 1867” the Registrar had examined and certified the rules of 1,134 friendly societies, and also alterations of the rules of 1,542, making a total of 2,676 certificates, while in Ireland he has certified the rules of 22 societies and 35 amendments of rules. These figures, observes Mr. Hardwick, attest two distinct facts, viz., “that the mass of the working population living on Irish soil are both relatively poorer and relatively of a less provident habit of mind when contrasted with their compatriots in Great Britain. How a beneficial change in these respects could be brought about, is well worthy the earnest consideration of both the patriotic statesmen of every party, and the Christian philanthropist of every sect or creed.”

SHAKESPERIAN GEMS, in French and English, By the Chevalier de Chetain. (London, Wm. Tegg.)—Few Frenchmen are more intimately acquainted with our greatest poet than the Chevalier de Chetain; and few have done more to make him familiar and appreciated by his countrymen. His clever translation of many of Shakespeare’s plays is well known; and these “gems” appear to have been a natural result of the study necessitated by the former work, and the matured admiration and feeling for what is exquisite in his author. But our readers must not suppose that the book before them is a mere modern form of “elegant extracts”; on the contrary, the Chevalier has so arranged his selections that they outline the story of the play from which they are taken, and thus engage the interest and awaken the curiosity of the reader.

THE LIFE BOAT; a Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution.—The January number of this quarterly which, from press of matter, we were reluctantly obliged to forego noticing last month, is rich in records of noble acts on the part of the brave fellows who, with heroic resolution and unselfishness, volunteer on every occasion of need, to man the Life-Boats of the Institution, and in the face of death pluck the expectant victims from their fate. We are glad to find that the first article in the current part is devoted to the task of setting the public right upon the subject of these services. The Institution does its duty by placing Life-Boats (as far as the funds will permit them) at proper places, but there is no organized body of men receiving wages and bound by the terms of their engagement, to be forthcoming at any point on our coast where a Life-Boat, without existing, their services are required. Every man who seeing the blue lights flash through the hazy daylight, or the blackness of the stormy night, or hearing signals of distress through the
pauses of the hurricane, sets his own life at
sight with the fierce desire to save the lives
of the menaced ship's crew, is a free-agent, a
simple volunteer obeying no other law or
command than that of his own magnanimous
and unselfish impulses, and as such under no
stronger obligation to put his life in jeopardy
than other spectators of the ship's peril, and
the impending fate of those on board. Every-
one remembering the small remuneration with
which the Life-Boat Institution rewards their
crews, must be convinced its amount has but
little to do with the exertions of the men.
Their own repeated battles as fishermen or
sailors, with the fierce winds and wrathful sea,
puts them upon their mettle, and sympathy with
humanity in peril does the rest. The writer of
the article we referred to, properly reminds his
readers "that there is matter for congratulation
and thankfulness that the failures of Life-Boats
and their crews have been so unfrequent that
the opportunity has rarely offered for excitable
or mistaken persons to commit the indiscretion
proclaiming their crews cowards, or their boats
to be useless," because two or three cases have
occurred in which ships with their crews have
perished in the neighbourhood of a Life-Boat
station, or within many miles of one. But
instead of dwelling on the criticisms of actions
and circumstances of which inexperienced and
inactive spectators are but little able to judge,
we take up a paper of the past week and find
in it an account of the following cases to add to
the thousands in which but for the venturous
efforts of Life-Boatmen many homes on shore
would have been left desolate, and widows and
orphans penniless upon parish charity.
On the coast of Cumberland, in a heavy gale
from the S.S.W., the brig Robert Bruce, in
attempting to run into Maryport, fell to leeward
and struck the ground to the northward of the
harbour. She drags her anchors and gets into
the surf, where the sea made a clean breach
over her, so that the crew fearing she would
capsize, cut away her masts; there at the mercy
of the dreadful sea, the question of her crew's
fate would not have taken long to decide. But
the Henry Nixon of the National Life-
Boat Institution had, in the meantime, been
launched and rowed towards her, but the surf
was so heavy that the first time the vessel was
grappled, the grapnel iron was strengthened by
the force with which it tore the boat away. But
the brave rescuers were not to be driven from
their act of mercy by one failure. Alas! the
second time the rope which they threw on board
the perishing vessel, broke from the same
cause, but still they persevere; and the third
time succeed in bringing off her crew of seven
men; just as the upper part of the hull and
deck are breaking up, and the Life-Boat herself
is imperilled by the floating spar of the wreck.
At Thorpeness, Suffolk, at one o'clock in the
morning of the same day, a messenger arrived
from the coast-guard station to say a ship was
on shore near that place, and that they could not
save her crew with the rocket apparatus. The
Life-Boatmen then launched their boat, the
Jetwisch (belonging to the institution), and
succeeded in saving eight lives from the ship,
which immediately became a wreck, and the
Life-Boat, in consequence of the gale and heavy
sea, was obliged to run into Dunwich. Another
Life-Boat had picked up and landed eight of
the crew of the ill-fated ship, Calculta, which
foundered from collision with a coal laden brig
in the Bay of Biscay, all of whose crew went
down, as did also, it is feared, the majority of
those on board the Calculta. Thus twenty-
three lives, at all events, are added to the thou-
sands already saved by the Life-Boats of the
institution, and many more will have been
saved in the course of the past stormy month.
To keep them afloat and to increase their num-
bers, is the unceasing object of this most noble
and useful charity, and for these purposes
donations and annual subscriptions are earnestly
solicited, and will be thankfully received by all
bankers in town and country, and by the
Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the office of
the institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi.

NEW MUSIC.

HANOVER SQUARE: A Magazine of New
Music. Edited by Lindsay Sloper. (London:
Ashburn and Parry, Hanover Square.)—It is
some months since we received a copy of this
always welcome musical miscellany, but it is
not the less welcome on that account. The
interruption to its appearance on our table, left
us better able to judge had there been any
falling off in its merits; but the February
number in 1869 is an excellent one, quite equal
to any of its predecessors, and that is saying
a great deal for it. Had the part contained only
the two pianoforte pieces "Idylle," by Charles
Neustedt, and "The Song of the Brook," by
E. A. Sydenham, the purchaser would have had
an admirable shilling's worth; but when in
addition to these charming arrangements, we
remember there are two songs—a very pretty
setting of Moore's, "When Twilight Dews
are falling fast," by Evelyn Hampton, and
"Oh! to be a Sportive Fairy," the music
by Hatton, a lively, graceful production, that
will delight our lady vocalists—we think that it
cannot be doubted, that the Hanover Square, in
spite of its imitators, holds its own.

FINE ARTS.

THE NEW EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND
SCULPTURE, at the Corinthian Bazaar, Argyll-
street, Regent-street.—Press of matter for our
February number prevented our inserting a
notice of this collection as we would otherwise
have done. Are our readers aware that at this
agreeable lounge (on dreary humid days such
as those we have lately had a repetition of), a
spacious gallery has been erected for works of art, capable of containing upwards of 500 pictures. We observed that many of those exhibited were of real merit, some of them works of men of note, one would desire to possess, others by lesser hands, but the greater portion of fair average excellence. The gallery is tastefully fitted up with abundance of settees, and is well illuminated by gas on dull days. We noticed some clever busts by W. Weckes, R.A.; and amongst many other painters of repute, who have contributed to this very pleasing collection, we observed that the veteran, Valentine Bartholomew, who though (jealous of his fame) has ceased to contribute so largely as formerly to the various London and provincial Exhibitions, still takes delight in the art in which he so long excelled, had some of his fadeless flowers on the walls. We are glad to be able to add that his activity as a teacher is vigorous as ever and that he continues to impart to others the skill he has so well used, filling his busy days with pupils.

It is arranged that in each year there shall be three exhibitions in this gallery. The next in April, of which our readers shall have proper notice in a future number.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—
GALLERY, 9, CONDUIT-STREET, REGENT-STREET.

The first impression on entering this well-lit and well-filled gallery is, that the exhibition is a more than usually agreeable one, and as we look around more systematically this impression strengthens. It is all very well to suppose that pictures being given there is nothing easier than to hang them on the walls and exhibit them; but here commences the real difficulties of the executive. When the committee of taste, if we may so call the judges, have decided on the propriety of admitting a picture for exhibition, there is its size and effect to be considered; and where space is a consideration, the first is of material importance, while, were the latter overlooked, the brightness of one picture would probably destroy the effect of another, and hence it is not always the most meritorious works that obtain the most prominent places.

This year we are informed that nearly 300 pictures had to be returned, partly from want of room and others for want of fair average talent or probably any talent whatever. The space on the walls being purchased, amateurs appear to think no other than the half-guinea claim necessary to entitle their works to a place on them; and quite overlook the proviso "if approved of by the committee," which appears on the prospectus. The great aim of the society is progress and the attainment of higher art, so that the pictures themselves may be sufficiently attractive to make the visitors’ shillings pay the expenses of the gallery, and so obviate the necessity of the present tax on exhibitors. At present the undertaking will not afford this, and the principal funds for the current expenses of the society are obtained from the payments for space on the walls; but we hope the time is not far distant when all this will be altered, and there really is no reason why it should not be if the industry and progress that we perceive in certain cases, were the rule. One of the first pictures in the catalogue (No. 2) “A Study in Westminster-Abbay” (Miss Thine), gives evidence of careful drawing and attention to detail. Lady Duckett’s “Departure of the Swallows” (16) is a difficult subject poetically treated. The birds are charmingly depicted, and the heather-bells and fading bramble leaves suggest the latter days of Autumn. “An Ancient Mariner” (34), by Julia Pocock, is an expressive picture full of force. The earnest expression of the faded eyes and the action of the united hands, make us feel that the old man is recalling some awesome experience of the past. Miss Adelaide Burgess’s “Little Nell” (38) is a sweet picture, well composed and pure in tone, but the shadow on the white tippet is too heavy and ends too abruptly. The “Boulogne Fish girls” (48), by the same lady, shows her power as a colourist, and is characteristic. Miss Emily Uterson’s “Rocks at Tenby, South Wales” (83), are faithfully drawn, and their surfaces and colouring admirable. Miss Rayner’s “Blackfriars Wynd, Edinborough” (85), shows some of the best points of this clever artiste. Mrs. Stewart Smith’s “Cardinal Beaton’s house from High School, Wynd” (93), exhibits talent in the same direction. This Lady’s “Head of the West Bow Lawn-market, by moonlight” (102), is an effective picture; we like also Miss C. H. L. Watson’s “At Trèves” (112), and Mrs. Collin’s “Old Norman Doorway, Chester Cathedral” (117). Miss E. Uterson’s “At Tenby, South Wales” (118), is a pleasant little picture. Adele Matthews’ “Cup of Coffee” (111), a bit of brilliant colouring, but rather stagey in treatment; Miss Valance’s “Purple Plums” (119), “the delicious fruit that hangs in air,” are conscientiously painted. Within a doorway, and in a bad light which cannot however take from its merit, hangs a charming little picture by Eliah Le Monte (151). “The Sea-pink,” the half length of a girl with a sprig of statice, or sea-thrift, in her hand, a gracefully imagined picture carefully drawn and delicately coloured, the face expressive and full of sweetness. This lady has two other pictures on one of the screens, both of which are deserving of notice. We see a marked improvement in Miss Maria Gustin-can’s manipulation: “On the road from Langdale, Westmoreland” (172), in spite of rather a patchy sky, is a pleasant picture, while “In Borrowdale” (181) fully bears out our praise. Miss Charlotte James’s “White Grapes and Roses” (197), and “Black Grapes and Roses” (198), are deliciously treated, they are subjects, (as we overheard a gentleman remark), “that women seem to take to;” but that they take to things the very opposite to them occasionally,
and enter as earnestly into the doings of ruin and decay, grey antiquity, and crumbling stone, witness Miss Rayner's views of Chester; the list of which occupies more than half a page of the catalogue, and the paintings themselves a third of the end wall of the gallery. They are marvels of time-worn sandstone, and elaborate ornamentation, minutely and faithfully portrayed: see "The Derby Palace" (205), for instance, and "The West Gateway, Chester Cathedral" (213). The old city offered congenial subjects for the Proutish pencil of this lady, and she has revelled in its quaint nooks and unique architecture. The scenes are in possession of some very pretty things; we notice "Berries and Butterfly" (231), by Emma Cooper, a carefully drawn branch of the wayfaring tree, with its orange and scarlet fruit in effective contrast with a little blue underwring butterfly. "Arundel Castle, Sunset" (246), by Miss E. D. James, has merit. Lady Duckett's "Companions in life and death" (236), a dead fish among the tall heads of the larger cotton-grass, the whiteness of which is relieved by a spray of berries, moss, &c., is carefully drawn and prettily conceived. Miss Adelaide Claxton's "These were his Toys" (253) tells its own tale. The young mother's anguish is touchingly represented, and yet we wish the toys had been fewer and less incongruous. Miss Ellen Partridge's "Young Salt" (265), is characteristic; Mrs. Collin's "Rival Lake" (268), a charming little picture. Mrs. Marrable exhibits several works of more than ordinary merit. "Early Spring in our Garden" (285), a fair transcript of budding trees and tender revealings of leaves. This lady almost monopolizes the second screen with the contents of her fairly filled portfolio in the Engadine, Switzerland. These pictures demand attention and deserve it; they are almost too numerous to particularize, but 331, 335, and 340 will repay for the study of them.

Miss Katie Durnage is happy in her "Lamberris Lake, North Wales" (299). Amongst the oil-paintings are several notable pictures: a frame containing four subjects by Mrs. J. W. Brown, painted with great delicacy and truthfulness, are among the first to attract us. Harriette Seymour's "Head of an old Woman" (386), is cleverly rendered, and "A Study of Trees" (426), by the same, is noticeable; nor must we overlook No. 390, a bird's nest à la W. Hunt amongst moss, wood, corot, and ivy, by Mrs. Blackney, carefully drawn and charmingly coloured.

There are some fruit pictures in this collection that are quite Lance-like in drawing and colouring, specially 385, by E. H. Stannard, and Miss Ellen Childes' "Going to the Banquet" (375), "Summer" (441), by the former lady, a leaf of the freshest green, with strawberries, and a spray of full-blown honeysuckle, real enough almost to gather. "Autumn" too (445), by the same, is a branch of green-chestnut leaves, and bursting-nuts, blackberries, grapes, &c., all absolute transcripts of nature. Miss Jessie Landseer's "Dear Vic" (466) also claims favourable notice.

These are a few of very many deserving pictures which our space will not allow us to distinguish. We must call attention to Mrs. Bodichon's works, and Miss Fitzjames's fruit and flower pieces.

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**OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.**

MY DEAR C.—

Everything must have an end, and another Carnival is past and gone, and we are again doing penitence for the folly of the last year, though that as gently as possible—a little more fish than usual for the corporal punishment, and a sermon now and then for the benefit of the soul. The extra rigid only appear in the "soirées" in high dresses; that, I imagine, is to do penitence for the men, who seem to count on the ladies for their accounts with heaven. Though do not fancy that Lent has diminished in the least the number of dinners and balls, Oh no! for, as a journalist said the other day, "In olden times Lent prevented dancing, but now it is dancing that does not prevent Lent." The Opera Balls alone have ceased until Mid-Lent; their saturnalian madness is deemed too flagrant, I suppose. There has been adventure at adventure related of them this season, but the one that has the most interested us was killed in embryo by the conscience of one of the proposed chief actors in the scene; a lady of the "demi-monde," Madame Belval. This lady had made the acquaintance of a young Polish Count named Ksiaziowski, who offered to give her twenty thousand francs if she would go to the next opera-ball and present some "bonbons" that he would give her, to a certain gentleman that he would point out to her. Of course the lady naturally wished to know why the Count desired to offer "bonbons" to this gentleman. He at first pretended that it was merely a Carnival farce. The lady insisted until the Count confessed that the "bonbons" would contain poison, and that the individual was a rival he must get rid of. That a young medical student had promised to poison the "bonbons" for him. The lady would run no risk, as provided with a second domino, she could change her costume immediately after giving the "bonbons." Madame Belval accepted, and it was agreed that the Count would write a letter to the future victim, giving him a rendezvous at the ball, and that the Count would also go and fetch Madame Belval at ten to conduct her to the ball. The lady, however, far from accepting an assassin's part, immediately informed
Our Paris Correspondent.

163

the police, so that two officers went and apprehended the two gentlemen, the student and the Count, both Polos, in Madame Belval’s drawing-room, while they were waiting for her in their ball disguise. Both had a packet of "bonbons" on them when ransacked, but without poison in them. One of the officers thought he heard something drop while examining the student, and on searching, two other "bonbons" were found of a different aspect to the other sweetmeats. The Count made a full confession of the crime he premeditated, and declared that it was the Duke of Bauffremont he intended to poison, to be able to marry the Duchess, with whom he was madly in love, and who had long been his mistress.

Of course the two culprits were conducted to prison. The Duke of Bauffremont, who is a gay man of more than fifty, was in the meanwhile laughing and jesting with the multitude at the ball, little dreaming how near he had been to the brink of eternity. The duke and duchess have been separated for sixteen years, their only child died eight years ago, and the duchess is still only thirty-six years of age, and perfectly innocent of the intended crime. She is described as a most eccentric woman, as one may infer from the cause of her separation from her husband. It was after a ball, the duchess had returned home accompanied by several gentlemen, who, finding the duke from home and his cook also, put on the cook’s apron, and did nothing less than dress and serve a supper, at which they drank too much wine, and finished by throwing the plates and dishes out of the window on the heads of the passers-by. The duke learning what had happened did not relish such proceedings, and a quarrel ensued, which ended in the lady’s running home to her mother, and then a separation. She entered a convent of Carmelites, where she remained in great devotion for some time, but appeared again in the world accompanied by a Capuchin friar, who said mass for her on an altar that she took about with her, in her travels, enclosed in a huge case. The friar was dismissed, and she adopted four children, and for the last eighteen months has fixed her residence in the Champs Elysées, dressing in the most strange style, and driving four-in-hand in the Bois de Boulogne, the talk of her quarter. However, what was the surprise of the public, after all these details in the papers, to hear that the two culprits were set at liberty, as there was no proof against them! That no poison was found in the bon-bons when analyzed, only a kind of gum and ink! It seems that the family de Bauffremont, fearing more scandal, applied to the Emperor to have the affair hushed, and have succeeded. Madame Belval has not even received a thank from the man whose life she has saved, but is left exposed to the vengeance of those she had accused. Her only consolation is that her photograph is in every window.

We have, for the moment, a collection of strange "great ladies." There is the law-suit now pending of the Princess de Beauvais, who was declared out of her mind, a little while ago, and incapable of managing her household affairs. At thirty years of age this lady retired into her château de Saint Ouen, an historical domain near Paris, receiving no one but a certain German baron and baroness, devotees to spiritualism. In vain her mother tried to gain admission. It was after a visit to her that her brother, the Prince de Beauvau, accidentally killed himself last summer. It was hoped that that catastrophe would have had some effect upon her; but no, it seems that she lives in a continual state of hallucination, excited by the occult science professed by the Baron Gulden Stubbé, who has the faculty of procuring the autograph of whom he will on a piece of paper in a bag locked and sealed, by evoking the right spirit in his ecstasies. What good the thing can do him, Goodness knows! And to go into ecstasies for it, too! Now, if he could persuade a spirit to put into the bag a few bank-notes, I could understand his ecstasies and would be tempted to try with him. Or the pretty new fashioned manteau abbé, formed with four plaits of China crepe ornamented with lace (Louis the Fifteenth style) that a fair lady may wear in her drawing-room, or in the street; or an Indian shawl, that are now becoming the fashion again. Madame de Metternich wore one the other day, and caused quite a sensation. All that would be worth troubling a spirit for; but an autograph!—Nonsense!

We are not pleased with the Belgians, who imagine that they have a right to judge of their own affairs, and who in the railroad question never consulted us before acting. Several papers were for annexing that country immediately, without further ado; Government thought differently, and only asked for an explanation, which the King sent, and the Belgian question is again lulled for a time.

M. Rangabé, the Greek representative in Paris during the Conference, has been quite the lion of the day, with dinners and soires in every direction for him. His wife is an English lady, of great literary distinction.

We have lost M. de Moustiers, our Minister of Foreign Affairs; and the Court is in mourning for the Emperor’s cousin, the Princess Bacciochi, who is said to have left her property to the Prince Imperial.

Fuad Pacha, who was wont to boast that he always represented the Sublime Porte near a lady, having been Ambassador in London, Madrid, and Lisbon, died at Nice the other day.

The Queen of Spain is soon to take possession of her own hotel, which they say is splendid, and contains three hundred thousand francs’ worth of furniture. A gentleman who visited it the other day, told his cabman that he had just seen some chairs that cost five hundred francs each. "Five hundred francs!" exclaimed Cabby, "why how many, then, may sit on one at a time?"

Our Corps Legislatif is soon to discuss the Loan of the Ville de Paris. The Opposition is
preparing all its weapons to attack M. Haußmann. This latter gentleman has written several letters in the papers, to protest against the accusation of the Parisians that their Préfet has made an immense fortune out of the public money. M. Thiers is expected to make a long speech on the loan: the Ville de Paris is too fond of borrowing.

M. Barroch does not like the right of citizens, or rather Parisians, to hold meetings; the coming elections frighten him. The members of the Corps Législatif are getting uneasy in their minds. Many of them require the air of the places they represent, and to mix on terms of equality with their good electors. A pipe with the fireman of a small town is a very agreeable thing, particularly when one hates smoking at any time; but a fireman is an important personage in Universal Suffrage, and his good will may procure you many votes, so a deputy was seen the other day smoking with one. Everyone to his taste!

The directors of our theatres are very unfortunate. There have been five or six bankruptcies within a very short time, owing to the enormous expenses they are at. The one that most excites complaint is the tax they are obliged to pay to the poor, after every representation—ten per cent. I think, on the sum they have received before any of the expenses are paid. They all demand a reform, and the Emperor has expressed his desire to have the question examined. Apropos of theatres: a very awkward thing happened at the opera the other night in the representation of the "Huguenots," in which Madame Sasse is now reaping well-earned laurels. Faure being indisposed, Castelmary, Madame Sasse's husband, from whom she has lately been separated, replaced him as Nevers, and was obliged to address his wife thus: "Noble dame, venez près d'un époux dont l'amour vous réclame." The situation was "pitiable." It seems the poor man was very "enraged."

Good news for the admirers of Madame Alboni! The great "artiste" has promised, for the author's sake, to sing in the famous mass which Rossini left to M. Strakosch's care, and which is to be performed in Paris and London on the same day. Gustave Doré has also painted two pictures representing Rossini—one Death (his corpse), the other the Genius of Music weeping. His friends want him to exhibit them in the "foyer" of the theatre during the mass. These paintings are for the next "salon" or exhibition of paintings.

Before leaving the theatre, a little anecdote on Mme Antoinette during her happy days. All know how the young queen loved to forget ceremony and State in the charming little Trianon at Versailles. One day she appeared on the stage of the little theatre there, as Rosine in the "Barbier de Seville." Brilliant with youth and beauty, her appearance excited a burst of applause from the Court spectators; at the same moment a long-continued shrill whistle was heard. The Queen took fright, fell down, and fainted. The enraged courtiers arose to see who had thus dared insult the Queen of France. A guard pointed to an individual wrapped in a cloak, with his head and visage almost concealed in a broad-brimmed hat. Another guard approached to seize him; but he started back with respect—it was the King!

A curious coincidence! The new Princess de la Moskowa, late Madame Labedoyère, has married two husbands, sons of two soldiers shot at the Restoration. A ship with three masts has just arrived at Paris. The Parisians are delighted; many never saw such a thing before, as it is the first real ship that has ever approached our quays.

The baron who last year gave a ball and received his guests disguised as a lady, intends giving another this year, where all the men invited must also appear in female attire—fancy what a pretty scene of huge ugly shoulders and arms! I imagine they will wear false wigs, although false hair is, they say, decidedly going out of fashion; but what will become of the beard and moustaches? The "Rêve des deux Mondes" publishes an essay on the kingdom of Cambojas, by a young sailor, M. de Carné. Norodom, the king, he says, comprehends all the products of civilization, but he cannot admit that a king ought not to be absole. When some one requested him to give orders for a road to be repaired: "It is useless," he answered, "I never pass there." A Chinese traveller relates that when a Cambojan goes out on a journey, he always finds a substitute in the house on his return. "Quoi?" says the lady, "je ne suis pas un démon. Comment dormir seul?" But that may be slander. "Excuse me, your worship," said Jean Hiroun, "first of all I wish to say that I challenge all my judges." "You object to one of the jurymen, I suppose you mean." "No, no, your worship, my judges—all my judges, as being my personal enemies." "How is that?" "Why, they have already condemned me five times!"

As a proof of how difficult it is to distinguish gentlemen from some servants when dressed in black, with white cravat, a gentleman thus dressed, with a small packet under his arm, presented himself before a celebrated modiste's concierge: "Madame Henriette, if you please?" The concierge eyed him from top to toe. "Au premier, up the back staircase." The gentleman protested, the concierge insisted, astonished at the man's impudence to want to go up a front staircase, carrying a parcel. The gentleman made his entry then by the kitchen. "Madame Henriette!" said he, taking out a magnificent diamond head-dress, "Madame Bonner requests a few flowers here, and there; she could not come herself, and as it is for to-night, I have brought it." He then laughingly complimented Madame Henriette on the way her house was guarded, and how he had been obliged to enter by the kitchen. Imagine the modiste's annoyance, the gentleman was his Excellence the Minister of State himself.

Au revoir,

S. A.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CAPTAIN KID.

BY CADDIE COLEMAN.

"I can’t imagine what on earth anyone wants a puppy-dog for," said mamma, at the same time giving "Captain Kidd" a smart kick with her slippered foot. "Here, Lizzie, Gusta—do, some of you, take him off. How can I ever get down the stairs with these things, with all my skirts in his mouth? Be quick! do, or I shall drop something!"

Poor mamma! It was baking day, and the Captain had been more than usually annoying. He was emphatically a "puppy-dog"—and the most troublesome kind of a "puppy-dog." Still, we loved him dearly, for the sake of our dear old Fan (splendid old terrier), whose last legacy he was. How we cried when Willie accidentally shot her, and what a solemn countenance did she wear for a week afterward!

So all our united affections were now centered upon "Captain Kidd," a pretty little "black and tan." "It did not yet appear what he would be," but we had faith to believe that he would inherit his mother’s antipathy to rats and mice.

But to return to poor mamma, whom we left impatiently standing with an armful of good things, the Captain jumping about in great glee, pulling her skirts and shaking himself maliciously, though at imminent risk of having his own neck broken.

We both sprang to the rescue, and she was soon on her way down the cellar-stairs—not exactly rejoicing, but much relieved.

"You must keep him away from the kitchen, girls, until I get through with my baking," said she; "I cannot have him there. You little rascal!" she added, as the dog bounded toward her—"you like the taste of my slipper, do you? Good-by, sir!" and she beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen, shutting the door between; at which the Captain set up a bark of disappointment, which we considered the very highest mark of precocity ever exhibited by a "puppy-dog."

Augusta went out for a walk; and I, having a very interesting book, forgot Captain Kidd entirely. Mamma opened the door once and looked in.

"Where’s the dog?" said she.

"Oh, I don’t know," I answered carelessly; "he’s safe enough, I dare say."

"I’m afraid he’s up-stairs," said mamma.

"He’ll do mischief there; you’d better go up and see."

"I will, in a minute," replied I, "just as soon as I finish this chapter."

So mamma went back to the kitchen; and when the chapter came to an end, I entirely forgot my promise, and greedily devoured another and another of the fascinating story, until I heard the front door open, and knew that Gusta had returned from her walk.

The Captain was in the entry, and she stopped to pet him a little. "Dear little old thing! was he mad, because he couldn’t eat up my best dress?" she said, as she was going up-stairs; but she came to a stand-still upon the topmost stair. "Look, here, Lizzie!" she exclaimed; "what’s this?"

"It looks like a piece of blue velvet," said I. "I should think it did," replied Gusta. "And what’s this?"

"Why, a scarlet flower," I answered coolly. "Who’s been to mamma’s fancy box?"

"It does look like a scarlet flower," said Gusta, with provoking coolness. "And what do you think this looks like?" holding up a mutilated bonnet-frame.

I gave one look—I could not speak, but dashing wildly up the stairs, snatched the poor bonnet-frame from her hand.

Seeing that I was deeply concerned, Gusta kindly refrained from words, and assisted me in hunting up the dismembered fragments of my precious Sunday-bonnet. My tears fell thick and fast, as we found bit after bit of what had once been (to my eye, at least) flowers of matchless beauty. The velvet was strong enough to resist the Captain’s pulling, but the flowers were (as I said) torn to bits, and the poor frame was a woful looking thing of wire and hanging lace.

The strings were missing. In vain did we search through entry and chamber—they were not there.

Mamma, in the meantime, having finished her baking, came up, looking heated and weary. "Don’t disturb me, girls, for an hour," said she; "and do take care of the dog; he’s been to Mary’s box of old ribbons; and, the first thing she saw were a pair of her blue strings in the coal-hod; to be sure, they were dirty looking things, but she felt quite vexed about it."

"She needn’t, then," said I, blunting out the whole sad truth at once, "for they were my strings, and not hers, and he has torn my best bonnet to pieces;" and weeping bitterly, I displayed to my astonished mother the mangled remains of my once beautiful bonnet.

"Lizzie Livermore!" exclaimed mamma—but that was all, for she pitted me too much to scold; not a word did she say about my culpable negligence, rightly judging that I was sufficiently punished; neither did she scold the Captain for what was not his fault, but mine; though, when the poor little fellow made his appearance upon the scene of action vigorously shaking a shred of lace, which had once held an honourable position near my face, she gathered all the fragments in a heap, and forcing his bright eyes to look at them, administered to him several smart slaps, with much good advice, at which he barked most furiously, apparently trembling with indignation, as much as to say—"Show me the dog who has done this thing."

Mamma and 'Gusta laughed heartily; and I, though firmly resolved never to laugh again, was obliged to smile through my tears.

For a few days I was ready to say with mamma—"I can't imagine what on earth anyone wants to keep a puppy-dog for;" but time heals every wound. And when 'Gusta, by dint of much steaming, fussing, and fixing, had manufactured a new bonnet out of the ruins of the old one, I found that I was again able to appreciate all the Captain's cunning ways; and the advice I would give to others is not—"Never keep puppy-dogs!" but—"Don't let them be for more than three minutes at a time out of your sight;" or, to wind up with an Irish-ism—"When they do get out of sight, do you be there to see."  

**THE THEATRES, AND THE LATEST NOVELTIES AT THEM.**

A goodly crop of new pieces has sprung up, with promise of a healthy vitality since our last theatrical feuilleton appeared. First we give their titles: viz., "Home," a comedy at the Haymarket, by Mr. Robertson; "Marie Antoinette," a spectacular piece, at the Princess's; "Red Hands," a melodrama, at the St. James's; "School" (we are only taking these titles in the order they appear in the theatrical advertising column of the Times), new comedy, number two, by Mr. Robertson, at the Prince of Wales's; "Not Guilty," melodrama, by Mr. Watts Phillips, Queen's; "Fettered," melodrama, by Watts Phillips also, Holborn; "The Home Wreck," melodrama, Surrey.

"Home" is an elegant little comedy from the pen accustomed to produce such works as "Society," "Caste," "Ours," &c., at Miss Wilson's pretty theatre, the Prince of Wales's. It has the advantage of possessing Mr. Sothern as its chief interpreter, and Miss Ada Cavendish, a stylish young actress, for its domestic heroine. We will not forestal the interest of the story of this very neat drama by relating its plot; but advise our readers by all means to visit the theatre and see the play. Its concluding scene forms a dramatic picture upon which the curtain falls to the melodious air of "Home, sweet home;" the latter, first heard by English ears in "Cinderella" to light comedy as it has hitherto been adapted to operatic purposes. The idea is original, fanciful, and perfectly successful on the stage of the stylish Prince of Wales's theatre. Miss Marie Wilson has a small part in the new piece, which, like all truly good actors or actresses, she brings out with a force and effect inferior performers would not have conceived, and would have been quite unable to realize. Mr. H. J. Montagu makes a good part of a rôle not at all in his line; but we never hear, now-a-days, of the actors throwing up their parts. That custom, like the one of "darning" a piece on the first night, is now obsolete. Managers learn what their audiences want by less noisy and vulgar means.

"Marie Antoinette," at the Princess's, is a splendid piece, of the decorative order, with startling scenes representing the populace of Paris, in the dreadful days of the first French Revolution. The patricians and the parvenus of Paris are contrasted in successive scenes, and the casaque flock the streets to the cry of "La lanterne!" "La guillotine!" and the exciting drama ends with Queen Marie Antoinette ascending the steps to the (supposed) guillotine, amid frantic shouts, blending pity and sympathy with the yells of demonic passion. Mlle. Beatrice (once at the Haymarket) is great as "Marie Antoinette." Mr. George Vining represents the unfortunate King with power and fidelity.

"Red Hands," the new melodrama at the St. James's, is hardly worth our attention, being so "away altogether from the purpose" of a piece such as we should expect to see on the boards of the handsome theatre now under the management of Mlle. La Ferte. Mr. A'Beckett writes too fast to write well; and several of his pieces have probably owed their want of attraction to the author's carelessness. It is impossible to see anything in "Red Hands" but the ingredients of old Coburg melodrama, badly mixed and coarsely repulsive in nature and character.

"Not Guilty," the new melodrama at the Queen's, possesses many Anglo-Indian incidents connected with the dreadful mutiny of 1857; but there are more incidents relating to home-life, including that convict-life which the stage too often holds up to the view, and which said convict-life is low, disgusting, and so unfit to be re-produced in dramatic pictures, that we wonder at its toleration by any audience. Before dismissing "Not Guilty," we will admit that it possesses highly sensational elements, but protest against any phase of the terrible mutiny of the Oude native troops being represented by a man or two prowling about the side of a wall as British soldiers, and another man or two hobbling their heads up, now and then, on the other side of the wall, as mutineers. The main incident in "Not Guilty" is founded on a fact recorded in a remarkable criminal trial: we allude to the fate of Silas Jarrett, the convict.

As we have not yet seen "Fettered," at the Holborn, nor the "Home Wreck," at the Surrey, we defer noticing them until our next feuilleton.

Though last not least in our sweet memories,
The Toilet.

we record the return of "Old Drury" to the restoration of the Shaksperian drama. "Macbeth" has been produced, with Mr. Phelps as Macbeth one night, and Mr. C. Dillon as Macbeth the next; while Mrs. Howard Paul steps in "where angels fear to tread" in the part of Lady Macbeth.

E. H. MALCOLM.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of pearl-grey faille silk, with a round skirt, trimmed at the bottom with a flounce put on straight and cut in rather long rounded points which are bordered by a narrow bias-piece of pearl-grey satin. Above the flounce, three narrow bias-pieces of the same satin. Corsage cut low, plain and round at the waist. Over this dress a tunic of black Spanish blond, with high body, having a ruche of the same round the neck, reaching down the middle of the corsage like a frill. Blond sleeves with epauletts made of ruches. Near the elbow the sleeves are encircled by a narrow band of grey silk with black blond on each side of it. The dress sleeve reaches to the elbow only, and below the band above-mentioned the blond sleeve forms a transparent on the skin. Black satin waistband. The tunic of this dress is very long behind where it forms a train, and very short before where it is caught up at the sides in a rounded apron form, with two butterfly bows of black velvet; a black lace set on full, with a heading encircles the whole. At the back the tunic forms a panier, at each side of which are two large bows of black velvet with ends. Coiffure ornamented with a bandeau set with tortoise-shell beads, and a comb forming a diadem. Dauphine shoes of satin, with high heels. Kid gloves.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of mazarine satin, having a round skirt ornamented with flounces in large plaited placed two and two, separated by a puffing of the same. Above the fifth a round tunic very short, having behind a not over voluminous puff. The corsage, plain and round at the waist, is closed by black buttons, and on each side a cross-stripe of black satin. On the shoulders an ornament formed of a cross-stripe insertion and rolls of black satin, with ball Chemisette trimming. Round the arm, near the elbow, a band composed of a cross-stripe surmounted by a very narrow double plaiting; on the outer side, a black satin bow. Near the end of the sleeve, the same ornament is repeated. Fanchon bonnet of black lace, gathered and ornamented with a humming-bird at the side, accompanied by delicate autumn foliage. The bars are fastened on the corsage by a black satin bow. Muslin chemisette and undersleeves trimmed with valenciennes. Kid gloves. Black satin boots with Louis XV. heels.

There is little to speak of but balls and soirées, at which we see the lightest parures of flowers, plumes, and blond. Marabout feathers, by the way, are again in favour. Tunics of lace or satin are cut in square dents at the bottom, and beneath these dents repose little tufts, or solitary flowers, and a larger tuft relieves the tunic on one side only. The tunic, whatever the material, is made as I have described above, short before and very long behind, to cover the train. Marabouts, pink or blue, make very exquisite trimmings, a light fringe which is peculiarly fresh and delicate; and the only drawback to their more general use is their high price. Fringes of flowers are also much used for ornamenting tunics and otherwise garnishing ball dresses. Bonnets have not changed much in form but the style of decoration is becoming more and more elevated. A great bow of velvet is often seen at the foot of an aigrette or ostrich plume; at the side of the bonnet the strings (if one can call them) are wider and still worn rounded, and are always attached by a bow similar in character to the ornament on the bonnet. I have already seen several bonnets strewn over with flowers; black tulle is the prevailing material for them, and the flowers are of velvet. Heartsease, which admits of being used in so many tints, is much worn, and has an agreeable effect in velvet of various shades; the veil is attached behind with one or two of these flowers. For a grand toilet, the bonnet should be a mixture of the colours of the dress in cape and blond, or in any case should be ornamented with flowers adapted to the shades in it. Here we have the advantage of a new japon, the Parisian regulator, which can be lengthened or widened as will, and is suitable either for short or trained dresses: the contrivance is exceedingly convenient. Fur is in great request and is worn on everything, those who possess any surplus quantity of it can cut it into narrow bands as a trimming for dresses. The Marie Antoinette flounce has a very decided success and half short, and even trained skirts are trimmed in this style.

P.S. Our Renfrewshire correspondent is informed that we did answer her first question, and were as surprised as she expresses herself disappointed, that the printer, either through mistake or misconception, had neglected to insert the paragraph. We never undertake such commissions, but having made due inquiries as to "a reliable house," recommend an application to Lillycrapps, 27, Davies St., Berkeley-square, from whom, no doubt, her application will receive immediate attention.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

BEAUTIFUL STAR PATTERN FOR COUVRETTE, OR ANTIMACASSARS.

MATERIALS.—White thread, No. 13; Boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 10, and embroidery cotton No. 12, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, and three wooden meshes to form the different sizes of the rings, Nos. 1, 3, and 3; four reels of No. 12 thread; eight of No. 10 cotton, and three skeins No. 12 embroidery cotton.

To form the centre ring of the star, wind the thread 6 times round the mesh No. 2; tie and cut off the ends, slip it off the mesh, and work into the circle 40 stitches of double crochet with No. 10 cotton; unite them, take a needleful of thread, and fasten it to the last of the 40 stitches; carry the thread across to the next stitch, and pass the needle through 4 stitches, and carry the thread across the ring within 4 stitches of the first thread; repeat from * 3 times more; then, with the embroidery cotton, work the circle in the centre of the ring, passing the needle alternately over and under the threads. For the 8 smaller rings surrounding the centre, wind the thread 6 times round the mesh No. 3; fasten the ends, and slip it off the mesh; make the eight rings, and work into the circle of the first 16 stitches of double crochet. These will come rather more than half round the ring. Take another ring, and wind the same number of stitches; repeat this into each of the 8; work round the remaining part of the rings, 12 stitches into each; join the last ring to the first, and let the part of the rings with 12 stitches come to the inner part of the circle; sew in the ring over mesh No. 2 to form the centre. This completes the star. To unite these, make a ring over mesh No. 1; wind the thread round the mesh 8 times, tie the ends, and work into the circle with the cotton 48 stitches of double crochet; take a needleful of thread, and fasten it to the last of the 48; carry the thread across to the 24th; pass the needle through 12 stitches, and carry the thread to the opposite stitch *; then carry the thread to the next point of the cross, repeat from * 3 times, then overcast the threads with the embroidery cotton.

FICHU IN TRICOT.

MATERIALS.—Three and a half ounces of violet Berlin wool, quarter of an ounce of yellow filoselle, one skein of black silk cordon.

The foundation and border are in violet wool, with the pattern worked upon them in silk.

Begin from the under straight edge of the back; make a chain of seventeen stitches; in these work in the first row seventeen stitches.

Twice twelve lines (allowing always two lines to a row), increase one stitch in one row at the beginning in the other row at the end of the first row, continue this on every row for sixty-one rows. The side edge, however, from the sixty-second row, as far as the under point, is worked straight-forward. Crochet round the finished foundation, one row of double stitch.

For the border, which is worked entirely round the fichu, and is repeated five times over the shoulder to form the epaulette, work as follows:

1st row. * 1 double, 7 double-treble in the next edge stitch, 1 chain, with which again pass over 2 stitches. Repeat from *.

2nd. * 2 double in the 1st stitch of the preceding row; 5 chain with which the next 7 double treble (a tuft) are past over; 1 double before, 1 double behind the next double of the preceding row. Repeat from *.

3rd. The same as the 1st row, in which always work the 7 double-treble of the tuft between the 2 double in the 5 chain of the preceding row.

4th. Like the second. The number of the tufts forming the epaulette is reduced in 5 rows lying over each other from 13 to 5. Two buttons, corresponding with eyes, must be placed at the under edge of the back part to close the pelerine round the waist.

Through the edge of the border work long stitches in yellow filoselle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: "Nellie;" "Dawning Light;" "The Wizard's Spring;" "True Love;" "Spring Longings;" "The Early Train."

Declined, with thanks: "My last Valentine;" "Violets Born of Peaceful Spring;" "To Ida" (only poetry of general interest can be inserted in our pages).

Prose accepted, with thanks: "Letters of Lord Byron;" "A Year of Bush Life." We shall be happy to receive our "Antrim" correspondent's promised paper.

Music, books for review, &c., &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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DARLISTON.

CHAP. XLI.

A LITTLE COMFORT, SONGS, AND A SCOLDING.

I went early to Cedar Lawn; and, as I hoped, found Mr. Ainslie at home. He admitted that in order to balance the difficulties accruing from Mr. Wainwright's precarious state of health, it was necessary we should do as much as possible to strengthen Helen's position. The ladies were preparing for a party at Mrs. Wellwood's which was to take place the Thursday following, and although Alice appeared very ready to give up the pleasure, her mamma was much averse to her so doing. Mr. Ainslie, however, arranged matters in a satisfactory way by deciding that Alice could be sent for in time to dress for the party, and might return to Darliston Hall the next morning.

I was invited upstairs to a room which still bore the name of the nursery, to give my opinion on millinery matters; and could not but sympathize in Mr. Ainslie's anxiety that Alice's pretty little figure should be set off to fair advantage, especially as this was to be her first appearance at a "grand" party: so, considering much had yet to be done, I did not urge her leaving home before Saturday evening. The pretty tangerine dresses, the flowers and ribbons, and the pleasurable anticipations so evident among the ladies, incited me to regret that dear Helen and myself had not been free to accept the invitation sent to us. I wondered Alice could be so apparently insensible to the attractions of the occasion.

Returning home to my early dinner I afterwards spent the remainder of the day with Helen. We sat in the drawing-room except at tea-time. Grant Wainwright had been in during the morning, but did not intrude upon us.

I promised to walk over with the letters directly they arrived and took care to be attired ready for the occasion before the postman came up. How indifferent he looked! he was positively sauntering. I suppose it might be excusable as he had come up hill on a warm morning. I thought of that excuse for him directly he put the right sort of letter into my hand. Here it is,—

"MY DEAR MRS. GAINSBOROUGH,—Whether mischance or design has ruled that my letter of the 30th July should not have arrived, it is a circumstance to me of very serious concern. I would not for anything have given Helen cause to think me so negligent, even if all had been at its best with her. Mr. Wainwright's illness, your absence, the disclosure of the imposture of the man who calls himself Witham, and the return of Grant Wainwright, are all so many occurrences inclining me the more to deprecate the circumstance. Helen does not appear to impute the affair on the marsh to any more serious design than might have endangered her watch; but I am far from convinced it is wise to think lightly about it, and have written on the subject to Mr. Ainslie. Some trustworthy attendant must be provided to accompany her rides.

"In regard to Mr. Wainwright's nephew, I am glad to learn his conduct is so much amended, and cannot think I have much to fear from his mere assiduities. Helen is, I think, of too earnest a nature to engage in a flirtation, or encourage attentions she knows must be productive of no good purpose to the bestower. I complained, I remember, in a former letter, that she would hardly condescend enough towards myself; I cannot fear my right-minded English girl will suffer any presumptuous suit from another. Before this reaches you I shall be in Vienna and, I trust, may find letters calculated to reassure me.

"Perhaps I am needlessly anxious; but if you knew how more and more precious to me are the hopes I have built on my dear Helen, you would not wonder that in the present trying state of things some foolish dread should cross my mind concerning her. I may not now speak of my Italian travels; I bore with me such responsibilities as have not hitherto been my portion, and my thoughts have necessarily been much devoted to them; but in such moments as were free I have had strange enjoyment, and ever in such enjoyment has been
joined the idea of having Helen by my side when I again visited these beautiful scenes.

"My last letter having failed to reach you, I owe you still thanks for the account you gave me of the occurrence at Cardington. I do feel very much obliged to you for it, and for other kindness in your letter. I have a purpose in connection with both which I trust shortly to speak more fully concerning. The same lost letter would have explained that circumstances forbade my writing to England for some weeks after its date. My courier was under the strange impression that I was a Russian Prince travelling incognito—a mistake I could not afford to rectify until this day.

"Yours sincerely,
"ARDEN MAINWARING."

With this letter, and one which gave promise of being at least as long, I proceeded to Darlston, and saw Helen watching for me from one of the drawing-room windows. She sits there to be out of Grant's way; and has acquainted her grandfather that she thinks it desirable, without intimating she has received serious offence. The poor girl was much delighted with her letter; cried over and kissed it. It gave no information as to the cause of his journey, but said he had passed safely through many scrapes, and some dangers; and succeeded in the purpose of his mission.

I read part of the letter I had received and found it aroused afresh Helen's self-accusation. In seeking to appease the feeling, I reminded her that her momentary forgetfulness had been succeeded by a courageous declaration that her heart was given to Mr. Mainwaring; and I trusted this might have had more effect than anything in convincing Grant he strove in vain. Helen shook her head at this, and only answered, "We won't talk about him; I don't like to think about him;" so we reverted to the continent.

Helen told me Mr. Mainwaring had found a pair of bracelets, which he thought would correspond well with the necklace his mother had presented, and hoped soon to be able to forward them by a gentleman going to England. Lady Arabella was trying the waters of some celebrated spa. Lord Cardington and Lady Alothea were with her.

Helen went on with her studies during the afternoon, and soon afterwards our pleasant friend Alice Ainslie appeared, and was made right welcome by all.

The same evening brought Mr. Merton Brown again to our neighbourhood. He arrived late and put up at his old quarters at Dingleton. While dressing for church the following morning, I heard he was down-stairs. He consented to dine with me and afterwards walk over to Darlston. Meanwhile we went to church. Alice was in the Darlston pew with one of the maids, but not knowing where I sat, and wanting either courage or inclination for observing her neighbours, she did not perceive either of us until we overtook her on leaving. Mr. Brown had said she looked a prim little quakeress, but on her discovering us among the throng of strangers her pretty face dimpled into such open gladness, that it was quite gratifying to have occasioned such a brightening, albeit I did not take all the credit to myself. I suggested to the gentleman the propriety of his escorting my cousin over the bridge, and he expressed his approbation of the arrangement by a ready assent and by continuing his attendance as far as the gate of Darlston Manor.

I had much to tell and a good deal to hear, though during Barbara's attendance at table we carefully avoided some topics. Arden Mainwaring had written to his friend, and as it appeared to me, had hastened his coming to us. On his last visit to the neighbourhood, Mr. Brown had been staying at the house of a Mr. Dennison on the other side of Cardington Park. He had seen Alfred Merivale several times and had made some endeavours to ascertain further concerning Mr. Withers, he had heard nothing of.

Mrs. Wellwood had now other guests; two nephews of her late husband being with her. Miss Alice Ainslie had asked if he were going to the party there on Thursday; he had no doubt he should be invited, but should go over in the morning and make sure.

Helen attended afternoon service, Mrs. Cardill being with her; and on the return we joined company and had a very pleasant walk, conversing with little restraint about the letters received from Mr. Mainwaring. Merton told us he spoke of his recent travels as undertaken for the purpose of investigating some doubtful assertions. His travelling name had been Monsieur Deschênes, an appellation he had taken from his estate, "Forest Oaks," but he was supposed to be a Russian, and his knowledge of languages had given great facility in supporting the part required of him.

There is a placity about old Mr. Wainwright which is very satisfactory, only that it is plain he leans upon Grant so much. It is remarkable how partial he is to Alice, and she reciprocates his fondness with a watchful attention to him, and a willingness to please and be pleased, that is truly beautiful to witness. She even found courage to sing some hymns before us all when he asked for them; and sung them in her self-forgetfulness with a fuller and more sustained voice than I thought she had possessed.

On Monday we had quite a musical evening. The old Squire seemed really to enjoy it and kept up an hour later than usual; when he retired charging us to continue, as he could not now sleep without music.

It was near ten and rather dark when we left; the girls escorting us to the garden gate.

With so stout a protector I felt no need to be nervous, but was certainly startled when, having proceeded some twenty yards, the apparition of Grant Wainwright stood beside our path. He made us rather a formal bow and hoped we had enjoyed a pleasant evening. To this my companion replied, "A very pleasant one Mr. Wainwright. I hope we may spend many
such in years to come, and you likewise.

Good-night."

I said also, "Good-night;" and we proceeded: but as if some thought struck him Mr. Brown begged me to wait for a moment, and quickly retraced his steps. He spoke some few words to Grant Wainwright, the last of which were alone audible to me; "You may tell him so from me."

We proceeded a little way in silence; then Mr. Brown said:

"I am truly sorry for that unlucky young fellow. There has he been, I have little doubt, standing outside in the darkness, listening to our music, and trying to distinguish Miss Dalziel's voice. Oh, this love! it does play all manner of mischief with men!"

"Really, you seem to know something about it," I said.

He laughed light-heartedly enough. "You know what is said of lookers-on," was his reply.

"And of course you always mean to be a looker-on," I suggested.

"Well may-he not. I suppose it is possible, I may some time be caught; but I hope to keep out of all sentimentalities for at least a dozen years. I sometimes feel as if I ought to be married before I am forty, and must allow some five years for the thing to come on."

"Mr. Merton Brown—what do you mean by "keeping out of all sentimentalities"? Did you not sing 'Jimmit' to-night as if you had been fairly educated in them?"

"O Pasha! Mrs. Gainsborough! I'm fond of music, and when I sing I fancy I'm somebody else. That's the whole secret of it. Did I not sing 'Rage, thou angry storm,' just before? I fancied myself a desperate villain then, of course. We are all fond of acting."

"Well, I admit your argument, and pronounce you in your own person a barbarous contem-

nor of my own beautiful sex. You don't think there's one among us worth the risk of wooing;

men ought to be above the weakness of loving such poor silly, helpless, things! If you must have a companion best choose one in whose presence you can sit at ease with your feet on the table, if you fancy it, and when you are tired of him be free to walk off and choose another! He won't object to your smoking, or pester you with twaddle about curtains and flounces; he won't ask you to hush a child to sleep; he won't, he—"

"He won't scold me till he's out of breath, Mrs. Gainsborough."

"Oh, it's getting up hill makes me short of breath, or I could have scolded you for twenty-

minutes!"

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CHAP. XLII.

MORE THAN COMFORT.

Helen came early on Tuesday and I joined her in a ride along the Tufield road, after which we had our usual time of study. I expected to spend the rest of the day alone, knowing Mr. Brown was engaged to dine at Lilby Hall. To my surprise, about six o'clock a servant in General Wetherals's livery inquired for me and delivered a note which ran thus:

"DEAR MADAM,—Monsieur Deschênes has communicated to me by telegraph, that he intends to be with you at eight this evening. Will you, without mentioning his name, acquaint Miss Dalziel that the bearer of the bracelets desires to present them in person? Should you think proper to send your servant Barbara, I beg to suggest she had better remain at Darliston until Miss Dalziel returns—say about half past nine. I will be at hand to escort the young lady.

"Yours truly,

"MERTON BROWN."

I wrote a line of acquiescence in return, and anxious to avoid awakening suspicion, provided an excuse for Barbara's detention.

I packed a parcel of books and rejoined her to walk over to Darliston Hall with them and wait for a pattern of a sleeve. I wrote to each of the girls, requesting Alice to keep Barbara, and acquainting Helen with all that seemed necessary.

Between Barbara and Lance there has always existed more or less of warfare. Though not himself aggressive, he resists strongly the idea she persists in presenting that he is under her. I felt sure when I told him that I expected visitors whom I did not wish her to gossip about, he would feel bound to confidence and discretion.

So, having done all in my power to keep matters quiet, closed my curtains, and lit my lamp, I sat down and commenced a crochet antimacassar; which, beginning with a number of plain rows, was not likely to suffer from divided attention.

It was scarcely dark when a post-chaise drew up and my visitor alighted. I doubt however if Lance would have recognized him. When he first entered the room I was under the impression he had purposely disguised himself; but a light travelling-cloak removed and his hat lifted, there stood Helen's handsome husband.

His fair complexion was much embrowned with summer travel under southern skies, this, and the addition of a moustache, had made the difference perceptible to me. His earnest eyes were unchanged, and their look into my face revealed that not yet had he ceased from expecting evil chance attended him. "Is all well?" he asked, as he took my offered hand.

"All is tolerably well," I answered. "I do not know that you had any right to come, and feel a little frightened about it: but I cannot, of course, send you back without seeing Helen. She will be here in a few minutes."

"Could I help but come," he said; "when I read your last letter? I went at once to Lord St. George, he had been giving me unusual credit for my services, and begged if they had
seemed worthy of consideration he would pardon my departure, but I must go. He was kind on the occasion, made me bearer of despatches home. Mrs. Gainsborough, all you have told me of the way that young relation of Mr. Wainwright's is wooing my wife, is ample excuse for my coming without leave granted. Can you assure me I am safe in neglecting to take all means available to strengthen my cause in her heart? Can you tell me there is no peril to her constancy? No; your letter avowed to me that her faith in me was assailed, that she was reminded I had meretricious interest in seeking her. This Grant Wainwright has the advantage of a friendship formed in childhood to back his protestations of affection and disinterestedness."

"Yes, and I believe in the fact of his disinterestedness. He besought her recently to break off her engagement with you and suffer you to retain her fortune, which somehow he has discovered is already in your hands."

"Aye, Mrs. Gainsborough; that matter, I know, tells cruelly against me, and again how unfortunate was the loss of that letter! How has she endured my apparent neglect? I thought her last letter unlike that which preceded it; there was something in its tone I could not understand; and it was very brief. Has her faith stood firm, or has she credited evil of me?"

"Her heart has been more closely besieged than you can well conceive. I never could have believed that Grant Wainwright could suit himself so well to the character of a devoted lover; could so subdue his roughness and turn courtier."

"You have not told me how she has stood all this, I mean of late?"

"Helen has a woman's pity for the love borne towards her. I will leave her to tell you how she has stood it; she will tell you truly. Doubtless it might have been better if the mischance of the lost letter had not occurred; it was so much confirmation of all that an adversary could suggest of your indifference towards her: but there is no ground for apprehension that her heart is turning aside from duty. She has loved you thoroughly, and you must not blame her if, in so difficult a case, she has not every moment been equal to the emergency."

"Do not fear that I can judge her harshly, I dare not. Have I afforded her the protection which she ought to have had?"

A sound at the gate made me start up and turn towards the door.

"I pray, Mrs. Gainsborough," he said; "you will let no sign betray that I am here. I feel that I shall read in her face if I am welcome; if I have much to forgive."

It was an anxious moment to me when her step drew near. How could I be certain that the suddenness of the encounter might not bring up a semblance of fear? she might shrink from him as from an apparition. I told him so, but he only said "Hush, I entreat! she is coming."

She entered. Her light step crossed the room quickly, her hand was extended, when she had passed the light on the table she saw—she knew him. A faint cry passed her lips, but she did not draw back her hand or shrink from him when he took her in his arms. She sobbed hysterically. He kissed her, soothed her with loving names, and then, when she was somewhat calmer, said:

"Helen, look up. Let me see if you can look your husband in the face after four long months of absence?"

She raised her head. I saw his face, not hers. Seriously, searchingly he looked upon her; but I judged by the returning glow on his cheek, by the smile and the kiss that followed, he was not ill-satisfied.

"I come to look after my interests, Helen," he said. "I have heard of one making fierce love to my little wife and that he is no mean rival. I have been told you may think me careless, indifferent; worse, may-be; and I come to deny it. To tell you with my own lips that you are the hope of my life, my only happiness. Helen, speak to me; are you glad I have come?"

He drew her to a seat on the sofa and placed himself beside her. Helen was striving for composure, and it was good to me to see the gentle grace with which he soothed her, knowing the deep feelings stirred within him and how precious he held the time to be. She found voice presently to say:

"You have come—for how long?"

"Too short a while. I would not be denied but am fain to be restricted. O Helen, would that cruel promise to your grandfather could be cancelled; that I could take you to myself and shield you from all assailants! Helen, have I much to forgive?"

Helen raised her head with a momentary flash of spirit, but he was looking so earnestly in her face that her eyes sunk, and she half hid them on his shoulder.

"Mrs. Gainsborough knows all," she said.

"She does not think you ought to blame me—much."

"Yet, tell it all to me, Helen; tell me fearlessly; for you and I may be the happier. It is right that I should know."

"He loves me," she said in low tones. "It has seemed wonderful to me that I could be so loved. Could I help but pity him, knowing—knowing that to love so strongly without return and without hope is so sad a thing?"

She trembled with agitation, but she went on:

"There was a moment when temptation came to think it was sweeter to be so loved than to love the absent and—indeed, I feared it was so, the unloving. But I cast the thought from me; I did not harbour it. It was wicked. I hated myself that I could have let it come."

Helen's colour went and came as she spoke, but her eyes were raised and pleaded with her tones for the merciful consideration of her confessor. Probably she read in his countenance much to encourage her to proceed. His arm caressed her and he held her hand pressed close to his heart,
“Helen,” he said, when she ceased, “if temptation comes to us through neglect of proper defence it may perhaps be accounted as a sin; but temptation resisted is surely no hard thing for man to pardon. If it be, I too must make my confession. Temptation has been busy at my heart, and but for the thought that Helen loved me, I cannot feel sure my sense of right would have prevailed. Think then, was it not time for me to come when I felt that safeguard was perilled? When Helen might be wearying of an absent unhelpful man, who had done so little to requite her goodness, and when Helen felt pity for the present lover who would not be rejected?"

Helen had a struggle with some rising tears, and then said:

“You have tried to keep me in mind. I know you wish to love me.”

“It was a hard thought of yours, Helen, that I was unloving towards you. How shall I meet it? What have I now but professions to offer? I have striven, Helen, to be loyal to you in heart, and I have not striven in vain. Do you, can you, really think that I am unloving?”

“I thought, indeed, at the time, that you might be regretting you were so bound to me.”

“That never did, Helen. I have never for one moment wished myself free from the vows I pledged to you, never ceased to look upon you as a good gift from Heaven. Even while present temptation beguiled me towards a path deviating from the strict line of my duty towards you, I ever, when my thoughts returned to you, held you as my good angel, my best, my only hope of happiness. Helen have you not something more to say that should be said? Something more like an accusation? Else why should you doubt my love?”

“Had you not cared for me you would not have come now. I have no accusation to make.”

“There is a name scarcely mentioned between us even in our letters—Lady Althea.”

Helen a little started, and coloured not a little.

“Let us speak of her now. Have you not something to question me about—about a letter? Nay then, I must question you. When Lady Althea offered to show you some verses of mine and, somehow, gave you instead a letter; what was it about?”

Helen was not ready to speak.

“Helen, I must know.”

“Unchangeable—everlasting love.”

He coloured too now, but proceeded.

“Helen, you love me?”

“Yes, I love you.”

“Can you give me any reason for it, my Helen?”

“Only that you are—what you are.”

“Then, Helen; if I were to prove something altogether different to what I am—to the image of me you heart has received; something very contrary; would you—could you, though you loved me no longer, think you had been very blameless for loving me before? Or, could you blame yourself that the love you once felt must be unchangeable—everlasting; having been so mistaken in the object, who had proved otherwise?”

“I never blamed you for it. I only wondered, and it made me sad; sad for you and for myself; since I feared you would fail to find in me what so—so charmed you in her.”

“You trusted me in the face of much that must have shadowed my fame. Oh Helen, there was an infinite charm to me in that trustfulness! When all frowned on me you love smiled; could I resist that charm? What was to check the impulse of my heart? Had you been coarse-minded, sour-tempered, or even ill-favoured, I might have felt merely grateful; but you satisfy my taste, my heart, my reason. My own Helen, trust me, love me, still. I read the spirit of truth and earnestness in your eyes; it tells me you can not only dare but endure for one whom you love. Is it not so?”

Helen’s eyelids drooped and when they rose again, disclosed some tears.

“I meant to be true and strong in my trust,” she said, “I thought I could have endured for any time. Yet I gave way to the thought that you were careless whether I loved you or not; and then, when he—when Grant was flattering my vanity with being good for my sake, and—and so on, it seemed so cruel. But I loved you in my heart all the time, and I knew that the moment that he dared—her voice sunk.

“Dared what?”

It was a painful effort to her, but she spokeit.

It made the gentleman stamp his foot and for the moment release her hand. “He dared—O Helen!” he said.

Her colour rose and paled, but she looked appealingly in his face. “You forgave me the foolish—the wicked moment which made me speak a word of pity to him. Indeed that was all my fault. He never had so presumed before; and I was seeking to leave him when—”

I saw she was forgiven. A smile hovered about his face, and he said:

“That Grant Wainwright is detestable, and you were a very bad manager to let him fall into the mistake of supposing such presumption could be tolerated. But considering he was so misled, that he did not know you were a wife, and supposing you looked as you do this minute, it was not altogether inexcusable on his part. Helen, I consider you accountable for it all and will reckon with you at once. Since you had no right to have the kiss, you ought not to keep it; so give it to your husband directly, young lady.”

“And you will forgive me—quite?”

“Yes, afterwards.”

She timidly kissed his hand.

“My hand? O Helen! That was not the sort of kiss, or I have nothing to forgive. Do you think to cheat your conscience and your husband in this mean way? I am sure Mrs. Gainsborough would never serve the Captain so.”

Mrs. Gainsborough interposed here with “I only wish he were here; would I!”
"Helen, you will not have me here long."

She glanced from one to the other as we spoke; then, looking like a frightened child, gave hastily the required kiss, and essayed to spring away to me. It was not permitted. He was not disposed to let her leave his side, and she had to abide by his arrangement.

I confess it gave me much contentment to see him look so entirely happy, to see that for the moment he had forgotten my existence, and was caressing her braid of hair with most lover-like fondness as it nestled in his bosom. He saw me smile, however, and recovered consciousness, but his hand did not cease from playing over Helen’s brown locks, and, smiling, he asked,

"Do we look Romeo-and-Julietish enough to satisfy you, Mrs. Gainsborough?"

"I begin to entertain hopes of you."

"Do you? Then pray lend me your scissors and tell me where I may with least peril of my lady’s displeasure, sever a little of this soft brown hair."

Helen submitted with a good grace; loosed one of her tresses and let him take a silken curl. I tied it round, and he placed it for security in his purse, wrapped in a bank-note.

"The piece you sent me was given up to the jeweller for my ring; see there is all that can now meet my eye. In so diminutive an arrangement there is nothing to recall the glory of my Helen’s dark locks. You remember how they fell over you, love, when the crown I had obtained was placed upon your head? I think in return for my fest some little arrow must have reached my heart. I certainly thought you looked very bewitching, and felt much more gratulation in my success than I had at all anticipated."

"You thought it was pleasant to please a simple country girl who never had had such honour done her before; that was it."

"That was not all. Something in your bearing struck me, and I should have remembered you if I never had seen you again. You were free from pretension, yet your spirit did not bend to anything but kindness. I felt there was a strength in you, a spirit, that would not take the world’s gauge of what most merit honour, but held a better standard of its own. I think so now, Helen. Since your dear hand redeemed me from my fetters I have had fair success in my course, and I trust good fortune may continue; but if it were otherwise, if the world held me—and it may some day—that much despised thing an unsuccessful man, Helen, I think, would maintain that while I strove with earnest purpose, and strove fairly, it were ill done to condemn me. It seems to me I could not be very unhappy, let the world frown as it would, did Helen’s eyes look upon me— as they do now. Helen, my home is with you, in your heart. Keep it sacred for me, love."

Time was advancing, and I began to tell of the present state of affairs at Darliston; and as my hearer was most desirous of information concerning Grant Wainwright, I mentioned that Helen had improved the occasion of her disturb-
er’s audacious kiss by telling him a certain Mr. Mainwaring had her heart in possession.

"Surely it must have convinced him that his suit was vain?" said Arden.

"He has ceased since to come so much to the Hall," Helen answered, "nor has he troubled me with messages; but Nanny tells me he speaks with confidence still. If you had heard him, as I did, that evening, swear our engagement should never be fulfilled—little guessing that in that very room our hands had been joined—you would think as I do, that nothing short of the knowledge of our actual marriage would turn aside his resolution."

Mr. Mainwaring was thoughtful for some moments; he then said:

"I shall think myself a very poor diplomatist if I do not free you from this persecution before I return to Vienna. Do I understand you rightly that Mr. Wainwright’s state of health is such that no appeal can be made to him without danger?"

"I fear so. Dr. Meredith says any nervous excitement may bring on an attack of his disorder."

"Then, as he cannot protect you, I must—I may."

"What can you do?"

"Nothing that is unkind towards your grandfather, nothing against the tenor of my pledged word to him. Yet as your fiancé lover and your favoured lover, I have a right to some forward and call upon Mr. Grant Wainwright to withhold his pretensions."

"But you must not meet him. Oh, I would not have him know you were here now for all the world! He would be ready to kill you."

Mr. Mainwaring looked at her with an amused expression of countenance, and said,

"Do you really wish me to be afraid of him, Helen?"

"I can keep upstairs except at mealtime, and if we meet then there will always be others present; and Mrs. Gainsborough—"

"Helen—is your husband unfit to stand forward and protect you? Bless your true little woman’s heart, is all the courage to be on your side? You had the hardihood to boast before this fierce cousin of yours that you loved a man whom you do not think equal to a contest with him!"

"No, I do not say you are not. Though, for that matter, if you were as weak in physical strength as myself, I might have boasted still. But why should you interfere with a wild animal—a mad dog?"

"My dear Helen, there might be reasons: for instance, if the mad dog tried to bite my wife. Be assured I have no wish to fight anybody; though if the necessity existed, could you not admit the possibility of my doing as well as my friend Merton Brown? Your imputation tempts me to drive from here to the Roed Farm that I may hear the lion in his den. My father’s son must be degenerate indeed if an hour like this could not nerve him with boldness to encounter his rival. Know, darling, that my
great-grandfather was a Lord St. George; and I feel certain at this moment I am descended from the original hero."

The playful tone of the last sentence gave some relief to an anxiety on Helen's part I knew to be intense and not ill-founded. I was desirous of helping her, for I saw she had only fears to speak and had found them ill avail. I said calmly:

"Mr. Grant Wainwright is dining out. I ascertained that a few hours ago. In all that regards him I should think you would do well to consult with your friend Merton Brown."

"I am so glad you like my friend. Dear old Merton, he is trusty gold; I quite long to shake him by the hand."

"Does he know you are here?" Helen inquired.

"Yes, but I requested him to keep the knowledge from you. I wished to surprise you, and thought besides it might spare you the trouble of considering what Mr. Wainwright's view of the matter might be. His last letter forbade my coming to Darliston, forbade my seeing you; but my pledge to him did not imply that I relinquished the ordinary privileges of an accepted lover."

A sound of chariot wheels here arrested the attention of each of us. The vehicle however, drove slowly past. It seemed to remind Mr. Mainwaring that the ostensible purpose of his visit was still unfulfilled, and he produced the bracelets. Formed of cameos linked by strings of pearl, they met with our entire approbation, as not only exquisitely beautiful in themselves, but well suited to be worn with the necklace Helen already possessed. They were being tried on her arm when I heard a low sharp rap at the hall door, and hastening there saw Mr. Merton Brown.

"Your servant Barbara is close at hand," he said. "Had I not better take Miss Dalziel through the garden directly she enters, so as to avoid encountering her in the road, or here?"

Mr. Mainwaring called him by name, and I ushered him into the parlour. The friends clasped hands. Arden was still half supporting Helen, and as they stood together, her dark eyes tearless, but full of suppressed feeling, a warmhearted blessing upon them both rushed to the lips of Merton Brown."

I hurried them all into the drawing-room carrying the lamp there. Locking the door I assisted to put on Helen's cloak, shook hands with my friends, and, just as Barbara was going round to the kitchen entrance, opened my piano and commenced playing one of the maddest fantasies that ever bewildered a discerning public.

[Omitting over my journal as it proceeded from this day, I find an incoherency about it which renders revision necessary. I have therefore looked it over and related events not always in the order in which I witnessed or received account of them, but rather as it seemed desirable in following up their course.—M. G.]
of the fact; but it pleased him to hear her speak such thoughts, and it gratified him to hold so high a position in her estimation.

“You trust me nobly, Helen,” he said, after a momentary silence. “I may not boast when all is yet to be done that should bear witness to your faith in me, but you are my own dear lady-love, and it will be joy to bring what poor trophies I can win to the feet of one so worthy a gentleman’s dower.”

Under the dark shadow of my garden wall Helen had felt emboldened to speak some of her heart’s feelings. Merton had been a little in advance, he now rejoined them and she was best content to lean in silence on her husband’s arm and listen, as the friends conversed on some of the occurrences that had taken place since they met. Looking up with mixed feelings of delight and terror when the gleam of the moon came across her companion’s face—delight prevailed. If by perverse chance Grant Wainwright crossed their path, he could not fail to discover any sign she had taken in preference to that of Merton Brown: but, she was thus walking with him for the first time, and for the first time her heart had felt not merely that he deserved her love, nor that some time he would acknowledge her as worthy of his regard—even now she really believed he loved her.

The sight of them suggested to Mr. Mainwaring a remembrance of Grant Wainwright’s defeat by his friend, and he gave him a special shake of the hand on the spot for the service rendered. “You managed your part as a friend capitally, I will say, Merton,” so he spoke. “I think it is my turn now to encounter this dragon of Darliston! He has changed his plan, and instead of excluding all comers is minded to compete with them—a more sensible proceeding, certainly. How may I best defeat him, think you?”

“You should ask Miss Dalziel that.”

“Nay, but supposing Miss Dalziel has already done her best to discard him as a lover, and that the necessity of retaining him as a relative; and supposing he chooses to take advantage of that position to disquiet and besiege her?”

“Come Merton, consider the special difficulties of the situation, and give me the benefit of your opinion. Firstly, I am forbidden admission to Darliston; secondly, Grant Wainwright is held indispensable there; thirdly, Mr. Wainwright, although nominally an efficient protector, is actually nonefficient. And now I must let you understand that gentleman has not only fully consented to my union with Helen at a certain time—a year from next April—but has further empowered me to take her at any earlier period should he no longer able to protect her. I think it possible I might have been legally justified in carrying her off in that postchaise, as you just now tempted me to do. This little disagreeable was in the way, that I should have been requiring the greatest of benefits with the greatest of treasons. To Mr. Wainwright I owe a debt of obligation I never can hope to repay, and I must not disturb his old age by depriving him of his darling, nor—unless it is absolutely necessary—of this right-hand man of his, Grant Wainwright. Now, what think you?”

“It is a difficult case, indeed; a very difficult case to stir in. I think it can only be met by supporting Miss Dalziel as much as possible: by strengthening her defences. Do you think Mrs. Gainsborough could be induced to take up her residence at the Hall?”

“That idea has occurred to me as very desirable. Do you think, if Mr. Wainwright concurred, that it is likely she would, Helen?”

“I think it is possible, though I hardly like to make the request.”

“That, at all events, is something worth considering. You think Miss Alice Ainleis is not likely to leave you yet?”

“No: she seems really to like Darliston, and, timid and childlike as she is before strangers, you cannot conceal how much comfort and protection she affords me. Grant Wainwright is more at fault in having her to encounter than he would probably be with either of you. He don’t know how to set about it.”

The idea amused the gentlemen. Helen was obliged to cry, “Oh, pray don’t laugh! You may be heard!”

“It seems, then,” Mr. Mainwaring resumed, “that others can do something: but, Merton, you have not yet shown that I can act in my own cause!”

“I think you can; I think you have, without need of my suggestion. I have spoken of increasing Miss Dalziel’s defences without: your part is rather to strengthen the citadel within; and, if I mistake not, you have efficiently performed it.”

“I have promised myself to do more than this—to raise the siege. What measures I may take to this end I am hardly at present prepared to say. I desire to see Grant Wainwright, to judge for myself what he is, and how he can be dealt with. It is fighting in the dark until I can do so. I have scarce seen my adversary. Perhaps it may be as well to write from London. I must away to-night, for I am to have an audience with the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the morning, and have received an invitation to dinner which is equivalent to a command. I will do nothing without due consideration, but, unless some better course is apparent to me, I will write to-morrow to Grant Wainwright and call upon him to withdraw his suit.”

“Mr. Mainwaring—” Helen began.

“Call me Arden, dear Helen. You have not called me by my Christian name yet.”

“I—will try, she said, timidly. “I was going to remind you that he, my cousin, had not disturbed me since that evening. Perhaps now—I feel I could speak to him better now—he might consent at my request to desist.”

Poor Helen was not very sanguine; but it was a chance, and she certainly thought Grant was
more likely to consent at her request than at Mr. Mainwaring's command. That gentleman was silent, so she continued.

"You have said my grandfather is no protection to me, and it is true I am restricted in claiming his protection from fear of causing him excitement. Yet in one way his presence protects me, for Grant has some regard for him. When I point out to him that he cannot continue to trouble me without endangering his uncle's safety, he may desist."

"Will you tell him this, Helen—that his proving your grandfather's protection is inadequate, justifies me in coming to Darliston to protect and claim you?"

"I will do so."

"And write me fully and frankly an account of what passes?"

"Yes."

"Then I may defer writing till Friday. Should your cousin withdraw his suit, either at your request or mine, well and good. But it must be no half-measure: he must consent to withdraw his attentions from you, as well as cease to speak of love. That granted, I shall hope that, by providing a companion to be always resident with you, your peace may be secured. If, however, he fails to admit my claims by these means, I may stand excused by Mr. Wainwright if I insist on asserting them in person."

"I hope that may not be necessary."

"Do not think, my dear girl, that any very serious consequence is to be apprehended from our merely meeting on such a question. The days of duelling are gone by in England, and well it is they are so, for shooting a man is only like taking him out of your path by lifting him on your back for life. While your heart is mine I may well afford to be even a little considerate towards your unfortunate lover and relation. But he must submit; he must withdraw his claims, or see an adversary in me. I will fight him, brain to brain, or hand to hand, as seems needful. He shall neither imprison nor court my lady-love. Sooner would I think it right to give up for the time my chance of preferment abroad, and devote myself to supplying his place beside Mr. Wainwright. I am not so good a farmer, granted. But I might be master of as good a one, perchance, and do as well."

"You—you come to Darliston to live?" cried Helen, in utter surprise. "I would hardly think of asking Mrs. Gainsborough. And you—oh, could you really think of doing so?"—"for my sake!"—she would have said, but her voice failed. It seemed to her too wonderful, too presumptuous for her to suppose.

"I have thought of it seriously, Helen; not hastily, but throughout my journey hitherward. I know it would not be right unless other means of protecting you from this pursuit were unavailing; but, should that be so, it must be done, Mr. Wainwright, I think, could not deny me, if I promised during his lifetime that your home should be with him."

"But your career in life would be checked; and, it is such a dull place. Then my grandfather will have nothing altered, not so much as a carpet or curtain renewed. You, you have been accustomed to everything so different, to everything of the best—to company, to gaiety, to courts, even."

"A very great contrast, truly, it promises, to the life I have been leading; but you have forgotten one thing in Darliston I have not been accustomed to."

"What is it?"

"Helen—yourself!"

"Oh this new feeling! Could she, dare she believe it was so, that she was dear to him? Yes, she believed it. His earnest eyes told her so as he bent over her, looking his farewell—for they were standing now at the gate. Helen felt she would have given much for power to speak, in that last, precious moment, something of what she felt; but her heart was too full for words, and her eyes wet with tears. He asked for a word of farewell, and her lips, incapable of any other expression, offered themselves for a parting kiss.

Merton Brown had considerably passed a few steps through the gate, to see if anyone was about, he said. All was quiet. Grant Wainwright had not then even left the gay party at Captain Ashton's; and when Helen's escort returned to the manor-gate, he found Mr. Mainwaring leaning upon it, with the moonlight shining upon his rather picturesque figure, and revealing enough of the expression of his face to justify the remark, "Arden, you look happy!"

"What do you think of her?" questioned rather abruptly his friend, as they turned into the shadowy lane.

"She has a heart; there can be no question about that, unless, indeed, we say she has given it you?"

"In which case it were fair she should have mine. I have been thinking what witchery there is about her. There's nothing very striking in her appearance, excepting, indeed, that her eyes are fine. I have seen so little of her, so very little. Can it be only the conviction that she loves me that has such power over me?"

"A very strong incentive, I should say, coming from one like her."

"Yes, but the question is, am I weak, or is she a witch? Six months ago I should have deemed the idea preposterous that I could so love her. Of course it is pleasant to be so loved, but she is not quite the only woman who has loved me; yet none, like her, so trustfully, so devotedly. I need not wonder that I love her; good, generous, true-hearted girl that she is; considering how her goodness has overflowed towards me, I should be a brute if I did not. Yet, what I marvel at is, not that I love her in the sense of being fully resolved, as far as I can, to make her happy; it is that I feel so strangely happy myself in her love. I did not believe a woman's love could ever again be worth so much to me. I never felt a stronger impulse than that which came upon me when you would make us"
Dariston.

turn towards the post-chaise. It seemed to me the only certain way of securing Helen and happiness would be to take her up in my arms, and, stepping in, tell the postboy to drive on."

"Where? My dear fellow, you would have been had up for stealing an heiress."

"No I should not. You do not know how fully I am empowered."

"To my thinking the best proof of your being fathoms deep in love is your admitting the thought of giving up Lord St. George's favour, and burying yourself at Daristton."

"Not in the mere thought. It is a matter of common sense if you only consider it. As a choice of misfortunes I had better lose a chance of rising in the world than incur the disgrace of suffering my"—he was near saying "wife," but checked himself—"the disgrace of neglecting my engagement. Mr. Wainwright paid my debts, you understand, and I have a part to fulfill in return. The marvel to myself is, that I find what at first looked like a very unpleasant duty, assuming quite a tempting appearance. I am just in the humour to quote—"

"Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place, With one fair spirit to my minister!"

—She has glamoured me, and the absurdity of the thing seems all the more because we have no need to take things other than equably. Helen is mine—irremediably pledged; and she loves me; only there is this bout of a cousin. Well, if he will bring me to Daristton—kismet—destiny. I must study the agricultural, and write pastorals to my dark-eyed shepherdess.

Merton Brown laughed, but he shook his head rather gravely afterward, saying:

"No, no, Arden; we must do without that, somehow. It is too wild an idea. You see, you never were accustomed to any such mode of life."

"My dear fellow—Helen apart—it could not kill me. If I were sent on a necessary diplomatic mission to Cayenne or Siberia—should I not go? I allow that but for the thought of that dear loving girl, the idea would be detestable. It involves such very serious considerations in regard to my success in life that I could not think it right, except as a last resource. But I am in earnest, Merton. Thinking what I now think of Helen, loving her as I now love her, I could, were our engagement less binding, deem it right to devote some years of my life to winning her; and it is not because she may be mine without the trouble that I should shirk such a sacrifice if it be necessary to her happiness. Without supposing that Grant Wainwright may win her away from me—and I do not believe he can—he yet must be a very torment to her if he perseveres. It is exposing her to an ordeal and to suffering which I feel bound to protect her from. I do not feel myself that temptation is good to encounter, and it cannot be right to expose her to anything of the sort. He has gone too far already; he snatched a kiss one evening last week, and, though I was obliged to treat the matter lightly with Helen, her distress was so unfeigned, nothing like that must be suffered again. Tell me what is the fellow like? I have no more distinct recollection of him than of the porter who lifted my luggage when I arrived in Vienna. He was tall and dark, I think. Is he good-looking?"

"Yes, rather handsome, and an inch taller than yourself. The most dangerous point about him as a rival is his resolute will, directed as it is. He will not give up, either at her persuasion or your dictation, you may depend upon that."

"Mrs. Gainsborough said she was surprised at his success in assuming the courtier. According to my remembrance he was a rough fellow. I took him for some bailiff upon the farm. What sort of gentleman do you think he makes?"

"Since he has left off swearing and paid attention to les convenances a very passable one. He is not remarkably deficient in intelligence and appears to have received a fair education. Many ladies might prefer him to yourself for a first quarter of an hour. Very few longer, I should say; at least if you were equally disposed to please."

"I shall be down again early in the week, if, as you say, Grant Wainwright is not to be otherwise persuaded to resign."

"Well, I suppose you must see him. I go with you, of course. I would not make sure of your having fair play else."

"How do you mean?"

"He has some disreputable acquaintance—that Witham we wrote to you about, for one. I have been cautioned myself that it was a venturesome thing, considering how I stood in relation to Grant Wainwright, to go alone to the Rood Farm."

"Merton, you heard of that affair on the marsh—of Helen's leap? You do not think Grant Wainwright could have had any hand in that attempt on her?"

"No, no. Witham might possibly. He's a bad fellow; capable, I believe, of any villainy; but Grant Wainwright is no sneak. He's a fair fighter, that I believe, and I have had some experience with him you know. Yet I don't say he might not wink at unfair treatment towards you from others, and I fear passion might carry him almost any lengths. I wish we could hit upon some better plan than visiting him at his house. There will be an out-and-out quarrel, and 'leave off strife before it be meddled with' is a wholesome proverb."

"I must enforce my claims as Helen's affianced husband, but do not fear that I shall not be temperate in doing so. Since I left Oxford I have had many lessons on the necessity of keeping temper."

"He will insult you."

"If he does—I shall express my opinion with equal freedom. Mr. Wainwright cannot expect me to submit tamely to insult from his
... nephew while making a temperate statement of my pretensions. I will not take the initiative in warfare, but if he choses to resort to violence I am ready to take my chance. The responsibility of the affair shall rest with him, and Mr. Wainwright cannot expect Helen to receive on any terms a man who has conducted himself as an open foe to her affianced husband."

"I see."

"I say, Merton, is that young artist who captured the pale-faced man?"

"Young Merrivale?—a very nice fellow; brother of a tenant of Mrs. Gainsborough's."

"Does he paint well? Could he paint Helen?"

"I think he might. He excels with ladies' faces."

"And he is business-like, I suppose: will not fall to making love on the occasion?"

"No, poor lad; not in a hurry again. You did not hear of Lady Althea's having taken him in her snare?"

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, he was at the Castle last summer, assisting the artist who painted the frescoes. Then he competed at the archery fête, won, and danced with her ladyship. You must have seen him."

"By-the-bye, I did. I noticed it was a case with him. But what a fool he must have been."

"Just so: and to mend matters the fair lady had him to the Castle to paint her portrait; read love stories while she sat, to his further edification; and then whisked off to Paris leaving the said portrait three-quarters finished, and the young painter in about the same condition. He fainted in front of his easel, I am told."

"It was flying at small game. There's the chase, Merton."

"What train do you go by? I think you have plenty of time."

"No; not five minutes to spare. Little Swingate is my station, five miles beyond Marsham. I should have been recognised if I had been seen there. Parlois français, mon ami; souvenez-vous que je suis Monsieur Descînes?"

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**LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.**

16, Piccadilly, Dec. 26th, 1808.

— By the date of my letter you will perceive that I have taken up my residence in the metropolis, where I presume we shall behold you in the latter end of January. I sincerely hope you will make your appearance at that time, as I have some subjects to discuss with you which I do not wish to communicate in my epistle. The —— has thought proper to solicit a reconciliation, which in some measure I have agreed to; still there is a coldness between us which I do not feel inclined to have, as terms of civility are the only resources against her, and—proceedings with which you are already acquainted . . . . .

April 26th, 1808.

. . . . . I have been introduced to . . . at the opera. She is pretty, but I do not admire her: there is too much Byron in her countenance. I hear she is clever—a very great defect in a woman, who becomes conceited in course. Altogether I have not much inclination to improve the acquaintance. I have seen my old friend ——, who will prove the best of the family, and will one day be Lord B. I do not much care how soon . . . . My —— I shall never marry, unless I am ruined. —— will have the title and his laurels . . . .

Newstead Abbey, Nov. 30th, 1808.

. . . . If I would sell, my income would probably be ——— per annum: but I will not part, at least with Newstead. I am living here alone, which suits my inclination better than society of any kind. —— I have shaken off for two years, and I shall not resume her yoke in future. I am afraid my disposition will suffer in your estimation, but I never can forgive what I have undergone . . . . I am a very melancholy fellow, for I think I had naturally not a bad heart; but it has been so bent, twisted, and trampled upon, that it has become as hard as a highlander's heel-piece. I do not know that much alteration has taken place in my person, except that I am grown much thinner, and somewhat taller. . . . indeed, my relations are those of whom I know the least, and in most instances am not very anxious to improve the acquaintance. . . . I shall be in town in January to take my seat.

Newstead Abbey, Dec. 14th, 1808.

— When I stated in my last that my intercourse with the world had hardened my heart, I did not mean from any matrimonial disappointment. No. I have been guilty of many absurdities, but I hope in God I shall escape that worst of evils—marriage. I have no doubt there are exceptions, and of course include you amongst them; but you will recollect that "exceptions only prove the rule." I live here much in my own manner, that is, alone, for I could not bear the company of my best friend above a month—there is such a sameness in mankind upon the whole, and they grow so much more
disgusting every day, that, were it not for a portion of ambition, and a conviction that in times like the present we ought to perform our respective duties, I should live here all my life in unmarried solitude. I have been visited by all our nobility and gentry, but I return no visits. I, Joseph M., household, poor honest fellow! I should be a great brute if I had not provided for him in the manner most congenial to his own feelings and to mine. I have several horses, and a considerable establishment, but I am not addicted to hunting or shooting. I hate all kinds of field-sports, though some years since I was a tolerable adept in the polite arts of fox-hunting, hawking, boxing, &c. My library is rather extensive, and (as you, perhaps, know) I am a mighty scribbler. I flatter myself I have made some improvements in Newstead, and, as I am independent, I am happy as far as any person unfortunate enough to be born into this world can be said to be so . . . .

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 21st, 1811.

I ought to have answered your letter before, but when did I ever do anything that I ought? I am losing my relations, and you are adding to the number of yours; but which is best God knows. Besides poor — I have been deprived by death of two most particular friends in little more than a month;* but as all observations on such subjects are superfluous and unavailing, I leave the dead to their rest, and return to the dull business of life, which, however, presents nothing very pleasant either in prospect or retrospection. . . . I believe you know that for upwards of two years I have been rambling round the Archipelago, and am returned just in time to know that I might as well have paid for any good I ever have done, or am likely to do at home, and so as soon as I have somewhat repaired my irreparable affairs I shall e'en go abroad again; for I am heartily sick of your climate and everything it rains upon, always save and except yourself. I should be glad to see you here, as you think you have never seen the place, if you could make it convenient. Murray is still like a rock, and will probably outlast some six Lord Byron, though in his seventy-fifth autumn. I took him with me to Portugal, and sent him round by sea to Gibraltar, whilst I rode through the interior of Spain, which was then (1809) accessible. You say you have much to communicate to me. Let us have it, by all means, as I am utterly at a loss to guess. Whatever it may be it will meet with due attention. . . . By-the-bye, I shall marry if I can find anybody inclined to barter money for rank, within six months, after which I shall return to my friends the Turks.

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 30th, 1811.

. . . . . . . . .

* There is a recurrence to these losses in the last note of the first canto of "Childe Harold," to which an additional death gives additional pathos. The subject and the sentiment might have been well spared.

of the changes at which you hint: indeed, how should I? On the borders of the Black Sea we heard only of the Russians, so you have much to tell, and all will be novelty. I don't know what — meant by telling you that I liked children. I detest the sight of them so much that I have always had the greatest respect for the character of Herod;* but as my house here is large enough for us all, we shall go on very well, and I need not tell you that I long to see you. I really do not perceive anything so formidable in a journey hither of two days; but all this comes of matrimony. . . . Well, I must marry to repair the ravages of myself and prodigal ancestry; but, if I am so unfortunate as to be presented with an heir, instead of a bottle he shall have a gag. . . . And then if I can't persuade some wealthy dowdy to ennable the dirty puddle of her mercantile blood, why I shall leave England, and all its clouds, for the East again. I am very sick of it already. . . .

Joe has been getting well of a disease that would have killed a troop of horses. He promises to bear away the palm of longevity from old Parr. As you won't come you will write. I long to hear all these unutterable things, being utterly unable to guess at any of them, unless they concern —, though I had great hopes we had done with him. I have little to add that you do not already know, and, being quite alone, have no great variety of incident to gossip with, I am but rarely pestered with visitors, and the few I have I get rid of as soon as possible . . . .

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 30th, 1811.

— I wrote to you yesterday, and as you will not be very sorry to hear from me again, considering our long separation, I shall fill up this sheet before I go to bed. . . . You must excuse my being a little cynical,† knowing how my temper was tried in my non-age. The manner in which I was brought up must necessarily have broken a meek spirit, or rendered a fiery one ungovernable. The effect it

* This hatred extended only to the children, who are invariably "sons and heirs," with cheeks which are, or ought to be, like those of cherubim and seraphim in a church window. Lord Byron was so far from feeling averse to children not of his own sex, that he adopted a little Turkish girl whom he found among the prisoners at Missolonghi, vide letter post. I mention this because in my opinion a man whose feelings revolt from the innocent and angelic expression of the countenance of a beautiful child, cannot be a good moral character. It conveys more real religion to the heart than a thousand homilies. It is the touchstone of conscience — an object that Virtue, if it ever arrive at maturity, cannot contemplate without sympathy, or Vice regard without remorse.

† This affection of singularity is singular. It is stage-effect — the mock gravity of Liston, at which he himself has been seen to smile. Lord Byron was by nature a humourist. He loved to make himself a mystery because he loved mystery, and did not hate himself. It is not very clever to mystify others, though it requires some talent to mystify everybody.
"Early will I seek Thee."

181

A MEMORY.

Oh! many, many years ago,
By hill-sides where the violets grow;
Loving the sun in the new spring,
And where the robins came to sing;
A long, sunny, quiet way,
To school I led our little May.

Day after day, and hand in hand,
We pattered o'er the path of sand;
I plucking violets here and there,
To wreath in sister's sunny hair;
She singing with the birds a song
That cheered me all the summer long.

And many, many years ago,
Under the first December snow;
With white hands folded on her breast
They laid our little May to rest;
One golden summer, only one,
And birds, and flowers, and May were gone.

But where the robins came to sing,
Loving the sun in the new spring;
By hill-sides where the violets grow,
A long, sunny, quiet way;
To school I led our little May,
Oh! many, many years ago.

"EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE."

Psalm lxxxiii. 1.

BY H. F. MALET.

Ere the morning star is springing
Up above the mountain's height,
I will raise my voice in singing
In the darkness of the night;

For I know the Lord is guiding
All the twinkling stars away,
And the pale moon is hiding
From the brightness of the day.

Early will I seek Him, bringing
Light upon me from above,
As the budding bush is ringing
With the songs of Nature's love.

God will surely stop and listen
When He hears such voices
From the dew-drops, as they glisten
'Neath the kindness of His eyes.

Let us, then, our songs be singing,
When the air is pure and sweet,
When our morning hearts are flinging
All their faith before His feet.

* The reader needs not to be informed that the writer here alludes to the "English Bard and Scotch Reviewers," where this irascible temper may be seen in high perfection and imperfection, hand-in-hand with Nemesis, "taking through Grub-street a triumphant round," stirring and stinging indiscriminately, like a wasp in a beehive.
MADAME DE LA ROCHE.

In the year 1815, the traveller on the banks of the Loire might remark the old Chateau de la Roche, and whilst admiring the seigniorial grandeur of the style, would grieve over the appearance of complete neglect which its decaying walls and grass-grown courts presented. The Marquis, its owner, was wholly incapable of enjoying the many gifts that Providence had lavished on him; though little more than thirty years old, he had been seized with mental derangement soon after his marriage, which had ended in a state of complete idiocy. He could only utter incoherent syllables, and sat day after day before a little table cutting out pieces of wood or playing with a steel chain which hung round his neck, to which was attached a small key. The Marchioness was somewhat older; tall, proud, and majestic, possessed of great beauty which seemed to have been petrified; she rarely spoke, fulfilled her duties to her husband and the poor with the strictest attention, but was so austere and impassible in manner that her friends gradually ceased to visit her. It was whispered that great as her calamity was in being tied for life to a living corpse, still the Marchioness arose rather from an unfortunate attachment which had broken her heart some ten years before, the facts of which were as follows:

The Marquis de la Roche, her father-in-law, had many years before taken part in the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon, and was accompanied by a faithful servant of the name of Cornier. In the flight the Marquis was received in one of the boats, which was rapidly rowing off, when he perceived Cornier, who had fought like a lion to cover his master's embarkation, swimming in the water, in vain attempting to reach the boat. He begged the Captain to stop, which was refused on the plea that he would have done so for the nobleman but not for the servant: "In that case, I shall force you to wait," was the reply. The Marquis threw himself into the water, joined his servant and helped him to the place of safety. Both were thus saved, and the attachment between them became stronger than ever. Monsieur de la Roche adopted Cornier's only son and had him brought up with his own, the two young men becoming bound in fast friendship; Charles living as a gentleman on his father's estates, whilst Adrien Cornier endowed with great natural talent and good disposition, was passing his examination for the army at the Polytechnic School in Paris, where Charles also spent much of his time and money.

When both were about twenty, they went to the Chateau to meet a relative, Madame de Kistii and her daughter, who had lost her estates at the time of the Revolution, and was engaged in claiming them from the Emperor. Every day was filled up with hunting, dinners, and fêtes; and it was apparent that Adrien and the beautiful Emily Kistii were much attached; had she remained poor a marriage might even have taken place, but an event happened before the successful issue of the law-suit which changed the course of affairs.

The only remnant of her former fortune which the Baroness de Kistii possessed was a magnificent head-dress of diamonds, which she was fond of displaying and prized highly as a gift of Louis XV. One day they disappeared: the Chateau was in confusion, the police were sent for; Adrien had gone to Paris the day before the discovery, but the Marquis vouched for his innocence. He returned the night after, had an interview with his friend Charles, the result of which none knew, and the next morning in the presence of the family and the servants, who were assembled at his request, confessed his guilt. He had carried away the diamonds and sold them to a man whose address he gave, but refused to say for what price they had gone and where the money was spent. The Marquis in the midst of the general stupefaction, turned him out of the house, stiffened the affair, redeemed the jewels, and restored them to the Baroness. Soon after she recovered her estates, and consented with pleasure to the offer which Charles made for her daughter's hand.

The young man, it seemed, had loved his cousin passionately, but in secret: as for Emily, she allowed herself to be married. The union was soon followed by a double mourning; the Marquis was carried off by an epidemic, and Cornier, who had suffered so deeply for his son, died of grief. Though a model of probity and honour he never said a word of blame or reproach against him, and on his death-bed, in a sort of hallucination, stretched out his hands and blessed him. Of Adrien nothing was ever heard. A boy and girl were born to the Marquis, and then his terrible malady appeared, which cast its gloom over all the inmates of the Chateau. The doctor and the curé paid their visits, and frequently staid to dine. The conversation was between themselves, for the Marchioness rarely spoke; but in the month of June, 1815, the Baroness de Kistii had left the menaced capital and taken refuge in her daughter's home, and as she was an ardent royalist, and fond of discussion, the dinners had become more lively. The rapid events which followed the abdication of Napoleon aroused every one, and among the various political news came that of the disbanding of the army of the Loire. As the Chateau was on the high road, each day brought the defiling of men and materials of war; young beadless men who had never seen the battle's front, and old men, wounded, in ragged uniforms, whose appearance was humiliated, heroic, and wild. One day in the month
of September, about five o'clock, the children, who had been watching the passing groups, ran into the drawing-room where the usual party were seated after dinner, and Roger cried out: "Oh mamma, a soldier has just fallen with his head against the iron gate."

"He is no doubt drunk," answered the Marchioness; "you had better remain here."

"But," said Estelle, "he lies in a fainting-fit, and the blood is flowing."

Her mamma gave no answer: "My love," observed the Baroness; "we must not be more royalist than the king, perhaps the man is seriously wounded."

The doctor and curé had risen, waiting for the permission of the Marchioness.

"I will not prevent your going to see him, perhaps he can be laid in an outhouse," she said, coldly.

They found the man bleeding from a wound in his head, proceeding from his fall; his left arm was in a sling, and his thin features betrayed fatigue and hunger. The doctor had him carried into a bed-room in the Château, and when the mud was washed from his face, the features wore an expression of great intelligence. His linen, too, betrayed him to be no common soldier, but one who had been used to command. When he recovered from his faintness he looked round and said:

"Where am I then?"

"With the Marchioness de la Roché," answered the Abbé. A second attack seemed to come on, for the invalid became very pale and closed his eyes.

"Ah," said the doctor, who had his hand on the heart, which beat quickly; "this is singular, it is not faintness but emotion. Let him rest and sleep, and watch beside him until I return."

He went into the drawing-room.

"Here is a man," said he, "at the end of his strength, he has fallen because he could walk no longer. In a few days he will be better; but, from his social position, I should say that he was an officer who is compromised, and who has put on the disguise of a common soldier to escape pursuit."

The Marchioness made a gesture of indifference.

"You would not like him to be arrested in your Château?" inquired the doctor.

"No one will be betrayed here; my servants are to be trusted. As long as your protégé remains you need not be anxious."

She spoke the last words with a soft intonation; occasionally this haughty woman gave way to her natural grace and kindness, showing that there was an irresistible charm buried under sorrow and disappointment.

Some days later the invalid was able to walk. He had freely confessed to his friends that he was an officer in the army of the Loire and sharing the condemnation of Labbéjoryère. His name was Debrès. His mind was highly cultivated, and his amiability won all hearts. With the children he played at soldiers, and his arrival was an event in their dull life. In one of his walks he met the Baroness Kifili, and delighted her with his graceful manners.

"It is astonishing how like a gentleman this upstart is," said she, "If Debrès is really his name, he must have been connected with nobility." As for Madame de la Roché, she had not seen him, and seemed rather to prefer not hearing of him. One day the doctor was surprised at seeing him dressed in his soldier's cloak, and he announced his intention of setting out immediately. The danger of discovery and arrest was pointed out to him, and he reluctantly consented to stay, but it was evident that some arrangement must be made. The doctor consulted with the Abbé and the Baroness, and as the children's tutor had just left, they agreed to speak to Madame de la Roche, and ask her to instal him in the post until political affairs should be settled. Dinner-time came, but an icy chillness seemed to fall on all the party; the servant brought in the papers, the doctor took one. "Ah," said he, "they are very severe; Labbéjoryère, Fauchet, and Marashe Ney are brought before the court of peers, accused of betraying the counsels of war: their condemnation to death is no longer doubtful."

The children were the first to break the silence which fell on all. Roger cried:

"They shall not condemn my kind friend, M. Debrès!"

"Ah," said the Marchioness, with a start, "is he already your good friend?"

"Madame," answered the doctor, "the Captain will not trouble you long, he intends to go immediately."

"Well, let him go, I shall not ask him to stay;" but feeling how unkind were her words, she added, "so long as he was confined to his room he ran no risk, but now he goes out, and I do not wish him to be arrested here."

The Abbé interpolated: "Madam, the unhappy man whom God has sent here should be a sacred pledge to us: it will not do to give him shelter for a few days and then turn him out, when his enemies are waiting at the gate."

"Then," said the irritated lady, "what is your design? for I see that you have one."

"Yes," replied the Baroness, and she proceeded to explain how the Captain should be retained as tutor to the children until the search for the traitors to the Bourbons had passed over.

Unwillingly she consented. The Doctor ran to tell the good news to the prescribed one; he received it with a mingled anxiety and pleasure. The dress of a civilian was procured for him, and when his moustache was shaved off he would not have been taken for a military man. His introduction to the Marchioness took place the next day, before dinner; she briefly touched upon his duties as tutor, adding that the engagement was to be temporary only. Daylight was dying away, but when they reached the dining-room Madame de la Roché examined her guest closely: he seemed to be about thirty-five, sorrow had worn deep furrows, but when he smiled the expression was charming—almost
juvenile. He was evidently very reserved, and the constrained and haughty attitude of his host threw a coldness over the whole party. At length all withdrew, and Madame de la Roche was left alone, resting her head on her hand; at last she said: "If it should be he! So like—and yet it is nonsense to think so; and if it be, what audacity on his part!" she angrily added.

The following day no doubt was left; he had betrayed himself twenty times. What should she do? the protection she had granted him was so recent that she could not withdraw her word, yet the château should not be his asylum, she waited for the course of events to decide. The following evening the Baroness was in her gayest humour, she was telling all her old stories of the reign of Louis XV., and the triumphs of her beauty. She was not long before she mentioned the famous diamonds given her by his Majesty.

"Really, M. Dibrès, I must let you see them," she said, "I am always delighted to look at them myself, and am sure you will agree that they are very fine. Maria, go and fetch the case," turning to her maid; "I can trust her. They were once stolen from me, but that happened when I was poor; people do not take from the rich."

The head-dress was passed from hand to hand. The Captain held them with a firm grasp, and calmly remarked on their fineness. When they were returned to the case, the Baroness said, sorrowfully:

"They are all that remain to me of the past. She looked round for her maid, but she had gone; and, turning to the officer, she said:

"Do me the favour to take them into my salon and lay them on the nearest table."

He rose to obey, when the Marchioness interfered.

"Pardon me," she said, "we must not give our guest that trouble." she rang, and Maria appeared. "Give them to your maid, mamma, they will be safer in her hands than in those of this gentleman."

Everyone looked at her with astonishment; the Baroness raised her eyes to the officer, not that she suspected him, but rather to judge of the impression made on him by the inconceivable antipathy of her daughter. He was unmoved, but turned a stern, cold glance at Madame de la Roche; soon after the Baroness rose, kissed her daughter, and retired. Captain Dibrès, who had been carelessly turning over a book, rose and, approaching his host, said resolutely:

"Madame, I see that you have recognized me."

She did not reply.

"I am Adrien Corneil, the son of your old servant, the companion and friend of your husband, the man whom you once loved."

Madame de la Roche shrugged her shoulders with an expression of indignation and contempt.

"That you once loved me cannot be doubted; if you have ceased to do so, it is because I accused myself of having stolen those very diamonds which, just now, you feared I should appropriate once more. Well," said he, lowering his voice, and, speaking with noble simplicity, "I never stole them."

He walked slowly towards the idiot Marquis: "Forgive me, Charles," he said; "what I suffer is more than I can bear. Is it my fault that I am here? I recognized your house and would willingly have passed it, but fatigue overcame me and I dropped bleeding at your door; when I said I would go they retained me."

He turned back to the Marchioness: "I speak to him, not to you; sorrow has overcome me, but my honour must now be cleared up."

She sat down, crossing her arms, with an unfeeling eye, but awaiting the revelation, no doubt untrue, which this man would give her, with overwhelming curiosity.

"Madame, it is twelve years since I was in this château. The Marquis treated me as a son, and I was full of hope and enthusiasm. When Charles and I were in Paris he was living in a circle of pleasure and temptation, about which I often warned him in a friendly manner. We came here, where I hoped he was safe from all difficulties. One day he took me aside: "Adrien," he said, "I want to tell you something important and to ask a favour of you. I was at a gaming-table in Paris and staked a large sum on my word of honour, and lost it; my adversary gave me three weeks' time; it will expire in a few days; I dare not tell my father, who has often blamed me for extravagance, but Madame de Kifili knows all, and has permitted me to pawn her diamonds. After a little time my father shall know all, and he will repay her. I cannot ask him to let me go to Paris, but you can take the jewels to a lender of money, whose address I have, and pay over the amount to the man who demands it. I was much astonished when I heard this story; it seemed very strange that the Baroness should part with a property she valued so highly; but I never suspected Charles for a moment. I set out with a heavy heart, it seemed as if I were leaving you for ever. I performed my commission as quickly as I could, returning in mad haste. I reached the château in the middle of the night; all were sleeping except Charles, in whose room I saw a light burning: I went in, he was seated on his bed, pale and unnerved, and in extreme sorrow."

""Well," I said, 'I have done all you wished.' "Ah! that is the worst; I have not told you the truth, Adrien; those diamonds were not given me by Madame de Kifili, but I have—he hesitated."

"'Taken them?' I said, in an agony."

"'Yes, they have discovered the absence of the case, and my father has sent for the police; suspicion is directed against you, owing to your absence.'"

"'And have you said nothing to clear me?' I angrily asked."

"'Nothing,' he replied, looking down, 'the police are watching me. To-morrow, perhaps,
they will accuse me, and I dare not acknowledge to my father that I am a thief.

"And so you do not care if I am sacrificed?" said I, hesitatingly; he did not answer. I rushed from the room into the park, where I passed an hour of agony, looking up to your window, where you were sleeping, dreaming of a ball, a fête, or of me perhaps; and I, mad with grief, was preparing to bid you an eternal adieu. At last I went to my father, I awoke him suddenly; when he saw me he was alarmed.

"'Father,' I said, 'I must tell you what has happened.' I related all. 'And now, what ought I to do?"

"'You yourself know, Adrien, because you ask me.' I knelt down by his bed, and burst into tears.

"'My master, he said, risked his own life to save me; his son must not be dishonoured so long as the servant's son is there to sacrifice his good name.' I looked at him, he was livid, his grey hair seemed to stand on end, his eye had an extraordinary brilliancy, and he stretched his right hand to me. I seized it and kissed it.

"'Go, my son, and do your duty.' The day after, before you and all the household, I accused myself of the theft. I watched you grow pale and turn away. Charles could scarcely stand, the Marquis drove me from his doors, and my poor father, playing a horrible comedy, would not say farewell. I went into the army, where I hoped to meet with oblivion and death. I changed my name to that of my mother. After each campaign my first effort was to get news of you, thus I heard of your marriage with Charles, and forgave him, because I divined that he loved you. Afterwards the news of his excessive dissipation reached me, by which he no doubt sought to stifle his regret and remorse; thus he lost his reason which gives me the liberty of speaking thus to you. I shall leave here to-morrow; never, in all probability, to see you again; tell me, I pray you, that you believe me innocent.'

"Sir," replied Madame de la Roche, "you are speculating on the illness of the Marquis!"

Adrien rose and looked wildly round the room, then going up to the idiot; "Oh, my God, grant that a miracle unites his tongue and relieves his brain, that he may vouch for my truthfulness."

But the idiot only groaned in a stupid and fretful way.

"Ah," cried the Marchioness, "do not try these follies, you see he cannot speak and you are sure of his silence."

"You are right, Madame, my fate condemns me, but as for you, you were not worthy of my love. Adieu, there is only one step for me to take."

He walked proudly out of the room, leaving a strong impression on Madame de la Roche; still incredulous and thinking he was but a clever comedian. She could not sleep, and early in the morning threw open her window to breathe the fresh air. Adrien was walking down the avenue, he met the gardener, accosted him, and gave him a letter: the man returned to the house and met his mistress at the gate.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"I am taking a letter to the town for M. Debrés, Madame."

"Show it to me;" it was directed to the Mayor. "Are you not surprised that in his position he should write this, it is very imprudent?"

The gardener was surprised at the question. "Certainly Madame you are right, it is very strange."

"You may remain here, I shall keep the letter and speak about it to M. Debrés."

She returned to her room, broke open the letter, and read:

"Sir,—I am aware that the authorities are seeking General Count Adrien Berthelot, one of the leading members of the former Bonapartist committee in Paris. I am the General, you will find meat the Château de la Roche, the owner of which received me when almost dying on the road. She is wholly ignorant of my name and rank, and has simply performed an act of charity. In my room, between the lining of my soldier's cloak, are the papers to prove my identity."

The Marchioness read the letter with surprise; the name was well-known to her; without reflecting, she ran to the room, unfastened the lining, and there found the papers. At this moment the door opened and the general entered. He stopped and grew pale.

"You here, Madame!" he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "what are you doing?"

"You see I have had some suspicion of your designs. General Berthelot may give himself up to the king, but I do not recognize his right to have himself arrested here."

"The right!" he answered, with indignation, "and is it for you to speak of that? ten years ago I was turned out of this house to shame; now I shall be taken probably to death."

The Marchioness seemed ready to faint; "I believe," she said, "that you have repaired the fault of a momentary impulse by a whole life of excellence. I wish I could believe you to be innocent of that early crime, but how could an honest man injure himself by an infamous accusation? Ah, if I had only a proof such as these papers give!"

The General was struck with the accent of the Marchioness, both were silent for some moments. "You wish for a proof of my innocence," said the former; "perhaps one might be found."

"Where?"

"Have you noticed the key hung to the steel chain which Charles always wore round his neck and to which he talks in his foolish way—do you know what it opens?"

"Yes, a drawer in his desk; but he never parts with the key."
I know the drawer well, he keeps his letters there, the proof may be in it—he must give us the key."

"Yes, if he will—to you perhaps, not to me."

"Let us try."

They went down to the drawing-room, anxious and excited; the idiot received Adrien as he invariably did with signs of pleasure. The latter began to play with him as with a child. After a few moments he took hold of the key and tossed it about, but when he raised the chain on each side as if to take it from his neck, the Marquis grasped it firmly and would not leave hold.

"Take it by force," said Madame de la Roche.

At these words the General put all his strength forth to carry his point; but the idiot held on with a violence that almost raised him from his chair. The struggle lasted for some moments. The steel was too finely tempered to break, and all at once the Marquis uttered such wild and savage cries that they were like nothing human, and Adrien left hold with a horrified look at the Marchioness. The servants ran in at the sound, and frighted cries of illness succeeded. His wife watched beside him night and day, until, overwhelmed with fatigue, she was obliged to withdraw to a sick-bed. The General took her place for a week: he never left him, and succeeded at length in restoring calm to the excited spirit of the Marquis, when he was pronounced out of danger. On this morning, Madame de la Roche met the general by her husband's bedside.

"You have been more courageous than I," she said, "and you have saved him, I thank you much."

"I ought to do my best, for I have done him great injury."

"We will never try to obtain this again," pointing to the chain which hung round the neck of the sleeping Marquis; "but I feel that I have been cruel and unjust towards you, pardoned me and I will acknowledge all you have told me as truth, do not leave us at present until all danger is over."

After two months had passed in mutual confidence and esteem, the Baroness proposed to start for Paris and try her ancient influence with the Bourbons in favour of the General, whose pardon she hoped to obtain. It was long before she succeeded, but in the end she arrived, wishing to bring the good news herself: not only was he forgiven, but placed on active service; and named to the command of a military subdivision not far from the chateau.

"Now General," she added, "do not fall back into Jacobinism, for I am responsible to the king for your fidelity."

Years succeeded; every month the tried friend of the house came to spend a few days at the Chateau, bringing life and cheerfulness with him, beloved by the children and respected by all. The Marquis himself took his share in the common joy and was sad and ill at his departure; not a word was ever spoken as to the fatal secret between the Marchioness and the General: sometimes she doubted him, at others his frank behaviour assured her of his creditibility. One day he arrived sad and ill, and he seemed to have something to say which made him hesitate, at last he turned to the Marchioness, and remarked:

"Our pleasant intercourse, I regret to say, is coming to a close; the government have decided upon war with Spain, and as I know the country, they wish me to join the army there. After these six years that we have passed together, I see you still doubt my innocence and have always done so. It is against your nature I know, but it is so."

"Well, yes," she replied; "I do doubt sometimes; but I cannot help it, and most sincerely I ask you to forgive me."

"Yes," he answered, with an indescribable tone of sadness. "You are of those who must see and touch before they believe. I trust God will never punish you for it."

The war did not really break out until the year 1823, but the General had been engaged for a year in diplomatic missions. His loss was much regretted at the Chateau. The health of the Marquis was constantly declining; when the General did not appear at the usual time he manifested signs of great agitation, he refused to take food, and month by month failed away. One morning he was found dead in bed. Madame de la Roche had taken possession of the key which hung round his neck, and the day after the funeral hastened with feverish impatience to the desk. At the bottom of the drawer was a large envelope addressed to her, and the words "Not to be opened until after my death." She opened it, it began: "I believe that sorrow and the frightful remorse in which I suffer will shorten my days, therefore I write this that you may be just after my death to the unhappy man whom you once loved, and who has sacrificed himself for me. Adrien is innocent of the theft of which he accused himself." Then followed a full account of the circumstances as the General had described them. Madame de la Roche doubted no longer, here was the proof she had long wished for, and the man she had loved was indeed worthy of her. She enclosed the letter with one of her own, informing the General of the death of her husband, and begged him to return that she might ask pardon for all her unjust suspicions. The answer was long in coming. One morning the Abbé appeared with some letters in his hand.

"Madame," he said, "I have heard from Spain; our friend is seriously wounded. Here is a letter for you."

Half fainting, she took it and read:

"My Dear Friend,—I have just received a mortal wound, when attacking the heights of Trocadero before Cadiz. I shall be no more when this letter leaves. I address it to our good Abbé who will help you to bear the sorrow of my death. Be consolcd, I die happy and have the right to be so; I only received your letter a few hours before the battle, and it was on
my heart when I was struck: thus my happiness was
too great, and it is not permitted to mortals to enjoy
so much. Weep for me and never forget how much I
love you. Adieu. I can say no more."

"Madame de la Roche let the letter fall,
and bitter tears coursed down her cheeks.
"Madame," said the Abbé, "endeavour to
bear this trial as a Christian. Have faith and
hope."

"Ah," replied she with a heartrending accent,
"you are right. It is faith that has always been
wanting in me, leave me now alone. I will see
you to-morrow."

From this time she lived in complete isolation;
her children were introduced to society by the
old Baroness, and the Chateau looked more
desolate than before. This mournful aspect of
things around her, pleased the Marchioness;
and her tall figure, dark habiliments, and deadly
paleness, seemed in agreement with the sombre
associations of the place.

BESIDE THE SEA.
BY LILY SHORTHOUSE.

"O, Poet, bring no harp to me:
I loved it, and I love it well;
But e'en its voice should silent be
Where mighty Azrael loves to dwell."

"Hath Azrael's pinion paled thy brow,
And o'er thine eyes its shadow hung?
A song of old shall cheer thee now,
Of one to whom he came as young.

"In a fair country distant far away
A bark lay moored within a quiet bay,
And ever tranquil did that vessel lie
Upon a sea as placid as the sky.

"One hand alone might guide her from the shore,
And guard the freight of costly gems she bore,
And waiting for that hand from day to day,
At anchor and untouched the vessel lay.

"He came at last—a youth of noble mien,
Whose fresh young face no touch of care had seen.
The people bowed before him as he past,
And owned their Prince—that homage was their
last.

"With smiles he passed the kneeling courtiers by,
His palace-towers he marked with tearless eye,
Though well he knew that to his native shore
He, once departed, could return no more.

"The people watched him till his shining sail
Seemed, like a sea-bird, in the distance pale;
And when the evening call went up to prayer,
They knelt upon the sands and blessed him there.

"And all-day long across the unknown main,
He steered his bark the distant shore to gain;
And all-night long, while they were wrapt in sleep,
Her steadfast course he watched the vessel keep.

"Alone upon the ocean with the sky,
He counted days and nights pass slowly by,
Till seven long months upon the waters past,
He raised his eyes and saw the shore at last.

"It was a land of stately domes and towers,
Of palace-gardens and of clustering bowers,
Beneath whose leafy shades broad rivers crept,
And lulled the weary traveller as he slept.

"The seas were calm, his glittering sails were spread
And as they bore him onward thus he said:
'Before another sunset leaves the west,
At anchor in the bay my bark shall rest.'

"And, while he spoke, upon a hidden rock
His vessel struck without a warning shock!
The waves were still, the sky without a frown,
When, near to shore, the little bark went down!

"The jewels sank like things of living light,
And, sinking, sparkled through the waters bright:
Above the wreck the smiling ocean closed,
And in its depths the priceless gems reposèd.

"But, all unharmed, towards the glittering sand
The waters bore the unconscious Prince to land:
Among the tangled weeds and shells he lay,
His dark hair wetted by the idle spray.

"It chanced, when morning broke, with noiseless
flight,
Dark Azrael came from wanderings through the
night,
With folded pinion there he stood awhile,
And marked the boyish face with pitying smile.

"The slumberer started from his dreams at last,
With sudden pain recalling all the past.
He looked once more upon the treacherous tide,
Then laid his head upon the beach, and—died!"

"O, Poet, take this golden ring:
Its ocean pearls besit thy lay.
I thought no voice had power to bring
Such charm for grief as thine to-day.

"For thou hast told my life's sad tale:
The treasured ring I give to thee
Has seen my fortune's star grow pale—
'Tis all the sea hath left to me!

"Here, in the twilight hour, I dwell,
And often, in the waning light,
The shadow falls I know so well,
Where'er dark Azrael stays his flight
"And, waking at the dead of night,
His shadowy vision's best I hear:
His form is shrouded from my sight,
And yet I love to think him near.

"But leave me ere the day depart,
Least, helpless and forlorn as I,
Upon the beach with aching heart,
A shipwrecked wanderer thou shouldst lie!"

The poet went his way alone;
His heart was heavier than before;
He listened to the waters' moan
As shadows crept along the shore.

But, looking back once more to land,
Across the slowly darkening tide,
He saw her sleeping on the sand,
And Azrael watching by her side.

Shrewsbury.

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labour,
Both had the same small pay,
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below;
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the boring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark.
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay,
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill;
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still.
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt, and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within!

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labour,
Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the Still,
And the other at the Well!

STANZA ON HOPE.

The rainbow shines upon the darkest cloud;
The white foam dances on the blackest wave:
With rose and eglantine we deck the shroud,
And wild-flowers blossom on the lowly grave.

'Tis thus in life, our joyful hours may be
Brief as a zephyr, fleeting as a dream:
Yet, midst the clouds of care we watch to see
The star of Hope in mellow lustre beam.

TO T. W.

(Sonnet in Defence of the Sonnet.)

You "sing the sonnet!"—no—you don't deserve to.
Dove-meek am I, yet I confess, with candour,
You've made me savage than Savage Landor,
Whose name you take (in vain), not having nerve to
Fight fairly, hand to hand, like a man, sir!
You, conscience-ward! you thought that I should
catch it,
Your Savage in his war-paint with his hatchet,
And you behind! Why! sir! I scarce me if you can, sir!
But by my slipper, and the rose upon it
(Though that's a "sarcenet surety" for my oath),
My sword's this feather—yet I'll fight ye both!
Reduced to stumps, I'll write [write] the much-wrong'd Sonnet.
My quarrel's jest: I'll meet you, 9 to 10 on't,
With my good cause, one hand, and this bad pen in't.

M. B.

A SOLDIER'S TALE OF LOVE.

BY JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

The wild-rose laughed in its early bloom;
The blossom hung on the brier and broom;
And the breeze came stealing a rich perfume
From the thyme and the purple clover;
The clear moon looked on the grassy dell;
The field was hushed, and the fresh dew fell;
When I bade young Edith a last farewell,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.

We sat by the cottage far down in the vale,
And we talked of the sorrow with sighing and wail—
The sorrow which called me from fair Innisfall,
And the skies which bend weeping above her.
Sweet daughter of Erin, I see thee yet;
Thy brow was pale, and thy cheek was wet:
Long years have fled, but I never forget
That grief of the days which are over.

Time passed: I was warring with ball and brand
Where Wellesley led in the Spaniard's land;
And I seemed when armed with the soldier-hand,
A stern and a careless rover:
But often chilled on the mid-night watch,
I thought of the roof, and the flowery thatch,
The speaking smile, and the lifted latch,
That I loved in the days which are over.

When the foe-men fell, and the volleyed roar
Of his battle-thunder was heard no more,
I trod rejoicing on Ulster's shore,
With the pride of a victor-lover.
I sought her dwelling: the flowers were strown;
Her gray sire wept at his heart alone;
She was sleeping under the church-yard stone,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.
TO THEBES, THROUGH THE DESERT.

We anchored at 11 a.m. on the 29th May, and every passenger on board excepting one (a captain in the British infantry) determined to land. The party consisted of a captain in one of the regiments quartered in Ceylon and his wife. The second consisted of three foreigners, a German, a Frenchman, and an Italian; and the third was the party which I belonged to, composed of a brother officer, an English merchant, an Anglo-Indian one, and myself. We all four determined upon crossing the desert, a distance of 111 miles from Cosseir. After a great deal of conversation with the Consul, who was a native Arab (through the medium of an Arab interpreter), we succeeded in getting from him a tent and nine camels, together with four donkeys. We had carried with us some furniture from the ship, which, fortunately, is inconvenient to hampers ourselves with; we presented to the Consul. He was a strange specimen of humanity. He was about the fattest man I have ever seen. His first plea for not accommodating us was that there were no camels to be found, as the Hajees had taken them all. This was rather disheartening, but we went our way; in the neighbourhood of the village, and as I happened to meet, in the course of it, about fifty of these beasts and about a third of that number of donkeys, I returned to him and made known to him what I had myself observed. After much expostulation in broken language, and after our having given him the present which I spoke of, this hard-hearted Asiatic relented, and allowed us to have camels and donkeys on hire. As I knew that the guides, the boat, and the preparations which the agent had made on the banks of the Nile at Thebes had been ready for me some time before, I determined not to delay. The captain of our ship came to our resting-place, or Serai, with some bottles of champagne, and we got the Arab to send for some mutton, and to cook it in his own way, and, having bought some bread, we made our dinner of these, had farewell to our captain, and at 5 p.m. started to pursue our route across the desert. We set out on donkeys, and I travelled so far about a mile, and then I got off and walked the rest of the way. The track lay along the base of a line of brown bleak mountains. It was good for travelling when on foot, but so stony that no wheeled vehicle could be moved on it without damage.

The same character of scenery prevailed the whole way. My companions rode on donkeys. The place where we stopped was called Beer Ingles. It was eleven miles from Cosseir. Here was neither house, tree, or landmark of any kind; neither was there any prominent object which could warrant one's giving it

"A local habitation and a name;"

but there was a well here—that greatest blessing in nature to the weary traveller, and to the camels of a caravan. The next morning we rose from our pallets in the tent at 5, and thought that we should be much better off mounted on camels than on the ignoble beasts of burden which we rode the day before. We had for a guide an intelligent Arab named Hassan, like the driver in the Arabian Nights: he had been sent me from Cairo by the agent. We deputed him to go in search of camels, and he very shortly returned with four. The camels which we had got from the Consul were only useful for carrying our provisions and our water, ten dozen bottles of which we had purchased at Calcutta. It was what was called Seta Coond water, having been procured at the hot spring at Mongeer, which bears that name. It was said to be the only water that would stand the long sea-voyage and keep sweet. Besides this water, which took up some chests, we had provisions, beer, brandy, &c., so our nine camels had a sufficient load, as some of them also had, to carry our little remnant of furniture, cooking utensils, and tent. When these four were brought in we strapped our bedrolls on them, and either rode or sat astride. When we set off we found the motion singular and unpleasant. In mounting you are pitched forward, then backward again, and then a second time forward. The same process takes place on descent, and when in motion the gait of the beast is a slow jolt. Thus are you shaken and shoved about in a most disagreeable way which had a fearful hot march this day through a country much resembling the one which we passed the day before. We saw some hill-partridges, which had plumage exactly resembling the colour of the hills which they inhabit, being of a light brown. We saw but two trees in the whole of these last two days' march. The bleak and gloomy appearance of the country was truly remarkable. The desert as an image in poetry, and the real deserts one has to traverse are certainly very different objects of contemplation; and after finishing my transit of this one, on reaching the banks of the Nile, I did not feel disposed to share the feelings of the poet, who says

"O that the desert were my dwelling-place!"

At intervals we passed steep precipices with enormous masses of stone which seemed on the eve of falling from the sides, and we saw many spots which were wild and romantic enough. We did not get into the place where we had to encamp till 12 at noon, and, to complete our misfortunes, there were so many caravans encamped there that they had drunk up all the water. Also we found that our jam and some of our stores which we had brought from Calcutta had been eaten up by the cockroaches on board the ship, which swarmed there in such
numbers that it was impossible to keep anything from them; my boots, my cloth cap, my bed were all spoiled by them, and many nights I have had my knuckles cut by them, and my feet bitten. When we opened our box we found a perfect swarm of these wretched insects, who had managed to draw the cork of the jam; had eaten all of it, with the exception of about a wine-glass full, and had made their meals on our biscuit and the sprats, which they had diminished considerably. The latter were good for nothing. When we stayed in the tent during the day, we found it very hot, but we decided on remaining there and not travelling till 7 at night. This night we had a fearful long march, passing through bleak mountains and stony roads, which, however, allowed of one's walking on them; and I travelled three-fourths of the march that way.

About 5 the next morning we came to a frightful pass on the mountains, where the large and overhanging fragments of rock seemed as if they had had a fissure rent out of them by some convulsion of Nature, and where the road was impracticable for carriages of any kind. At this place one of our provision-camels fell down. When we had gone through the pass we pitched our tent at the other end, and were glad to procure a little rest after our weary march of ten hours. We had, according to the computation of the Arabs, gone twenty-five miles. During the whole of these three marches we saw almost every thirty yards of the road the bones or the nearly decomposed bodies of camels. When these animals fall down exhausted with fatigue they are never taken care of, but are left to perish by their cruel owners. Certainly the numbers which we saw were countless. At this halting place one of our party, sick and exhausted with the harassing fatigue, was perfectly unable to proceed with us in our mode of travelling, and we found the only way to manage it was to have him carried in a chair. We had, fortunately, with us an arm-chair, which we slung on poles, and having made an agreement with the Arabs to carry him in it, we promised them twelve dollars if they would take him in safety to Luxor, at Thebes. We found that this plan answered famously, as he was to precede us to a spot which the Arabs pointed out as a proper place for halting, and stay there until our arrival. We then started, at 6 in the evening. During these days we had fared poorly, principally living on biscuits, fowls, and cheese; with tea, brandy-and-water, and coffee to drink. Our principal grievance was not being able to get good water to drink.

To return to our march this day. It lay through a line of country which was mountainous, had a little vegetation (if weeds can be called so), and during the way (a distance of seventeen miles) we passed about half-a-dozen trees. The chief part of the route was very sandy. We met numbers of caravans, who carried bags filled apparently with corn. We did not see many of the bones of the camels this last march. After we had proceeded thus six hours we determined to stop, and, though we were this day obliged to do without water to wash and our camels had none, we thought it was better to forego these accommodations for one day, and let ourselves have a few hours' sleep. Accordingly we resolved to halt, where there was no well, and where the heat was intense. The place, although destitute of water, and exhibiting nothing but one wild waste of sandy desert, we found tolerable at night, because of the coolness of the air. There was not an object of any kind to break the monotony of the scene. In the morning, however, again commenced our miseries. The heat was awful, and about 12 o'clock a hot wind set in, which, like the siroon, or the look—that hot, pestilent wind of India—blew incessantly from one quarter, parching and carrying death and blight with it wherever it went. I thought that our guide expressed himself with great emphasis, though in broken English, when we asked him why the camels made such a lowing. He pointed round him to the desert waste, and said, "He got no water to drink: he got no bread to eat: he hot. Why not he cry?" Our suffocating, certainly, was also great, and, to crown our sense of it, we found that a box which a chemist at Calcutta (Mr. Bathgate) had sent for our use, costing £1 12s., and containing four dozen of water, was quite offensive, and could only be tasted by unfortunates who, like us, were obliged to travel in the dreary desert during the month of June. The extreme heat of this day made us anxious to break up our encampment, and accordingly we started at 5 in the afternoon, our camels having gone on half-an-hour before.

We were told by our guide that it was seven hours' march to Legata. Here the desert assumed a new appearance. Mountains or hills ceased to be seen, and from the time we started from our encampment till we reached Hujagee, which was a small hamlet past Legata, we saw nothing but one wild, desert plain, sandy, stony, and everywhere strewn with the bones of camels.

We got into Legata at 12 at night, and, after a refreshing sleep, we were delighted at the agreeable sight, finding ourselves near some wells of delicious water, and a small hamlet adjacent, composed of some huts, with a few beggarly Arabs who inhabited them. How they lived seemed a mystery. They all had the same habit of asking for backshish, which prevails throughout the East, and by the same name also, it being used in Hindostan to signify reward as well as in the desert. Truly luxurious was it to be able to get a bath of cold water; and at breakfast also we had the pleasure of tasting milk—a luxury which we had not enjoyed for two months. In the day it began again to blow—the hot, scorching wind, and the intense heat was certainly quite appalling. The thermometer at 120 in the tent; the wind so hot, that one continued perpetually in a state of perspiration, though not stirring.
from the tent. We found ourselves quite unable to touch food this afternoon; for, even if our tough fowl and mouldy biscuits had been inviting, still, we were so languid and prostrate, that all appetite had left us—it was truly wretched.

On comparing notes, and consulting upon our prospects, we decided upon starting early in the afternoon, as we now knew that we were near the skirts of the desert, and endeavouring, if possible, to reach Luxor (a distance of thirty-two miles, we were told) the next day. So we had the tent taken up at three in the afternoon, being assisted by the villagers. I observed everyone of these villagers, and three-fourths of the men of our party, had either one joint of the forefinger or of the thumb of the right hand cut off.

On my asking the question as to how this came to be the case, I was told that it was because they feared being taken up as soldiers by Mohammed Ali, and thus they rendered themselves incapable of serving. Here was an exhibition of the cruel consequences resulting from the fear of tyranny, which was, I think, more heartrending to witness, and more revolting to contemplate in the acts of despotism which the history of this man’s career records. Thus the custom, from time immemorial, in the East, may teach us to understand the hardened cruelty which he evinced in sending the multitudes to work at the canal which lies between the Nile and Alexandria, and that without implements; and the heartless and worldly policy of governments might teach us to forgive him for the wholesale slaughter of the Mamelukes. But this scene revealed to us a dreadful wholesale oppression which went to the hearts and the homes of every inhabitant of his dominions. A wild curse came up against him from every homestead, sealed with the tears of women and the blood of children—

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder—nothing but thunder.

O, but man, proud man!
Dress in little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angel’s weep."

Here, then, we got ready for moving onwards to Hujajee, which was the village on the margin of the desert, where we supposed our tools would be at an end. The marsh was, however, exceedingly trying: the sand was deep, and we sauk, when walking, nearly up to the ankles. I walked nearly the whole way, but thought even the plodding through the sand was preferable to the motion of being jolted by the camel. I had my shoes torn to pieces.

When we reached Hujajee it was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and we sent the guide for horses, and, calling a halt, lay down on the sand, without pitching our tent, and slept till he returned, which was about 4:30 A.M. He brought with him three horses which were active and strong enough. The saddles were high and unwieldy, and the stirrups resembled immense fire-shovels; however, such as they were, the riding on them was an agreeable change to what we had gone through the last few days, either seated on a camel or walking through the sand.

We galloped onwards. Our friend who had to be carried in the arm-chair, following now at his ease. When the day broke we found ourselves on the margin of the desert; we saw around us fields of corn and Indian maize, houses and inhabitants. The contrast was very striking, and seemed to us abrupt, as indeed it was. The celerity of progression on these steeds, was also not the least of the pleasant sensations which we experienced, as really the 11 miles when one is plodding along with the camels is very slow work. The camel, which derives his name from the Greek, to labour, is a slow, sluggish, laborious, hard-working, quadruped. His Persian name, "The ship of the desert," describes him also well; but his fellow labourer, and the beast which he most resembles in form, is on the contrary the most swift, and the animal best calculated for express messages; and he is also called from a Greek word meaning a runner.

The dromedary has been known to go twenty miles in an hour. The country which we passed through, had certainly the greatest appearance of abundance and fertility. It much resembled in appearance the most fertile of the upper provinces in India just before the spring crop is cut. The inhabitants that we saw were well-dressed, and seemed to be in a thriving condition. Our joy at the first-sight of the Nile was such as desert travellers alone can feel. It was

"Like the first sparkle of the desert spring."

We took off our clothes and ran into it. We luxuriated in the refreshing purity of its waters. After coming out we were also rejoiced to find ourselves accommodated with a fine cleanly commodious boat which had been sent up the river from Cairo by the agent, together with a guide, and the requisite number of rowers. The river at this time of the year when it was most shallow, was about half a mile across. When we drew up our horses by the banks of the Nile, and got on board the boat after bathing in the waters, it was about ten a.m. The place which we were at the anchor in, was just opposite the temple at Luxor. We stayed all the afternoon on board as it was rather too hot for moving about, but at six in the evening we set off to the temple of Luxor. The columns of pillars which support the portico on the western side of the building are the most striking objects in the whole of its structure. We approached the building by the northern face, which is inland, and saw before us noble propylon, formed of immensely large stone. On this we could trace the carving illustrative of the conquest of Thebes by Sisostris. The different scenes, the
conquerors in their chariots, the opposing force in theirs, the success of the victors as they pursued either in chariots or on foot, clearing their way through the wounded and dying around them, the chiefs in their chariots as they rushed from the field, or were precipitated from the heights in its vicinity, exhibiting the gestures of terror or despair—all these were cut out in a spirited and striking manner, exhibiting the skill of these early sons of the desert; but, though the scenes and the figures could be recognised by one who had read of them, still, the lapse of time had obliterated many of the lines which had been originally carved. There had been two obelisks standing on each side of this propylon; one of which now stands in the centre of the Place de la Concorde at Paris, and the other in the same peaceful desert scene which it has adorned for more than three thousand years. It is covered from the top to the bottom with hieroglyphics. Two figures of sphynxes of gigantic proportions are on each side of the propylon. They are of beautiful white marble but dilapidated, the faces mutilated and a great part of the front form much marred. They are in a sitting position. I climbed up and measured one of the ears and found it to be two feet in length. In the inside of the temple, the pillars, porticoes, and halls, with stone roofs, were all of them in the same massive, gigantic, colossal style. The ignoble huts and dwelling-places of the native Arabs; however, being adjacent to the exterior greatly choked up the different approaches to the building, and spoiled its effect. I do not give the measurement; but large as its proportions are, they dwindle into insignificance when compared to those of the temple of Carnac. We stayed here till night, and then returned to our boat.

The next morning we set off early to go and see the ruins of the temple of Carnac. By the direction of our guides, we proceeded to the building from the western approach. When we arrived at about half a mile’s distance from the first propylon, we saw the mounds indicating the site of the sphynxes which formerly lined the avenue the whole way up to the grand temple. There are now left only two of these figures perfect. But the fragments of the bodies of many still stand, and attest the existence of these costly massive statues which had been cut out of the solid syeneite in such grand proportions, that a man of ordinary size standing reached about to their shoulders. The first propylon is still perfect, the gate in its centre nearly fifty feet high, and, as usual with all the works here, covered both on the sides, the front and the rear from top to bottom with hieroglyphics. Over this, as over every other gateway which we passed, I observed in the centre over the top, a globe with a serpent on each side of it. As to deciphering the myriad of figures which a splendid but mysterious art or religion found it necessary to have carved on the fanes dedicated to its rites, I must leave the effort to others, also the inexplicable letters or characters upon the

"Fallen columns in the shade
Of ruined walls which have survived
The names of those who reared them."

As we proceeded through the lesser building, the proportions of the fabric, the porticoes, the corridors, the pillars, and the stoneroofs, kept us sometimes gazing in rapt admiration at their grandeur. But when we left this first building and took the road to the left, we returned to the propylon which stands before the western entrance of the grand temple:

"That Titanic fabric which on Egypt’s plains
Now points to times which have no further second."

We were certainly, despite all the descriptions of travellers, unprepared to meet with such details of stupendous and magnificent architecture. The gateway to this was about 70 feet high. We saw on the exterior of the gate several names inscribed, amongst others the letters which had been carved by the soldiers of the first Napoleon, who called themselves those of the republic and who had passed this place in the first Egyptian campaign of 1798. They inscribed on the gate the names of the places which they had passed on their march. After passing this propylon we came to a court which formerly had been lined with stupendous pillars and had large wings enclosing corridors and buildings on each side. The size of the court was extensive and the pillars and statues colossal. I was most particularly struck by one of granite. I climbed up the base to measure the foot of the statue: it was a yard in length. Opposite was another of the same proportions; but on passing through the second gateway and the line of massive columns leading to what appeared to us, the inner chamber of the structure, we came to a coup d’oeil, the like of which I think exists not elsewhere in the world. A vast and lofty hall about 60 feet in height, with about 134 columns, of which nearly 120 are standing ranged round and through the spacious chamber on tiers two deep, supporting a solid stone roof. We measured the circumference of some of these columns, and found them 34 feet in compass, others were 25 feet. All were in keeping, all stately and sublime; and whatever column or wall of this mighty inclosure one chose to rest the eye upon, one saw carved in exact, but grand proportions the actions of kings, warriors and their armies. Whether they exhibited deeds of heroic valour or inflictions of cruel punishment, the speaking stones, like the pictures used by the Mexicans, told to future ages the history which the pen of no "ready writer" had been at hand to record:

Vixere fortes sae Aegyptiaca
Multis: sed omnes illaerum habiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent qua vate sacro.
It seemed as if a continued poem similar to the Iliad of Homer, descriptive of the acts of demigods and heroes, had been selected as the subject by these primitive sculptors, and nowhere in any part of the entrances had their chisels been unemployed. There were twelve entrances to this grand temple, but the figures in the men were for most part sculptured naked, but they had all head-dresses; some figures had those shaped like a bishop's mitre, others had merely two folds which stood backwards from the head obliquely, and were about a third of the length of the man's figure: they resembled two paper-cutters more than anything else which I ever saw. After passing through this grand hall, we entered another spacious corridor—the designing equally grand, the figures equally fine, and the proportions in the same style of exactness—and arrived at the large chambers, or rather halls, where the King is figured as receiving the embraces of Isis. The finishing of these halls outside is all in beautifully coloured enamelled mosaics; and as the grand hall was conspicuous for magnificence, so are these for beauty: they are, however, not so perfect as the grand hall. On leaving these we came to the four obelisks, of which now only two are standing. They are of solid granite and covered with hieroglyphics. Their height is probably 120 feet. There are many other parts of the building well worthy of an elaborate description; and at the first court of entrance, I saw a series of figures with their arms crossed, each holding a sword crossed over the breast. These were of gigantic stature. On the south side, we were shown the relics of a large building, the temple which was lined with figures of women in a sitting posture, cut out of syenite, very large, and in beautiful proportion. The eastern entrance is now nearly a heap of ruins. But the eye was positively weary with observing the different masses which surrounded one, unable as we are to ascertain their history. What a field for thought and contemplation is laid open to the imagination! Who were these beings? What were these great, these enormous domiciles intended for? The lapse of ages, the birth, splendour, and fall of empires, the religions of the Pagan, of Jupiter, of Mohammed have risen, flourished, and waned, and left this glory of the desert nearly as they found it. The magnificence, the might, the power, the halo of greatness which surrounded its name, have all been swept away, even before the time in which Athens flourished.

"Gone glimmering thro' the dream of things that were."

Homer with his poetic fervour has bestowed on it a passing episode, and we are in the dark as to anything further which history, poesy, or tradition can say.

The evening of this day we proposed to devote to seeing some more of the ruins of ancient Thebes which were on the other side of the river. Before we went we had a specimen of the sort of washing which the Arabs, the present occupants of Thebes, consider necessary to give clothes before they are to be worn. Our linen we had entrusted to some natives whom the guide had brought us from the village of Luxor, and there awaited our arrival from Carnac with cool contentment. When we got into the boat, they came aboard with a grin, spread the linen, and on opening it out, we found it had been subjected to the simple process of immersion in the Nile, like what took place in the Thames to the basket containing Sir J. Falstaff and the heap of clothes, and after staying in the river and being pounded for about half an hour, the clothes had been left to dry in the sun and brought back to us unironed, unsoaped, or unprepared, in any proper way. They wanted to be paid a piastre a-piece for them, but when we presented them with a tenth part of the sum demanded, they took it, and went off laughing, dancing, and jumping for joy. I sent for a man to cut my hair, and sat down composedly to submit to the operation; but after he had stood behind me a little while, I was somewhat startled by hearing two most unscientific clicks of the scissors, and stopping him to inspect progress, I ascertained that he had made two desperate gaps in my chevelure; so I arrested his further progress at disfigurement, and we all found that it would be advisable to defer the hopes of making a gentlemanly toilette until we should arrive at Cairo.

The people here were certainly in a great measure barbarous, but I liked their simple good-humoured ways, and they were always laughing and jesting with one another. They are a fine athletic race. When we arrived at the opposite side of the river to Luxor, the first object which we went to see was the temple of Ekbou, which is also part of ancient Thebes. And, indeed, it is supposed that the circumference of the ancient city must have taken in all these grand buildings now miles apart from one another, viz., Ekbou, Medinet, Abou, Memnonium, Luxor, and Carnac. This temple of Ekbou from its massive proportions, its size and symmetry of its pillars, and from its carved figures, would, in any other part of the world, have been considered a wonder and a beauty; but situated as it is, in a country where all these sorts of sights are so numerous, we did not devote much time to it. We proceeded from thence along the plain, and after a little while we saw two gigantic statues in a seated posture, which seemed to be only a quarter of a mile off from us; but we were deceived as to the distance, for they must have been more than four times that length. One of these is described by travellers as the vocal Memnon. The other is equal in size, and the guides and country-people gave them the names of Shammy and Dhamy, the etymology of which words I do not know. I climbed the base of the Memnon and saw that he measured twenty-two feet from the foot to the knee. They are forty feet apart, and must have been meant as lateral figures to an avenue leading to a line of buildings, no doubt proportioned in size to their
To Thebes, through the Desert.

colossal dimensions. The faces like all those which we have yet seen have been mutilated. Many more remarks made by antiquarians relative to the speaking Memnon, the dilapidation and the restoring of its members, suggested themselves to us, but I was content to see merely what was before our eyes with regard to these statues, and to leave the elaborate treatment of the subject to more learned heads. There they stand, now grim mementoes of the greatness of which they formed a part, and which has long passed away.

We passed onward about a mile to the east, and the guide led us to the ruins of Medinet Abou. This is a most magnificent temple with two courts leading to a superbly fine inner one; the columns surrounding which are square, solid, lofty, and grand. They inclose a most spacious corridor, and before each of them there is a colossal figure with his arms crossed, holding in each a sword. The figures are about 16 feet in height. The carving of these figures is executed in a spirited and characteristic manner. This fine enclosure which in its style must have had such a gloomy and sublime effect, had had the grandeur of its proportions much deteriorated by one of the Ptolemies, who built a row of modern-shaped pillars in front of each of the majestic square columns, the pillars being comparatively small, of the light Corinthian order, were totally out of character. Some English traveller obtained permission from the pasha to remove them; but they still stand.

We next went to visit the Memnonium, where is the figure of Sesostris (it is said by many the most gigantic of all the statues here), now prostrate and mutilated. This is said by artists also, though so colossal, to be quite faultless in its formation. The head of the figure, as it lies on the ground, is seven feet high, and the rest of the proportions are conformable to this. The temple itself, like every other building here, is stupendously grand. In the art where the figure of Sesostris lies the columns of the eastern and the western entrance are alone left standing; the rest are now a heap of massive square granite stones. But before each of the columns there is a large statue of a man standing in the usual position, which one sees in these temples, and the figures are more colossal and better preserved than any which we have yet seen. Passing this court, through a spacious entrance, one comes to another, where the pillars are like those of Carnac, round and of the same size, but only on the north side are they left standing.

After viewing these ruins I think one must arrive at the conclusion that they were all built at the same time; their style of stupendous mightiness, the vast labour which must have been imposed by the potentes upon slaves in executing them; the elaborate minuteness with which every stone is carved, are all similar, and mark a designing different from any other nation, ancient or modern. But the most wonderful part of the story is the genius that could have directed the plan of such mighty structures. From whence could it borrow its sense of sublime grandeur which is shown in the design of the outlines? We know that the primitive nations, which have been discovered by Europeans, have invariably shown in the building of their fanes of worship or regal structures a gaude puerile love of ornament or an absurd perversion of taste; but here are specimens of architecture which

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime," have remained from the earliest dates, and are still in their peculiar character unrivalled. I have read a description in which it is made out that these different sites of temples were all only parts of the mighty Thebes, and that on certain occasions the figure or figures of their pagan gods were taken in triumph from one temple to another, making the whole circuit, from Luxor across the river to the Medinet Abou and Memnonium, and then again back to Carnac. There is not a vestige, nor a stone, nor a trace of the houses remaining of those who resided in the large cities—nothing left but the abrines of a pagan theology, or the mysterious symbols which, in myriads, chronicle their acts of warfare, or their expiatory offerings of devotion.

But the silent sepulchres, which are equally interesting and equally characteristic of sublimity, were situated on the same side of the river as the Memnonium, and we were determined to give up our last day to visiting them. Very early in the morning our guides came, provided with donkeys for our riding. We had a long and tiresome ride through a mountain-road, bleak, uncultivated, and destitute of any sign of herbage; and, after visiting the mountains, had to proceed at least four miles through them, till we were shown by the guides various entrances, like mines, running into the heart of each hill. Their exteriors, still, sad, and monumental, betokened anything but the amphitheatre halls of splendid and sublime magnificence which they contained. Of the twenty-three tombs here situated, the entrances to which were pointed out to us, I recollect three most particularly, and the first was called Belzoni’s tomb, from his having first penetrated to it; the two others were only known by numbers. We entered Belzoni’s first, each of us taking in our hands a wax candle, and giving one to the guide, he led us through three long and spacious corridors: their ceilings were coloured dark-green, with white stars; from this to the ground they were ornamented with innumerable hieroglyphics—symbols of birds, beasts, men, insects—each in its place, figured with exquisite skill, and coloured with a vividness and beauty, which were more brilliant than any I had ever witnessed—not the colouring of Correggio could exceed in its glow the beautiful tints which these primitive artizans had given to their figures and to their drapery. I do not here attempt to guess, or even to comment on, the meaning of those hosts of multiplied sym-
The Zilveren Bruiloft.

Bols, I know not whether any writers have satisfied the world as to their import. After these corridors we passed through three several halls, each supported by massive pillars; the surfaces of each of these were completely covered in the way in which I have mentioned that the corridors were. To speak of them separately, after passing through the first hall, we went through a long corridor, in all respects similar to the corridors which I spoke of before as having first entered, and arrived at a hall called the "Hall of Beauty," from that through another corridor to the hall of pillars, and then by a similar passage to what seemed as a crowning piece to this wonderful subterranean palace, a hall much more spacious and resplendent than any of the other two. These corridors and halls went, by a gradual descent of steps of stairs, or inclined planes, a very low depth, to the interior of the solid mountain. Out of the mountain were cut the pillars, and out of it were excavated the elaborate halls, as well as the details of all that was required to form these tombs. How they managed to draw out the stones as they went, not to speak of the immensity of labour required for all the execution, baffles my imagination to conceive. I thought I was in a fairy-land. Glowing pictures, fantastic but ingenious, perfect as though yesterday's workmen had turned away from chiselling them, the handiwork of three thousand years ago, the cunning workmanship of millions, the designing of some wonderful unknown. We gazed at the matchless hue of the colours. We were wearied and astonished while dwelling on their minute varieties. We were positively dazzled and bewildered at the wonderful spectacle. The person to whose memory the last vault had been intended, whose sarcophagus had been taken away by Belzoni, for whose fame the stupendous excavation of probably fifty years' work had been prepared, is said to be Misraim; but of this we of course are much in the dark. We went then to visit another tomb of the kings, which was not by any means so fine, as to hieroglyphics or elaborate ingenuity of work, as that which we first visited; but, in the last apartment of it, the range of columns render it superior in style of character as a mausoleum. In the third, the most remarkable particular which we noticed was a very long sarcophagus of solid stone, which was 45 feet in length, and high and broad in proportion.

We did not care to explore any more of these mighty excavations; neither did we visit the tombs at Gornou, where we found numbers of natives with pieces of mummy-cases, offering them for sale. After seeing the tombs we decided upon leaving the place of anchorage the next day for Ghenay. We sailed early in the morning, with the current in our favour. We arrived at Ghenay at 11 A.M. On our way, we perceived that the banks of the Nile were well cultivated with cotton, wheat, tobacco, and Indian-corn.

(To be continued.)

THE SILVEREN BRUILOFT.

(A Reminiscence of Haarlem).

BY MRS. C. A. WHITE.

"If madam would do him the honour to step into his house, he would shew her a book in which the whole history of the thing was given, with the dates (which, however, he was quite certain of), and the name of the intrepid lady." The history in question had reference to certain little oval d'oeulges, with an edging of quilled lace round them, which we had observed in our exploration of Haarlem, hanging where the knocker would be on an English door, at two, nay three, of the houses. Two of them were lined with pink, but the third was partly eclipsed by the introduction of a slip of white paper at the upper end—they were signs, the "Commissionaire" informed us, that two sons and a daughter had just been added to the population of the town. It is a custom, my dear ladies, only proper to this flowery region; in no other part of the Dutch Netherlands, or elsewhere, is it to be seen; and of course there exists a local cause for its appearance. The story is as follows:—When the Spaniards, in the year of our Lord 1572, besieged Haarlem, a lady inhabitant, named Renau, Simons, Haasselaar, armed and put herself at the head of three hundred wives and daughters of the citizens, and assisted the garrison in its defence. The bravery of the defenders, stimulated by the conduct of their women allies, was proof against the arms of the besiegers; but famine effected what force could not, and when everything that could be converted into food had been exhausted, the town surrendered, and the vanquishers marched in. In that hour of victory, however, the Spanish General, with the natural chivalry of his nation, and an innate sympathy with heroic
action, marked his sense of the women’s heroism by commanding, at the sacking of the city, that wherever one lay in child-bed, a white cloth should be bound upon the hammer-head on the door, and that house should be respected. Beils have superseded hammer-heads at Haarlem, but in remembrance of the fair Hasselaar’s bravery and the white cloth which anciently covered hammer-head, at every birth that takes place in the town (without reference to rank or station) these curious little souvenirs are always exhibited. The “Commissionaire’s” house lay a little distance from the Grande Marché with its ancient Exchange, (now metamorphosed into the butchers’ market-house), the solemn-looking cathedral, with its silver chimes, and the Stadhuis, and statue of Lawrence Coster. It was a corner house in what is called Zilstraat, and had a little boutique on one side of the door, with a pretty but modest display of ribbons and millinery. As I stepped into the shop, and laid the beautiful group of gladious, with which the polychromist, M. van de Velde, had presented me on the counter, the faces of two young women appeared at an open door in the interior, and at a word from the bon père, with becks and smiles that spoke a world-wide language, invited me to enter. As I did so, a tall finely-formed woman, scarcely middle-aged, with a face that a Dutch painter might have given to the Madonna without doing injustice to his subject, rose up from a table, littered with fragments spread out like a sacrifice at the shrine of Fashion, which was represented by one of those ugly poufies which the prettiest little cap imaginable could not make pleasant-looking, and motioned me to a seat, with a gentle courtesy that had something in it much more refined than the mere placid self-possession which all Dutch women, whatever their rank, appear to enjoy. Imagine a broad, calm forehead, and oval face, with features expressive of the utmost benignity (gentleness is too passive a quality to express the active kindliness there was in her looks), and deep-set eyes, that, not to slander their sweet prototypes, were like blue violets with the dew on them—the most remarkable and beautiful blue eyes I have ever seen in woman, and not the least beautiful for an occasionally abstracted look, and an expression of command, tempered perchance by sorrow, into sweetness. Neither of her daughters were like her, though the one inherited her fine person, and the other her smiling face, without the shade of sadness that gave it its most touching charm; I could scarcely keep from looking at her, and thinking how beautiful she must have been at their age, and wondering what there was about the woman that, in spite of her simple dress and common-place employment, made her seem superior to them, and set you yearning how she could be the wife of the “Commissionaire,” whose good breeding I attributed to the companionship his calling threw him into, and whose appearance was little calculated to make a casual observer regard him twice, except that his intelligence, another necessity of his profession, now and then struck you as being of a more original character than one ordinarily finds in this class of persons. He was a small delicate-looking man, with a mild attenuated physiognomy, a large forehead, and fine hair that had been wavy, and was not yet gray; but I perceived with regret, what had not before struck me while hurrying him about, and asking him hosts of questions upon every possible local subject, that he was suffering from excess of physical debility, and that what had seemed to me an unpleasant expression about the mouth, was caused by the drawing down of the muscles from habitual but suppressed pain. After resting himself for a few seconds, the “Commissionaire” withdrew to look for the book he had promised me, and the two young women returned to their employments, while Madame, whose eyes had followed with anxious solicitude the movements of her husband, turned to mine, and reading my thoughts, exhausted her little stock of French to assure me, “It was not the cost of the book; I have said it already, his plaint he suffered from—sitting agreed with him still less than walking, and he felt it more when his pupils were with him than when he had visitors to attend to.” “Mynheer was then a schoolmaster?” “No, not quite that, the law prevented him from teaching openly, but he had some scholars “es secrets,” perhaps Madame would amuse herself by looking at his books,” and pointing to a well-filled case near the window in the next room, she rose, and with a little graceful action of apology, left me, conscious, perhaps, that the search for the memoir was but a feint on her husband’s part to hide the paroxysms of pain from which he suffered. If the appearance of the fair vrouw had surprised me, the aspect of this little chamber did still more; for it resembled nothing that I had before seen but the chapel of “La Sainte Vierge” during her fete week at Amiens, only that instead of ivy leaves and white roses, the green festoons suspended from the ceiling and weaving the walls were composed of pine boughs and silver flowers, and a crown of the same dark foliage and shining blossoms hung in the middle of the room, while, wherever a bouquet could be placed, the most lovely flowers appeared. What could it mean? I was as much at fault as in examining the contents of the book-case, which I found crowded with German, Spanish, Italian, English, French, and Dutch authors. In the midst of my floral and literary puzzle, the “Commissionaire” and his wife made their appearance; and Mynheer, quite pleased with my astonishment, placed before me a newspaper a week old, strongly scented with tobacco smoke, where, under the head of “Zilven Bruiloft,” his name, and that of his wife, Cornelij, born Halzafft, appeared with several others. It was an old custom, he went on to tell me, a fete which is always kept in Holland when persons have been married twenty-five years. When a couple have lived happily together twelve years, they have what is called “Copper
Bruilofk," when the apartment is decked in the same way, only copper foil is used for the ornaments instead of silver; but those who live to enjoy fifty years of wedded life are privileged to deck their pine wreaths with gold, and this is called the "Golden Bruilofk." "Two days ago," Madame continued, the "Commissionaire," losing all appearance of pain in the pleasure of the remembrance, "two days ago this apartment could not contain all the friends who came to congratulate us. It is customary to put an advertisement in the paper, when all the persons who desire to do so, call upon the happy couple and tender their felicitations. It is a simple but most interesting rite—a sort of renewal of the bye-gone ceremony, a fresh starting-place for old affections. "Ah, Madame, I am so sorry that my wife—my vrouw—cannot tell you; she understand French, but she do not like to speak it, she speak still worse English, and my daughters, as you may have discovered, know little of either, though they speak very good Dutch. I have done my best to persuade them into learning languages, but they think with your great poet what you call Milton, that one tongue is plenty for a woman—regardez, madame," he continued, running off to the other room and returning with his arm full of books—for, like other scholars, the "Commissionaire" possessed a spice of pedantry—"it is not for the want of the rudiments that they are ignorant," and with an air of much approbation, he spread out on the table a dozen elementary volumes in the languages of the authors I had observed filling the book-case. We have all our weaknesses—the vanity of language was Mynheer Hygh's. "Twice every day," he went on, "I give instruction to a few young men in these languages, so I leave you to judge, Madame, if it is for want of opportunity that they are unable to converse with you. To be sure," he continued, sinking his voice, and with a subdued expression on his worn face, "facility in acquiring them is the gift of Heaven, and besides, poor things, they have so much to do in other ways that when evening comes they want relaxation, not study." "It must have required great application on your part, Mynheer, to have obtained a knowledge of so many languages," I observed. "Not so much as you might suppose, Madame. In my youth I was taught German and French; Dutch is my native tongue, and my profession—for we were not always as you see us now—took me into foreign countries, and I profited by it to learn the languages of each—it was no trouble to me, but rather a delight." "We were not always as you see us now!" It is astonishing how a little mystery piques one's interest: I longed to learn his story, and that of his beautiful wife, but delicacy forbad my inquiring it. Madame Hygh, meanwhile, seeing that her good man had mounted his hobby, had incontinent left us to the discussion of languages; while the poor teacher, pleased to find a listener who appreciated his mental toils, and, moreover, delighted with my admiration of the "delicate town of Haarlem," as dear old Evelyn calls it, and the interest I had exhibited for its antiquities, and his really pleasant discourse thereon, presently looked into my face, as if to ascertain if he might depend on his own impulse, and hurried perhaps by that longing for sympathy which sounds so grateful in foreign accents as in our mother tongue—he soon solved all that was problematical in their position. In his young days he had had the honour, he said, to bear a commission in the Dutch navy, but previously, while finishing his education at Leyden, he had become acquainted with his wife. "We were both very young," he went on, seeing that he had fastened my attention, "but our love seemed full grown from the first, and neither time nor my long absence had any effect in weakening it. Not that either of us were without our trials—we had both the misfortune to belong to moneyless but good families, and our friends on both sides (it is but justice to say) did their utmost to prevent its coming to an issue, well knowing that for me it could only result in the ruin of my worldly prospects; while my vrouw's temptations were quite of another kind, and resulted from a repetition of more wealthy and flattering overtures—could I be less generous than she. Ah! no: and so it was the old story, madame, we resolved not to live without each other, but as we have a law in the Dutch service that no lieutenant shall marry unless the lady possess £1,000, or he himself a private fortune equivalent to it, to save myself from being expelled, I gave up my commission—and we were married. We preferred each other to fortune and the whole world, and we wedded in her despite; but ah! madame," sighed Mynheer, with a softened eye, and a little sadness in his tone, "she has owed us a grudge ever since, and has repented herself. And yet," he rejoined, his pale face as suddenly lighting up, "I believe we have neither of us regretted it: at least, for my part, were it to be done again, I would do it. You see my vrouw now, madame," he continued, looking tenderly towards the other apartment, in which she was busied, "therefore I need not say what she was then. And yet her fair looks are the least of her perfections; she has compensated to me for the loss of friends and fortune, and my 'Zilveren Bruilof,' shared with her," and he lifted his blue eyes, bright with emotion, to the green crown trembling with the light air above his head, "seems a prouder title to me than the crowning of a king." "Mynheer," I said, with a little natural shake in my voice, "you are quite eloquent in my language." "Ah! madame, am I so happy," he rejoined, bowing, "as to make you understand me; but there is something omniscient in the minds of poets: they comprehend all feelings." "But you are mistaken in me," I replied, smiling, "if you imagine me a poet, though I confess to very often perpetrating prose." "Ah! 'tis all the same," cried the learned "Commissionaire," "prose is often very good poetry; and you spoke like a poet to-day beside the monument
in the Bois to Laurence Coster. If I had not heard you so speak, madame," he went on, "I had not spoken of myself to you; but, as a struggler in the thorny path—a humble one indeed, but yet as tender skinned as any—I felt that you would understand me; and not feel gêned by this little history of myself." "On the contrary," I replied, "you interest me amazingly, but you have not yet told me all. Why, with your education and talents, did you set yourself down in this seemingly torpid place, instead of moving to the capital, where languages are in request, and where, amongst its numerous publishers, you might have found employment as a translator?" "Ah! madame, your usages are so different from ours, that you will be surprised to hear that, even without a competitor, and in the privacy of this quiet town, I run the risk of fines and imprisonment for teaching without a licence. Self-acquired knowledge in this country has no recognised claim to propagate itself, at least at present. In six months' time the prohibition will be taken off, thanks to the more liberal spirit that has recently crept in amongst us, but hitherto wanting the certificates of the schools, and the necessary formula of having past certain examinations, I have only been enabled to give lessons secretly—a state of things that necessarily cramps not only one's exertions, but even their remuneration; and some people, knowing how one is situated, square their economy by our condition—a saving of a few guilders being with the majority of more consideration than social justice. Four lads come to my house twice a day to take lessons, and I have besides two private tuitions; but ostensibly my occupation is that of a "Commissionaire," a situation never of my own choosing, but which has grown out of necessity. There is not in the twenty-six thousand inhabitants of Haarlem more than two or three English persons, and only one other who imperfectly understands the language; the consequence is, that my towns- men unanimously fixed upon me to be the interpreter between them and their visitors, and whenever an English traveller arrived, he was either guided hither from his inn, or I was sent for to point out whatever was worth notice, and give such other information as was desired. Unhappily I had compiled a little History of Haarlem, which thus pointed me out to my townsman as having the most to say about it. Well, madame, this sort of involuntary responsibility to amuse and be the mouthpiece of travellers to the town, very often broke in upon my other engagements, and up to this time a false delicacy had stood in the way of its being as serviceable to me as it might have been—and, besides that, I needed the cover of some ostensible calling—I made up my mind to become in name what I had long been virtually, and to accept for my children's sake the gratitude accidental to the office; but previously, my dear lady, I had tried my fortune as an author, and had failed. Poetry and the legends of my land were exchanged for the recollections of my travels. A few copies sold, just sufficient to pay the publishers and produce me a pittance, at which I blushéd as I received it. Nevertheless I was subsequently induced to undertake what seemed so necessary a work in a commercial city, that though the prosecution of it was like a penance for having deserted the flowery fields of poetry and romance I completed it, and expected to realize by its sale the reward of my industry and painful calculations; but another publisher had, in the meanwhile, learned his rival's intention, and while mine was passing through the press forestalled its appearance by a work almost similar. It was an elaborate little volume, with the value of the coins of every country, accurately calculated, and exchanged into the Dutch currency, and but for the circumstance I have mentioned, might have been universally popular in merchants' offices, and at the Bourse. By the time it appeared, however, every opening was supplied, and some hundred copies lie mouldering on the bookseller's shelves, at Amsterdam. My history of Haarlem, a speculation of an entirely private nature, has shared as hopeless a fate; for English travellers, for whom it was compiled, now come armed with "Murray's Guide Book," which gives them as much information as they usually require, more indeed than the time they commonly spend here allows them to makeuse of. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that I have entirely abandoned literature." "She appears to have treated you with even more than her usual harshness," I said. "And in return, madame," cried the "Commissionaire," gaily, "I have grown indifferent to her; teaching and my commissions pay me much better; and in another six months, when I shall be enabled to set up school, I shall be as happy as it is possible for a man who knows he has but a limited time to live." I looked at his thin hand, and pain-worn face, and thought that after the story he had told me, these might be accounted for without physical disease; but I recollected what Madame Hygh had said, and he went on to explain to me, that he had been suffering for a long period, from a curseless and terrible form of spinal complaint, which occasioned the narrow to shrink inch by inch, so that his very days were counted; two years he said was the utmost the physicians said he could live—yet there he sat telling me with a placid look the incidents of his life's history. "It is quite true, Madame," he continued, "that I love the delicious wood of Haarlem, and the fresh air, and my children's voices, and my wife's kind face, and these my pleasant companions (pointing to the book-case), far too well to wish to die; but if it be God's will I am content, even in knowing my appointed time; I am better off than those who are snatched away without warning. I have put my few worldly affairs in order, and if, as you kindly suggest, there may be hope for me out of the power of the physicians to foretell, I have but to live so that I shall not fear to die—to be prepared in any case." "You are happy, indeed," I said checking my emotion, "to look upon
so sad a subject so patiately." "Ah, Madame," answered the good man, "where would be the use of my kicking against a destiny so inevitable, and to which however long we put it off, we must all come! My days will have been but few, and, if I had not early called philosophy to my aid, I might have added full of trouble; but I have learned to judge my own circumstances by those of other people, and you do not know, dear madame, what a balance of blessings this sort of reasoning occasionally leaves us. It was sorrowful indeed to be the cause of bringing that good woman (looking with proud affection at his wife, who had just returned, and had seated herself near me) into all the troubles my changed position has imposed upon her; but her own cheerful temper and brave heart has made them light, where another disposition would have rendered them unendurable. As for my children, they have never known any other station; they are good and happy—may God keep them so!—and for myself I perceive, though things have gone hard with me, they might have been much worse. My house is but a poor one, it is true, but it is not a hovel. I do not wear a fine coat, yet it is not in rags: if we have not dainties, still we have sufficient; and though I have no fine acquaintance left, I have my fond wife, and my gay, good-natured daughters, and three or four light-hearted lads, that make me young again, while I look at their sunny faces and hear their happy dreams of the world of which they know nothing, and hope so much. Ah! voila! I must be excused, if you please, madame; they are come. My daughters will walk with you round the boulevards;" and as an expression of the most intense suffering passed over his face as he attempted to rise, madame stepped forward and assisted him. "When I returned to take my farewell, as I had promised, I found the "Commissionaire" propped up with cushions in an arm chair, smoking at the head of a table covered with books, translations, &c., with a group of merry-looking faces about him, as full of intelligence as fun. He had been making notes for me in my absence of all that he thought would interest me in the memoirs of the town, and so grateful and delighted were these good people with the sympathy one must have been had indeed to have withheld from them, that it was only by stratagem I could impose the douceur that the "Commissionaire" had earned. Very often since I have brought back the physiognomies of the fine-looking Dutchwoman and her sickly husband, as they stood together under the green boughs of their "Zilveren Bruiloft," wishing me God speed on my journey. Nor have I quite forgotten the philosophy of the gentle teacher, so modest in everything but his gift of tongues. And I would advise everyone, when hard tried, to make essay of his happy rule, and judge their circumstances by those of others; in a thousand instances they too would find a balance of blessings in their favour.

LEAVES FROM MY MEDITERRANEAN JOURNAL.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

CHAP. XI.—THE PYRAMIDS.

On disembarking at the Pyramid Cheops, I found the dragoman awaiting my arrival. He had already dispatched the rest of our party up the larger pyramid, accompanied by the usual Arab guides, or more properly speaking, helpers. To "tell off" a guide for me was merely the work of a moment, as a tall, powerful, highly-equipped Arab, named Abdallah, which was also, if memory serves me right, the name of the father of the Prophet, stood ready to undertake the direction of my climbing operations. The scanty dress of my little friend allowed his muscular limbs full play, thus testifying to his physical fitness for assisting tourists in the laborious undertaking of mounting the huge blocks of stone, of which the pyramid is composed. Abdallah, not satisfied with the favourable impression created by his physique, kept impressing upon me by reiterated statement, that he was "a plenty stronk (strong) Arab"—a fact I had abundant experimental evidence of, both in the ascent as far as I went, and in the subsequent descent. As soon as I signified my readiness to begin, Abdallah seized fast hold of me and ascending the first series of blocks commenced to haul me up, another plenty stronk Arab assisting by the application of via a tergo. In order to give some adequate idea of the labour involved in this operation, and the exertion it imposed upon all three of us, I may mention that the vertical height of the Pyramid in question is 456 feet. The first course of stones is embedded in the solid rock foundation to a depth of eight inches. The area of the platform is about 1907 square feet, each side being 32 feet 8 inches. Whether the pyramid ever had a completing apex I cannot
say, but if so, and built on the same scale, it would add some 20 feet, or more, to the present height. The steps are 303 in number, the height of the first, the lowermost being over 4½ feet, and then decreasing gradually as they go up till the top is reached, where their height is rather more than a foot and a half. The largest pyramid is named after its builder Cheops, King of Egypt, and the date of its construction is said to be 900 B.C. History assigns a space of 20 years to the construction of this gigantic pile, and further states that it gave employment to 100,000 men. There is no reasonable doubt that the object for which this pyramid was constructed was that it might serve as a mausoleum. The chambers in the interior are cut in the solid rock, and are said to have contained human remains when first entered, although only the sarcophagus now remains. Leaving ancient history, however, for the present, I must resume my narrative.

By the time I had accomplished the ascent of about half the pyramid’s height, I found that I had had quite enough of it. On “calling a halt,” my guides suspended their labours, expecting me to resume the ascent when sufficiently rested. As soon, however, as they became aware of my intention to give up the “Excellior” progress, and begin the descent, they saw at once that without their assistance the latter would be still more difficult for me than the former. My difficulty being the guide’s opportunity, my plenty strong friend Abdallah made it the occasion for urgently soliciting backschiesch. It was in perfect keeping with Arab cunning and cupidity to perceive that I was then in the most helpless position, and that “the tide in the affairs of men,” at least so far as it regarded his hopes of extra reward, was at the full, and so he redoubled his solicitations. It was in vain that I told him that all our arrangements were in the hands of the dragoman, that the latter had, moreover, already paid the usual gratuity to the Shiek, his master, &c. His solicitation was continued as follows: “Give it he something, Shiek, no give it he noting, give it he something he self.” To this I replied “that although disposed to give him a small extra gratuity consequent upon present good conduct, as subsequent to our safe descent, I should by no means be induced to do so under pressure of the fix he was keeping me in by suspending further assistance in my downward progress.” To this arrangement—evidently not what had been calculated upon—Abdallah and his assistant were at length reluctantly forced to yield, and the order of our going was then resumed. I can easily fancy, from the annoyance I experienced when so critically situated, how much ladies must frequently suffer from the cupidity and meaner intimacies of these guides. The work of climbing to a height of some 500 feet, with the additional pleasure (?) of being both dragged and pushed is a laborious one to be accomplished even by a man. How a lady ever manages to perform the ascent even with the addition of the use of a footstool, employed as intermediate step, I cannot say. I am afraid my experience of the feat in question prevents my sympathizing with the fair sex in any annoyances they meet with when engaged in what I can scarcely consider a very lady-like exploit. I may, however, mention that the modes of the extortion in their case is, to conduct them in safety to the top, if they desire it; and, when descending in the return journey, to pause and demand extra backschiesch. If this be paid at once the descent proceeds, but if not, the use of the footstool is withheld, which rendering a lady still more helpless, soon brings her to terms; and the rascally Arab pockets an extra gratuity, without having to account for it to the Shiek, or chiefstain. On descending, I of course “kept faith” with my plenty strong Arabs, as far as giving them the promised extra gratuity; although I must admit, that regarding it as a sheer extort, its amount was anything but commensurate with their desire. The dragoman meanwhile had not been idle, and rightly divining that our early morning’s ride and climbing exploits would combine to make us as hungry as hunters, had prepared breakfast. A huge block of stone, one of the nethermost range of Cheops, served as table; and a more massive one could not well be imagined. “Festive-board” there was indeed none, but its absence did not materially interfere with our enjoyment of the viands provided for our entertainment. Cold chickens, sandwich-slices of bread and meat, as well as freshly boiled eggs and steaming coffee, supported by loaves of Egyptian baking, made up the staple components of our dejener sans fourchette. As our purveyor had amply provided, and as we came to the repast under all the stimulating influence of hunger, I need scarcely say, that ample justice was done to the outspread viands. Breakfast having been at length cleared away, and the debris distributed among the expectant Arabs, we proceeded to hold a consultation, or “palaver,” as the Indian tribes say, as to the next object to be visited. The inspection of the interior of the Pyramid of Cheops being the feat resolved upon by this council of war, without further preface, proceed to describe it. Repairing to the north front of the pyramid, we easily found the entrance which, though at a height of fourteen or fifteen tiers from the base, is accessible, thanks to the rubbish in front. The opening is little more than a square yard wide, and the immediate descent is of such a breakback description that, through the first and a succeeding ascending passage we required to be “guided” as it is called. “Guiding,” however, I found to mean in this as in the case of climbing the pyramid, being dragged and pushed by two Arabs, a number of attendants deemed necessary for each explore. The king’s chamber is the “Iran” of the interior, containing as it does the now empty tomb of Cheops. To reach this, however, we had rather hard work; as the being dragged by one Arab on either hand is not a comfortable mode of travelling. To add to our discomfort we had no pure air, and the heat of the lighted candles carried by our attendants augmented our discomfort. The passage leading to the king’s chamber ascends
at a considerable angle by a rude stair-like passage, the steps of which are mere indentations in the shining marble. At last we reached the desired goal, the king's chamber. Here we found a large stone sarcophagus, but without any trace of the lid being still in existence. Should the mortal remains of Cheops ever have occupied this resting-place they have since been so perfectly removed, as to leave no trace of that fact other than the presence of an empty lidless stone trough, similar to that visible in the better class of museum, from which a mummy has been removed. Whilst within the interior of the pyramid a second demand for extra backskiesch is demanded by my two guides, one of whom suggested in a seemingly disinterested way that the correct thing was to give the two personal attendants a joint gratuity of "half a sovereign, to be afterwards fairly divided between them!" A demand like this—under the then existing circumstances, being made at a time of no danger or difficulty of position to the tourist—was justly treated with ridicule. The Arabs finding their attempts to extort vain, "made the best of a bad bargain," and went on. The king's chamber, as the vault-proper is called, is a chamber cut in stone; its roof is its greatest curiosity, being composed of nine slabs of granite, nine feet long by over three feet wide. The height of the roof is nearly twenty feet, and the extent of the cavern is 34 by 17 feet. The vault was excavated, historians say, first, and the pyramid built around and above it. The sarcophagus is an unimposing stone trough of some seven feet in length, and but for tradition there would be no corroborative evidence of its tenant having been the dead body of Cheops, seeing that there are no hieroglyphics upon its surface. We were very glad to emerge from this not very cheerful spot, and on regaining the lower and purer air outside, were able to set at nought the vociferous demands of our guides. Really if you were to backskiesch every one that solicits it in the east, one's hand would be ever making passage to and from the money-containing pocket of one's attire. When once more divested of the society of our tormenting guides, whose latest demand was founded upon the plea of covering the cost of the candles expended in showing us the interior, we had time and opportunity for observation again of the Cheop's pyramid ab extra. The material is limestone, but how, and by what artificial appliances these immense blocks were successively raised upon each other is, I fancy, as little certainly known now as it was some hundreds of years ago. Our reflections upon the scale on which the pyramids are built were shortlived; as a more modern, if not vulgar interest was presented in a contest of speed and agility, entered upon by several of the Arab guides, who began a race the scope of which embraced the ascent and still more rapid descent of the pyramid. I fear I cannot register the names of the rival runners, nor can I describe the exciting features of the race in terms at all adequate. One was first in the long race, as generally occurs in most races. I cannot say I envied them the pleasure or exertion of such an excitement, and in compliment to their exploit I shall now conclude the present chapter.

WRITING FROM LIFE.

BY ADA TREVANNION.

In the sunshine and in the gloom
By day and night—
Alone, within this silent room,
I write, and write.
Albeit, though I work so hard,
'Tis not for bread,
Nor yet to win the world's regard
When I am dead.
Sad thoughts which stung my heart to pain
I cast away;
But they returned to me again,
More keen each day.
I thought it vain to struggle more
In woe's despite:
My false and dreaming peace was o'er,
And now I write,

Amid the slowly gath'ring tears
Unmarked which fall:
The story of the wasted years
I can't recall.
These opening leaves are smooth and fair—
So was my life;
Till my heart entered, unaware,
Upon the strife.
How blurred the latter pages look!
But drops of shame
May never from the truthful book
Blot out one name!
Why do I linger o'er the part
Where I should speed?
Since whether swells or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not heed.
Here—well, it little matters now;
I will be strong;
For weary frame and throbbing brow
May rest ere long.
The task will soon be at an end,
In grief begun;
Which will be hardest, foe or friend,
When it is done.
Who, citing scripture and the law
To bow my neck,
Will say, Let her who hath have more;
The wrecked bear wreck?
I shall not heed them; o'er my head
The grass will grow:
To some I yet may speak—though dead—
Let it be so.
A YEAR OF BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.
(From a Lady's Journal in 1864.)
ARRANGED BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.
IN TWO PARTS.

Jan. 11th, 1864.—I met an old "wise saw" somewhere lately—"A diligent pen supplies thought and memory," which reminded me that for some time mine has been anything but a "diligent" one. However, what between the farm business, the household affairs, and my boys and girls, the youngest now over seven years old, I have had so little time to spare, that I cannot blame myself much, as when all my work was over, only to begin again, I felt more inclined to lie down than to set about journalizing. But I am determined to be very "diligent" this year, and to set down "the story of our lives" in the bush as regularly as possible, and by way of earnest of my good intentions, have scribbled so far, on this the first day of the new year. I write with open door and windows, the roses blowing in through them, and my pet parrot running in and out, praising his own beauty as "sweet pretty polly;" the three young ones are learning their lessons, sitting beside me; all the rest are gone to the farm, I mean the home one, which we have entirely laid out as pasture land, and where we keep a dairy, which I manage myself, with the help of a servant; and Dick my second son who goes once a week to D—d, to sell the butter, where it brings a fair price. He left this morning at three o'clock for that purpose, and is to return to-night, making a journey going and coming of nearly thirty miles. We have two other farms, each in an opposite direction to that on which we live, about four miles; and to one or other of these my husband and two of the boys go every Monday, and do not return until Saturday, so that I spend the intervening days with my dear fragile Willie and the children.

Long as I have now lived here, I sometimes still get fits of longing for more extensive society, and yet I blame myself for such weakness, as I have many—many things to be grateful for, and it is quite time that I laid aside all early associations and ideas. Bush life is very unlike the old world city life to which I was once accustomed, but it is not without its enjoyments and blessings. The awful solitude sometimes felt here, leads us to think of Him who made this mighty wilderness, makes us, so to speak, more inquiring, causes us to feel that we were not sent into this world without a purpose, but to prepare us for a better one, and I thank God that he has brought us here although the hopes with which I set out are very far from being realized; but so it ever is in this world, and no doubt it is wisely ordained so by Him who makes all things "work together for our salvation" not for time, but during that eternity so dearly purchased for us, where we shall never again be separated from those we love, where there is no more sorrow, and God shall "wipe away all tears from our eyes," where indeed we shall see that "our light afflictions which are for a moment, shall work for us a more exceeding crown of glory." How little I feel myself to be when musing amid these vast woods which in spite of geologists, I love to think have stood here since God commanded the earth to bring forth the "green herb" and the "fruit tree bringing forth fruit after its kind," and yet great too, knowing that vast as they are, that they and all they contain were made by a beneficent Creator for man's use and benefit. But even in a mere worldly view, life is not here what it is at home—at home! how inveterate is my habit to think, speak, and write, of the old place as home! There is not the same anxiety to make out a livelihood, one is not so bound down to one occupation: if one fails there is always something else to try. There are many things which may be done here which people would not even dream of doing in England or Ireland. For example: I had no hesitation in telling a female acquaintance of mine a short time back, who wrote to me for information, that if she could bring out one hundred pounds she would have no difficulty in making on an average all the year round from two to three pounds a week, and that without personal labour. The sum I mention would be sufficient to purchase a good team of horses and dray, hire a man to drive it, and buy, say four or five cows to begin with; but to be sure, she would have my husband to see after things for her, an advantage others would not have; but with care and perseverance, I have little doubt anyone might manage very well after a little time. I know for myself—only I suppose I am bashed out of all civilization—I should infinitely prefer earning money so, to the drudgery of teaching to which such numbers of women submit so patiently, I was about to write, so tamely. When my husband has any time to spare from farming, he carts timber from a saw-mill to the railway-station, and is fairly paid, he is then at home every night which is a great treat to us all, as it is really very lonely to have "dear papa" so much
away; which in this bustling, hurrying, money-seeking, hard-working, sunburning country, he must often be. We have every prospect, thank God, of a fine harvest; and now, for a first day, I think I have scribbled a great deal, so my dear new journal, as they say in the letters from "the same to the same," in old novels, "adien for the present."

21st.—In our primitive society we sometimes, I must confess (perhaps the more readily just now as it touches myself), meet ingratitude as shameless as we could possibly do in the most refined. I have heard of people being "polished out of their veracity," but it certainly does not seem to require any degree of cultivation to render some persons very unthankful. All this is apropos to the conduct of a young man who arrived here some twelve-months ago, and came direct to us, as we had known some of his friends many years back. He was utterly helpless, as he knew nothing about colonial life; was without money or suitable clothing; and being the youngest and pet of his family, was correspondingly idle and self-indulgent. We did all we could for him, lodged him with ourselves, and did everything for him as if he was my brother, taking his part even against my husband when his indolence and stupidity got him into trouble. Yet the return we get now for all is, that when he has been shamed by the example of others, even children, into some little industry, and likely to be useful during the coming season, he has just set out for the diggings, like any rough bushman, with his blanket slung over his shoulder; and to make the matter worse, in company with one of the most idle, good-for-nothing loafers in Victoria. I tried to persuade him not to go, and represented all the sufferings and disappointments almost certainly before him, but in vain; he evidently, with the cunning of a narrow mind, thought I was merely speaking for my own benefit, and only became more determined on going. I am sure I wish him success. But to one conclusion the whole thing has brought me, viz., that there is no convincing a fool; because (to quote two lines, and alter one word for the occasion) from a rather strongly expressed political ballad, in high favour some years back in green Erin,

"Like reeds on a harness of brass
Falls a volley of sense on the skull of an ass."

But in my present mood I had better lay by my pen, or I may write what I should afterwards very much regret to read—as, indeed, I fear I have done already.

27th.—It has been insufferably hot here for the past week. I lay on the bed all noon yesterday, with only the lightest garments on; but the climate is so variable that to-day is quite cool, and I had to put on several. I pitied the children those days back going to school, to which they have to walk two miles; but as they are off at half-past eight in the morning, take dinner with them, and do not get back before six in the afternoon, they escape the intense heat of mid-day. On Sunday they attend two Sunday Schools: one at 10 o'clock and one at 11; then preaching at three; so that there we all dine, and are only home to tea, which we enjoy very much after the day. We are obliged to be up early during this weather, as from twelve o'clock until evening we can do nothing. I am sure the heat in the kitchen is up to 100°. Dick and Johnnie are both obliged to give up school these busy times, as my husband is reaping, and they are both endeavouring to assist him. I found a copy to-day among my letters of a wonderful production of Dick's, in the shape of a letter to dear K——, and as this journal is all my own, I will feast my motherly old eyes by copying it, lest the valuable original should be lost. It is his first epistle to anyone, and cost him, I remember, an infinite amount of time and trouble, as it was to be warranted all his own composition:

"My dear Aunt K——,

"I am very glad to write to you. Mamma bids me tell you I am a great rough boy, and she fears you will say I ought to be a better scholar. But I am not at school as often as Willie; I must help papa, and Willie is too delicate to help him. We got the prize at the examination at school: he has a pony to ride to school: we all get him ready for him. Papa took us to the cattle-show: mamma came: we saw a beautiful white bull—such a big fellow! so fat he could scarcely move! A man held him by a ring passed through his nose. He was called after the governor, Sir Henry Barkly. Then there were such big horses! One great one was called "The Royal Oak;" another "Lothian Tam;" and a great ram was called "Billy." He was too lazy to stand, and lay quite snug all day. His little lambs were in the next pen. I was very glad to hear all their names, as they will do nicely for our chickens. We have so many we could not think of names for them all. Then we went to see the poultry. There were fowls of all countries; there were French fowls, with their feathers turned the wrong way; Poland fowls, with great big top knots; Spanish fowls, with white faces and great long red combs falling over their heads; pretty Guinea-fowls, and little Bantams, geese, and turkeys. Mamma has twenty-four Guinea-fowl of her own: they are very pretty, but very noisy. It was very nice to see them all at the show, dear Aunt; but I think they were very glad to get out of their coops and run about again. We were caught in a thunder-storm, but got home safely. I was not afraid. Frank and Kate told me to give you all the kisses the letter would hold.

"Your own,

"R. H. F——"

There: I hope K—— was interested in all his news. I forwarded the composition to her, with a few editorial remarks, which only his mother could supply. He had to write it at intervals, as his father called him
at one time to look after the cattle; at another
to help cut chaff; and again when the horses
were wanted, they had got mixed with another
"mob" (as they say here), and he had to assist in
separating them; so that, on the whole, the
poor fellow's first efforts at correspondence were
made under difficulties. How I wish my dear
Willie was as strong as heis! But he was very
poorly all the last winter, and with such a hacking
cough. He is better again now, and it is touching to see the thoughtful attention of
the other healthy noisy children to him, sparing him every little trouble and exertion
they can. How can I be otherwise than happy
and grateful while they are spared to me, so
loving and so good!

Feb. 32nd.—What a trifling incident occasions
a sensation in the Bush! Here were the boys
and young ones all excitement, and I must
acknowledge myself a little fluttered, all because
a new thrashing-machine was brought home
this evening, and between looking at them
trying it, asking news from Melbourne, and
getting supper and beds for the men who
brought it, we were all pleasant confusion. So
much so, indeed, that I am going to bed quite
late, and cannot write any more just now.

23rd.—A lull after the last two days' bustle. It
is strange how often I am consulted by people
at home about coming out here. I had a letter
last mail from a lady, well educated but now
reduced in circumstances, as to her success
in marrying, having no assistant, although his district
includes a circuit of thirty miles, and for that
space has more stations than any other clergyman
here. He has been in the district two years, and
his letters are full of his love of the bush, and
his plans for bettering the people. He has said
that he is much respected by the people, and that a school for his district is
much wanted. I have told her so, giving her
the dark and the light side of the question; she
must herself try and strike the main. But
Catholic, Protestant, or Dissecting ladies who
come here with the intention of setting up a
school or hospital, must not expect to find
their pupils among the colonial aristocracy with
the same manners which mark the "Lady Clare
de Clare" of the genuine aristocracy at home.
Their pupils will be of every age; great, over-
dressed girls, who do not know the first letter of
the alphabet from the last; in fact, what we would
call at home to be of the very lowest
class; but, with plenty of money and fine
clothes, they think themselves good enough,
naive, occasionally too good to associate with any-
one. So much for the pupils: now for the
country. People sometimes write or speak
about this "fine golden land"—what a mis-
nomer! Money is often as scarce here as it is
at home, and never obtained, except by a fortu-
nate few, but by very hard work and great pri-

vation. For farmers especially this is a
wretched place, the money goes as fast as it is
got in wages, or otherwise on the land. My
husband, for instance, can hardly understand
how I require anything for clothes for the
children, and sometimes accuses me of extrava-
gance, although every penny I can lay my hand
on goes to keep them neat (I have long since
given up all thought of finery), and make every-
thing they wear. "Whoever comes here,
leaving a comfortable home, expecting to drop
easily into another, or, having won the very
best here, hopes to find it even within many
degrees of the old one, must inevitably be dis-
appointed. This is the dark side, however;

27th.—I have just been alarmed by a
succession of shouts from my husband, who is
doing something to the new machine in the
barn. I ran off and met the servant running
also, and reached him out of breath, fancying
everything but what was really the matter, and
found him standing over an immense snake
which he held to the ground with a spade, not
daring to move until the girl killed it with an
axe. The boys killed several this season. Kate
stepped on one twice, but (thank God) escaped
uninjured. It is a pity they are so dangerous.
They are very pretty, shading into the most
lovely colours, violet, rose, green, silver, and so
on; they are sometimes nearly six feet long,
and as thick as a man's wrist. These are the
full-grown ones, others are not larger than eels;
but all are venomous, and if the part bitten
is not very quickly cantered or cut out, the bite
is always deadly. They are usually found in
grass or low scrub. The diamond snake is
very beautiful, but though it was hoped that all kinds of them would vanish before cultivation, they do not seem to be doing so. I often wish St. Patrick would do for us what he did for old Ireland, and drive them all away; it would be a great blessing to us poor settlers with young families.

March 5th.—We had a very severe winter and spring, the rain was almost continuous, and consequently our wheat crop this harvest was quite spoiled. All the wheat in the district, to be sure, shared the same fate; but I, with the usual selfishness of human nature, speak of my own loss first. My husband burned ours a week ago as it stood, to the value of two hundred and sixty pounds (or at least we had hoped it would make as much for us in the beginning of the year), as it would not pay for the labour of cutting it down. I was cowardly enough to spend that day at the Manse with our dear clergyman’s wife, as I did not like to see so much of our hard-worked-for gain destroyed. However, He who saw fit to deprive us of one has blessed us in our other crops, the oats, though partly injured by caterpillars, are very good, and the potatoes promise fairly; so that, on the whole, I am ready to say with my dear gifted and lamented friend, Mrs. James Gray,

"Let us be thankful that we have so many Blessings left."

What makes the loss of the wheat the more felt is, it is the first year of the new farm for which we pay rent, and the crop was in full ear and promised a most luxuriant yield when it was attacked with rust, which prevented the grain from ripening and shrivelled it to nothing. We shall be thrashing this week, and I heartily wish it well over, as we shall have twenty-four men, in addition to our own family of twelve, to consider, which considering that they are to have four meals a-day, will be trifling. Besides, Dick has not been at school since Christmas: he is nearly as useful as a man at farm work; but I fret that he is not a better scholar, yet considering everything, he has done a great deal. My Willie continues very well: I fear he will monopolize all the learning of the family, as he is nearly constantly reading.

22nd.—I had a letter from a friend of mine lately come out, enclosing a pretty necktie, as a present to me. I should be delighted to have her visit me, but the expense of the journey would be too much. However, I do not despair of seeing her yet, as she is equally anxious to meet me.

May 24th.—This month is very cold, and this morning very frosty, but very fine. The treacherous white-faced sun is shining brightly while I sit writing, with feet on footstool beside the fire, and an improvised desk in the shape of a large book on my knee; but even if it were the height of summer, as trouble of any kind chills me, I should be cold now, as a very unhappy occurrence has just taken place. I had since I came to live here two friends, one being Mr. N——, a man of large family, his children about the ages of mine. He was a gardener, and at one time in independent circumstances, but had latterly taken to drink; and although not constantly in the habit of indulging so perniciously, he would never return from town on market days without spending the greater part of his money. This fact had, of course, its effect on domestic affairs, so that gradually he got into debt, and, to crown all, the loss of his wheat crop this year was a very serious one; but to come to the end—the unhappy end of his career. He went to V—— a few days ago, and did not return till night. His poor wife and children sat up for him, and, after a weary watching, they at last heard the dray coming rather fast down the hill which leads to their house. Mrs. N—— took out a lantern in order to let down the rails, which we use here in place of gates, and so admit him into the yard; but the horse he drove being a young one, something had probably startled him before, and it is not unlikely that his master had drunk sufficient to render him reckless, for he either did not or could not hold the animal in, and on seeing the light he ran right off, and as unfortunately our bush roads are full of fallen timber, the dray was upset on a log and poor N—— thrown out, and the guard-iron thrown right across the lower part of his body. In this state his wife discovered him, not thirty yards from his own house. With superhuman strength she managed to drag him out, and her son and the farm-servant coming up, they got a door and took him home, where he lived from Saturday night until Monday morning in the greatest agony. I went to see him on Sunday. Poor fellow, he was so glad to see me. I knew he was dying then, though they would not believe it. He retained his senses to the last, and was constantly attended by our dear minister. Mrs. N—— took care of him herself, and I stayed with her the two days he lay there. Looking on at the kindness of all the people about, I could not help thinking what a beautiful world this would be were it not for sin; there is even now so much goodness in it. The settlers gathered from far and near—for as our farms are large, of course we live at great distances from each other; and, though busy times for them all, they did not seem to mind it. Our storekeeper, a young man one would be inclined to call rough, supplied refreshments during the whole time. One friend brought mourning for the children; another necessaries for the house; and, as for the men, they thought no distance too far to travel for the poor widower. The doctor, the coroner, and her brother-in-law lived in V——, a distance of ten miles from her home, yet horsemen were not wanting to go for them. The worst part was also undertaken and got through for her, which was the putting him in the coffin, which, in consequence of the inquest, could not be done until the second day, when the body—but I will not enter into details, sufficient that the two stout men who managed it were very ill after, and we
could not even enter the house for some days. Many a kind heart beat during this sad time under a rough exterior—nor has the kindness worn itself out yet. Although a gardener, he also held a large farm, which he cultivated, and which was his principal means of living; so, after his funeral, his neighbours held a meeting to see what could be done for his family. The mother being a most industrious woman, they decided on ploughing her ground for her, which is now done, all to a few acres; so I think the poor woman will get on pretty well. I shall miss the man very much: he was at kind, obliging neighbour; he taught me all I know of gardening, planted my fruit-trees, and pruned them yearly for me. It is a great relief that all the sad bustle is over: I feel quite worn out.

June 7th.—The last entry in this journal was a sad one, but this will prove much worse. Tears are in my eyes as I write the name of dear Captain R—. During Mrs. N—'s troubles he was the foremost to help her: his plough was first on the land, and now he lies in an unhallowed grave! I can hardly bring myself to record his dreadful fate. He was poor N—'s near neighbour, and the very first acquaintance we had here that grew into intimacy. Before he settled here he had been captain of a steamer, but came out first from Europe in command of the emigrant ship in which the N—s came as passengers. He unfortunately, after a time, thought fit to give up the sea, and took a farm here, where he settled with an only son. They soon, however, disagreed so seriously, that the son went to the diggings, and the father lived alone. About three years ago he had a splendid crop, and with the money made by it, he speculated largely; but, unluckily, since then the seasons proved very unproductive, and he could never recover himself: he was forced to raise a mortgage on his farm, and this year the total loss of his wheat, which was his principal crop, preyed sadly on his mind. He was a very sensitive and nervous as well as a highly honourable man. Ours, and one other family, were the only intimate friends he had, and he usually spent the Sunday with one or the other of us; but, as my husband is so much away from home, I saw nothing of the Captain for nearly a fortnight, and was getting quite anxious about him, as I knew he was dreadfully uneasy about some bills he had to meet, and for which he found it impossible to provide funds; when, to my utter horror one morning a week since, all the children came crowding to my bedside, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, Captain R— has shot himself!" And so it was; my kind, warm-hearted friend had suffered trouble to press on his mind so as to exclude the light of reason, and, in a moment of desponding madness, took his own life. Ah, these are indeed dark pages in 'Bush Life: God grant that their number may be few! It was Mrs. N—'s son who found him: the boy was sent to borrow a pair of harrows very early in the morning, and when he opened the door of the house there lay our poor friend, moaning. The boy, frightened, ran to the farm-servant to ask what was the matter with the Captain. The man went to learn, as he had left him quite well, and immediately discovered that he had shot himself. It seems that he had got up at daybreak, made a large fire, dressed for work, and called his man to prepare the horses; he then laid down the horse-feed, returned to the house, and committed the rash act. It must have been the impulse of a moment, as he does not seem to have meditated it before. And now we have lost two old friends thus sadly. We will miss them for a long time: they were certain to come over on wet days, and stay chatting to my husband. How awfully they have been cut off! I am too depressed to write any more just now, so will stop for the present.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VISITATIONS—A SONNET.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

The mind's great doors are opened wide sometimes,
And grand processions enter silent there,
Mount to the council chambers swept out fair
From all defilements and unholy slimes;
Then on the silence break ecstatic chimes
Which fill the soul with music! Earthly care
Shrinks pale and shrivelled in the ether rare,
But dies not—waiting for less lustrious times.
Alas! too soon returns life's fitful hour
When the soul's grandeur fades, its music rests,
And yet the echoes vibrate—and a dower
Of fragrance, lingering insinuca like, attests
The vanished glory, telling of the power
Of those Anointed Lords who were the guests.

VERBAL INSTRUCTION.—Boys of tender age gain more from verbal instruction than from books. A man speaks with more sympathy than he writes; and the tone of voice, expression of feature and gesture, convey meanings which are not to be expressed by words alone.—English Journal of Education.
**IGNEOUS ACTION IN THE EARTH.**

In our number of October last,* we found occasion to say that the theories started by Mr. H. P. Malet in his new pages of natural history, "promise to have important effects upon the opinions current with naturalists." In our February number we called attention to another work on geological subjects† by the same author. Since reading these we have endeavoured to call from contemporary papers or periodicals, such materials as bear upon the subjects touched on by Mr. Malet. On consulting the Advanced Text-book, by Page, we find at p. 116, "Respecting the origin of the pyrogenous rocks, or rather the cause of igneous action, with all its attendant phenomena of volcanoes, earthquakes, and other subterranean movements, geologists are by no means agreed." The two great causes have been supposed to be the chemical and mechanical. With the latter only do we now propose to interest ourselves, and we hope our readers. There are few subjects more engraving to the whole race of intelligent, educated human beings, than a right understanding of the organization of the world we live upon. Theory on this subject has been expounded with all the zeal and pertinacity of an exciting a subject; and though the apparent intention of all writers has been to discover and lay down the truth, yet the book before us, which is a compilation from the opinions of the most scientific men upon the subject, tells us that they cannot agree! Page continues his subject by supposing as one of the mechanical causes for the production of igneous rocks, "that the interior of the globe is in a state of high incandescence or molten fluidity"; and then, as that which is called the crust cools and contracts, he tells us that the least contraction of the crust "would be sufficient to squirt out molten rock-matter from a hundred pores or craters." Now it seems to us, that to bring about this result there must be two data to go upon, one the molten matter, and the other a contraction of the crust. In the Athenæum, No. 2,155, Mr. David Forbes, F.R.S., tells us, in reply to a question from Mr. Malet, that a basaltic rock (one of the supposed igneous ones) had, after slow cooling from a molten state, reassumed the stony condition, "and then possessed the identical specific gravity of the original rock." In other words, this rock did not contract, and as basalt has hitherto been considered of undoubted igneous origin, this contracting force is not proved. About the molten matter, at p. 118, Page calls it "an exhaustible source." To be sure of that, we should know its origin, but no one tells us from whence this molten matter comes. We are told that the heat of the earth, at 25 miles from the surface, is sufficient to fuse a great portion of our rocks, but if this heat were perpetually working outwards it would not act on an exhaustible source, for the earth would be perpetually melting, perpetually ejecting, and perpetually sinking. When any ejection of molten matter takes place, it is a vitrified substance very similar to glass. Mr. Forbes tells Mr. Malet that there are different sorts of lava, one like granite, and one similar to basalt in chemical compositions; and we find from the same paper (Athenæum above quoted), that the lava of Vesuvius "is in chemical constitution allied to a Staffordshire iron-furnace slag." Thus then our furnaces and our volcanoes send forth slag or lava as their light overboiling substances; if the action of volcanoes is similar to that of furnaces, then their heavier fused substances would subside as the metal subsides below the furnace slag; and if the theory of Mr. Malet is correct, page 209, 210, "Circle of Light," "as I do not think volcanic action existed till the water had buried masses of inflammable matter," then there are two great truths involved in his hypothesis. One is, that the theory of volcanoes is nothing more than the slag issuing from the earthy or rocky substances which fall under the influence of the volcanic heat; the other, and a far more interesting one to the struggling mass of humanity upon earth, is that within our volcanic mountains vast amounts of tolerably pure metallic substance would be found. Confusing our inability to understand why lava of many aspects and compositions should be discharged from volcanoes at one time, and why granite, basalt, and other supposed igneous rocks should be discharged at another, we would suggest it as a possibility that the similarity of their compositions is caused by the fusing of these rocks under the influence of volcanic fire, and this will at once account for Mr. D. Forbes' information, (Athenæum, 2,155) that the "acid or trachytic" lava is "strikingly analogous to the old granites in chemical composition;" "and the basic or pyroxyenic, nearly if not quite identical with the basalt," thus reversing the theories of our great geologists, and giving the old water formations of the earth as a prey to the fires caused by great accumulations of earth's produce. It will be obvious that this system would avoid touching on that which Page calls "an exhaustible source," for surely we have only got to consider the vast amount of earth's refuse, which is yearly carried by our rivers to the ocean, to comprehend that this source, though fluctuating, and perhaps decreasing as population extends, is, as long as vegetation grows, and rains fall, and rivers wash away, and ocean currents carry, an inexhaustible source of inflammable material.

*(To be continued.)*

* "New pages of Natural History."
† "Circle of Light."
EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

IONA AND STAFFA.

It was a dismal, rainy day when we dropped our anchor near Iona. Wet and weary, I first set foot on the sands of this famous island. The Christian pilgrim, wandering over the plains of ancient Judea, standing for the first time in the streets of the modern Jerusalem, can hardly realize that he is upon the spot which has been rendered memorable by the life and the death of the Son of God. Disappointment may come at first; but as he reflects, amid the sacred places which our Saviour frequented while on earth, imagination more easily cemented the present with the past history of our race and the world; and then kindles up, as the thought steals on, that the hoary hills which stand around the sacred city have been witnesses of events which not only connect the present with the past, but which link all the present and all the past with the great, unbounded, and never-ending future. The traveller, also, who feels sympathy with the advance of Christian learning, truth, and civilization, can hardly fail to have his sensibilities awakened as he visits cities and islands which were frequented by the early followers of the Cross. Iona is a sacred spot. As we approached it, there was some feeling of disappointment. True, in my own experience, were the lines of Wordsworth:

"How sad a welcome to each voyager!
Some ragged child holds up for sale, a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun, with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer."

But busy memory called up the celebrated passage in Dr. Johnson’s “Tour to the Hebrides”:

"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominant over the present—advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

This little island, only three miles long by one in breadth—a mere dot in the ocean, looking out on the rugged rocks of Mull, and buffeted by stormy waves—has yet borne no inconsiderable part in the spread of Christianity in Western Europe. Its history is one of great interest. About the year 372, there was born on the Clyde, not far from Glasgow, a child whose surname was Succat. This was the future St. Patrick. His life was eventful. When a mere youth, he was stolen from his home and carried a slave to Ireland; and was engaged in the humble occupation of a swineherd. Restored afterward to his family, but having, during his captivity, while reflecting on the pious teachings of his mother, become a “freeman whom the truth makes free”—he resolved to return to Ireland, and preach there the gospel of Christ. In his subsequent career in the Emerald Isle, he was eminently successful; and, living in a rude and superstitious age, truth and fable have sometimes united in the history of his deeds. Whether he destroyed the serpents and all venomous reptiles, and chased out of Ireland the great arch-enemy of man; hurling after him, as he fled toward Scotland, the two great rocks which lie in the Clyde (one, on which rests the castle of Dumbar, and the other, the vast rock of Alisle), it is not necessary to inquire. At all events, there must have been some commotion in the air and in the water by their removal; and sufficient, one would think, to frighten even his satanic majesty.

However this may be, a follower of St. Patrick reflected and considered that there was a debt due to Scotland; not because the great traitor had been driven over there, but rather for the reason that it was the birthplace of the great Christian teacher. “Shall he not repay to the country of Succat what Succat had imported to his?” “I will go,” said he, “and preach the word of God in Scotland.”

This was Columba, a descendant of an Irish monarch. It was nearly two centuries after the time of St. Patrick, that Columba resolved to pay the debt. In the year 565, he and a few followers landed upon the island afterward known as Iona, or the “Island of Columba’s cell.” Here he proclaimed that the Holy Scriptures were the only rule of faith. Here the schools of the church were established. Here the missionary fire was kindled, and this little spot became literally the “luminary of the Caledonian regions.” Here, under various tides of fortune, and with different success, the gospel was preached for more than a thousand years. But her glory has departed. The ruins are there—the walls and tower of the old cathedral, the remains of a nunnery, and a chapel—but the missionary fire has gone out lang syne. As
we moved about, we could but feel the solemnity of the place; for we were treading on the dust of monarchs, noblemen, and yeomen, as well as on that of the priest and the peasant; for, by its sacred character, it became the burial-place of many of the families of Scotland.

Leaving Iona, we bore away for the Cave of Fingal and the Island of Staffa:

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free:
So shoots thro' the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay;
And all the group of islets gray
That guard famed Staffa round:
There all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found;
And the sky seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where as to exam the tides decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In serried tones, prolonged and high,
That mock the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance frout in vain
To old Iona's holy face;
That Nature's voice might seem to say:
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine'"

About nine miles to the north of Iona, and eight miles from the western coast of Mull, rises the famed isle of Staffa. Of irregular shape, and only three-quarters of a mile in length by half a mile in width, it forms but a mere speck on the vast Atlantic. It is one immense rock; on the top a green pasture spreads out, supported by vast basaltic columns. A few cattle were grazing here, but there is no human habitation upon the island; and, save when startled by the visitor, the cormorant might still find

"Dark and undisturbed repose."

On the southerly side, the rocks rise to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. The pillars extend along in a continuous colonnade, and looking down from the summit on the dashing waves below, the scene is wild and impressive. There are several caves; but that which bears the name of the father of Ossian, the Cave of Fingal, is the crowning wonder of this wonderful island. "A vast archway of nearly seventy feet in height, supporting a massive entablature of thirty feet additional, and receding for about two hundred and thirty feet inward; the entire front, as well as the great, cavernous sides, being composed of countless complicated ranges of gigantic columns, beautifully jointed, and of most symmetrical, though somewhat varied forms; the roof itself exhibiting a rich grouping of overhanging pillars, some of snowy whiteness, from the calcareous covering by which they have become encrusted; the whole rising from, and often seen reflected by the ocean-waters, forms truly a picture of unrivalled grandeur, and one on which it is delightful to dwell, even in remembrance."

Nature was in a wild mood. The lowering clouds were discharging even more than a Scotch mist. The sea-birds were whirling round in the air. I had been all the morning dancing over waves which sung more than a lullaby. Weared in body, and with spirits awed and subdued, I entered under the vast arch-way, and clambered along a projecting ridge of rocks to nearly the extreme end of this noble specimen of Nature's handiwork. There I sat down, and watched the never-ceasing ebb and flow of the ocean, now surging in and rolling onward, beating against the wall of basaltic rock at the extremity of the cave; and then, broken and retreating back only to prepare for a renewed assault. Here Neptune might have swayed his sceptre; old Eolus may have gathered here his winds, and the monks on Iona have turned pale as the north-wind and the west wind issuing forth swept by in wild fury, lashing the sea into foam, and singing the death-song of so many a mariner whose course lay across the stormy sound of Mull. As I mused here, the questions arose, Did Ossian live and sing? Did old Fingal reign? Did the old monarch of the islands sit here in the cave which bears his name, and chant the wild songs of the Hebrides and the mountains of Caledonia? If Reason answered no, Fancy contradicted, and said all was true. So Fancy took the reins: and I was sitting on the spot where Fingal sat of yore. Here he sang his songs of war, of peace, and of love, a century before the arrival of Columba on the island of Iona. Here Ossian, the witness of his father's valour, and the heir of his virtues, drank in inspiration, and gathered some of the most beautiful of his images. Here the old Scottish Homer, himself both hero and bard, may have embodied some of the memories which are sweet, yet mournful. Here came the monks. Here they worshipped at early dawn, bowing the knee as they entered the temple built by an Almighty hand. Here came architects to take the gauge and measurement, so that they might imitate the Creator's works in the cathedrals which they designed to build on the British Islands and the main land of Europe. Who can tell how many a missionary monk from Iona carried the story of this famed temple to distant parts of the earth?

But the day is waning, and we must away. The whistle of the boatswain is heard; we cannot see the fair island of Ilay to-day. At another time we must look over it, and visit
Leaves for the Little Ones.

IDA'S FLOWERS.

by Andersen.

"My flowers are all withered!" said little Ida; "yesterday evening they were so beautiful, and now they hang their leaves; what can be the reason?" asked she of a young collegian, who was seated on the sofa, and who was a great favourite of hers, because he told her fairy tales of princes and princesses. "Why are the flowers so faded to-day?" asked she again, showing him a whole bouquet of withered flowers.

"Don't you know?" asked he; "the flowers were at the ball last night, and that is the reason why they hang their heads."

"But flowers cannot dance!"

"Certainly they can; when all is dark and we quietly at rest they spring up vigorously, and have a ball every night."

"Can all kinds of flowers go to the ball?" asked Ida.

"Yes," said he, "daisies, with lilies of the valley, mignonette with wallflowers."

"Where do these lovely flowers dance, then?"

"Were you never in the large garden, before the gates of the King's Summer Palace, where there are so many flowers, and where the swans are, which come swimming to you, when you throw them bread crumbs?"

"I was there yesterday, with mamma," said Ida; "but all the leaves were off the trees, and not a flower did I see. Where are they gone to? in summer there were so many."

"They are now inside the palace. As soon as the King leaves his summer residence, and comes with his Court to town, the flowers are brought into the castle, and enjoy themselves merrily; the two most beautiful roses set themselves upon the throne, and are the King and Queen; then the red cockshohns place themselves in rows, bowing low before them: they are the ladies of the bedchamber. The fairest flower then steps forward, and the ball begins; the violet and the narcissus place themselves before the crocus and hyacinth, who are ladies, and ask them to dance, the tulip and crown-imperial are old ladies, who look on to see that everything proceeds with order and propriety."

Staffa; and we are once more out on the sea and again

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark; Before the gale she bound; So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds."

"But," said little Ida, much astonished "how dare the flowers have a ball in the palace?"

"No one knows anything about it; the old housekeeper comes through the rooms with her great bunch of keys, once during the evening, and as soon as the flowers hear the jingling they hide themselves under the window-seats: 'I feel the scent of flowers,' says she, but she cannot find them."

"That is very funny," said Ida, clapping her hands; "how I wish I could see them."

"Oh, you can see them; when you pass the palace, peep in at the window; I did so to-day, and saw a large yellow lily lying on the sofa; that was a lady of the Court."

"Ah! but," said Ida, somewhat faithless, "how can the flowers tell all these wonderful stories which you relate? they cannot speak."

"No, they cannot; there you are right, but they make themselves understood by pantomime; have you never noticed how they bend here and there whenever there is a little wind; they understand it as well as if they spoke to each other."

"Can the Professor of Botany understand their pantomime?" asked Ida.

"Yes; for one morning he came into the garden, and noticed that a large nettle was carrying on a secret flirtation with a lovely scarlet carnation: 'You are so exquisitely beautiful,' said the nettle, 'I love you with all my heart. But the Professor could not allow such proceedings, so he seized the nettle by the leaves (which are its fingers), and received such a severe sting, that from that time he never ventured to interfere in a nettle's courtship."

"Ah! ah!" laughed Ida, "he was right served."

"What are you doing to fill that child's head with such nonsense," said Ida's papa, who had been waiting some time for the student. He always found fault with his stories, and could not hear to see the young man cutting figures out of cards, such as a man riding a goose, or an old witch astride a broomstick, carrying her husband on the end of her nose. On such occasions he always broke out with, 'What pure imagination! What good do you do by teaching a child in that way?' But little Ida ventured to think them very funny, and she could listen to nothing but what her friend had told her;
for nothing was more reasonable than that the flowers should droop, because they had been
tired with dancing the night before. She
carried them off to her other playthings,
which were laid in order on a beautiful little table. In
a cradle lay her doll asleep, but Ida said to her:
"You must get up, Sophy, and be content to
lie in the drawer to-night, for my poor flowers
are ill, and must sleep in your comfortable bed;
perhaps they will be well in the morning."

So she took the doll out of bed, at which the
young lady pulled a very cross face, to think
that she should have to leave her bed for those
withered old leaves. So the flowers were put
in and covered up with strict injunctions to lie
still, until Ida could make them some tea, and,
drawing the curtains, that the sun might not
shine into their eyes, she bid them adieu.

The words of the student were never out of
her head the whole evening, and as she went to
bed she walked up to the window, where the
tulips and hyacinths stood behind the curtains,
and whispered to them, "I know very well that
you will be at the ball to-night," but they
appeared not to hear, and never moved a leaf.

Lying in her bed, she imagined how beautiful
it would be to see the flowers dancing in the
king's palace; "Will mine be there, I won-
der?" but before she could answer, she was
asleep, and dreaming of the student and his
story, and the old housekeeper with the keys.

When she awoke, all was still in the room,
the night-lamp burnt on the table, and her
father and mother were asleep. A sound like
the notes of a piano fell upon her ear, but very
low, and more beautifully played than she had
ever heard them before.

"Now I am sure the ball is beginning,"
said she; "I must go and see."

So stepping out of her little bed as lightly as
she could, that she might not awaken her papa,
she went to the door of the drawing-room.
How astonished she was with what was going
on there!

Though the lamps were gone out, the room
was perfectly light, because the moon shone
through the windows, and made everything
visible.

All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two
rows down the centre, and in front of the win-
dow were the empty pots; at the piano sat a
large yellow lily which Ida thought she had
seen before, then she remembered it was the
one the student had mentioned. The next thing
was, that a blue crocus sprang upon the table,
where were Ida's playthings, and undrew the
curtains from the bed; there lay the sick
flowers, which raised themselves and bowed to
to their friends; partners came forwards asking
them to dance, and immediately their faded
appearance vanished, and they were as lively as the
others.

Soon a loud noise was heard of something
falling from the table, and looking under it, Ida
saw the remains of her christmas-tree, which
had lain on her doll's bed ever since christmas-

eve. And a beautiful fir-tree it had been, a wax
doll was on the top, with a broad round hat
on, like the lady of the bedchamber, and a striped
red and blue dress. She raised herself upon
her wooden legs, and stamping loudly with her
foot, began to dance the mazurka, which the
flowers not being so light-footed could not
follow; but the fir-tree insisted upon having
her for a partner, and as she was very slender,
they were not well-paired; but no matter, thin
or fat, tall or little, he would have her, and
tezed her so much that the flowers were obliged
to interfere, and desired him to leave her in
quietness.

"Open, open," cried a loud voice from the
drawer in which Ida's doll had been put. It
was Sophy, who with her head half out of the
drawer, looking quite astonished, said; "Is the
ball here, why did you not tell me of it?"

"Will you dance with me?" said a pair of
saucy nutcrackers.

"How dare you ask me to dance, sir?" said
Sophy, at the same time turning her back upon
him. She seated herself at the edge of the
drawer, and thought one of the flowers would
invite her, but no one presented himself; she
coughed, but still no one came; and the nut-


crackers in the meantime danced away, by no
means inelegantly.

Though the flowers were so forgetful of her,
Sophy could not deny herself the pleasure of
dancing, so she let herself fall on to the floor,
which created great confusion, and all the
flowers pressed round to ask if she had
suffered; but she was unhurt, and now the
flowers were anxious to make up for their
neglect, especially Ida's flowers, who seized
the opportunity of thanking her for her beautiful
bed, in which they had slept so sweetly; and
then taking her by the hand, they danced with
her; the other flowers standing round in a circle.

Sophy was now satisfied, and she begged
that Ida's flowers would occupy the bed again
after the ball, as she thought nothing of sleeping a night in the drawer; but the
flowers answered, "Thank you a thousand
times, but our lives are not long, and to-morrow
we shall be dead. Ask dear little Ida to dig
us a grave near her canary bird, and next sum-
mer we shall again spring up and be as beauti-

ful as this year."

"No, you shall not die," replied Sophy
sorrowfully, at the same time kissing them
affectionately.

Immediately the hall door opened, and a long
row of flowers danced into the drawing-room.
Ida could not understand where they came
from, unless it were from the king's garden.
First came two beautiful roses with golden
crowns, then followed wallflowers and pinks,
bowing on all sides. They had a band of music
with them, large poppies and peonies blew upon
pea-shells until they were red in the face; and
blue and white campanulas played the chimes.
After these a crowd of every sort of flower,
violets, daisies, lilies of the valley, narcissus, &c.
All dancing so beautifully as to make a splendid spectacle.

At last the happy flowers bid good-night, and Ida returned to her bed, where she dreamt of all the wonderful things which had passed before her eyes.

When she was dressed in the morning, her first care was to go to her playthings and see if the flowers were there still. She drew the curtains to one side, and yes, there they lay, only still more faded than yesterday; Sophy too was in the drawer, monstrously sleepy as ever.

"Cannot you remember what you were to tell me?" said Ida to her, but Sophy put on a stupid face at this question, and answered not a syllable.

"You are very naughty," said Ida, "even though the flowers did all ask you to dance." She then chose out of her playthings a little pasteboard box painted all over with birds, and laid the flowers in it.

"That shall be your coffin," said she, "when my cousins come from Norway they shall dig your grave, that you may bloom next summer as beautifully as this." These Norwegian cousins were two lively boys called Henry and Charles: their father had bought them two new bows and arrows, which they brought to show to Ida. She told them the story of her dead flowers, and how she wished to bury them in the garden. The boys went first with the bows on their shoulders, and little Ida carried the flowers in the beautiful box.

The grave was dug, Ida kissed the flowers but once, and put the box into the earth, whilst Henry and Charles shot their arrows over them, as they had neither muskets nor cannon with which to do them honour.

Down by the trellised arbour, where
Upon the morning's dew-gemmed breast,
The moss-rose leaned her queenly brow,
Now droops the grain's rich golden crest.

Those grand old trees! What tender words
The summer winds sighed thro' their boughs
Caught from my boyish lips, for I
Had learned to breathe love's sweetest vows.

The roses in the hawthorn hedge
Than Anna's cheeks were not more rare;
You might have deemed the raven's wing
Bathed in the midnight of her hair.

The blackberry its milk-white bloom
Shook down to woo her airy tread;
For her the wood-birds seemed to weave
Their web of songs above her head.

Her rosy feet the brooklet plashed,
As it went dancing to the dell,
Till o'er the pansey's purple sheen
A shower of silver softly fell.

When gath'ring up the blushing fruit,
Down by the mousy orchard spring,
Within the soft autumnal wave
We watched the blue-bird bathe his wing.

Up through the golden future loomed
Our airy castle's turret high,
Rose-crowned, but while we gazed, I saw
The fairest blossom droop and die.

Long years the daisied sod hath veiled
The love-light of her dear, sweet eyes;
Wild strawberries their bleeding hearts
Trail o'er the spot where Anna lies.

Enthusiasm of Women.—Women are naturally more warm-hearted and enthusiastic than men, more easily excited, and give way to their feelings with less restraint. There is nothing so charming as a young, lovely, and unsophisticated girl, in the outset of her career, with check all blushing, and heart all throb, ere the world and its habits have had power to repress the one and make her ashamed of the other—before the pure dew of the morning has been brushed from the budding rose, and life is still in its freshness and purity. The best regulated female mind is tinctured with an enthusiasm wholly unknown to calculating man: she could sacrifice anything, everything for the object of her affection. Man looks at both sides of the question, or, as he would have said, examines the debit and credit side of the account.
HER MAJESTY’S TOWER (by Hepworth Dixon).—Even in the hands of an ordinary writer, the subject Mr. Dixon has chosen could not fail to be replete with interest. The grim old building, palace and prison, associated as it is with times and personages of the utmost importance in the annals of this nation, has hitherto afforded rich materials to our historical romancers. In Mr. Dixon’s hands it overflows with the romance of history; he deals in facts, untrammelled except with the brilliancy of his charming style; and, having access to information only to be found in out-of-the-way places, and even then at an outlay of tedious and painstaking research, he has been enabled to add many charming touches to the stories with which we are all familiar, and to tell others less generally known. Clear, sharp, and graphic, the pictures of the haughty Elinor, of Maud the Fair, of Anne Boleyn, of the best and noblest of the Tudor race the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray, the gallant glorious Raleigh, and a host of other unforgettable men and women, great by the force of virtue, patriotism, religion, endurance, or suffering, are brought before us, refreshed and glorified, if that were possible, by the style and verbal colouring of the author. Take for instance the following description of the first day of the reign of Queen Jane:

On a bright July morning Queen Jane embarked in the Royal barge at Sion, and followed by a cloud of galleys, bright with hunting, gay with music, riotous with cannon, dropped down the river, making holiday along the banks, passing the great Abbey, calling for an hour at Whitehall Palace, and for another hour at Durham House, and shooting through the arches of London Bridge. She landed at the Queen’s stait about three o’clock, under the roar of saluting guns, and was conducted through the crowds of kneeling citizens to her regal lodgings by the two Dukes, the Marquises of Winchester and Northampton, Arundel, Pembroke, Paget, Westmoreland, Warwick—all the great noblemen who had made her Queen. Her mother Frances bore her train, and her husband Guilford walked by her side, cap in hand, and bowing lowly when she deigned to speak. The Lientenant, Sir John Brydges, and his deputy, Thomas Brydges, received her Majesty on their knees. At five o’clock she was proclaimed in the City, when the King’s death was announced and his final testament made known. But the day was not to end in peace; for after supper was over, and the Queen had gone to her rooms, the Marquis of Winchester (Lord Treasurer) brought up the private jewels, which he desired her to wear, and the Royal crown, which he wished her to try on. Jane looked at the shining toy, and put it from her in haste, saying, “It will do.” Winchester told her another crown would have to be made. “Another crown! For whom must another crown be made?” “For the Lord Guilford,” said the Marquis, since he was to be crowned with her as king. Crowned as king! Surprised and hurt at what the Treasurer had let fall, she sat in silent pain, until Guilford came into her room, when she broke into a fit of bitter wrath. “The crown,” she said, “was not a playing thing for boys and girls. She could not make him a king. A duke she had power to make, but only Parliament could make a man king.” Guilford began to cry, and left the room. In a few minutes he came back with his mother, still whimpering that “he wanted to be king, and would not be a duke.” The Queen was firm, and, after a hot scene, the Duchess took her boy away, declaring that he should not live with an ungrateful wife.

There is no need to tell the bitter story of her enforced marriage with the weak son of the Duke of Northumberland, to which she had been driven even with blows, or of her genuine reluctance to sovereignty, which her rectitude no less than her reason refused. In a former page the story of her studious, retired life at Bradgate, where, secluded from the pleasures suited to her youth, her sex, and her position, she learned to look on her books as her most beloved companions, and the hours spent with Roger Ascham, or good Master Aylmer, his preceptor, as the only happy ones she enjoyed. Who forgets the former’s description of the last time he ever beheld “that sweet and noble lady”—a girl philosopher in her chamber reading the “Phdion” of Plato in Greek—and answering, when he inquired why she was not in the park, where the Marquis and Marchioness of Dorset and the ladies and gentlemen of the household were engaged in hunting: “I wish all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure means”? The speaker had arrived at this conviction at fourteen years of age, through the severity of her sharp parents and the sweet gentleness of her schoolmaster, who taught her so pleasantly with such fair allurements to learning, that her book had become so much her pleasure, and brought her daily so much more, that all other pleasures seemed but trifles and troubles in comparison to it. Our space obliges us to be brief: but, often as the sad story has been told, we venture to bring her last hour before our readers as Mr. Dixon has depicted it:

When she looked out upon the green, she saw the archers and lancers drawn up, and Guilford being led away from the Lientenant’s door. She now sat down and waited for her summons to depart. An hour went slowly by; and then her quick ear caught the rumble of a cart on the stones. She knew that this cart contained poor Guilford’s body, and she rose to greet the corpse as it passed by. Her women, who were all in tears, endeavoured to prevent her going to the window, from which she could not help seeing the block and
headsmen waiting for her turn; but she gently forced them aside, looked out on the cart, and made the dead youth a last adieu. Brydges and Peckham now came for her. The two gentlewomen could hardly walk for weeping; but Lady Jane, who was dressed in a black gown, came forth, with a prayer-book in her hand, a heavenly smile on her face, a tender light in her grey eyes; she walked modestly across the green, passed through the files of troopers, mounted the scaffold, and then, turning to the crowd of spectators, softly said: "Good people, I am come hither to die. The fact against the Queen's highness was unlawful; but, touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I wash my hands thereof, in innocence, before God, and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day." She paused, as if to put away from her the world, with which she had now done for ever. Then she added—"I pray you all good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means than the mercy of God, in the merits of the blood of His only Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers." Kneeling down she said to Peckham, the only divine whom Mary would allow to come near her, "Shall I say this psalm?" The abbot faltered "Yes." On which she repeated, in a clear voice, the noble psalm: —"Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences." When she had come to the last line she stood up on her feet, and took off her gloves and kerchief, which she gave to Elizabeth Tynley. The Book of Psalms she gave to Thomas Brydges, the Lieutenant's deputy. Then she untied her gown, and took off her bridal gear. The headsman offered to assist her, but she put his hands gently aside, and drew a white kerchief round her eyes. The veiled figure of the executioner sank at her feet, and begged her forgiveness for what he had now to do. She whispered in his ear a few soft words of pity and pardon; and then said to him openly, "I pray you despatch me quickly." Kneeling before the block, she felt for it blindly with her open fingers. One who stood by her touched and guided her hand to the place it sought; on which she laid down her noble head, and saying: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," passed, with a prayer on her lips, into her everlasting rest.

One more word-picture, and we must end our imperfect notice of this charming work—a picture that flashes and scintillates like the gems in Millais' "Eve of St. Agnes," while we gaze upon it:

Though Raleigh was now lodged in the Tower, with three poor servants, living on £5 a-week for food and fire, the men in office considering him far too strong. His fame was rising, instead of falling. Great ladies from the court cast wistful glances at his room. Men from the streets and ships came crowding to the wharf where they could see him walking on the wall. Raleigh was a sight to see, not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old, tall, tawny, splendid, with the bronze of tropical suns on his lionine cheek, a bushy beard, a round moustache, and a ripple of curly hair, which his man Peter took an hour to dress. Ander-
THE THEATRES.

THE NEW ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Our *Femillet* for March left off with a reference to the production of another sensation drama of Mr. Watts Phillips, at the Holborn under the title "Fettered," by which, we suppose, was meant a sequential work, and correlative to the "Not Guilty" of the Queen's. We heard such an unsatisfactory account of "Fettered," that made us no hurry to witness an apparently hurried and imperfect play; and, indeed, after a very short run, we find that the piece has been withdrawn. The fate of Mr. Watts Phillips's last hasty production recalls an anecdote, by which we merely desire to show what a real sensation incident is, in contrast with a stage sensation one. Not long ago we were present at a criminal trial, held at Maidstone Assizes. The culprit, a short, stout, bull-necked, coarse-ringed fellow stood in the dock, charged with a ferocious and murderous assault on one of the warders or guards, placed over a gang of convicts at work in a quarry, near Chatham. The prisoner had diligently nursed a supposed injury he had received at the warden's hands. The latter had reported him for some misconduct, and had thus temporarily increased the vigour of the punishment the man was undergoing as a felon. Shortly after this, on a certain day at the quarry, the prisoner with others was removing debris from the side of the excavation at a very elevated spot. While the warden was standing near the edge of the precipice, giving some directions, the prisoner passed with his barrow, and, as if by accident, tilted the barrow against the legs of the unsuspecting officer, who made a quick movement to escape the load of chalk covering him. At the same moment the convict was seen staggering against the officer, and the latter, thus losing his equilibrium, overbalanced himself, and rolled over into the yawning gulf. In the man's descent he caught at a beam projecting from the perpendicular side of the quarry, a few feet below, and in the act of making good his hold of this precarious safeguard. Thus he swung from the beam until assistance came, which it fortunately did promptly. It was a moment of great suspense while his rescuers attempted to pass the noose of rope over the head and round the body of the warden. But it was done, and the man soon drawn up to terra firma. The convict who had caused the accident had been already removed into custody, and charged with the attempt to murder the warden in the atrocious manner stated. At the trial for his new offence the malefactor was sentenced only to two years' additional penal servitude beyond some five years he had yet to serve as an already condemned convict.

Now, we have above described an actual incident in convict life, and we have brought it forward through our belief that it is precisely the incident that would be considered valuable to the dramatist in constructing some great sensational scene. But we doubt whether the professional dramatist would make the right use of the "situation" we have found for him, after all. He would not write a drama to lead up to the catastrophe, but he would more likely use the catastrophe to heighten the scenes of some drama which had nothing to do with the quarry scene, and the impending fate of the warden. We believe that those dramas (now of short duration), attempting to realize prison-life, convict-life, &c., owe their occasionally untimely fate to the haste with which they are concocted, the artificiality of their incidents, and their general unfaithfulness to truth and nature.

We resume our usual record of theatrical events during the month, by noticing that a novelty of "mark and likelihood" has been produced by Mr. E. T. Smith and Dr. Marston at the Lyceum, now under the direction of the former enterprising manager. On March 6th was produced a poetical play, by Dr. Westland Marston, entitled "Life for Life." This production has proved to be a literary work of high character, containing much fine poetry; but the test of acting has also shown that "Life for Life" is a play deficient in action and overlaid with diffuse dialogue. It is a more elaborate sort of "Douglas," that old Scotch play which has kept the stage so long, on account of the spirited and ingenious part of Young Norval. The experience of a first night's representation of "Life for Life" showed that the time has gone by when audiences would listen patiently to soliloquies longer than those in the tragedy of "Hamlet," without being either anything like so poetical or philosophic—soliloquies such as Joanna Baillie introduced into her "Plays on the Passions," The tiresome and verbose "reflections" of the Scottish chief, Murdoch, the hero of "Life for Life," annoyed the audience, the more so since it was to be reasonably expected that such a warlike character would at least "give the name of action" to his thoughts. Mr. Vezin performs the part of the Murdoch unexceptionably well. Mr. Coghlan as Oscar, the lover of Lillian, showed to advantage. Mr. Jordan was excellent as an old Highlander, and Miss Minnie Sidney gave a thorough artistic rendering to the part of Kenelm, an important feature in the drama.

"Old Drury" has completed its short month's interregnum devoted to the Shakespearean drama, triumphantly. The répertoire was the old familiar one; but Mr. Phelps has
been assisted this year by strange rivals and debutantes. Mr. Charles Dillon is not an adequate supporter of Mr. Phelps in "Othello," nor qualified to enact, efficiently we think, either Othello or Iago. To pit the provincial actor against the town actor was uncomplimentary to Mr. Phelps, and damaging to the reputation of Mr. Dillon himself. It is by comparison that the true qualities of the artists become manifest. Mr. Phelps is a conscientious actor, and our best tragedian. Mr. Dillon is, in all essentials, a conventional actor. The "iron that has entered his soul" has been driven there by the stage manager, not by the gods, who "have made men poetical." "Macbeth" has been repeatedly acted with Mr. Dillon as Macbeth (the ordinary stage Macbeth), and Mrs. Howard Paul as Lady Macbeth! Mrs. Paul's engagement was probably more due to her Hecate (which she doubles with the part of Lady Macbeth) than her historic power. But Mrs. Howard Paul certainly did her utmost to please her public. As a singing actress she was all that could be desired in Hecate. A provincial actor named King, from the Dublin boards, obtained a début at Drury Lane in the course of the Shakesperian revivals. His Hamlet, without manifesting anything more than thorough knowledge of the actor's art, was a creditable impersonation. Mr. King has subsequently enacted Richelieu, with much power. He is a performer we should like to see permanently retained on the London stage, to which we are sure he would become a conspicuous ornament. For Easter a new piece, founded on Victor Hugo's powerful but highly eccentric novel of "Les Miserables," has been produced at Drury Lane: thus we have a competitor against the "Yellow Passport" at the Olympic, a piece which has already had a long run. The Christmas pantomime has been revived at Drury Lane, without, however, its harlequinade. It certainly constitutes as good an afterpiece as could be selected. E. H. MALCOLM.

SAINT JAMES'S HALL ORATORIO CONCERTS.

At last we have a rival to the Sacred Harmonic Society, which has laid down the law for Sacred music uninterruptedly for more than thirty years. Although the Society is professionally amateur, it has flourished under the ægis of "high professionals," and had M. Costa for its Director. The "Sacred Harmonic Society" has, we believe, always lived up to its income at Exeter Hall, and spent the greater part of its money upon its professional artistes, while the amateur "700" themselves have always had to pay for singing instead of being paid.

Between £6,000 and £7,000 a-year, as we are informed, is about the income of the Sacred Harmonic Society, much of which goes into the pockets of Italian and other eminent vocalists.

The New St. James's Hall Oratorio Concerts, as an institution, has an altogether different kind of basis to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Its choir is professional; its vocalists and instrumentalists are the same. The chorus is not so numerous as that of M. Costa or Mr. Martin at Exeter Hall; but it is the conviction of the musicians who manage "Oratorio Concerts," that a limited number of voices for a choir may constitute as efficient a body of executants as the hundreds of amateurs who assemble round the big organ of Exeter Hall.

We have witnessed two out of the six announced "performances of standard Oratorios and other sacred works" at St. James's Hall. The season began with Handel's Oratorio of "Jephtha," and this noble work was followed by Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Both Oratorios were most efficiently executed under the able direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby, before stylish and immensely numerous audiences. "Elijah" was succeeded on the 23rd ultimo (in Holy-week) by a most appropriate selection, namely, Handel's chef d'oeuvre—the Oratorio of "The Messiah."

One of the principal features of the Oratorio Concerts has been the introduction of the continental pitch (le diapason normal) in the treatment of the instrumental music. Whatever the advantages may be to musicians by the introduction of a lower key-note on the English musical stage, we question whether the generality of audiences have been able to detect the difference. Suffice it, that Oratorio music has been better performed than ever at the St. James's Hall Sacred Concerts, under the able direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby, a musician more au fait with choir music than any conductor we are acquainted with. Mr. Barnby's aim has been to gain effect to Oratorio music not by excessive numbers of executants, but by well-balanced power, and thus to keep in due proportion the solo parts with the choir and orchestra. Although Mr. Sims Reeves has, as usual, disappointed (indisposition causing him to break his engagement), the Concerts have nevertheless been well performed by first-rate artistes, including Mesdames Rudersdorf and Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Dreadill, Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, Signor Folli, Herr Stepan, Mr. Montem Smith, &c.

The classical "Stabat Mater" is promised for the 12th of next month. E. H. M.
THE GIPSIERS OF ART.

(Translated from Henry Murger’s “Scenes de la Boheme.”)

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

THE CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Toward the end of the month of December, the porters of the Bag sabot Express distributed a hundred copies, or thereabout, of an invitation of which the following is an extract:

“Mr. ——, Messrs. Rodolphe and Marcel request the honour of your company on Saturday evening next (Christmas eve), to hear a little laughter.

“P.S.—We have but one life to live.”

And enclosed was the following

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT:

PART I.

“At seven, doors open. Lively and animated conversation.

“’At eight, the talented author of the ‘Mountain in Labour,’ a comedy refused at the Odéon, will enter and walk about.

“’At eight and a-half, Mr. Alexander Schaumard, a distinguished virtuoso, will execute on the piano the ‘Influence of Blue in the Arts,’ an enomaticous symphony.

“’At nine, reading of a Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment by Tragedy.

“’At nine and a-half, Mr. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, will open a discussion with Mr. Schaumard, on the Comparative Merits of Philosophy and Metaphysics. To prevent any collision between the disputants, they will be tied together.

“’At ten, Mr. Tristan, a literary man, will recount the story of his first love, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Schaumard.

“’At ten and a-half, reading a Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment, by Tragedy (continued).

“’At eleven, Account of a Cassowary Hunt by an Eastern Prince.”

If metaphysics is what comes after physics, according to etymology (though in practice I have generally found to be what comes after liquor), this new science must be what comes after politics. What in the name of every thing awful is that? The deluge is to come after some politicians, according to Prince Metternich and Lord Maidstone.

† The structure of this sentence does not make it quite clear whether the Eastern Prince was actually present to relate the Cassowary Hunt, or whether his performance was limited to hunting the animal, and the account of the hunt was to be another person’s work. A somewhat singular ambiguity I recollect in a magazine title some years ago: “Lines on a Lady Slammed by Barry Cornelius,” which one of our newspapers reprinted so as to cast a grave imputation on the poet, thus: “Lines on a Lady, Slammed by Barry Cornelius.”

PART II.

“At twelve, Mr. Marcel, historical painter, will suffer his eyes to be bandaged, and extemporize in crayon the meeting of Napoleon and Voltaire in the Elysian Fields. Mr. Rodolphe will simultaneously extemporize a poetic parallel between the author of Zaire and the author of the Battle of Austerlitz.

“At twelve and a-half, Mr. Colline, in a modest deshabile, will imitate the athletic sports of the Fourth Olympiad.

“At one in the morning, reading of the Report on the Abolition of Capital Punishment, by Tragedy (re-continued), and subscription for the benefit of the tragic authors, whose occupation is to be gone.

“At two, quadrilles will be organized and continued till morning.

“At six, sunrise and final chorus.

“During the whole continuance of the performance all the ventilators will be in play.

“N.B.—Any person attempting to read or write verses will be immediately handed over to the police.

“N.B. 2nd.—Gentlemen are requested not to pocket the candle-ends.”

Two days after, copies of this invitation were circulating in the third storeys of art and literature, and creating a profound sensation. Nevertheless, there were some of the guests who doubted the splendours announced by our two friends.

“I have grave suspicions,” said one of the sceptical. “I was at Rodolphe’s Wednesdays sometimes, when he lived at Rue de la Tour d’Auvryne. You could only sit down metaphorically, and had nothing but water to drink, and not filtered at that.”

Now, a word as to the origin of this party, which was causing so much astonishment in the Transponite world of art. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had been talking of this stupendous gala, which was always to come off next Saturday, but disagreeable circumstances had forced their promise to run the round of fifty-two weeks; so that they were in the condition of not being able to move without encountering some ironical remark from their acquaintances, some of whom were even rash enough to demand its fulfilment! The thing was beginning to take the character of a standing joke against them; the two friends resolved to put an end to this by liquidating their engagement. Accordingly they sent out the above invitation.

“Now,” said Rodolphe, “there is no retreat. We have burned our ships. Eight days are left us to procure the hundred francs indispensable to doing the thing properly.”
"Since we must have them we will," answered Marcel; and with their habitual rash trust in luck, the two friends went to sleep, well convinced that the hundred francs were already on the way—some impossible way—toward them.

However, the night before the day indicated for the entertainment, as nothing had yet arrived, Rodolphe thought it would be safer to help his luck a little, if he did not wish to find himself disgraced before the time of lighting up. To facilitate this the two friends progressively modified the splendours of their self-imposed programme. By modification after modification, cutting down very much the article of cakes, and carefully reviewing and abridging the article of refreshments, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs: the question was simplified, but not resolved.

"Come, come," said Rodolphe, "we must put every engine at work. In the first place, we cannot adjourn the performances this time."

"Impossible!" replied Marcel.

"How long is it since I heard the story of the Battle of Studzianka?"

"Nearly two months."

"Two months? Good! Quite long enough. My uncle shall not have to complain of me. I will go to-morrow and make him tell me the Battle of Studzianka; that will be five francs, sure."

"And I," said Marcel, "will go and sell a deserted manor to old Medicis; that will be five francs, too. If I have time to put in three turrets and a mill, it may go up to ten francs, and we shall have our budget."

So the two friends fell asleep, dreaming that the Princess Belgioioso was begging them to change their days of reception, so as not to take from her salons all the literati of Paris.

Marcel awoke early in the morning, took a canvas, and went energetically to work on a deserted mansion, an article particularly in demand with a broker of the Place du Carrousel. Rodolphe, on his part, went to visit his uncle Monetti, who excelled in the retreat from Russia, which he had the pleasure of repeating to his nephew five or six times a year, in consideration of some small loans, which the veteran stove-maker did not hesitate about when his narrative had been listened to with sufficient enthusiasm.

About two in the afternoon, Marcel, with downcast look and a portrait under his arm, met, in the Place du Carrousel, Rodolphe, coming from his uncle's with a face that announced bad news.

"Well," asked Marcel, "were you successful?"

"No, indeed! my uncle has gone to Versailles—and you?"

"That beast of a Medicis doesn't want any more ruined castles. He asked me for a Bombardment of Tangier."

"Our reputation is gone if we don't give our party," said Rodolphe. "What will my friend the influential critic say, if I make him put on a white cravat and straw-coloured gloves for nothing?"

Both returned home a prey to the most lively anxiety just as the clock (not their clock, of course) struck four.

"We have but three hours before us," said Rodolphe.

"But," exclaimed Marcel, approaching his friend, "are you sure, now, quite sure, that we have no money left here?"

"Neither here nor anywhere else. How should we?"

"If we look under the furniture—in the chairs? They say that the emigrants used to hide their treasure in Robespierre's time. Perhaps our arm-chair belonged to one; beside, it is so hard that I have often thought there must be metal inside of it. Will you make an autopsy of it?"

"This is mere farce," replied Rodolphe, with an air of mingled sternness and pity.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been poking into every corner of the room, uttered a shout of triumph.

"We are saved!" he cried. "I was sure there was something valuable here. Look!" and he showed Rodolphe a piece of money the size of a crown, half consumed by rust and verdigris. It was a Carlovingian coin, of some value to an antiquary. The inscription was fortunately in such a state of preservation that you could read the date of Charlemagne's reign.

"That! it is worth thirty sous!" said Rodolphe, casting a contemptuous look at his friend's discovery.

"Thirty sous well employed will do a good deal," answered Marcel. "With twelve hundred men, Bonaparte made ten thousand Austrians surrender. Skill makes up for want of numbers. I shall go and sell this crown of Charlemagne to Father Medicis. Is there nothing else to sell here? Suppose I take that cast of the Russian drum-major's thigh-bone. That would bring a heap.

"Take it along—but it's a pity. There will not be a single object of art left."

While Marcel was gone, Rodolphe determined to give the party in any case, went to find his friend Colline, the hyperphysic philosopher, who lived two doors off. "I am come to beg a favour of you," said he: "in my quality of host I must absolutely have a black coat. I haven't one. Lend me yours."

"But," replied the other, with some hesitation, "in my quality of guest I want a black coat too, I do."

"I will allow you to come in your frock."

"You know very well I never had one."

"Well, we can arrange it somehow. If it comes to the worst, you may lend me your coat and not come to the party."

"That won't do at all; for I am on the programme, and therefore must be there."

"There are a good many other things on the programme that won't be there," said Rodolphe.

"Lend me your coat, at any rate. If you want
to come, come as you choose—in your shirt-sleeves—you can pass for a faithful domestic."
"No," rejoined Colline, blushing; "I will wear my basel over-coat—but it's a great bore, all this." And as he perceived that Rodolphe had already laid hands on the famous black coat, he called out, "Wait a bit; there's something in the pockets."

Colline's coat deserves particular mention. In the first place, it was of a very positive blue, so that its owner used to say "My black coat," merely from a way he had. And as his was the only dress-coat belonging to the association, his friends had also fallen into the way of saying, when they spoke of the philosopher's official garment, "Colline's black coat." Moreover, this garment had a peculiar cut, the most bizarre possible; its very long skirts, attached to a very short waist, were furnished with two pockets, perfect absences, in which he used to stow a score of volumes which he always carried about with him; so that his friends said that when the public libraries were closed, the literary public might apply to Colline's skirts, where a library was always open.

That day, a wonder, the coat contained only a quarto volume of Bayle, a three-volume treatise on the Hypotheses of the Solar System, one volume of Condillac, two of Swedenborg, and Pope's Essay on Man. Having emptied his portable library of these, Colline allowed Rodolphe to put it on.

"Eh!" said the latter, "this left pocket is very heavy still; you have left something in it."

"True," said Colline, "I have forgotten to empty the foreign-languages pocket." He drew out two Arab grammars, a Malay dictionary, and a Chinese guide, one of his pet books.

When Rodolphe returned, he found Marcel playing at pitch-and-toss with five-franc pieces to the number of three. At first he was ready to reject his friend's offered hand, thinking he must have committed a crime to get the money.

"Make haste! make haste!" cried Marcel. "We have the fifteen francs requisite—even thus: I found an antiquary at the Jew's. When he saw my coin, he all but fainted; it was the only one wanting in his collection. He had sent all over the globe to fill the gap, and had lost all hope. So, after carefully examining my crown of Charlemagne, he did not hesitate to offer me five francs for it. Medica pushed my elbow, and completed his explanation by a look, as much as to say, "Share the proceeds, and I'll bid against him." We went up to thirty francs; I gave the Jew fifteen; here is the rest! Now let out guests come! We are in a condition to astonish them. Hallo! you've got a dress coat!"

"Collin's coat," said Rodolphe. He felt for his handkerchief, and brought out a little volume of "Manchou," which had been forgotten in the foreign-languages' pocket. The two friends proceeded to their preparations immediately. The room was put in order; a fire lighted in the stove; a canvas-frame garnished with candles was hung from the ceiling by way of chandelier; a desk placed in the centre to serve the orators for tribune; and before it the only arm-chair, destined to be occupied by the influential critic. On a table were arranged all the essays, articles, poems, and novels, whose authors were to honour the party with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different departments of literature, the four sides of the apartment were hastily labelled:

POETS.

ESSAISTS.

ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

CLASSIC SCHOOL.

The ladies were to sit in the middle.

"Ab, but we are short of chairs!" said Rodolphe.

"Oh," said Marcel, "there are some along the wall on the landing. Let's borrow some."

"Certainly we will," quoth Rodolphe, going out to appropriate the neighbours' chairs.

The clock struck six; the friends made a rapid dinner, and hastened to light up their rooms. The effect astonished themselves. At seven, Schaunard arrived with three ladies, who had forgotten to bring their jewelry on their bonnets. One of them wore a red shawl with black spots. Schaunard commended her particularly to Rodolphe.

"She is a very respectable person," he said; "an English lady driven into exile by the fall of the Stuarts. She supports a modest existence by giving lessons in her language. Her grandfather was Chancellor under Cromwell, she says; so you must not be too familiar with her."

Several steps were heard on the staircase. It was the guests arriving. They seemed much astonished to see fire in the stove. As soon as there was a score of people assembled, Schaunard asked if it was not time to take a drink of something.

"In a minute," said Marcel. "We are waiting for the arrival of the influential critic to kindle the punch."

By eight, all the guests had arrived, and the programme began to be executed. After each entertainment the company took a drink of something, nobody could tell exactly what.

About ten, the white waistcoat of the influential critic made its appearance. He only stayed an hour, and was exceedingly temperate in his libations.

At twelve, as the wood was all gone, and it began to be very cold, such of the guests who possessed chairs, drew lots for who should throw his into the fire. By one o'clock everybody was standing.

An amiable gaiety reigned throughout this memorable evening, which was a nine-days' wonder in the neighbourhood. Schaunard's friend Phemy, who had been the queen of the party, used to say to her friends, "It was real splendid, my dear: they had lots of wax-candles."
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——,

When I say that March has been an ill-fated month in "le plaisant pays de France," as Mary Stuart called her adopted country, I do not exaggerate. After having spring in February, we have had winter—cold, snowy, dark winter—in March. Add to that, rumours of war with Prussia and an alliance with Austria, great annoyances of the majority in the Corps Législatif from the attacks of the opposition, who desire to be consulted on a question before it is accomplished—not after, as in the affair of the garden of the Luxembourg, which has been diminished and changed according to Mr. Hausman's taste—a good deal of money spent for nothing; and now he asks the permission of the "Corps Législatif." Several journalists and orators have been condemned for disrespect to his Majesty. But what has most excited the public indignation, is the horrible discovery at Montauban, of the wholesale murder of children by the woman Delpech. Nine poor little skeletons were found buried in her room, belonging to babies she acknowledges to have killed by pouring boiling water over their heads, and the jury found extenuating circumstances.

But such horrors are not good to dwell on; let us rather look on the sunny side of humanity, and, thank God, humanity has good sides also. There is Monsieur Paul Demidoff, who in memory of his late lamented young wife, has just established a kind of refuge for poor women whose babies and children are taken care of, and instruction in their work is given to the mothers. I cannot enter into the details, but it is admirable, quite worthy of an English philanthropist. The Prince Imperial's birthday was celebrated at the Tuileries by a dinner of young gentlemen of his age. He was thirteen on the 16th of March. In the morning his cousin, the Princess Matilde, sent him a very handsome "vélocépède." On his side he made a present of the same fashionable vehicle to twelve of his young friends. Vélocépèdes become more and more the rage, they are in the taste of the age—go ahead! As the best comes from England, I conclude that the malady exists in London as well as in Paris.

The spring races have already commenced, and in spite of the bad weather, the fair Parisians are in numbers. A new costume is now "de rigueur:" short dress of dark or black silk, with a long train of the same added. This train surrounds the bottom of the dress when the lady reclines elegantly in her carriage, and is very much prettier than the short petticoat alone. When she alights the train is looped up by a cord passed in the waistband, on the left side, a kind of scarf mantle of the same material as the dress, and a high crown hat with long feathers finish the costume, and make the beauty quite irresistible. Gentlemen are expected to lose both heart and senses before the end of the season.

It is with regret I have to record the loss of the musician and composer Berlioz, of fair fame in our gay capital, as well as in foreign parts, but known in England as the husband of the tragedian, Miss Smithson, who, in 1833, directed an English theatre in Paris. Berlioz was then a young man, a musical student, who, at a representation of "Romeo and Juliette," became passionately enamoured with Shakespeare and Miss Smithson, although he did not at that epoch understand a word of English; and could only follow with the aid of a translation. Both families were against the match; but when Miss Smithson became ruined and in debt, Berlioz married her, in spite of both families. She died about five years ago. His parents were greatly incensed, and would give nothing to the young couple, and although he was what we call here a "prix de Rome," he was glad to accept a place of chorist in a secondary theatre. His last work was "Les Troyens," which met with only a half success. Critics say that his compositions are very learned, but cold; some refuse him inspiration. At a festival once, where Berlioz directed his own compositions, a funeral-march rather too long began to send some of the audience into a gentle doze. A colleague of Berlioz, who was behind him, pulled him by the tail of his coat: "Friend," said he, "the cemetery, then, is at a great distance?" Berlioz was once at Vienna, organizing a concert at the old Prince de Metternich's, who was very ignorant in music. "It is you, sir," said the Prince, addressing Berlioz, "who compose pieces of music for five hundred musicians!" "That does not often happen to me. More generally I only compose for four hundred and fifty," answered Berlioz, very seriously.

Speaking of musicians recalls to my mind an anecdote of Liszt—now l'Abbé Liszt, but who was far from being an abbot at that time (ask Madame d'Agoult). He and Rubini gave a concert in a large town of France. Fifty spectators alone honoured them. The celebrated musicians could scarcely believe their eyes—they who attracted crowded rooms in Paris and London! Rubini sang, Liszt played, the audience yawned. "Gentlemen and Madam [there was one lady], I think you have had enough music; may I venture to ask you to come and sup with us?" said Liszt, in his most seductive manner. The company looked at each other; found the proposition original, and accepted. The supper cost Liszt £50, but he did not give a second concert.

The theatres have been rich in successes this
The higher Education of Women.

Though the University education and examination of women is an experiment new to England, it is by no means, as some of our contemporaries have too readily taken for granted, a perfectly novel institution. It has already found favour to some extent among our transatlantic cousins, and those who are familiar with the history of Italy ought to know that at Bologna, at Modena, and universities, women were not only educated, but in some cases the professorial chairs were occupied by learned and distinguished creatures of the better sex. In 1752, La Dottorezza Laura Bassi became Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Bologna, in which she had passed the brilliant days of her undergraduateship, and when she died, honoured of all as she deserved, her Doctor's gown and her silver laurel wreath were carried in funereal pomp to her grave. One of the most successful teachers of the Greek language known at any time in Italy was Clotilde Tambroni, a lady Professor at Milan University. We are by no means inclined, with some writers, to attribute the comparatively
high education of Italian women to that reverence for the gentler sex which comes naturally, we are told, from "the cultus of the Blessed Virgin," with its tendency to elevate woman in the scale of society. We, on the other hand, solve this problem, simply by pointing out the fact that the Italian language is to the old Latin very much what the Italian woman is to the old Latin matron, as we find in each the essential elements still extant.

Now, of all women of antiquity none displayed a more marked predilection for arts and literature than did the Roman. The position of a Roman matron was the very reverse of a Greek wife. The Roman presided over her whole household educated her children, and, as the materfamilias, she shared the honour and respect due to her husband. Italian women have degenerated less from the old Roman type than have Italian men, notwithstanding that their minds have been thwarted and twisted by the pernicious influences of Popery. Another solution may be found in the fact, that Italian women are more remarkable for their public than their private virtues and capacities; and a country that was once ruled by a Pope Joan is by no means a country unlikely to encourage a staff of female professors in its public Universities.

Cordially do we rejoice at the prospect now spread before the educated womanhood of this country. It is to our reproach, as a nation, that the higher education of women amongst us has declined since Queen Elizabeth harangued a University in Latin, and Lady Jane Grey wrote Greek. It is something for the Universities to put forth worthy aims and objects to those who would otherwise be aimless and objectless in their studies. It is something to encourage studies which have a marked and incontestable tendency, not only to supplement the wants and to strengthen the weaknesses of the female mind, but to add grace to its grace and beauty to its beauty. It is something to bring the heads of our girls to apply themselves to what is more valuable and enduring than chignons, and to subtract something of the time and attention now dissipated upon the modiste, for the purpose of investing the mind with a garment of glory and beauty which changes with no changing fashion and grows in beauty as it grows in years. It is something for our big girls to practically learn by patient study and settled plans, and a rigid economy of time, those moral and social virtues of patience, self-denial, self-restraint, regularity, and order, which go very far to make up the good woman, the exemplary wife, and the true and tender mother, as well as those intellectual excellencies, such as judgment, taste, prudence, and quickness of apprehension, which, when sanctified by religion, strengthen the weakness of women, and entrench her behind a wall of adamant. Such, we conceive, are some of the social advantages which may be derived by the fairer portion of society from these University examinations. Of the literary advantages we say nothing, as these speak for themselves.

We are especially pleased to notice that Cambridge has not forgotten its duty as a Christian University in holding forth the study of the Christian religion to its aspiring candidates. Without a knowledge of God, in truth, all other knowledge is but folly. The light that leads to Heaven is verily worth more than all other lights, and sad evermore is the life voyage of him or her

"On whom there alight
All stars of heaven except the guiding one."

Knowledge and wisdom are not far apart from each other. Society has no such ally in the cause of civilization and Christianity as that of a woman, true to the innate tenderness and the purity of her sex, going forth with a richly cultivated intellect, with a disciplined mind, and a heart sanctified by the indwelling spirit of her God, to teach by the silent eloquence of a noiseless, charitable, gracious, and gentle life, the invaluable lessons of a living Christianity, to live the light and joy of her own home, and the fruitful blessing to her own generation. In conclusion, to all who seek to benefit themselves by such examinations, whether women or men, we must remind them not to rest content with making their brains temples of light, however brilliant, but to dedicate their hearts as temples to Him who has promised, if we are in Him, to dwell in us.—The Rock.

“LITTLE PITCHERS.”—We do not wonder at the rapid increase of the deplored fault, under the circumstances. If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightfully directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.
THE LADIES’ PAGE.

THE NECKTIE OR LAPPET.

FOR RIBBON.

MATERIALS.—Walter Evans and Co.’s Boar’s-head crochet cotton, No. 16, Tatting Pin No. 2, and a small shuttle. For a coarse trimming use Boar’s-head Cotton No. 10, Tatting Pin No. 3. For Children’s Dresses or other fine trimming use Cotton No. 20.

THE FIRST SIDE.

1st Rosette.—Commence a loop, work 4 double stitches, then (1 pearl and two double alternately 7 times); 2 double more to make 4 in all. Draw close. Reverse the work, and always leave the eighth of an inch of thread before commencing the Rosettes and Dots.

The Dot.—Commence a loop, work 4 double. Make an extra pearl loop by turning the cotton twice round the pin, then 4 double. Draw close. Reverse.

2nd Rosette.—Commence, work 4 double, join to the last pearl of the previous Rosette; then two double, (1 pearl and 2 double, 6 times); 2 double more, draw close. Reverse the work.

Centre Rosette.—Commence a loop, work 2 double, then (1 pearl and 2 double 11 times). Draw close. Reverse the work.

3rd Rosette.—work a Rosette as the 2nd Rosette.

Commence again at the Dot, and repeat until the length required is made, ending with the 3rd Rosette, then reverse.

The Round End—The Dot.—Commence at loop, work 4 double, join to the next pearl of the centre Rosette; then 4 double, draw close. Reverse.

Work a Rosette as the 2nd Rosette; then repeat the Dot and the 2nd Rosette alternately until five Dots are made; then make a joining to the next pearl of the centre Rosette; and to form the other side of the pattern work as follows:

THE SECOND SIDE.

1st Rosette.—Work the 2nd Rosette as in the First Side. Reverse the work.

1st Dot.—Commence, work 4 double, join to the extra pearl of the previous Dot, then 4 double. Draw close. Reverse.

2nd Rosette.—Work a Rosette as before. Then join to the centre pearl of the centre Rosette. Repeat the two Rosettes and the Dot, working the other end to correspond.

LACE EDGING.

MATERIALS.—To make a Lace one and a half inches in depth, use Walter Evans and Co.’s Boar’s-head Cotton No. 14, Tatting Pin No. 2, and one Shuttle. For a finer Lace use Cotton No. 20, and for a coarser size Cotton No. 6 or 10, and Tatting Pin No. 3.

1st Rosette.—Fill the shuttle, and, commencing a loop, work 2 double stitches, then (1 pearl loop and 2 double stitches alternately 11 times); draw quite close.

1st Dot.—Commence a loop, work 3 double (1 pearl and 3 double twice); draw close. Turn this Dot down under the left thumb. Always leave the eighth of an inch of cotton between the Dots and the jointings unless directed otherwise.

2nd Rosette.—Commence a loop, work 2 double, then (1 pearl and 2 double alternately 8 times); draw close. Turn this Rosette and the Dot down so that the 1st Rosette is at the top.

2nd Dot.—Commence, work 4 double, join to the last pearl but one of the 1st Rosette; then 4 double; draw close. Reverse the work so that the 2nd Rosette is at the top.

3rd Dot.—Commence, work 2 double, join to the last pearl but one of the 2nd Rosette; then 2 double, 1 pearl, 4 double; draw close. Reverse the work.

THE TREFOIL.

1st Oval.—Commence a loop, work 5 double, join to the next pearl but one of the 1st Rosette, then 3 double, (1 pearl and 2 double 3 times); 1 double more, 1 pearl, 3 double; draw close.

2nd Oval.—Commence a loop close to the last Oval; work 3 double, join to the last pearl of the 1st Oval; 2 double, then (1 pearl and 2 double 7 times); 1 double more; draw close.

3rd Oval.—Commence a loop close to the last Oval; work 3 double, join to the last pearl of the 2nd Oval, 3 double, then (1 pearl and 2 double 3 times); 1 double more, 1 pearl, 5 double; draw close; make a joining to the pearl of the last Dot, leaving the same space of thread as before.

4th Dot.—Commence a loop, work 4 double, 1 pearl, 4 double, draw close. Make a joining to the next pearl but one of the 2nd Rosette.

5th Dot.—Commence, work 3 double, then (1 pearl and 3 double twice); draw close. Turn this Dot down under the thumb.

3rd Rosette.—Commence, work 2 double, 1 pearl 2 double, join to the pearl of the 4th Dot; 2 double, 1 pearl, 2 double, join to the last pearl of the 3rd Oval, then 2 double, (1 pearl and 2 double 7 times); draw close. Commence again at the first Dot and repeat the direction.

The Heading.—Use cotton two sizes finer than the Tatting, and Walker’s Uncotopic Crochet Needle No. 4. Work 3 chain and 1 plain in each pearl of the Dots, and also in the two centre pearls of the Rosette.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of black tulle with small gold-coloured spots. Deep double flounce at the bottom of the skirt. Camargo panier of black tulle very large. A scarf of black gros-grain festooned with gold begins at the waist and ends under the panier. Another wide band of gros-grain also festooned falls at the side on the puffings of the skirt. Tulle corsage with faille braces embroidered in gold and fastened by bouquets of gold tendrils. In the hair a wreath of gold vine-leaves, and grapes. Black satin shoes trimmed with gold lace.

SECOND FIGURE.—Bride's toilet in white poults de soie. The dress is plain at bottom. Fly's-wing panier, open and trussed up on the middle; it is trimmed with a roll of white satin and bordered by a handsome fringe of twisted silk. Corsage high with a standing collar of Mechlin lace, something like a ruff. Wreath of orange blossom in the hair. Bouquet of the same attached to the corsage, and descending on the skirt. Tulle veil enveloping the whole toilet and concealing the face. Mechlin lace cuffs under a tight sleeve. Doupheine shoes of white gros-grain with a Louis XV. bow.

In the morning we go to hear a sermon, in the evening we dance. This is life at Paris. People are invited to a soirée musicale, but when the concert is finished, some one sits down to the piano and plays a polka, when a dance is sure to ensue, and as the carnival is to be so short, there is an excuse. Moreover, Lent does not prevent réunions; on the contrary, they are so numerous; we are not to feel them. The company arrive in crowds at certain distinguished mansions; and therefore, though it be a season of mortification and humiliation, ladies must dress. Here are a few hints upon this topic. Sleeves in the mode Medecis, made with a fan of lace falling on the hand, are a success. With high open corsages the frill Medecis is worn, it is elevated en coventail at the back and forms two large réecurs on the corsage. A little imperceptible wire is passed through the frill which is very finely plaited. You cannot imagine what an aristocratic grace this new fantastic possesses. In old Mechlin or English appliqué, the effect on black velvet is very elegant. At the first concert at the Tuileries the Empress threw the light of her beauty on a very simple half-mourning toilet, composed of white satin with a tuque of pearl-grey Chinese crêpe, very much relieved at the sides and very long behind, trimmed with a number of little folds.

One of the most remarkable toilets that have appeared at the réunions, was a robe of Prussian blue satin garnished upon the sides with a flounce of point d'Angleterre, opening on an apron of sky-blue satin. The skirt was mounted behind at a certain distance from the waistband, in hollow plaits, like a headed flounce, and the plaits bound with sky-blue satin. A waistband of bleu de ciel, with long ends lined with Prussian blue satin fell on the skirt: the corsage was acutely pointed. So we go forward and back, so we go round and round," as the old nursery rhyme has it.

We perceive a presentiment of spring already in evening toilettes; velvet is almost invisible, and tarsatane in the ascendant for young ladies. If tarsatane is worn over white, it has not only a charming but at times a magnificent effect; upon white silk, for instance, with one deep-headed flounce and five or six narrow ones, with a little gathered one set foot to foot, forming a heading towards the whole series. The corsage should be ornamented with the same, a flounce forming a little point upon the shoulder. This is the true robe nuage.

We have seen the bonnets for the demi-season, which are very small, and generally made of tulle assorted to the toilet. Par exemple a blue tulle bonnet with a little blue plume at the side, and an agrette of scattered feathers in the middle of the front. On the summit of the head, in place of a bow, are four coques formed of a bias-piece of blue velvet. The barsbes are of blue tulle fastened with a bow of blue velvet. This style of bonnet is reproduced in pearl-grey, with a diadem of bronze flyings. In ceint' clair, Van Dyck red, in mauve, violet, and pensée, with bouquets of Parma violets.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received, with thanks: "A Woman's Love;" "The Martius;" "Tears;" "Lines;" "Summer." Not yet read.—"Pet Oliver;" "Belle Loci;" "P. O. M."—We are obliged by the offer of the tale, and will promise to give it our best attention. If suitable we would commence it in July. "S. S." will please to accept the same answer to his inquiry.

Music, books for review, &c., &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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DARLISTON.

CHAP. XLIV.

THE UNCONQUERED WILL.

I had Mr. Merton Brown's company on my walk to Darliston next morning. As we drew near the house a musical young voice crying "Chick, chick" somewhere about the farm buildings, made me turn in that direction.

"That's not Miss Dalziel," said my companion; "it's the little thing. She was feeding the chickens when I called last. Yonder she is on the granary stairs, showing her diminutive bootskins off to perfection. Here—chick, chick!"

She turned her head: the little feet came pattering down the steps and picking their way across the farm-yard, and, with a lap full of corn and a flock of croaking and clucking followers, Alice came towards us.

"What do you mean by calling 'chick, chick' to me, Mr. Brown? I am not sure I ought not to be offended, unless you want some corn?" and she lifted a handful towards his mouth.

He took the hand, emptied the corn into his own, and said, "How are the young ducks? I shall go and feed them."

"Oh, they are getting on beautifully. Do come and see them. Will you come, Mrs. Gainsborough, or would you rather go to Helen? She is in the drawing-room."

"I will go to her. How is Mr. Wainwright this morning?"

"Mrs. Cargill thinks he has taken a little cold, and has prevailed on him to breakfast in bed. So I have not seen him yet."

"Helen is quite well?"

"Oh, yes." A shrewd little look of intelligence flashed from her eyes as she glanced quickly from one to the other of us; but just then an impatient fowl fluttered on to the young lady's shoulder, a good deal startling her. Mr. Brown took the intruder captive, and I left them.

Mrs. Cargill was leaving her master's room as I ascended the staircase. Helen, hearing me speak to her, came to the door, and after saluting me cried to Nanny to come up presently—she wanted to speak to her.

"I am so glad you have come early," she said to me, "for I want to consult with you before I speak to Grant. I must speak to him and come to some understanding, or Mr. Mainwaring will write to him. If he writes Grant will send some insulting answer. Then he will come, and—I would rather anything than they should meet! What can I do? I have been thinking and thinking of all I could say; but it is so difficult to get him to listen."

"Has he made any attempt to speak to you?"

"He said yesterday to Nanny that he should think a week's penance ought to be enough to appease me, and asked if I would receive a letter. Nanny answered she knew nothing about it."

"My dear Helen, I doubt if you will do any good by seeing him; and it will worry and agitate you."

"Oh, but I feel so much stronger now; now that I feel so sure, so happy about him. I know Grant will find no shadow of wavering about me, and it would be a great thing if he could really convince him it is of no use."

"Would you like me to speak to him first?"

"If you do not mind; I should indeed be much obliged to you. He would be more likely to listen, for you have a way of stating things clearly. Still, I do not like to require such a task from you; he has insulted you before."

"I do not feel much confidence in the success of my attempt, but think there are some things I could state which would be good for him to hear. I am not afraid of trying."

Mrs. Cargill reappearing, was asked where Grant was; and replied, "He was downstairs just now; but when he saw Mrs. Gainsborough coming with Mr. Brown, he walked off down the marsh lane. I think he's not gone further than the ten-acre meadow. Most like to look at the new brown horse, that's a rare kicker. He said he should ride him on the marsh this morning."

"I hope your having to keep my servant Barbara gave you no trouble, Mrs. Cargill?"

"No, ma'am, none at all. She was quite in
Darliston.

her glory the first hour, for they'd got hold of some precious bit of gossip about a girl as lived by the wall of Harby Park. Clack, clack, their tongues went, nineteen to the dozen, about the poor thing. Only by-and-by they got to quarrelling about their own sweethearts, and your woman got up in a huff and said it was time to go, for you would be waiting for her to set your supper.

I decided that the orchard would be the best place for a conversation with Grant, and Nanny undertook to bear my request that he would join me there.

When Darliston Hall was first built—some parts are as old as Cromwell's time—the orchard was probably not more than fifty acres about it rising above the tide line. The orchard has on one side a low wall, beyond which lies a meadow some five feet lower in level. Looking over this wall I saw Grant Wainwright approaching on a powerful brown horse. "You want to speak to me, Mrs. Gainsborough," he cried as he drew near. "Stand still, brute!"—this to the horse.

"I want a little quiet talk with you, Mr. Grant; will you come to me here?"

He shouted across the field to Dick Wilcox, flung the bridle to him when he came, and sprang from the saddle to the wall. There was a nest under some walnut trees near. I placed myself there, and said:

"Will you try and keep patience while I speak on matters that are very apt to rouse you? I have some information to give which I think it fair you should have, and some positions to represent to you which, if passion hinders you from considering, it must be to your detriment. Will you hear me?"

"Go on, Mrs. Gainsborough; I have not any objection to receive information."

"Will you first consider with me your uncle's present condition? You are aware that any excitement may bring on an attack which may be fatal. Helen would endure almost anything rather than peril his life, and I believe only do you justice in supposing you are equally minded to allow him the rest of mind so essential."

He nodded.

"Then, when I speak of what Mr Wainwright has done, you will not in any case visit him with resentment, any more than if he had already departed this world. You must see, I think, that as far as contention goes, he is no longer fitted for it; therefore it would be not only unkind, but unmannerly, to disturb and endanger him."

"Go on, ma'am. I'm not the jackass that knelt to the old lion."

"We come to this; that at a certain time your course of conduct was displeasing to him and also to Helen. At such unfortunate time for yourself you made your offer and were refused; Helen declaring to her grandfather that nothing should induce her to accept you. Chance brought forward a gentleman Mr. Wainwright had reasons for considering would make Helen a good and suitable husband; she saw and approved him; and, somewhat hastily indeed, they were bound fast together. In loving her affianced husband Helen has done no more than is right and natural, supposing him at all worthy of her love. You doubtless believe he is not; but she knows he is very sincerely and affectionately attached to her, and he stands so well in the world's estimation that such attachment reflects honour upon its object. It is not possible their engagement should be set aside. She has not acted ill towards you, neither has he. Her decision had gone out against you before she saw him. She now desires you to consider that your suit must be but a source of unhappiness as well to her as yourself; for her engagement was her own choice, and—she loves Mr. Mainwaring,"

"Loves him! Much she knows of him! How many times has she seen him? I don't think anything of her love for him. She will come round to me, you will see."

"Grant Wainwright you are mistaken. You fancy time must do all for you because Mr. Mainwaring is absent. I tell you now that Mr. Mainwaring may come at any time; will come, unless you resign your pretensions. Mr. Wainwright has put it in his power to claim Helen. If you refuse to discontinue attentions which are directed to winning her affections, she is bound by a sense of duty to seek protection. Mr. Wainwright being incapable of affording it, Mr. Mainwaring can and will."

Grant Wainwright had been leaning against a tree, occasionally flicking an old currant bush with the strong riding whip in his hand. He turned his eyes upon me now; the look of determined will blazing in them gave me little hope that my arguments had availed.

"Mr. Mainwaring can come? Why doesn't he come?"

"You think it would be better then that he should marry Helen at once? But could you remain at the Rood Farm while he was at Darliston? He may not take Helen away from her grandfather."

"She would not go; that's his difficulty."

"But is it wise of you to go on feeding a passion which reason must tell you is hopeless? Let Helen retain her good feeling towards you as a friend of childhood. If you enter on strife with her affianced husband you will lose all."

"He won't give me the chance!"

"He has no need. He can claim Helen without your consent: and he is not so far off as you think."

Again his eyes flashed fiercely upon me.

"He was here last night, I know it, you see. He brought a post-chaise and would have carried her off if she had been willing. Oh, Mrs. Gainsborough, I can give you information too!"

"And supposing he had done so, he had authority to justify him. He may do so any day, and what can you do?"

"Do? Shoot him like a dog."
"That would be one way of winning Helen, truly!"
"He should not have her. She is mine."
"What would you have done if he had taken her last evening, when you were at Captain Ashton's?"
"Shot myself."
"Come, this is mad talking. Six months ago you would have said no man in his senses would shoot himself for a woman. Think of Helen as of one who is already a wife. It is your only safe course. Bend to the manifest will of Providence."
"You women are so ready to talk of Providence! What has happened, what has happened; what may happen you cannot say. She's not his wife yet, nor shall be. Did you send for me to talk of Providence, or is there anything Helen requires of me? She has been shutting herself upstairs all the week. What is she afraid of? What does she want? Am I to promise not to kiss her again?"
"She will see you and speak to you herself in the course of the day. There is one other matter I think it right to tell you of; when you are cool you may weigh it better. Mr. Wainwright, anticipating some trouble from you, has bequeathed certain property to you contingent on your good behaviour. Helen and the trustees are to be judges whether you deserve it."
I would gladly have left out this argument, but from some conversation I had held with the old Squire before I went to London, felt it ought now to be brought forward.
I rose to go. Grant still leaned against the tree looking moodily down. A sudden impulse made me speak in a changed tone to him.
"Grant Wainwright, do what is right. Strive like a brave man with the evil that is besetting you. This trouble is hard to bear, but you may have peace beyond it. There is a right and a wrong way out of every grief. If you cannot submit to a fact you believe unaccomplished, resolve at least that you will submit when the will of Heaven is declared."
I had gone some steps down the path when a shout from the meadow made me turn to look. Grant Wainwright too started from his position and leant over the wall. The lad Dick Wilcox had mounted the brown horse, and apparently proud of his elevation, was dancing towards the orchard. It was his father who had shouted to him an angry remonstrance, and Grant seemed to take part with the elder in the view of the danger.
"Hold him well in, Dick," he shouted.
"He won't throw me, Master Grant," cried the lad. "I can hold on to anything!"
"Hold him in, I tell you!" again Grant shouted. "Don't let him gallop, you fool. He'll bolt with you."
It was scarcely spoken when the animal flew straight across the meadow at a frightful pace. As Dick's good fortune willed, a pond lay in the line taken. When the horse had struggled through he rose riderless, but the boy was soon seen emerging covered with duckweed, with no apparent hurt.
Grant Wainwright had seen danger to Dick. I could tell that by his excited look and the long breath he drew when he saw him safe.
"He's got off luckily," he said. "I've known a man's brains dashed out against a tree going full fling on such a beast as that. And he was making straight for the plantation."
I had been frightened, but the matter was so soon over that it hardly sufficed to divert my mind from its previous ideas, and a certain analogy struck me forcibly.
"It is a fine thing to ride such a powerful creature as that, and to ride him well," I observed.
"He is not half trained," Grant Wainwright said; "but he will be first-rate when I have had him in hand a while."
"And what might you not be if you would take a lesson?"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that you have a powerful animal nature, and if you give it the rein—"
"I've done with governesses and their lessons these fifteen years. Good-morning Mrs. Gainsborough."
He leapt from the wall into the meadow and strode off, and I proceeded towards the Hall, too full of serious thought to heed much his afront.
I found the girls busy in the drawing-room with some dressmaking, and Mr. Merton Brown reading "Punch" to them. Helen looked at my face with some anxiety as I entered, but she was beguiled into a laugh the next minute.
The article was finished, and some lively comments were being made upon it when the old Squire entered. He shook Mr. Brown and myself by the hand, patted Alice's shoulder, and sat down. Helen he had seen before.
"How you are all laughing here!" he remarked. "What's it all about?" Without waiting for a reply, he went on: "They are going to a party, a gay party, Mrs. Gainsborough. Is this what you are going to wear, my dear?"
"No—oh, no, Mr. Wainwright. This would be too dark and heavy for me to wear at a dance. I am going in a pale sea-green taffata, trimmed with red and white roses. I shall have a broad sash hanging from one side of my waist with such pretty silver embroidery on it—real Indian! And mamma will lend me her pearl necklace. Then I have a new lace bordered handkerchief, and white satin shoes, and a white merino cloak trimmed with swan's down to wrap me in. Oh, you've no idea how gay I am going to be. I am coming out of the shell in earnest this time."
"And all the prettiest young gentlemen in the room will be crying, 'Chick, chick, come and be my partner.'"
"Oh, Mr. Brown, I wish—I wish I were Laura. I'd say something to punish you,"

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“A thousand pardons, I would not offend you for the world; for you have promised to be my partner, and what a partner I shall have in those roses and pearls! The first dance, remember; unless indeed there is anybody your mamma thinks you must dance the first with; in which case I wait for the second.”

“Yes, that seems comfortable. Of course they will begin with quadrilles, and I so dislike standing up in quadrilles with strangers. As often as not they talk about schools. Schools to me, who never was at school in my life!”

“How was it you did not go to school in France, like your sisters?”

“It was this way. Harriet went first, then Laura joined. I was to have followed a year later, when Harriet was to return. But it proved that Laura’s health was too delicate for a French school, and she had to return with Harriet. She was so ill for some time, we feared consumption. I liked staying at home best, and mamma was afraid I might injure my health. So I escaped; and if I am rather deficient in ‘tournure’ and ‘je ne sais quoi,’ at all events I am undeniably well.”

“Of course you are, Miss Alice; but it sounds a little conceited to say so.”

“Well in health, Mr. Brown; you cannot say I am looking consumptive. Now, Helen, dear, I would like to put that trimming on myself; I have a peculiar way of doing it, and you can go on with the lace.”

“Just see,” said Helen, as she rose, “what a nice thing Alice has made of this old dress. It was my grandmother’s. There was a large scarf with it, and by putting that trimming round the hem and up the front, and making use of that old black lace, she found plenty of material. Does it not look pretty?”

It was a very soft and rich twilled silk, of a peculiar shade of blue, as if a warm sunbeam had mellowed the tint. I said it promised to be a very useful and handsome dress.

And who is going to wear it at the party?” questioned Mr. Wainwright.

“No one,” Helen answered. “It is for me. I am going to put it on to-morrow.”

“You are not going to the party, Helen?” he said, looking hard at her.

“No, grandfather, I am going to stay at home; and Mrs. Gainsborough has promised to spend the night here to console us for Alice being away.”

“That’s right: I thought you were not going to leave me, Helen; you would not do it.”

“And I am coming back next morning, Mr. Wainwright; you are not going to be rid of me yet, said Alice.

“That’s right; you will come back. Don’t let them keep you.”

Before evening Helen had been enabled to write to her husband that she had had an interview with Grant Wainwright, that he had listened quietly to all she had stated, and asked till the following Sunday to consider her request that he would pledge his word to forbearance. She concluded by earnestly beseeching him not to write to her cousin or attempt to come again until he next heard from her.

It had been planned that Alice should be taken home in Mr. Wainwright’s gig, and Mr. Merton Brown had offered to drive on the occasion. He walked up with me in the afternoon accordingly, but was not destined to be Alice’s charioteer. Just before the appointed time a dashing vehicle appeared in front of Darliston Hall, and from it alighted an equally handsomely appointed young gentleman.

Alice had been attiring Helen in the blue dress, and was very merry and pleased with the result of her taste and industry, which we all combined to approve. Following close on Mrs. Cargill’s steps, Mr. Frederick Coalhurst entered the drawing-room.

Mr. Brown, who finds a succession of queer little names for my pretty cousin, called her “Daisy” at the beginning of the week, having reference to her inclination to “shut up” under some circumstances and expand her geniality under other conditions. Daisy’s leaflets folded up so suddenly on this occasion that I was rather struck by it. Evidently she was taken quite by surprise, and it really seemed to me she was not pleased. She received her visitor with “company manners,” very prettily and decorously; but her aspect had undergone as great a change as that I had noticed on the previous Sunday.

The rather hasty entrance of the stranger, had, I perceived, an unfavourable effect on the old Squire. He looked from one to another of us as if he failed to understand what was going forward. “Come for you, Helen!” he said. “Who is this come for you, I don’t know him.” “No, grandfather, I am not going. It is Alice who is called for, and she will come back to-morrow.”

I thought Mr. Brown was going to drive her in the gig. I know he would have brought her back. Will you bring her back?” he questioned of Mr. Coalhurst.

“I hope I shall have that honour, sir,” was the answer.

“I don’t like these parties,” and the old man shook his head and murmured to himself.

Helen’s attention was much engrossed by the desire of assisting Alice, and showing her due attention on the occasion; but Merton Brown I perceived was as conscious as myself that Mr. Wainwright was unduly excited, and he did not accompany Helen when she descended with Alice. It was well he did not.

We were standing together at the window to see the departure, when, just as the wheels had begun to move, Merton sprang forwards and threw his arms round the old man, who had started up and would have fallen but for this timely support.

“Open the bedroom door, and get Mrs. Cargill to come,” said my young friend, and carried him at once to his bed. As I feared, it proved to be one of the dreaded attacks; and, the gig
being fortunately in readiness, Merton Brown started immediately for Dr. Meredith’s house.

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CHAP. XLV.

A DARK NIGHT AT DARLSTON.

Not much could be done. Even when the doctor came and wrote prescriptions they were only for medicines which might be administered should nature’s efforts induce a return from the state of insensibility into which the old man had fallen. Perfect quiet and careful watching, with a repetition of some directions given to Helen on the last occasion, was all he could speak of at present. He endeavoured to soothe her evident distress with some hope; but, when I followed him down-stairs, he looked very gravely at me, and said, “He may linger in his present state some time, but there is no chance of recovery.

Grant Wainwright was entering the hall from without, and heard the last words. He almost staggered, and clutched at the side of the doorway, looking the doctor in the face as he advanced, his own pale even to ghastliness. In a low voice he said, “You are sure he will not recover?”

The doctor shook his head: “He is in no pain,” he said. “Mr. Wainwright has attained a great age. I can hold out no shadow of reasonable hope of his restoration.”

He passed on to his carriage, and Grant spoke up. “I don’t know, sir,” he said, “how does she bear it? Will you say something for me?”

“What shall I say?” I inquired, rather desirous of turning Helen’s attention from the suspicion of Dr. Meredith’s having spoken more openly to me.

“Ask her if I can do anything— no; ask her to come and tell me what I can do—to speak to me. I shall wait here till she does.”

Helen was watching in the sick room. Half-an-hour later she came to me, where I sat in the drawing-room, and I mentioned Grant’s request. She had been crying, I saw by her eyes; but she was in a sort of calm now. “Come down with me,” she said: “I should like to speak to him.”

We descended the staircase. Grant was standing in the hall, and advanced to meet her. She gave her hand, and said, “Oh, Grant, think of all his kindness to you and me in the old times, and let us be as we were then—like brother and sister. Do promise I shall be your sister! forget all but the old days!”

“Can you forget all but the old days?” he said.

“I will, indeed; I will only think of the time we were children together. You know I have said I do not wish to lose that happy time—or you. You know what I have said—be my brother: do not be the enemy of anyone I love.”

He was still pale as marble; but there was a rigidity in the expression of his mouth and eyes which pained me to see. It was not the look which should have been brought up by Helen’s heart-warm appeal.

“When is he coming?” he asked, in a low tone.

“Mr. Mainwaring? I do not know,” she replied. “Oh, Grant, you must learn to think kindly of him for my sake.”

“I cannot learn that lesson at once, Helen,” he said. Then, after a little pause, “Is there nothing I can do? Come and tell me how he is now and then: I shall be about here.”

“Theres is prescription to be made up; but Dr. Meredith said the morning would be time enough. We have medicine he is to take first. Would you see that one of the men starts early in the morning with it?”

“I will see about it; perhaps go myself. It’s always well to have things in time.”

Helen caught the sound of Nanny’s voice, and ran hastily up. I followed. Finding she was not wanted, she came and sat down beside me on the drawing-room sofa, resting her head on my shoulder.

“Mr. Mainwaring will be sorry to hear you are in grief, dear Helen. You would feel more lonely this sad night if his love were not yours. That is something more to be grateful to your grandfather for having provided.”

“Yes, dear,” she said; “I do feel thankful to him for it; and it makes me feel stronger, much stronger to bear this sorrow.”

She did not stop long, quickly gliding into the next room. I sat reading: the old grey room looked so sad to me. My one candle gave me light enough to read by, but all around was misty and dark. I hardly knew how time went, except that it went sadly. Now and then the doorway of the adjoining room was passed through by some quiet step; the doors were open, for the night was warm, and I heard some low whisper murmured.

It had been agreed that I must go to bed, and rise early to relieve the other watchers. My head was heavy, and I was thinking of going to my appointed room, when I heard Nanny Cargill’s voice at the door say softly, “Miss Helen! Miss Helen! he’s stirred!”

“Has your master moved?” I asked.

“Yes, ma’am, he’s raised his hand a little—I beg your pardon, I thought Miss Helen was here.”

“No; perhaps she has gone up-stairs. I suppose it is about time for me to go to bed. Past ten, my watch says. I will tell her as I am passing her door.”

I was to occupy a room Alice had been sleeping in near to Helen’s, and went in to the latter at once, the door being open and no light within. I expected to see her on the bed, but she was not there, and I passed on to my own room, and set down my watch, which I had taken off to wind while in the drawing-room. I had a fancy she might be in my room, seeing that all was comfortable for me—it would have
been like her. However, she was not, so I went down to acquaint Nanny.

"Dear child, she ought to know!" said the good woman. "She'd be so glad. I do think master's beginning to come to. I have sent the women to bed: would you mind sitting and watching him a while, now? I'll go down and tell her: she's may-be run to speak to Grant, or to Will Harper, who is sitting up by the kitchen-fire."

I took her place.

I had sat about five minutes, when she came back, ma'am; could she have fallen asleep on her bed? Did you look when you went in?"

"Yes, Nanny; she is certainly not in her room!"

"But where can she be? She creeps about so soft: may-be she's in the drawing-room all the time?"

"No, I must have seen her, and you called to her. She is asleep, somewhere, no doubt—in the spare bedroom probably."

Mrs. Cargill called her by name.

"Hush, Nanny, don't raise your voice, see, your master has turned his head on his pillow!"

She came forward, throwing the light of the candle on his face. "He looks more life-like."

"Go into the spare bed-room; you are sure to find her there. If she wanted to lie down she would choose the bed nearest rather than her own up-stairs."

I felt a certain amount of discomfort, but no alarm. I was much taken up with watching the change perceptible in Mr. Wainwright. There was a slight action of the muscles of the face apparent.

Another minute, and Nanny was again at the door; she looked at me with a face of affright: "Oh, ma'am, I can't find her high nor low, and I mustn't call loud. How long is it since you saw her?"

"Not since she went in to you, when the women were going to bed."

"Oh, good gracious, ma'am, don't say so! Why, that's an hour ago. Oh, Miss Helen! my dear Miss Helen!" and Nanny's voice rose in uncontrollable alarm.

"Do you mean that she has not been sitting with you since?"

"No, ma'am, not this hour: I thought she was with you!"

Now, indeed, I was frightened. I took the candle out of her hand, ran upstairs, calling her in each of the rooms, and rousing the maids. Then I rushed down to the hall, where I encountered Will Harper. "Oh, have you seen her?" I cried. "Your mistress, Miss Helen—where can she be?"

"Oh, ma'am: how scared you look! The house is all safe: I fastened the hall-door well-nigh an hour ago."

I heard a door opened somewhere. "Helen are you there?" I cried.

"No, ma'am, that's little Dick—Dick Wilcox—he sleeps here now: he's opened his door to know what we're talking about."

"Ask him when he saw Miss Helen last."

I ran up the stairs again, hearing Nanny's voice. She was telling Peggy, who had come down but half-dressed, to sit and watch Mr. Wainwright.

Down to the hall again went poor Mrs. Cargill and I, looking in each other's faces only to see our fears reflected. Searching the parlour, the store-room, the most improbable places, calling again and again on Helen. Dick Wilcox appeared, having hastily put on his clothes.

"When was she seen last? Who saw her? Nanny, try and recollect!"

Poor Nanny was sadly confused. She remembered hearing her say good-night to Peggy; that was on the staircase, about nine o'clock.

"I heard her talking to someone—Master Grant, I think—when we were having our supper," said the boy to Will Harper.

"I didn't hear her," he said.

"She spoke soft, like, but I heard her voice clear."

"What was it she was saying?"

"Be sure you don't lose it— I think that was it."

"Maybe it was the prescription," said Nanny, with a memory brightened by the hint. "She took it out of the escritoir drawer, and was going to give it, I thought, to one of you?" addressing the servants. "It was to be taken to Field's, the chemist at Marsham, to be made up."

"Did Mr. Grant speak to either of you about going there?" I asked.

"He said something," the boy answered, "about getting it made up, and what hours the shop was open. I thought he meant to go there himself."

A footstep without, a knock at the hall-door; it was opened, and Grant stood there: a bottle of medicine in one hand, the other was engaged in taking something else out of a pocket.

He looked up and stared at us all. "Why, how you all look!" he said. "Is the old man dead?"

"Oh, Grant, Grant!" cried Nanny, with a burst of crying; "better for him if he was dead! better for me. Oh, Grant, what has become of Miss Helen—of my mistress? She's gone, Grant! she's gone! We can't find her nowhere!"

"Gone! gone, and you don't know where I should think you, Mrs. Gainsborough, were the most likely person to know where, if she's gone off suddenly."

"I?"

"I thought some friend of yours had been trying to get her off a night or two ago?"

I looked him in the face: he stared me in the eyes with his hard, dark gaze, and I looked a little lower—to his mouth.

"You mean Mr. Mainwaring," I said, "he had no occasion to steal her. He is in London, but, as I have told you, has good right to protect and claim her."

"Well, don't stand gaping round me in this
Darliston.

fashion. If she's missing look for her. When was she seen last?"

"She was heard last talking to you in the hall—about nine o'clock."

"And havn't you seen her since? Oh, nonsense: she gave me the prescription, and I have been having it made up. Here's the medicine. Why don't you stir yourselves and look about? Do something, you fools! Dick, go and saddle the black mare. If she's really missing I must go for the police."

"Havn't you come on, Grey Randal, master Grant?" questioned the lad.

"No, saddle the mare."

"Mr. Grant," I said, "come into the parlour for a moment."

There are no moments to be thrown away. I shall go for the police. There's not one of you knows how to set about a thing. Have you looked in the stables?"

He was turning away. I put my hand on his arm. "Grant Wainwright, there is something I must say, a secret I must tell you."

Still I watched the expression of his mouth.

"I can't stop!" he cried, making for the door. I held to his arm, and as he passed out said in a whisper, "Grant, save your cousin Helen. She cannot be yours, for she is married—married! I tell you; but do not let that villain Witham get hold of her. Save her! Remember, she called upon you as a brother this night."

I had not seen Nanny Cargill follow us out, but she was now also clinging to him. "Oh, Grant, save her!" she cried. "The dear child could not help marrying when her grandfather desired it, for she loved Mr. Mainwaring. Oh, bring her back, Grant! Her heart will be broken. Think of the dear child!"

"Don't be a fool, Nanny. Am not I going now to find her and bring her back? I'll find her, never fear: and if she's married to Mr. Mainwaring, why he and I may talk that over afterwards."

I would have given much for light to have seen his face; but it seemed as if my senses were intensified, and his every tone appealed to my keenest instincts. He had pushed away from us towards the stables.

"Could he, oh, could he, Nanny?" I said.

She answered with a sob; then, as we entered, said, "You told him she's married, and he'll surely bring her back if he has carried her away; but where to, and how could he? He must have had hard walking to get to Marsham and back; he couldn't, indeed, have walked it; he must have run all the way."

I repeated his words, "He and I may talk that over afterwards!" And yesterday he said he should have shot himself if Mr. Mainwaring had taken her!

I sat down in the parlour for a moment, and buried my face in my hands; then I rose. There was silence but for the sobs of Nanny Cargill. The boy Wilson entered the hall with the stable-lantern—he was crying too.

"Saddle another horse," I said—"the best you have. One of you must go to Marsham after Mr. Grant."

"There's not another in the stable," replied the lad. "The old grey went in the gig."

"Where is the brown mare, Mr. Wainwright sometimes rode?"

"At the Rood Farm."

"Cannot you get a horse from the fields?"

"There are the cart-horses, and the new brown horse that took me into the pond."

He looked at me very earnestly, and then said, "Oh, ma'am, if you think Master Grant has carried away Miss Helen against her will I will go on that."

"My good boy, do not be afraid of speaking. What makes you think Mr. Grant may have done so?"

"She would not have gone and left master—dying as he is, I'm sure she'd never have gone willing!"

"But how could he have taken her?"

"I don't know; but she's gone, and Nero never barked. Master Grant had Grey Randal standing saddled in the lane for an hour before he started for Marsham; and he came back on foot."

I thought anxiously for a moment. It might be hazards the lad's life to send him as he had offered. I asked Will Harper if he thought he would go safe.

"He'd better go on old Darby, ma'am," he said. "We may be long in catching the new horse, and Darby will come in a minute to me. He's slower, but he's surer, and he knows every inch of the road. He has been in the gig sometimes."

"Get him ready, then, while I write."

Nanny found me materials, and I soon had this written:

"To the Police at Marsham!

"Miss Dalziel has been forcibly carried away from Darliston Hall. Mr. Wainwright is thought to be dying, and she is his heiress. His nephew, Grant Wainwright, undertook before this to give you information. I suspect him strongly of having part in the abduction. Let him be closely watched and followed. The person calling himself Witham, and known to you, I also strongly suspect. Let neither leave the neighbourhood. Search the ruined huts near the Cleft Channel on the Marsh. Telegraph immediately to London for Mr. Arden Mainwaring. He is likely to be found at the Westminster Hotel."

While thus engaged—Nanny Cargill looking over my shoulder—we were startled by a scream proceeding from Mr. Wainwright's room, and, rushing to the staircase, heard Peggy cry—

"Oh, Nanny—Nanny Cargill—come here! Master's getting up. He's sitting bolt upright in his bed!"

It was so. He seemed to be feebly searching for something about the head of his bed; but when Nanny came and, arranging his pillow, gently compelled his reclining again, he gave a sigh, and appeared to be contented.

I descended, and, finishing my note, wrote
another to much the same purport to be taken
to Mr. Merton Brown. This done I began to
think the horse was long in coming, when little
Wilcox came into the hall.

"We shall do now, ma'am," he said; "didn't
you hear the mare?"

"No; what mare?"

Miss Helen's black mare. We was in a
precipitate hurry, none of the horses could we
find in the ten-acre meadow, and Will Harper
goes to look if they're in the field beyond
the aspens. I was coming to ask if I had not
time better run it, when I heard the mare whin-
nrying. She was making straight for her stable."

"Can Mr. Grant have sent her adrift?"

"She's likely threw him, ma'am."

"Well, go, my good lad; and don't let her
throw you."

"I've rode her often lately; and she likes me
better than Master Grant, because I'm a lighter
weight, and I groom her. Might I have a lump
or two of sugar? Miss Helen often gives her
some, and she might take it kindly."

She had found in his pocket, and
went out myself to offer some to my poor
Helen's favourite, while the lad mounted. She
made no opposition to his doing so, and I
augured from the start that matters would go
well.

It was at least twenty minutes later when
Will returned, having caught and saddled
Darby. I had, meanwhile, written a few
lines to Alfred Merivale, urging him to take
what steps were possible to find where Witham
was. I gave this in charge to Will Harper,
telling him to call on the way at Mr. Barncliffe's
cottage, order Lance to come to me, and his
brother to give the information to Mr. Gray, and
afterwards proceed with it to the nearest coast-
guard station.

CHAP. XLVI.

MRS. WELLWOOD'S PARTY. A SENSATION.
THE DEBUTANTE GOES OFF UNUSUALLY
EARLY.

Mrs. Wellwood's parties were always thought
much of in the neighbourhood. She seldom
invited more than twenty people; but this
Thursday evening was looked upon as rather a
special occasion; and her rooms were as full
as, without inconvenience, they could be. Her
husband's nephews had been visiting her for
the previous ten days, and it was her desire that
they should become acquainted with her friends
before returning to Addiscombe.

A good deal of excitement had been felt by
most of the young ladies who considered they
held a place in Mrs. Wellwood's good graces—
for who could tell what might be the result of
this commencement of mutual acquaintance?

Laura Ainslie had seen and pronounced upon
them, already. "The youngest is a cub with
a sulky temper," she had said; "and as for the
other, he brought to my mind a saying of our
cooks, 'he looks as if butter would not melt in
his mouth, but cheese would not choke him.' A
good strong piece of old Gruyeres would not come
amiss to him if nobody were by, I know."

So if the Ainslie girls did come out rather
brilliantly on this occasion, it was not with any
view to the captivation of either hopeful youths.
Nevertheless, their mamma had her own special
reasons for desiring they should be here tonight.
Was not this Alice's first grand party? And,
and—there was young Mr. Coalhurst would
perhaps be leaving soon. Laura had certainly
not behaved quite well to him. She had re-
ceived his attentions, teased him a great deal,
and then said to her papa, "I could not
marry Mr. Coalhurst for all the world. He
may be a very good fellow, but he don't suit me.
He thinks too much of himself, and he's not so
very bright: I shall go and take tea with uncle,
as he is to be here this evening."

To which her father had replied: "Very
well, my dear; just as you please about that;
but I do not think you need avoid him, for your
mamma is of opinion that though he is not the
most admired, he is much more seriously inclined
towards your sister Alice."

Laura was surprised, a little aggrieved, a little
relieved. She was very fond of Alice—but to
think of her, such a little thing as she was of
her age, being married first—enough to make
one feel quite old! She talked it over with her uncle that
evening. He said he thought her papa was right,
and if Laura had really determined against ac-
cepting Mr. Coalhurst herself, she would do
well to avoid standing in the way of his par-
tiality for her sister.

"She's a dear little thing, is Alice," said
Laura; "I shall never forget how kind she was
when I was ill. I'm sure I would not stand in
her way on any account."

"Neither would she in yours; and I have a
great idea that her fondness for Darliston Hall
of late has been from a perception of Mr. Coal-
hurst's wavering inclination. She will suit him
a great deal better than you would, you minx."

Laura looked serious, and said she only
wished she was sure he deserved to have such a
dear darling as Alice was for his wife.

So now the evening of the party had come,
and, Mr. Ainslie leaving his dressing-room in a
white cravat, came upon Mrs. Ainslie hurrying
out of hers. The lady was very well satisfied,
when, on entering the drawing-room where the
girls were assembled, her husband cried out
"killing," and smiled approbation.

"What a bey of beauty, to be sure. Amelia,
you belong to me, and Harriet, I suppose has
the best intention to be harmless."

"Indeed, I'm not quite sure of that, papa. I
am purposeing an attack on some gentleman, un-
known. Look at this splendid bouquet; isn't it
a perfect beauty? Well, Alice brought it
with her from Darliston Hall, and I am charged
to find out who it is that so frequently sends
these pretty things to Miss Dalziel. He must
be coming to the party, we think, and doubtless
expects to find her there. It came to her just before Alice was leaving."

"Well, my dear, you have my leave to try and find out. Laura, I like that white flower in your hair: who do you mean to set it at?"

"I am very much down and out of spirits, papa," she said in a tone not much like it. "I have not one partner engaged, and here's Allie who has had to promise three."

"Aye? Who are they, Allie?"

"Mr. Merton Brown asked me for the first dance; but if mamma desired—he thought, as I was coming out, that perhaps I ought to dance with one of Mrs. Wellwood's nephews—I don't know anything about it."

"Why Charles, Mr. Coalhurst has asked her for the first and fourth; and, considering he had the trouble of bringing her from Darliston—"

"Oh, yes; I see. Well, Allie, your dress is very pretty, and you look a very nice partner for anyone; so put your wraps on and come along. Thomas, bring a lantern; its dark this evening. We must not have our white satin slippers spoiled before we get into the carriage."

Out of the darkness into gaily lit rooms. Alice felt certainly it looked very charming to see the flowers and pictures telling out so brightly, and sweet Mrs. Wellwood in a lace dress and jewels coming forward to greet them.

"Who is she to dance first with, Mrs. Ainslie?" said the hostess, in a low tone, holding Alice's little hand in hers. "Engaged to Mr. Coalhurst? Oh, very well. Sit down by me, my love, he will come and claim you directly. Laura, my friend Merton wishes to dance with you if you are not engaged. He was here a moment since, asking for all of you."

The gentlemen mentioned came forward almost simultaneously; but Mr. Brown kept back until Mr. Coalhurst had been evidently accepted as partner. Alice met his glance and coloured; he looked perhaps a little mischievous. Passing on, he made the requisite speech to Laura and led her to a place in the same set.

Alice was very silent over her first quadrille. She answered in short little yeses and noes; was rather serious; but, with a fine tint of rose on her cheeks, looked radiant with health and beauty. During the second dance she smiled a little, and glanced up to her partner a few times, evidently more at ease. Mr. Merton Brown was heard remarking some while after to Mrs. Wellwood that he thought one of the prettiest sights in the world was a young homeward like that, on the occasion of her first party. Doubtless Mr. Coalhurst thought so too. He sat down so often, always where he could see her, when she was engaged with other partners, that at Mrs. Wellwood thought it necessary to speak to him, and ask if he had quarrelled with Miss Laura Ainslie or Miss Selina Carter (the latter the niece of the gentleman at whose house he was on a visit), since he avoided dancing with them. He rose lazily and assured Mrs. Wellwood he was only saving himself up for the latter part of the evening. He had asked Miss Laura, and she was engaged three deep. He would ask Miss Carter when there was a waltz: she waltzed very nicely.

Once more the dancers were dispersed to their seats; and Laura, passing hastily through the midst, sought her sister Harriet in the first room.

"Harriet, why do you stay here all the while? It's much cooler in the next room. Where is papa? I have not seen him for some time."

"Sit down a minute, Laura; you are in a heat, and must mind those windows in the next room. I am staying here to watch the effect of my bouquet. I threw it down on that table by the door when I entered, and have been trying to mark whether anything like recognition is perceptible from any gentleman present."

"And have you noticed anything?"

"I have suspicions in one quarter. Mr. Boradaile has cast his eyes on it more than once, and even—I know it though his back was turned—lifted and examined it. It had been moved I clearly saw after he had taken the carriage."

"I think he was at the archery fête—I know his aunt, Mrs. Boradaile of the Leas was there."

"There's a friend of his I have been dancing with; such a nice sort of partner. His name is Devonshire."

"I know, a tall man: he is a son of the great Manchester manufacturer. That steam-yacht we saw in the bay belongs to his elder brother."

"And where do you think papa is?"

"I will tell you, dear; but you must say nothing to anyone, for Allie must not hear of it. Poor old Mr. Wainwright is taken ill. He had a sort of fit just after she left Darliston. Mr. Brown was there and went off at once for Dr. Meredith."

"Poor Miss Dalziel: how right she was not to come here. I almost wondered she resisted, but had no idea of anything so serious."

"Papa has been gone some time: he left in the gig Mr. Brown came in from Darliston."

"I don't see that he can do anything?"

"Oh, it is very important; more important than you think; though you may suppose Miss Dalziel will be heiress to a very large property. Here's Allie coming with Mr. Brown, so we must mind; it would spoil all her pleasure, poor darling."

As the two entered through the folding-doors, and seeing the sisters advance towards them, Mrs. Wellwood's butler hastily came in from the passage. "Mr. Brown, if you please," he said, in rather an excited tone.

"Well, what is it, Gunston?" asked Mr. Brown.

The servant handed him a note. "Immediate, sir, if you please. I'm afraid it is very important." Mr. Brown expected from this to find an announcement of Mr. Wainwright's death; and anxious to screen such a fact from Alice, took the letter in hand and opened it with a calm look; but, the shock of the contents was too much for his self possession: his colour rose and
paled as with an half uttered ejaculation of distress he hurriedly strode towards the door.

"Who is the messenger? where is he?" he asked.

There was a rising tumult of voices in the hall below, where stood young Dick Wilcox, pale with excitement and fatigue, the centre of a circle of liveried servants. His working coat on, bound and wrapped around him, and his stockingsless legs peeping above his highboots, he presented a strange contrast to those around him. They fell back on seeing Mr. Brown approach, and the poor lad on seeing his face, cried, "Oh, it's Mr. Grant, sir; it's his work. Why were't you there to break every bone in his skin!" And Dick clenched his fists, and then fairly burst into loud crying.

The rumour spread through the house and reached Mrs. Wellwood and Mrs. Ainslie, who were conversing together on a sofa in the boudoir beyond the second drawing-room.

"There's something said of Miss Dalziel of Darliston Hall having disappeared," a gentleman remarked their hearing. A whisper had commenced, but the music soon sank and ceased, for the dancers fell off one couple after another to hear what report so interested the others.

Mrs. Wellwood, making her way to the hall, was met by Merton Brown. "Here is some terrible business at Darliston," he said, "Miss Dalziel has disappeared since nine o'clock, and it is feared has been carried away. Will you let me have something to take me there as quickly as possible?"

Mrs. Wellwood had no saddle horses, but she ordered a carriage to be directly made ready.

"The boy had better ride on the box," Mr. Brown said. "Tie is knocked up. Gunston, see the mare he rode is taken good care of; it is Miss Dalziel's."

"Why Brown, you take it very seriously," remarked a gentleman who had come up beside him. "I did not think you had any special interest in that quarter. And if the young lady has gone off with her cousin, I suppose it's an old attachment."

He was interrupted by Dick Wilcox who almost shouted in his excitement. "Now don't go saying that. You know nothing about it, sir; no, you don't. Miss Helen, she'd never go off willing from Darliston when her grand-father lies in a fit—dying, maybe. And she never had nothing to say to him no more than she could help. And he said he would go and tell the police, and he didn't, not he."

"Come into the library, gentlemen," Mrs. Wellwood said, "and do you come in too, poor lad."

She took him by the arm and placed him in an easy chair. Poor Dick had never seen so grand looking a lady in his life, nor so grand a chair.

"Now, Merton," she said, "the carriage cannot be ready for a few minutes: sit down and think."

He had been confused with the cluster of tongues; stunned with the suddenness of the event. Now, reading my note a second time, he began more systematically to question Dick. While he was doing so Laura Ainslie came in to the room followed by Mr. Devonshire.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "have we not reason to suspect Mr. Witham, the same person who has been lately at Captain Ashton's, of being a very desperate character?"

"Yes," he promptly answered, "and Mrs. Gainsborough suspects strongly as I do that he has a hand in this business."

"What on earth could he have to do with it?" questioned another gentleman, who had entered after Mr. Devonshire: this was Mr. Boradale.

"He knows she is an heiress, and wants her himself; that is what I think," said Merton.

"Oh, impossible!" cried Mr. Boradale, "I'm quite sure you're wrong."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Devonshire, "how should a man who wants a lady himself assist another lover to run away with her? Besides, I happen to know that Witham was playing piguet at Captain Ashton's at nine o'clock, for I was there myself and won a sovereign from him."

"Mr. Devonshire, I suspect this same Witham to be altogether a villain. I know he is in part, and I sent him word by Grant Wainwright some days ago that he was no fit company for gentlemen. I meant to warn the headstrong fool Wainwright—and I suspect he will find he is a fool. Witham, I believe quite capable of playing his own game under pretence of serving a friend."

"Oh, Mr. Devonshire, do speak!" cried Laura.

"Why the fact is, Miss Laura thinks there is some connection in the affair, but—I am afraid I am very stupid—I don't see it. Mr. Witham has undertaken charge of the Olive."

Mr. Brown looked for a moment perplexed; the next, he said, "The yacht in the bay?"

"Yes, my brother's steam yacht. Tom is in France, and wished me to send her over to Kingstown to a friend: Witham manages her first-rate, and so I said I should be much obliged to him. I did really think it was very good-natured of him to offer."

"Has he gone?"

"Not this tide—I think not—he was to be away in the morning. If you are in earnest in saying the man is not fit company for gentlemen, I will go and put a stop to his departure. I don't want to get into a scrape with Tom. But don't fancy Miss Dalziel is on board—the thing is impossible. The crew are on the vessel; I know every man of them, and can answer for their being honest fellows."

"I do give you my assurance that Witham has proved himself a liar and an imposter in more than one instance; and I am of course prepared to maintain my assertion. Do as you have said, I pray, without loss of time—though I think the police may have been before you in arresting his departure."

234
Mr. Devonshire and Mr. Borasaile left the room together: the next minute the carriage was announced to be in readiness, and Merton Brown started up to go.

He had hastily shaken hands with Mrs. Wellwood and Laura, when he was aware of a pale, pretty face, hooded with white cachemire, looking up in his own.

"I am going with you to Darliston, Mr. Brown."

"You going with me, Miss Alice? Why, bless my soul—Miss Dasiel is not there, you know?"

"I am going with you, Mr. Brown; mamma has consented, and papa is there. If you please you must take me."

He looked at Mrs. Wellwood. "Go, both of you," she answered to his silent appeal. "The party is over for Alice; that I am sure; and poor Mrs. Gainesborough ought to be considered."

"Yes, indeed; she is in trouble, I am very certain."

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Newstead Abbey, September 9th, 1811.

As I long ago pledged myself never to sell Newstead, which I mean to hold in defiance of devil and man. But I am quite alone, and never see strangers without being sick, but I am nevertheless on good terms with my neighbours, for I neither ride, or shoot, or move over my garden walls; but I fence, and box, and swim, and run a good deal, to keep me in exercise and get me to sleep. Poor Murray is ill again, and one of my Greek servants is ill too, and my valet has got a pestilent cough, so that we are in a peck of troubles. My family surgeon sent an emetic this morning for one of them. I did not very well know which, but I swore somebody should take it, so, after a deal of discussion, the Greek swallowed it with tears in his eyes, and by the blessing of it and the Virgin, whom he invoked to assist it and him, I suppose he'll be well to-morrow; if not, another shall have the next. So—likes children; that is lucky, as he will have to bring them up; for my part, since I lost my Newfoundland dog, I like nobody except his successor, a Dutch mastiff, and three land tortoises brought with me from Greece. . . . .

If you don’t come here before Christmas, I very much fear we shall not meet here at all, for I shall be off somewhere or other very soon out of this land of paper credit (or rather no credit at all, for everybody seems on the high road to bankruptcy), and if I quit it again I shall not be back in a hurry. However I shall see you somewhere, and make my bow with decorum before I return to the Ottomans. I believe I shall turn Mussulman in the end. You ask me after my health. I am in tolerable leanness, which I promote by exercise and abstinence. I don’t know that I have acquired anything by my travels but a smattering of two languages and a habit of chewing tobacco.

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April 11th, 1816.

... affairs are mine. I trust you got home safe and well. I am sadly without you, but I won’t complain... I can’t bear to send you a short letter, and my heart is too full for a long one, but I think it unkind and ungrateful.

Bruxelles, May 1st, 1816.

My Dear—. We are detained here for some petty carriage repairs, having come out of our way to the Rhine on purpose, after passing through Ghent, Antwerp, and Mechlin. I have written to you twice, once from Ostend, and again from Ghent. I hope most truly that you will receive my letters, not as important in themselves, but because you wish it, and so I. It would be difficult for me to write anything amusing, this country has been so frequently described, and has so little for description, that I know not what to say of it, and one don’t like talking only of one’s self. We saw at Antwerp the famous basons of Bonaparte for his navy, which are very superb, as all his undertakings were; and as for churches and pictures, I have stared at them till my brains are like a guide-book; the last (though it is heresy to say so), don’t please me at all. I think Rubens a very great dauber, and prefer Vandyke a hundred times over, but then I know nothing about the matter. Ruben’s women have all red gowns and red shoulders, to say nothing of necks of which they are more liberal than charming. It may all be very fine, and I suppose it must be art, for I’ll swear ‘tis not nature... As the low countries did not make part of my plan (except as a route), I feel a little anxious to get out of them; level roads don’t suit me; as thou knowest; it must be up hill or down, and then I am more au fait. Imagine to yourself a succession of avenues with a Dutch spire at the
end of each, and you see the road; an accompaniment of highly-cultivated farms on each side, interverted by small canals or ditches, and sprinkled with very neat and clean cottages, a village every two miles, and you see the country. In a rise from Ostend to Antwerp, a mole-hill would make the inhabitants think that the Alps had come here on a visit; it is a perpetuity of plain and an eternity of pavement (on the road), but it is a country of great apparent comfort, and of singular though tame beauty; and were it not out of my way, I should like to view it less cursorily. The towns are wonderfully fine... The approach to Brussel is beautiful, and there is a fine palace to the right in coming.

[The rest of this letter is lost.]

Diodot, Geneva, Sept. 8th, 1816.

By two opportunities of private conveyance, I have sent answers to your letter delivered by Mr. ——. I—— is on his return to England, and may probably arrive before this. He is charged with a few packets of seals, necklaces, balls, &c., and I know not what, formed of crystals, agates, and other stones, all of and from Mont Blanc, bought and brought by me, on and from the spot expressly for you to divide. There are seals and all kinds of fooleries. Pray like them, for they come from a very curious place (nothing like it hardly in all I ever saw), to say nothing of the giver. As for me I am in good health, fair, though very unequal spirits, but for all that... my heart is broken. I feel as if an elephant had trodden on it. I am convinced I shall never get on, but I try... affected me very differently, if it were acutely it would not signify; but it is not that, I breathe lead. I have neither strength, nor spirits, nor inclination, to carry me through anything which will clear my brain or lighten my heart. I mean to cross the Alps at the end of this month, and go, God knows where, by Dalmatia, up to the Arnauts, and nothing better can be done. I have still a world before me, this or the next.* —— has told me all the strange stories in circulation of me, not true; I have been in some danger on the lake (near Meillerie), but nothing to speak of... I have heard nothing since your last, at least a month or five weeks ago. I go out very little, except into the air, and on journeys, and on the water, and to

Coppet, where Madame de Staël has been particularly kind and friendly towards me... Don't hate me, but—&c.

Sept. 18th, 1816.

On the steps of a cottage in the village of La Meillerie, I saw a young paysanne, beautiful as Julie herself. There was a trunk upon the table. The only book, except the bible, a translation of "Cecilia," (Miss Burney's Cecilia); and the owner of the cottage had also called her dog (a fat pug two years old, and hideous as Tip), after Cecilia's or rather Delville's dog Fidèle. In the next room —— knocked his head against the door, and exclaimed of course against doors. Women gabbling below. Good-night.

Sept. 26th, 1816.

We were roused by women, and women went right for the first time in my recollection. There was a girl with fruit, very pretty blue eyes, good teeth, very fair, long but good features, reminded me rather of ——. Bought some of her pears. The expression of her face mild but good, and not at all coquettish. I told you of my purchases. The dog is a very ugly dog, but "très méchant," this was a great recommendation in the owner's eyes and mine, for I mean him to watch the carriage. He bath no tail, and is called "Muts" which signifies short tail; he is apparently of the shepherd dog genus. The filly, which is one of two young horses, I bought of the Baron de——, has carried me very well. She is young, and as quiet as anything of her sex can be, very good-tempered, and perpetually neighing when she wants anything, which is every five minutes. She is a very tame, pretty, childish quadruped.

Sept. 30th.

In the weather for the tour (of 13 days), I have sent you, I have been very fortunate, fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty; I can bear fatigue and endure privation; and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this the recollections of bitterness which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here, and neither the music of the shepherd, the crushing of the avalanche, the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, or enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me... To you ——— —— I sent, and for you I kept, the record of what I saw and felt...
THE SOUTHERN CROSS;
OR,
LIFE'S OCEAN JOURNEY.
BY MARIA WHEELER.

"It is known at what hour of the night the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece. How often have we heard our guides say, 'Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend!'"—HUMBOLDT'S Travels.

The breeze had died, the night was dark,
Our ship was gliding slowly on;
With only tears our way to mark,
Sorrow and I had long been one.

We rather were companions three,
Together brought in pain and care,
Sorrow and I and Memory—
And she had somewhat seem'd Despair.

It was in vain she told me how
The lingering rays of setting sun
Had gilded once her furrow'd brow;
On me and Sorrow there fell none.

But in that weary night, and near,
A ministering spirit stood,
Whose blessed healing atmosphere
Exhaled unknown yet certain good;

And this was Hope, too long cast out,
Or chased roughly far away;
The mis-us'd blessing of our doubt
In thick'ning shadows of the day:

"Children," she said, "though now you weep,
And toil along your weary way,
The day's at hand when you will reap:
'Faint not—and I will watch and pray."

"By lifting up mine eyes I may
(Should haply any stars appear)
Read comfort through your veil of grey,
To gladden all our hemisphere."

So Memory and Sorrow slept,
While I, with heart and head bow'd down,
In lonely anxious waiting kept
To catch Hope's first or faintest tone.

And in this silence so intense
1 year'd for sound and also light,
And pray'd that my o'erstraining suspense
Might be assuag'd by "songs" of night.

What had seem'd stillness, now was rest;
Then there uprose a balmy breeze,
And soon our watchful voice express'd
Her triumph—and her words were these:

"O ye whose tears are falling fast,
Whose way in sorrow only wend,
Surely e'en now your 'midnight's past,'
For, see, 'the cross begins to bend.'"

Hope's message giv'n, she pass'd unseen;
And in her place approached now
A being of immortal mien,
With garments spotless as the snow,
Who said—"Dear child, my name is Faith;
Your way with mine henceforward lies;
The flow'r's eternal in our path
For Faith is Hope which never dies."

"Fear not to call up Mem'ry now,
Her:—Mercy's records must employ;
And Sorrow will in waking show
Her morning attribute is Joy."

Our journey done we'll gain that shore
Where happy spirits are enfolden;
And may sweet Mercy go before
To ope for us the gate call'd Golden.

LOVE.
BY H. P. MALET.

Where does the water come from, that falls so sweet
Upon earth?
Where have the hail and snow, the rain and the dew,
Their birth?
How is the moisture gather'd from the earth, and
From the deep
Blue sea, is it called when either may chance to
Weep?
For both may weep and mourn, when they know that
Their sons do wrong;
Then they would always weep; but they never weep
For long.
Both laugh out right merrily, and dance in the sunny
Rays,
Earth in its golden crops, the sea in its silver
Sprays:
They yield their fruit in plenty to sunshine and the
Showers,
Their many-coloured fishes, and the scented flowers.
There's a fondness and a kindness that runs the sys-
tem through,
From bitter winds of March to the summer morning
dew;
With careless feet we thrust aside the diamond on the
Spray,
And wish, with heedless thought, the snow would melt
away.
Yet all are proofs of love, of a love that is always
True,
That glistens in the snowdrop, and shines in summer
dew.

INDIFFERENT.
BY ADA TREVINIAN.

The songs of the sweet birds are heard in the wind,
Their melody brings a past scene to my mind;
Mesmerized, that I stand as I stood in my pride,
Where the turf and the terrace slope down to the tide,
And one is beside me who bends low to speak,
With a light in his eye, and a flush on his cheek.

The songs of the sweet birds are heard in the wind,
But I ope not the door, and I raise not the blind;
I know in the lanes that the primrose is seen,
And the violet blooms, though 'tis hidden in green;
But alas! for the change which has fallen on me,
I care not if snow or spring flowers I see.
TO THEBES, THROUGH THE DESERT.

Here we met, at Ghennay, the party of foreigners who had left the Colombo, and I saw that we had done right in sending to the agent for a guide and boat to meet us at Thebes; for this party had actually no means of visiting it, except by procuring horses to ride thither from Ghennay, and paying a flying visit to its wonders, and trusting on their return to whatever native boat they could procure there. As for the lady and gentleman, who left at the same time, they, terrified by the heat of the climate on arriving at Ghennay, started in the first native boat which they could procure. The town is a gloomy and bleak-looking one, similar to Casser; it is famous for the production of an earthenware, of which they make a sort of pitcher, admirably fitted for holding the Nile water. Through its pores the exhalation which passes from the water removes its heat; and, consequently, when water has remained about an hour in it, it becomes cool, refreshing, and delicious—in fact the Nile water is peculiarly the pleasantlyest tasted of any which I ever drank. There is one nice-looking house, which belongs to the Pasha of Egypt; he has taken it for a cotton manufactory. We saw the Turkish and Arab traders, in numbers, by the side of the river, lounging or in their boats.

In the evening we determined to proceed across the Nile, and to drop down until we got near the anchorage, from whence we could most easily land and proceed afterwards to visit Dendyra. Our boat was small, but clean and commodious; the poop, or after-part, was just sufficient for the accommodation of four; it was separated from the forepart by a wooden partition, roofed with wood. Upon its deck in the evening and cool part of the morning was the place where we generally sat. At mid-day we were obliged to go below. The boatmen were six in number; they were under the charge of a coxswain, and were hardworking fellows, but such barbarians that we were not for the superintendence of the coxswain, who was our guide, we could never have managed them, neither could we leave them to their own guidance during the night. The wind was much against us generally, but then the current is so favourable that we were able to continue our voyage day and night. In the morning they always stopped to cook our meals. We procured the sheep, the fowl, and the eggs at a price which was quite incomprehensible to us, being so cheap that 5s. was generally the price for a whole sheep, and other estacles in proportion. It was about five o'clock in the evening when we proceeded to visit the temple of Dendyra, which is situated on the other side of the Nile, at a distance of about three miles from the shore. We left our boat to the guide and the boatmen, and, landing, we got the escort of some country boys, who carried for us pitchers of water, and two or three of them also led donkeys. We supposed that it would have been easy to find the boat on our return, so our minds were principally occupied with the anticipation of seeing this wonderful temple, so finely described by numbers of travellers, particularly by Denon. We saw the propylon in the distance, but the building, being buried nearly for the depth of four feet in rubbish and sand, appears much lower than it really is. Passing through a street of brick houses, ugly, dirty, and huddled together confusedly—the miserable dwelling places of the Arabs who reside in the neighbourhood—we were blocked out for a long time from the beautiful and astonishing sight which met our view on entering the temple. But on passing through these and penetrating the court-yard, which stood before the building, we came to a lofty and extensive hall, supported by massive and finely-proportioned pillars of solid stone. They were ranged five deep from the entrance to the interior, and ten deep from side to side. The hall was 168 feet in width, and about half the distance in depth. The capitals of these pillars were of a description which I never saw before. The foldings of large curtains were represented cut out of the stone, giving the pillars a noble and sublime effect. Interior to this hall was another, built in the same way, with the same sort of stone roof, and also similar massive pillars; it was very nearly as spacious. Interior to these vast halls were three very large chambers, opening one into the other. But the figures carved on the walls and on the columns were what attracted our attention most. Wherever the eye rested figures of men and women, large as life, all in perfect preservation and in attitudes the most graceful, made the whole seem a series of cartoons cut in alto-relievo, sculptured in varied groups in the solid stone. One ceased not to admire the elaborate ingenuity, the wondrous excellence, the curious taste of the grouping and grace of the attitudes which characterised the figures. The lines of beauty marked the proportions of each. Outside the building were everywhere carved the figures of warriors and their actions; these were cut in colossal proportions. The building being quite perfect rendered it probably the most unique specimen of architecture of all those which are to be seen in Egypt. The grandeur and sublimity of the halls made one wish to see them appropriated to the purpose of Christian worship, and to hope that the traces of heathenism and its "abominable idolatries" might eventually disappear from their atmosphere, and the mighty fate be consecrated to
the worship of the true God and "Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent." How horrid to contemplate the recollection of the acts of atrocity which had heretofore been perpetrated on the shrine of superstition! In many parts are represented the dreadful immoderation of a human being, the victim chosen in sacrifice to some deity. No doubt this act had been frequently realized on the very floor which we stood on. This structure, no doubt more recent than any of the buildings at Thebes, was probably designed as a temple to Venus, whom the Phoenicians called Asartae—

"To whose bright image nightly, by the moon, Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

We said here till late, and, on returning, had some difficulty in finding our boat. What with the guides not knowing a word of English, and our ignorance of Arabic and the darkness of the night, as also our doubts of the conveyance's understanding our instructions to him, when we left the boat we were rather in a dilemma. We walked along the shore, however, the guide calling out loudly the name of the captain of the boat, and after about half-an-hour's walking by the boats we heard a faint answer, which soon dispelled our doubts. We started at night and travelled through a finely-plantned country, with all sorts of palus, and the fields in high cultivation. In the morning we found the wind so much against us, that we could hardly hope to make way. We halted at several places, and though the boatmen professed to pull day and night we had some doubts of their performing this task when we were not looking at them. They were such a savage-looking set of fellows that I was not sorry that we were armed, and I kept a pair of pistols loaded underneath my pillow every night. Our money for present use we had in coin, which we had provided ourselves with at Caiutta, as also with circular bills of exchange—much the most convenient plan for travelling in a boat. At night we anchored opposite a mountain, of which we heard not the name, and at 8 a.m. there came on to blow one of those terrific sand-storms so well-known in Egypt. I had to go out in a wind which scourched—indeed I might almost say parboiled the skin—to direct the boatmen to make the boat fast by mooring her strongly to stakes fixed on shore. The waves of the river beat over us, as they were driven by the impetuosity of the wind. Our clothes were soaked in wet. We slept on shore with clothes about our heads to guard us from the sand. The next morning the wind was favourable, and the boatmen commenced a petition to us to be allowed to kill a sheep. This we agreed to, and the animal was slaughtered in a way which would make an English butcher stare. He was made to stand with his head towards Mecca, and a man, calling out "Bismihallah, irahama, irakeem!" cut his throat. The greatest part of the animal went as a present to the boatmen, as, indeed, the heat of the weather rendered it necessary to dispose of all the meat the same day. In some parts the banks of the river are composed of such hard clay that they look like sandstone. They are plentifully planted with corn, pulse, melons, and pumpkins of all sorts. Where they are very high the people contrive to raise the water from one level to another by a process of weights and levers, such as are in use frequently in the upper part of India.

The whole of this day we were beating about, and it was not till four in the afternoon that we struck into a small stream, which branched out of the Nile and rejoined it in another place after a run of about four miles. After this we made some way. On the banks of the Nile, as we passed, we saw in the shallows some crocodiles, either asleep or crawling along; in form these seem only to differ from the alligators of India by having their backs bent like a bow. Numbers of dogs similar to the wild parish dogs of India, are everywhere to be seen. We saw numerous specimens of the celer, that carrion kite so frequent in the tropics, and of hawks and crows. Of animals, the buffaloes are numerous; the cows resemble the English one, and give delicious milk. The sheep are large and woolly, and generally black in colour. I have seen no pigs, and the guide told me there were none in the country. On the 9th, however, we found, in place of pushing us onward, as usual, our rowers had been asleep all night. We roused them and made them move.

We proceeded onwards and reached near Djirgen at 9 a.m. on the 9th June. The villages which we had seen were as yet not very worthy of note, consisting of mud huts, poor and wretched. The country, however, is very well cultivated and productive. We had the wind directly against us the whole of the day, from 11 to 5, and could not make any way. Afterwards during the night we made some progress, and in the morning we arrived at a place where we recruited our stock of eggs and poultry. I went on shore and observed a curious mode in which they practised for the purpose of eating the corn out from the straw for the use of the cattle. They harness two bullocks to a frame, which has three stakes, to the centre of which are four small iron wheels attached, scarcely larger than quirts. They drive the bullocks round a circle upon which the corn is placed; and the frame-work with the wheels passing over it, cuts the grain from the straw.

On the morning of the 10th the wind was favourable, and we sailed through a country not much cultivated: the banks of the river very high, and at 2 P.M. we reached Sheike Eridi. Here is a high mountain, in which a series of catacombs is cut: we did not, however, explore them. We got the sailors to tow the boat in consequence of the high wind, and arrived at Latia at seven in the morning. We were hailed by agentman who was on board of a boat, and who mistook us for some friends of his who had been up the river with him, and whom he had left at Edon. He was general in the British service, and we were happy to have some confi-
versation with a countryman. Here we also took up some additional sailors as we thought our progress rather slow, and the next morning, the 11th, reached Aboutig. This was a small village. The mosque was the largest building. The houses were built of unburnt bricks, and the streets dirty. The men whom we saw had all of them long pipes, and you might see them by threes and fours at the corners of the house-enclosures smoking. The women, of whom we saw great numbers, both here and on the banks of the river, in passing downwards, were not regularly veiled as one sees them in Arabia and other parts of the east, but threw their clothes over their faces on the approach of any person. They were fair, but masculine in appearance. At twelve we passed Es Siout: the country on passing this place had an appearance which very much resembled that of Bengal. Groves of different sorts of trees, shady and inviting, intermingled with barren spots, or more sad-looking plantations of palm or date trees, on one side of the hill: on the other it was sandy and sterile. In consequence of having an additional number of boatmen, we were able to go on both by day and by night; so, on the morning of the 12th we were near the shore of a small village, resembling in appearance the others which I had seen: a small but an old woman was making coffee and selling it. The wretched appearance of the old or middle-aged women struck me. I saw how very cheap the necessities of life must be in this country—as going through the village, I saw a man stop at a place where eggs were sold; and, for a piaster and a half—a sum amounting to fourpence—he purchased about fifty of them. This day we saw numerous flights of pigeons: one of our party shot four in about ten minutes. About five miles from our place of stoppage, in the morning, we came to some mountains, which we observed had been excavated in many places, apparently for the purpose of making tombs. On the whole, the scenery of the country was marked by groves of palms at intervals, and very high banks. We then came to Mohammed Ali's sugar factory at Rhoda. It is an extensive establishment: the water here required both for the work of the factory and for the fields in its vicinity is drawn up by wheels of iron, of which there are several at every well. The machines are worked by bullocks, who draw the ropes that pass through the wheels, and who go round in a circle. The country, on passing this, both on the upper and lower banks, was a long succession of palm and date trees. These stretched for many miles, and the date trees seemed very productive. On going out of town, a village like one of the large groves we procured a sack full of them for a mere trifle. They were larger than any I had seen, and very sweet and pleasant. This, which is the staple fruit of Egypt and Arabia, is one of the best which I have met in the East; it is also very wholesome. The kind bounty of the Almighty has lavished it with a beneficent charity on these climates, where its juicy and grateful taste is so truly refreshing. We passed some rocks by the side of the river, and we knew the passages cut in them that they must have contained catacombs. Their entrances were choked up with sand and stones, and difficult of access. We did not care to explore them, and afterwards heard that had we done so we should not have been repaid for our trouble. We saw numerous groves of trees in the country which we passed through, and at 6 P.M. of the afternoon of the 12th of June we reached Mansieh. This is a fine looking town, where the Pasha has a residence; as also a large cotton manufactory. We had been told up the country that the plague was raging here, so we did not enter the town. This night it came on to blow strongly, and our boatmen said that they would not make any way against the wind. We all laid ourselves down to sleep and gave them an injunction to go on as soon as it was still: but at 2 A.M. of the 13th when we were awakened, we found to our mortification that though it was quite calm, all of them were asleep. There seems a uselessness in expostulation or lecturing when parties do not understand each other's language. But in the morning it came on to blow favourably, and we made good progress in our voyage. This day we sailed through a country which was rocky on each side of the river for some distance. The banks seemed as if they had been cut with some sharp instrument. We passed fields here and there of Indian-corn, tobacco, cotton, and many of cucumbers, watermelons, and pumpkins. The banks of the river were higher, and the river itself much broader than up the country.

We arrived at the town of Bani Eoseph at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 14th. After we passed into Lower Egypt, we saw that the country on each side of the river was less cultivated, but for the most part low, and there were more fields of Indian-corn and indigo than elsewhere in Egypt. Date-trees lined the river, but as we approached the town they decreased. We saw numbers of boats to-day going up the river with the wind, which was still against us. The river grew still wider as we neared Cairo. At 6 A.M. of the 15th of June we saw the pyramids of Sacsara. They are not nearly so lofty or so interesting as those of Djasseb, and we therefore determined upon passing them and taking the first opportunity of visiting the latter. We passed on and saw the large hospital which Mohammed Ali had built at the entrance of old Cairo for the purpose of taking in such soldiers as may become sick in the service. This is a noble building.

As we proceeded I was much surprised to see that the city which I should have supposed to have been the great emporium of trade in Egypt, if one might judge by the very small number of boats passing and repassing, to be much below par in traffic; in fact we only numbered four or five boats, which contained either cotton or marble.

When we reached the island which contains the Pasha's Rhoda garden, we were told that
were at the entrance of Grand Cairo. The gardens seemed laid out in splendid style. Further on we passed on the right bank of the river, the palace, the gardens, and the harem of Ibrahim Pasha. After this we saw the palace of Vizier Ali Bey—a fine and striking building. As we sailed towards the centre of the city we saw, on our left, the pyramids, which at the distance of more than ten miles seemed only a few fields off from us. These are the pyramids of Djizah, which I was most anxious to visit.

I knew that many travellers in visiting Egypt are most interested in what relates to the manners, customs, religion, and character of the present inhabitants. They are fully described by Lane, but for myself I reflected upon the fact that in no country whatever are the posterity of the aboriginal inhabitants more completely exterminated than in this—that the barbarous invaders have quite supplanted the original occupiers; and that of the population, which numbers three millions, two million seven hundred thousand are Arabs, and the remaining three hundred thousand are Copts, or, as they term the inhabitants of all other parts of Europe, Franks. So, in traversing the country, I imagined that the remains of old Egyl by the remains of ancient buildings, and not in the policy of the government, or the work of that tyrannical despot who had endeavoured to convert the land into a workshop for his monopolizing manufactories, and the people into hired bondmen.

We landed in the afternoon at the centre of the city, and had a most unpleasant and dirty ride to Bouliab, where the hotel at which we stopped is situated. Certainly Cairo is a very grand city when viewed at a distance, but the narrowness and the inconveniences of the streets are truly Eastern. The streets reminded me much of Benares. When we got to the hotel, I learned that the British steamer appointed to take passengers down to Alexandria in time to reach the steamer which went from there to England, was to sail at night; so I determined, in company with another of our party, to stay in Cairo, and go by the vessel which should leave Alexandria in a fortnight's time. This was a French steamer—in fact, I could not reconcile it to myself to leave Egypt, and not to see the pyramids. The next day we went out to visit some of the sights of Cairo. We went first to see the manager of a house. I noticed here a Rhinoceros larger than any that I had ever seen in India and having two horns: lions, tigers, hyenas in numbers. From thence we went to see Joseph's well. This was dug by the great Saladin. It is 270 feet deep and 45 feet in circumference. When we reached the entrance, two little girls with two wax tapers, came up to us, and, striking a match lit them; and stepping backwards, as the military have it, they went down through a cold, winding corridor, followed by the guide and ourselves. When we had got down about 100 feet, by a gradual descent the guide told us to look downwards on the abyss to our right side. We did so, and saw the water at an immense distance below, and this was being brought up in numbers of very small pitchers, which were attached to a wheel and towed upwards to the plain above. From this place we went to the Turkish bazaar, where we were conducted through long large lofty arcades, quite clean and orderly. The shops were on the mud floor. In these were laid out every variety of oriental costume. The dealers were all Turks, and each one that we saw was smoking a long pipe. They were paler and fairer than any orientals I ever saw, and even more so than Europeans who have lived long in eastern countries.

We next went to the slave-market. Here we saw about fifty Nubian girls, hideously ugly, but very stoutly made, and having beautiful teeth. Some of them dressed, and sitting in an inner chamber, but the greater number of them nearly naked, standing on a large platform waiting for purchasers to come and release them. Their average age I should suppose was about sixteen. We then passed onwards to see the citadel and palace. We were conducted through a series of fine and spacious halls built of Egyptian marble and of state, rooms for hearing causes and petitions and dealing decrees of justice, bathing-rooms and kitchens. The chambers which were appropriated for purposes of state or for sitting in, had a divan with seats made of soft cotton disposed close to the wall on each side of the chamber. Except on that side which one enters, and there was a recess at this entrance where all visitors placed their shoes. This was covered with scarlet cloth. We were shown the square in which the Mameluks were massacred, as also the two heights down which the only surviving Mameluke leaped his horse and escaped. The first height is fifty feet and the next forty. This individual survived many years afterwards. We were shown the garden to the palace. Here I principally observed the rosemary which bordered the walks. We saw the spacious Mosque of marble with its lofty pillars. When first one views a Saracenic building of this kind, it strikes one from its imposing effect; but there is a very great sameness in all mosques, and those of Agra and Dilli remain now impressed most vividly in my memory as the specimens where the "Pride of Islam" shows itself most conspicuously.

We had a long ride back to our hotel through narrow streets of houses for the most part five stories high, but I did not see any street that was broader than a narrow lane in a European town. Of beasts of burden, we saw great numbers of camels, and donkeys were innumerable. We were mounted on them ourselves, and they were in general use here. Every now and then we met what seemed to us to be a small tent of dark black silk framed with bamboo, and mounted on a large donkey. When this approached, we saw a white object inside, and above the white figure, merely the eyes of a
female whose head was covered with a white cloth. This was a woman of respectability. When the wife of a grandee goes out either to visit or to stay, she is attended by a whole cavalcade of women thus mounted. We met many troopers dressed in Turkish costume; lords of surcoat and long beards. The soldiers of the infantry were dressed in white, and carried muskets with burnished steel barrels, and swords.

The next day, the 17th of June, my fellow-traveller and myself set off to the pyramids of Djezeh. The only way of crossing the plain, which lay between us and these buildings, and stretched along a distance of eleven miles, was by riding donkeys, so we procured them. We first crossed the Nile in boats, and then, after riding over the distance, arrived at some vaults and stone huts. These seem to be meant for the accommodation of visitors to the pyramids, and are but a few yards from them. The vaults were cut in the rock. Some of them were inhabited by a few wild-looking Arabs, who apparently earn their subsistence by what they get from travellers, to whom they render most able assistance both in climbing up and in penetrating into the pyramids. We resolved, as it was getting late in the evening, to go into the pyramid of Cheops first. Accordingly, we engaged the assistance of three Arabs, and went to the entrance. First we had to clamber a height formed of the huge colossal stones, which are at the base of the vast pile, until we came to a cavern, which we entered by stooping nearly down to our knees. The guide preceded us holding candles. We then ascended an activity which was very steep, but not of course impassable for an able-bodied man; however, I was very glad to take the Arab's hands. These keptdragging and shoving us and shouting out at every step, and led us through the long winding and dismal passage, where we were all the way obliged to stoop very low till we reached a large and lofty chamber built in the very centre or penetrated of this extraordinary building; the vault where the mummy of Cheops was said to have been deposited, now only a hollow stone vault. There was a stone sarcophagus lying by the side of one of the vaults in which they told us the mummy had been laid, but that on opening it "not a pinch of dust remained of Cheops." We commenced then our work of descent, and on our way back we entered another chamber. The Arabs called this the salt chamber, from the particles of saline matter similar to alum, which were attached to the walls; every stone in it was encrusted with them. This was also called the Queen's chamber by some, but anti-guese of differ much as to nomenclature and history with regard to these pyramids. We were glad to return after this to our vault in the rock and to eat the frugal supper which we had brought with us from Cairo. After having refreshed ourselves, we warned the guides to awaken us some time before sunrise the next morning. We then spread our cloaks on the stone benches in the vault, and slept. Certainly the very great heat rendered our cool place of resting not ineligible, and we soon forgot our fatigue in sleep.

The next morning the guides and a good many supernumeraries attended upon us punctually. The number of amateurs who congregate round an English party on an occasion of this kind, is well known by travellers in the east. We had also boys and girls carrying pitchers of water, of whose supply we were ever glad to avail ourselves. We found on reaching the base that the lower stones were nearly 12 feet high, but as we ascended they gradually were lower in height. The ascent was by means of steps cut in the solid stone, but I do not think that an Englishman of the greatest activity could have managed it in anything like time to see the sun rise without the aid of the Arabs. It was by their seizing our arms and assisting our spring, every step, that we managed to proceed. Whenever we came to a winding nook we were, notwithstanding this help, glad to rest. The labour of the task was greater than any which I had ever undergone in the way of climbing. When we had reached about half way up this pyramid of Cheops, by much the largest pile of any of them, it was the first dawn of morning. As I was proceeding to lay my hand on one of the large stones, previous to making a spring upward, my hand was arrested by an Arab who was by my side, and he together with another, who was also near, screamed out loudly and called out something in Arabic. As I did not understand his language or his cause for fear—it being dusk, he seized my hand and put it in his mouth, pointing to something which in the vague indistinct light of the dawn looked like a long stick lying on the part of the stone furthest from where we were. I stopped then and both men renewed their shouts, and then it was that I saw the object, which I supposed to be a stick, glide down rapidly through the stones which lay loosely on the other side of the pyramid, and I found that I had been mercifully preserved from almost certain death, as the reptile was a cobra di capello. Before reaching the top of the pyramid, we were both obliged to sit down being quite exhausted. At the summit there is a level of about 20 feet square, and there we found numbers of Arabs assembled, and our friends the water-carriers amongst them. We were in time to see the sun rise, and though it was rather a cloudy morning, we had a most extensive view. From the height of the pyramid and the very level nature of the ground for many miles round, as also from a peculiarity in the atmosphere of Egypt which makes objects in the distance appear much nearer than they are; one may easily fancy what a panorama was opened to us. The Nile, that most magnificent river, which stretching as far as the eye could reach was in the centre, the chief feature, and to the south
a vast plain, in fact, nearly a desert. To the west lay a long range comprising the small mounds which covered tombs where the Egyptians buried their dead. On the east was Grand Cairo in all its splendour, its palaces, its mosques, and suburbs; to the north, the eye in gazing upon this vast plain recognized the scene in which Napoleon harangued his invincible army and prefaced his days of brilliant achievements by telling them, in pointing to the pyramids, that thirty centuries were looking on at their deeds of arms.

We found the desert much easier, and when we were at the base of the pyramid, we were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs who came to show us the body of the snake, which one of the party had succeeded in killing with a stone. This was the large snake which we were so near to on the pyramid. Amidst all the vociferation I found it difficult to ascertain who was the boy that had killed it; but on finding it out, I gave him a reward, and the jumping, laughter, and clamour that ensued was wonderful. They all assembled and began actually acting the scene which had occurred early in the morning, and seemed to derive the greatest delight from doing so. While they were engaged in their antics, we walked round the pyramids leisurely to give ourselves an idea of their vast size and appearance. As I mentioned, the one which bears the name of Cheops is much the largest of all, being in height 480 feet, the massiveness, the colossal structure, the mysterious character, is what one sees only in this land of wonders.

We then went to see the vast pile of granite, called the sphinx. We found all but the shoulder, breast and head buried in sand. But such a wonderful size are those members, that the head seemed at least 15 feet high. The nose, eyes, and mouth are still in preservation, the cheeks and ears much warped by time. I am not going to add another guess to the many that are made relative to the intention of the builders who reared these enormous structures. I think it is almost impossible to convey to the mind of another the impression which one forms on viewing the wondrous objects a curiosity; but the history of what antiquaries know of them can be read as well by one who never leaves his chamber, as by the wanderer whose fancy derives pleasure from making a personal visit. For the purpose, however, of fixing indelibly upon the memory, the impression which arises from the contemplation of such objects, I am thoroughly of opinion that nothing can be so effectively successful as seeing them. After this we mounted, and proceeded on our way to Cairo, and when we reached the banks of the Nile we went to visit the gardens of Rhoda. In these I admired the size, the neatness, and the graceful appearance of the numbers of weeping-willows, and the grottos of shells; but I thought that flowers were much wanting, and even of roses I saw but very few. I thought of the hosts of beauteous flowers which would adorn a garden situated adjacent to any of

"The stately homes of England,"

particularly in the month of June; and I left the shrubbery here without any great sentiment of admiration. On our return, we went to visit the garden at Shoubra, but here we were disappointed, as it so happened that the harem of the Pasha had gone there in the morning, and so we were of course unavoidably denied admission. We had a very fine road on our way planted on each side and affording most agreeable shelter during the hot weather. This is one of the works of Mahommed Ali. This day we went also to see the aqueduct, which is wonderful in its construction. It conveys the water from the Nile to the citadel. For the ingenuity of water-works Egypt is very remarkable. I did not visit the oven for baking eggs, but a description of it is to be found in many books.

We left Cairo on the morning of the 15th June, and indeed the heat as also the likelihood of plague were both causes which rendered it not a desirable place to reside in long. We sailed through a country more stony, and apparently less cultivated than that which we had above Cairo. We passed numbers of boats of all kinds, either bearing merchandise or passengers. The next morning at 2 o'clock, I got up to see the appearance of the starlight night on the Nile. Such a brilliant host of splendid and beauteously shining stars, I never before witnessed. The sky was studded with them. The spacious heavens completely gowned with such a series of glittering coruscations, formed a canopy such as in no other country have I ever viewed. During this day and at night we met two steamers which were passing up to Cairo. In the first were English travellers, in the second were only Turks and Arabs. The Turks were dressed in very loose trousers which reached only to the knee. They wore a belt with pistols in it, and attached to it a crooked sword, a waistcoat with buttons close set from the chin to the belt, and a loose jacket with sleeves opening from the elbow to the wrist, which could be kept fastened or not as the wearer wished. Their head-dress was the close-fitting cap, called a turbobash in Egypt and a fez in Turkey; their clothes were of all colours, mostly dark grey, scarlet, or green; they seemed to prefer the last. Such Turks as we saw on shore were evidently the gentry of the land: they were always mounted on Arab horses. They rode with the inconvenient shovel-shaped stirrups, which I once rode in myself, and never desire to use again. This day we also passed numerous barges crowded with Turks and Arabs; the barges were all furnished with lattice sails. The fields which we passed were not so well cultivated as those above Cairo, but we saw several of tobacco and Indian-corn. The harvest of wheat had
just been cut, and numerous fields were lying allow. We saw the next day a number of fields planted with a sort of beans which were used for fodder to the cattle. Their produce is bought by the Pasha and exported from the country. The Pasha has a monopoly of all the cotton, sugar, beans, and corn, which is grown in the country. He has agents all through the country, who make the people work, and they punish those who are indolent or refractory with the bastinado. The Pasha takes the produce at his own price, and this arbitrary mode prevails through all Egypt. As we sailed onwards to El-fou the country seemed much more populous. The villages seen from the boat were much more numerous also. We arrived at El-fou at 6 A.M. on the 21st June. This is a large, mean-looking village. The houses resemble mud pigeon-houses very much crowded together. The people were in great numbers, apparently very well dressed and comfortable. Neither here nor elsewhere in Egypt have we met with a single beggar. Here we entered another large canal boat, which had been prepared for our use by the agent at Alexandria and sent up for us. We then commenced our voyage on the large canal which was dug by Mohammed Ali, commencing here and terminating in Alexandria. It is twenty-five yards across, and for the first mile well lined with trees, and afterwards it was through a flat uninteresting country. Of the manner in which this canal was dug, and the conduct of the Pasha, much has been written. He is, however, only one of the numbers of eastern potentates who have been

"Content to wade thro' slaughter to a throne, And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind."

We met some boats full of soldiers, bound from Alexandria to Cairo. We observed the costume of the women, both on board the boats which we met on the river and also near the shore. They all wore the half veil which conceals the whole of the face except the eyes; it is fastened by a wire frame to the bridge of the nose, and is tied behind the back of the head. We had several Arabs in the boat with us, who kept up a continuous chorus, and did not cease singing either day or night. One song treated of a bird which they considered presided over their destiny; another was a chorus-song inciting one another to work; another one of congratulation to each other having finished their journey, so far, in safety. Their attention to their forms of devotion might shame the Christian, and show also to him how little true religion lived in the "mere lifeless forms of devotion." They also went on during the day with their dances, and played on the rude instruments which they esteem as music; these produced an uncouth and harmonious sound. Their dance consisted in clapping hands and jogging about their hips in a most ungraceful manner. The instruments which they moved were a pipe and a sort of double flfe, also a tambourine; and the women sounded castanettes. The Arabs in Egypt, both male and female, are the most immodest race I have ever come in contact with. We passed two fine palace-like-looking houses, one belonging to an Italian, and the other to the Greek consul. We also saw the large glass-manufactory of Mohammed Ali. These are all built of stone. We passed some large ruined towers which had been formerly used to garrison the guards who acted as protectives to the convoys of supplies which came down the country to Alexandria, and who were stationed there by the Pasha, to prevent the incursions of the different wild tribes of Arabs. However, as these are no longer apprehended, the towers have been allowed to go to decay. We saw, at 7 in the evening, the great salt lake, Meriotics; and, as we had no wind, we proceeded but slowly, and did not reach Alexandria until 7 a.m. on the 22nd June. We landed, and proceeded straight to the gate of entrance, and the guide had our luggage on camels, and followed us close. When we got to the gate a guard of fellows dressed in white, with old rickety muskets, turned out, and the sentry who walked inside stopped the guide who was with the camels and said something to him in Arabic. Our guide forthwith took a small cloth from his girdle, and handed the said sentry a coin or two, and after this the whole party passed on and "all was well;" but such open-handed bribery I had never before seen. We then proceeded to the city, passing Pompey's Pillar and a burying-ground. There were all round the city and a dry ditch. After we entered we passed through some clean lanes, with stone walls on each side, surrounding gardens which evidently belonged to rich gentry. We arrived at a very large broad street, in which are the hotels, and where the houses are regular and fine. This, which is called the French quarter of the town, is really, for a foreign town, rather a desirable place of residence.

In Alexandria there are plenty of shops, principally kept by French, Maltese, or Italians. The shopkeepers or merchants would not come near us, or take anything, even coin, except by pincers, as we had passed through the plague country. We found that we should have to wait at least five days, as the French steamer had not yet arrived. We took up our quarters at an hotel which was a very convenient one. It was built as all the large houses here are. There is a large court in the centre, to enter which are doors at the back of the building, which is the same size as its front, and the wings of the house have all back entrances to do they are built at right angles to the front of the house; so this square affords a thorough draft to all the chambers. We transacted all our business satisfactorily, and found that we were obliged to get certificates of health from a doctor, and a passport from a consul previous to being allowed on board the French steamer. We went in the evening to see Cleopatra's Needle. It is a fine obelisk of granite, apparently about
True Love.

While from the great horse-chestnut trees
Fall fading and pallid flowers,
To rest on the moss or float away
In fragrant and snowy showers.

Young lambs will play in the meadows;
The bird on the bough will sing,
And beech-trees cast their russet leaves
To welcome the flowery spring.

But I am so weary, sister,
Of the wintry wind and rain,
Of the chilling frost and the cold east wind:
Will it ne'er be spring again!

The springtime came, and daisies bloomed;
The may was white once more;
The orchis came and celandine,
And wind-flower of yore.

And she was at home in a sunny land,
Whose flowers bloom sweet and fair;
Her winter o'er, for evermore
She hath found her springtime there.

M. W.

True Love.
By Elizabeth Tennyson.

What though they tell me in fancy you range from me,
Fledging to others a lightly-breathed vow;
Never has time found one shadow of change in me;
True as when first we met is my love now.

Every hope in my fond heart that trembles
Into its timid life twines around you;
Every jealous pang that heart dissembles
E'en to itself will not own you untrue.

Love, who would call it love meanly to doubt you,
Creeping with petty fears still on your track;
True love is my love, though grieving without you,
Still leaping to joyous life. Hailing you back,

Ever around my lips deep'ning each dimple,
As my glad smiles speak my welcome to you
Nought do I care that they say I am simple,
The bliss but to see you gives they never knew.

What though you left me for aye on the morrow,
Wedding another for choice or for gold,
Silently bearing its burden of sorrow,
Still should my love live on deep as untold.

Loving you ever, far from me or near to me,
Ever more seeking your weal—not my own;
Musing on all the sweet time I was dear to you,
Until I dreamed it could never have flown.

Plucking the hopes from my own life to lay them
In all their freshness, my own, at your feet;
Asking but one loving look to repay them—
One loving word to make bitterness sweet.

Now, love, you smile at me: nay, not smiling only
For to please the fond folly that loves them to hear;
You speak the sweet words, to cheer me when lonely,

"In my heart's depth you only are dear."
"He [Keats] was accompanied to Rome and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn (the author of the following paper), a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect, to unwearying attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my full tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from such "stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a noble augury of the success of his future career. May the unadorned spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against oblivion for his name!"—SHELLEY's "Adonais."

The following was written by Mr. Joseph Severn, during his residence in Rome:

I well remember being struck with the clear and independent manner in which Washington Allston, in the year 1818, expressed his opinion of John Keats's verse, when the young poet's writings first appeared, amid the ridicule of most English readers. Mr. Allston was at that time the only discriminating judge among the strangers to Keats who were residing abroad, and he took occasion to emphasize in my hearing his opinion of the early effusions of the young poet in words like these: "They are crude materials of real poetry, and Keats is sure to become a great poet."

It is a singular pleasure to the few personal friends of Keats in England (who may still have to defend him against the old worn-out slanders) that in America he always had a solid fame, independent of the old English prejudices.

Here in Rome, as I write, I look back through more than forty years of worldly changes to behold Keats's dear image again in memory. It seems as if he should be living with me now, inasmuch as I never could understand his strange and contradictory death, his falling away so suddenly from health and strength. He had that fine compactness of person, which we regard as the promise of longevity, and no mind was ever more exultant in youthful feeling. I cannot summon a sufficient reason why in one short year he should be thus cut off, "with all his imperfections on his head." Was it that he lived too soon—that the world he sought was not ready for him?

For more than the year I am now dwelling on, he had fostered a tender and enduring love for a young girl nearly of his own age, and this love was reciprocal, not only in itself, but in all the worldly advantages arising from it of fortune on her part and fame on his. It was encouraged by the sole parent of the lady; and the fond mother was happy in seeing her daughter so betrothed, and pleased that her inheritance would fall to so worthy an object as Keats. This was all well settled in the minds and hearts of the mutual friends of both parties, when poor Keats, soon after the death of his younger brother, unaccountably showed signs of consumption: at least, he himself thought so, though the doctors were widely undecided about it. By degrees it began to be deemed needful that the young poet should go to Italy, even to preserve his life. This was at last accomplished, but too late; and now that I am reviewing all the progress of his illness from his first symptoms, I cannot but think his life might have been preserved by an Italian sojourn, if it had been adopted in time, and if circumstances had been improved as they presented themselves. And, further, if he had had the good fortune to go to America, which he partly contemplated before the death of his younger brother, not only would his life and health have been preserved, but his early fame would have been insured. He would have lived independent of the London world, which was striving to drag him down in his poetic career, and adding to the sufferings which I consider the immediate cause of his early death.

In Italy he always shrank from speaking in direct terms of the actual things which were killing him. Certainly the "Blackwood" attack was one of the least of his miseries, for he never even timed it to me. The greater trouble which was engulfing him he signified in a hundred ways. Was it to be wondered at, that at the time when the happiest life was presented to his view, when it was arranged that he was to marry a young person of beauty and fortune, when the little knot of friends who valued him saw such a future for the beloved poet, and he himself, with generous, unselfish feelings, looked forward to it more delighted on their account—was it to be wondered at, that, on the appearance of consumption, his ardent mind should have sunk into despair? He seemed struck down from the highest happiness to the lowest misery. He felt crushed at the prospect of being cut off at the early age of twenty-four, when the cup was at his lips, and he was beginning to drink that draught of delight which was to last his mortal life through, which would have insured him the happiness of home (happiness he had never felt, for he was an orphan) and which was to be a barrier for him against a cold (and to him) a malignant world.

He kept continually in his hand a polished, oval, white cornelian, the gift of his widowed love, and at times it seemed his only consolation, the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible. Many letters which he was unable to
On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame. 247

...read came for him. Some he allowed me to read to him, others were too worldly; for, as he said, he had "already journeyed far beyond them." There were two letters, I remember, for which he had no words, but he made me understand that I was to place them on his heart within his winding-sheet. Those bright falcon eyes, which I had known on the long and intimate intercourse, while revelling in books and Nature, or while he was reciting his own poetry, now beamed an unearthly brightness and a penetrating steadfastness that could not be looked at. It was not the fear of death—on the contrary he earnestly wished to die—but it was the fear of lingering on and on that now distressed him, and this was wholly on my account. Amidst the world of emotions that were crowding and increasing as his end approached, I could always see that his generous concern for me in my isolated position at Rome was one of his greatest cares. In a little basket of medicines I had bought at Gravesend at his request there was a bottle of belladonna, and this I afterwards found was destined by him "to close his mortal career," when no hope was left, and to prevent a long, lingering death, for my poor sake. When the dismal time came, and Sir James Clark was unable to encounter Keats's penetrating look and eager demand, he insisted on having the bottle, which I had already put away. Then came the most touching scenes. He now explained to me the exact procedure of his gradual dissolution, enumerated my deprivations and toils, and dwelt upon the danger to my life, and certainly to my fortunes, from my continued attendance upon him. One whole day was spent in earnest representations of this sort, to which, at the same time that they wrung my heart to hear and his to utter, I was obliged to oppose a firm resistance. On the second day his tender appeal turned to despair, in all the power of his ardent imagination and bursting heart.

From day to day, after this time, he would always demand of Sir James Clark, "How long is this posthumous life of mine to last?" On finding me inflexible in my purpose of remaining with him he became calm, and tranquilly said that he was sure why I held so patiently was owing to my Christian faith, and that he was disgusted with himself for ever appearing before me in such savage guise; that he now felt convinced how much every human being required the support of religion, that he might die decently. "Here am I," said he, with desperation in death that would disgrace the commonplace fellow. Now, my dear Severn, I am sure, if you could get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become really a Christian, and leave this world in peace." Most fortunately I was able to procure the "Holy Living and Dying." I read some passages to him, and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his dear hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not seem to require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in those comforting works.

Thus he gained strength of mind from day to day just in proportion as his poor body grew weaker and weaker. At last I had the consolation of finding him calm, trusting, and more prepared for his end than I was. He tranquilly released me to what would be the process of his dying, what I was to do, and how I was to bear it. He was even minute in his details, evidently rejoicing that his death was at hand. In all he then uttered he breathed a simple, Christian spirit; indeed, I always think that he died a Christian, that "Mercy" was trembling on his dying lips, and that his tortured soul was received by those Blessed Hands which could alone welcome it.

After the death of Keats, my countrymen in Rome seemed to vie with one another in evoking the greatest kindness towards me. I found myself in the midst of persons who admired and encouraged my beautiful pursuit of painting, in which I was then indeed but a very poor student, but with my eyes opening, and my soul awakening to a new region of Art, and beginning to feel the wings growing for artistic flights I had always been dreaming about. In all this, however, there was a solitary drawback: there were few Englishmen at Rome who knew Keats's works, and I could scarcely persuade anyone to make the effort to read them, such was the prejudice against him as a poet; but when his gravestone was placed, with his own expressive line, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," then a host started up, not of admirers, but of scoffers, and a silly jest was often repeated in my hearing, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water, and his works in milk and water." And this I was condemned to hear for years repeated, as though it had been a pasquinade; but I should explain that it was from those who were not aware that I was the friend of Keats.

At the first Easter after his death I had a singular encounter with the late venerable poet, Samuel Rogers, at the table of Sir George Beaumont, the distinguished amateur artist. Perhaps in compliment to my friendship for Keats, the subject of his death was mentioned by Sir George, and he asked Mr. Rogers if he had been acquainted with the young poet in England. Mr. Rogers replied, that he had had more acquaintance than he liked, for the poems were tedious enough, and the author had come upon him several times for money. This was an intolerable falsehood, and I could not restrain myself until I had corrected him, which I did with my utmost forbearance—explaining that Mr. Rogers must have mistaken some other person for Keats—that I was positive my friend had never done such a thing in any shape, or even had occasion to do it—that he possessed a small independence in money, and a large one in mind.

The old poet received the correction with much kindness, and thanked me for so effectually setting him right: indeed, this encounter was the groundwork of a long and to me ad-
On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame.

vantageous friendship between us. I soon discovered that it was the principle of his sarcastic wit not only to sacrifice all truth to it, but even all his friends, and that he did not care to know any who would not allow themselves to be abused for the purpose of lighting up his breakfast with sparkling wit, though not quite, indeed, at the expense of the persons then present. I well remember, during the pleasant visit of Sir Walter Scott to Rome in the winding-up days of his eventful life, when he was broken down not only by incurable illness and premature old age, but also by the accumulated misfortunes of fatal speculations and the heavy responsibility of making up all with the pen, then trembling in his failing hand.

I had been indirectly made known to him by his favourite ward and protegée, the late Lady Northampton, who, accustomed to write to him monthly, often made mention of me; for I was on terms of friendship with all her family, an intimacy which in great part arose from the delight she always had in Keats’s poetry, being not only a poetess herself and most enlightened and liberal critic.

When Sir Walter arrived, he received me like an old and attached friend; indeed, he voluntarily tried to make me fill up the terrible void then recently created by the death of Lady Northampton at the age of thirty-seven years. I went at his request to breakfast with him every morning, when he invariably commenced his talking of his lost friend, of her beauty, her singularly varied accomplishments, of his growing delight in watching her from a child in the Island of Mull, and of his making her so often the model of his most successful female characters, the Lady of the Lake, and Flora Mclvor particularly. Then he would stop short to lament her unlooked-for death with tears and groans of bitterness such as I had never before witnessed in anyone; his head sinking down on his heaving breast. When he revived (and this agonizing scene took place every morning), he implored me to pity him, and not heed his weakness; that in his great misfortunes, in all their complications, he had looked forward to Rome and his dear Lady Northampton as his last and certain hope of repose; she was to be his comfort in the winding-up of life’s pilgrimage; now, on his arrival, his life and fortune almost exhausted, she was gone! gone! After these pathetic outpourings, he would gradually recover his old cheerfulness, his expressive grey eye would sparkle even in tears, and soon that wonderful power he had for description would show itself, when he would often stand up to enact the incident of which he spoke, so ardent was he, and so earnest in the recital.

Each morning, at his request, I took for his examination some little picture or sketch that might interest him, and amongst the rest a picture of Keats (now in the National Portrait Gallery,) but this, I was surprised to find, was the only production of mine that seemed not to interest him; he remained silent about it, but
On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame. 249

on all the others he was ready with interesting comments and speculations. Observing this, and wondering within myself at his apathy with regard to the young lost poet, as I had reason to be proud of Keats's growing fame, I ventured to talk about him, and of the extraordinary caprices of that fame, which at last had found its resting-place in the hearts of all real lovers of poetry.

I soon perceived that I was touching on an embarrassing theme, and I became quite bewildered on seeing Miss Scott turn away her face, already crimsoned with emotion. Sir Walter then falteringly remarked, "Yes, yes, the world finds out these things for itself, at last," and taking my hand, closed the interview—our last, for the following night he was taken seriously ill, and I never saw him again, as his physician immediately hurried him away from Rome.

The incomprehensibleness of this scene induced me to mention it on the same day to Mr. Woodhouse, the active and discriminating friend of Keats, who had collected every written record of Keats, and to whom we owe the preservation of many of the finest of his productions. He was astonished at my recital, and at my being ignorant of the fact that Sir Walter Scott was a prominent contributor to the Review, which, through its false and malicious criticisms, had always been considered to have caused the death of Keats.

My surprise was as great as his at my having lived all those seventeen years in Rome, and been so removed from the great world, that this, a fact so interesting to me to know, had never reached me. I had been unconsciously the painful means of disturbing poor old Sir Walter with a subject so sore and unwelcome that I could only conclude that it had been the immediate cause of his illness. Nothing could be farther from my nature than to have been guilty of such seemingly wanton inhumanity; but I had no opportunity afterwards of explaining the truth, or of justifying my conduct in any way.

This was the last striking incident connected with Keats's fame which fell within my own experience, and perhaps may have been the last, or one of the last, symptoms of that party-spirit which in the artificial times of George IV. was so common even among poets in their treatment of one another; they assuming to be mere politicians, and striving to be oblivious of their heart-ennobling pursuit.

It only remains for me to speak of my return to Rome in 1861, after an absence of twenty years, and of the favourable change and the enlargement during that time of Keats's fame—not as manifested by new editions of his works, or by the contests of publishers about him, or by the way in which most new works are illustrated—-with quotations from him, or by the fact that some favourite lines of his have passed into proverbs, but by the touching evidence of his silent grave. That grave, which I can remember as once the object of ridicule, has now become the poet's shrine of the world's pilgrims who care and strive to live in the happy and imaginative region of poetry. The headstone, having twice sunk, owing to its faulty foundation, has been twice renewed by loving strangers, but each time, as I am informed, these strangers were Americans. Here they do not strew flowers, as was the wont of olden times, but they pluck everything that is green and living on the grave of the poet. The Custode tells me, that notwithstanding all his pains in sowing and planting, he cannot "meet the great consumption." Latterly an English lady, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the verdure on and around the grave, actually left an annual sum to renew it. When the Custode complained to me of the continued thefts, and asked what he was to do, I replied, "Sow and plant twice as much; extend the poet's domain; for, as it was so scanty during his short life, surely it ought to be afforded to him twofold in his grave."

Here on my return to Rome, all kinds of happy associations with the poet surround me, but none so touching as my recent meeting with his sister. I had chanced to meet her child, during my first acquaintance with Keats, but had never seen her since. I knew of her marriage to a distinguished Spanish patriot, Senor Llanos, and of her permanent residence in Spain; but it was reserved for me to have the felicity of thus accidentally meeting her, like a new-found sister, in Rome. This city has an additional sacredness for both of us as the closing scene of her illustrious brother's life, and I am held by her and her charming family in loving regard as the last faithful friend of the poet. That I may indulge the pleasures of memory, and unite them with the sympathy of present incidents, I am now engaged on a picture of the poet's grave, and am treating it with all picturesque advantages which the antique locality gives me, as well as the elevated associations which this poetic shrine inspires. The classic story of Endymion being the subject of Keats's principal poem, I have introduced a young Roman shepherd sleeping against the head-stone with his flock about him, whilst the moon from behind the pyramid illuminates his figure and serves to realize the poet's favourite theme in the presence of his grave. This interesting incident is not fanciful, but is what I actually saw on an autumn evening at Monte Tertiano the year following the poet's death.

CHEERFULNESS of temper arises half from personal goodness, half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

We should not forsake a good work because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

When will people learn that education is a composite process, not confined to books and teachers, but made up of the varied influences of home, fortune, and early association?
CHAPTER I.—HOW SHE CAME TO US.

Fancy a somewhat unfashionable, but exceedingly comfortable old house; with a small garden behind and a still smaller garden in front; half way up the City-road; fancy five brothers, four of them in the prime of life, and the other a boy fresh from school, and you will have some idea of the heroes of this story, and where they lived.

I, Arthur Bell, am the youngest of those brothers. Our parents died long before I can remember, leaving us the house in the City-road and an income of £500 a year. But before going any further, I must describe my brothers, who were anything but "worldly," led respectable, knowledge-loving lives; and looked upon marriage as all very well for ordinary people, but a thing far beneath the thoughts of such wise and sensible fellows as themselves.

Matthew, the eldest, and head of our household, was what the irreverent would have called a "fogey," and I believe he had been a "fogey" ever since the time when he was first allowed to follow his own ideas. Old-fashioned in his dress (high collars, double-folding stocks, and that sort of thing), he looked much older than he really was; but though a "fogey," he was, in our opinion, a paragon of common sense and wisdom. He was of a scientific turn of mind, read all the works on new discoveries, and generally came to the conclusion that, "strange to say, ideas very similar had at one time occurred to him."

George, my second brother, was an amateur artist. Ever since I could remember, he was going to send a picture to the academy; but as soon as he had begun one subject he was struck with a "splendid idea" for another, and set to work upon that: it somehow happened that his great works were never finished.

William was given to chemistry, and a back room on the ground floor was fitted up with everything necessary for the practice of medicine. He called it the surgery (George had even painted the word on the door), though, considering the odd things it contained, it reminded me more of the laboratory of some alchemist of olden times. The worst of it was, William was always inventing some new medicine and wishing to try its effects upon the first of his brothers who showed the slightest signs of being ill.

Frank, who was just past thirty, courted neither art nor science, though he was far from idle, making it his business to visit the tradepeople, settle accounts, and all that sort of thing. Now Frank had passed his youth at a German college, and it was rumoured that his life in Fatherland had been far from steady; but Frank was now as well-conducted as the others, though it was evident that he had not always been so, for whenever Germany was mentioned, brother Matthew would immediately change the conversation.

And myself. Just left school, nearly seventeen, neither very dull nor very clever, particularly fond of literature, nearly all my knowledge of the world derived from books, and with an idea that there was a great deal of happiness in life, some of which would of course fall to my share.

We had two servants. Thorman, butler, footman, and cook in the bargain, and his wife, who did the remainder of the household work. Every Saturday a charwoman haunted the premises, but it seemed to me that her chief employment was continually popping in and out with a mysterious jug concealed under her shawl.

Hitherto, between my brothers and myself, there had been a sort of imaginary gulf, which was perhaps only necessary in a household composed of four steady middle-aged gentlemen and one bit of a schoolboy; the latter being supposed to have no higher ambition than to be top of the class and to think that happiness consisted in being at home for the holidays; but now a monarchy of four kings and one subject was to be changed into a republic of five, which meant that I was to enjoy everything my brothers enjoyed and live as they lived, and had been living for many years. We came down between eight and nine, and during breakfast divided the Times into five portions, changing the sheets about until we had all obtained as much information about the world in general as we required. And then came the serious business of the day. Matthew retired to his room and was deep in science for the rest of the morning; George put on a canvas suit and pottered about among his unfinished pictures, unsettled at which to work, and generally only just making up his mind when the bell rang for dinner; William made the lower part of the house unbearable by the peculiar odours which came from his "surgery;" and Frank, amongst other domestic duties, ordered the dinner, often even assisting in the cooking, an art which he learnt abroad. I took to literature, sending every conceivable form of contribution to the magazines of the day, many of which were returned, many more were not, and about two or three times a year I was encouraged by seeing myself in print and receiving a P.O. order from some editor whose standard of excellence I had managed to reach. We dined at three, and over our wine and dessert read novels. It may seem strange that brothers, themselves above the follies and failings of "poor humanity," should
care to read about the things they despised; but so it was, and we talked about the stories we had read, not as events which were likely to trouble our own lives, but more as things which were very amusing in their way, but of course had nothing to do with such wise and sensible men as ourselves. In the evening we went out. My elder brothers attended lectures, and sought the society of men with tastes similar to their own. Frank had a few bachelor acquaintances. It was rumoured that he had once been seen coming out of a public dancing-room; but that was long ago, before the example of his brothers had quite rooted from his mind the dreadful ideas of foreign lands. I wandered about, through the crowded streets in winter, out into the country in summer, wondering all kinds of strange things, but always alone, surrounded by thousands, and yet as much alone as Robinson Crusoe on his island. In a quiet respectable way we belonged to "society." Elderly people asked us to dinner, and sedate conversation was to follow; and we did the same to the elderly people. Now and then we went to the theatre, my brothers believing in the legitimate drama; but wherever we went we were always home soon after ten, and then over our pipes and one glass of grog a-piece we would enjoy each other's intellectual society until it was time to say "good-night."

And yet with all these I was far from happy, scarcely contented, often thinking of complaining. But somehow I never did. I may have been foolish enough to fret because fortune had only given me sufficient to live upon, good health, and four sensible brothers to look after me; but I was certainly wise enough to keep my thoughts to myself; and I dare say my brothers thought I had much to be thankful for, and was myself perfectly aware of it. Existence was comfortable, existence was respectable; but where was the joyousness that I always imagined was a part of youth? None of it haunted me, and by the time I was twenty-one, I felt very old indeed, and was quietly looking forward to the period when Old Time, the healer of all mental complaints, would deaden the desires and longings of youth, and I should be able to live my life without wishing for things that fate had never intended should be mine.

Our only known relative was an old uncle, a Liverpool merchant, whom we had never seen; but every Christmas-Eve we received a letter, something like this:

DEAR NEPHEWS,—I write to wish you the compliments of the season. Though we have never met I often think of you; and should business ever bring me to London, my first duty would be to call upon the children of my poor dead sister.
Your affectionate Uncle,
JASPER GOODGE.

And then Matthew would write, and all of us sign, something as follows:

DEAR UNCLE,—Many thanks for your kind letter. A merry Christmas, and may you live to enjoy many happy new years. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to make the acquaintance of one of whom we have heard so much, but have never seen.
Your affectionate Nephews,
MATTHEW BELL,
GEORGE BELL,
WILLIAM BELL,
FRANK BELL,
ARTHUR BELL.

But one cold January a letter came to say our uncle was suddenly taken dangerously ill, and wished to see us before he died. So the next day we took the early morning train for Liverpool, it being the longest journey that any of us (with the exception of Frank) had ever taken. On arriving at South Castle-Street (the business street of the second city in the land), we found our journey had been made in vain. Uncle Goode was dead, and had left us a legacy of £5,000.

"Brothers," said Matthew, the evening after the funeral: "we have always lived within our income, always had sufficient for our wants; and I have great fears lest this money should lead us into luxurious habits, which have ever been the ruin of mankind. Suppose we place this legacy in the bank, and leave it, together with the interest, untouched, until we find some way of spending it which will do more good than if we wasted it on our own pleasures."

What we thought we kept to ourselves; but, as we always took Matthew's advice, we took it on the present occasion, and the next morning, our last in the city on the Mersey, something happened which was the beginning of what was to make a great difference in our lives. We had taken our seats in the railway-carriage, covered ourselves over with wrappers, for it was icy cold, opened our books and papers, and filled our pipes ready for smoking, when, just as the train was about to start, the door was suddenly opened, and the guard hurried in a woman, closely veiled, and in deep mourning, with a child about five years old, who took the seat next to Brother Frank, and opposite myself. Brother Matthew, who had read "Pickle," and remembered the elder Weller's advice concerning "widders," buried his head in his newspaper, and for a time we were all as studious as if we were cramming for an Examination; but poor Frank, who could never travel without his pipe in his mouth, at length suddenly broke the silence, by asking the widow if she objected to smoking, and, receiving a satisfactory answer, was about to strike a light.

"You had better not smoke, Frank," said Matthew, "it may hurt the child."

But the child, who ever since we had left the station had been staring at us one after the other with two large, wondering eyes, such as we seldom see in mortals after the period of early childhood (thought and study, to say nothing of grief and trouble, soon rob the vision
of its natural wondrous beauty), answered for herself:

"It won't hurt me," she said, "I'm used to it; father is always smoking!"

"Poor little Pet," said her mother, "she talks of her father as if he were still alive."

"Poor little Pet," I thought, "I hope she is right."

"Was buried two days ago," said the widow.

Little Pet had left her seat to get a better view of the snow-covered scenery; but, finding her head was not so high as the window, and, perhaps thinking what a comfortable seat my railway wrapper would make, she climbed on to my knees, and after confusing my brothers for some time by the strange questions she asked them, fell asleep with her head on my shoulder. Under such circumstances we were obliged to talk to the widow; and by degrees we learnt her story. It was a very common one: her husband had been obliged to give up his situation in London through illness, and a few months since, his health being slightly improved, had found employment in Liverpool. There he died, leaving his family almost penniless in a strange town. The widow, who was without friends, was on her way to London, hoping that her late husband's employers would find her work. Matthew was just saying that he had gone, and that he wanted a companion, when we heard a strange noise, the carriage seemed—but it is impossible to describe exactly what occurred at such a time: all I know is that a few seconds after the crash, after being violently shaken, and thinking that death was close at hand, the carriage was lying my side upwards, in a muddy stream, and at least two feet under water. Luckily I had held on to the strap, and had, by so doing, been able to keep my seat. Frank, who somehow had scarcely received a bruise, though he had been from one end of the carriage to the other, climbed up and opened the door. We were close to a bank, which Frank had no difficulty in reaching; so liling out Pet, who was unhurt, he left me to assist the others. One by one we managed to get them from the carriage on to the bank; and then we were able to see what had happened. Matthew, who was senseless, had apparently a broken arm; George and William declared themselves so much shaken that they could not move without assistance; and the poor widow was dead. The engine had run off the line, and down a steep bank, dragging the whole of the carriages after it; but ours, being near the end, had come less violently than the others. We were in a lonely part of the country, without a house or a human being in sight, and around us was a mass of broken carriages, from the ruins of which the few unhurt travellers were trying to rescue their less fortunate companions. Two or three men proposed seeking assistance; and, as Matthew was now sensible, I offered to be one of the party. Wishing to get poor little Pet, who was wondering why her mother did not speak, away from the scene, I carried her with me; and so we walked over the damp, marshy ground, myself, at last, feeling so weak and exhausted that I felt I could not walk much further. After walking nearly two miles we suddenly came to a large, old-fashioned inn, standing by itself in a hollow in the midst of the marshes. Several labourers were standing round the parlor, and, as soon as we told our story, they hurried off with my companions to the scene of the accident; but I was unable to move, and hearing that bedrooms were plentiful at the "Golden Dragon," I requested that one might be prepared for my brothers. The landlady, who had many children, took charge of Pet, who was soon fast asleep on a sofa in the parlour, unconscious, poor little creature, that she was now an orphan.

Presently a strangling procession was seen advancing towards the inn, and the "Golden Dragon" was soon as full as it had been in its 'day,' when stage-coaches and posting-carriages were continually stopping before it, and when, at hunting or fair times, its old walls would echo with the laughter of a merry, and maybe often a far from sober company. But at the present time it was the abode of suffering and misery. Many people had been killed when the train fell down the bank; many had died whilst being carried to the inn; and the grief of their surviving friends, often wounded friends, terribly impeded their own recovery. The doctor, who came from a long distance, after seeing to the worst cases, visited my brothers. He said that Matthew would have to keep to his bed for some days; but the others were happily more frightened than hurt.

And as day after day went by, the "Golden Dragon" was the scene of many a melancholy event. Inquests were held on the dead; and maimed people whom we hoped would live, and who had talked of the coroner as a man who could not possibly concern themselves, grew worse and worse, until at last the jury were called to sit upon them. Scarcely a day passed without a funeral, followed by the bodies to their graves. It was just as if some dreadful plague ravaged the land; and, after a time, we became so familiar with death, that it seemed robbed of half its mysterious terrors.

For nearly three weeks we stayed at the "Golden Dragon." Matthew's arm was much better; the rest of us were as well as ever, and our last evening at the inn had arrived. All five of us were smoking long clays in the bar-parlour with the landlord and landlady, and talking seriously (the landlady, by the way, only doing the latter); and our talk was about Pet. If her dead mother had had any friends who knew of her departure from Liverpool, or expected her arrival in London, the accident was so well known, and a list of the dead had been published in so many papers, that we should have heard from them if they cared about coming forward: no one doing so the body had been buried; and Pet, who, childlike, soon forgot her loss, was now as happy with the children at the inn as if she had never known any other
existence; and strange to say the child had
taken a fancy to such youth-despising creatures
as the five brothers of this tale; seemingly
imagining that our sole duty was to amuse her
whenever she wished to be amused.

"Dear little creature!" exclaimed the land-
lady. "Would we were rich enough to keep
her always; but having so many of our own—"

"It couldn't be thought of for a moment,"
continued her husband, "its hard times, but
if the child is not claimed she must go to the
parish."

I had long been thinking of something, and
this seemed the right time to mention it to my
brothers.

"Brothers," I said, "I am going to propose
something."

They took their pipes from their mouths and
listened, no doubt surprised at the idea of a
proposition coming from me to them.

"Brothers," I went on, "three weeks ago we
agreed not to touch a cent of money until
we found a good use for it—that time has now
come. Let us adopt Pet. In doing so we take
upon ourselves a heavy responsibility; but,
whatever trouble and anxiety she may cause us,
it will be pleasant to think we have rescued the
poor child from a future of poverty, perhaps
sin."

My wise brothers for once in their lives
found themselves uncertain what was
best to do; but the landlord and his wife,
to say nothing of myself, so successfully upset
all their arguments against my plan, that at last
Matthew said, "Say no more about it. We will
take her; but, for the future, she shall have five
fathers, and heaven grant them strength to fulfill
their duties."

Pet was not at all surprised when told she was
to go with us—to tell the truth, I believe she
had long looked upon us as her rightful owners;
and, when the carriage which was to take us to
London (no more trains for Matthew) drove up
to the door, Pet was so pleased with the prospect
of the ride, that her grief at parting with the
children could scarcely be called a grief
at all.

Fancy the surprise (and luckily the pleasure)
of Mrs. Thorman, when told that in addition to
her other duties she would be expected to fulfill
that of nurse. And as Pet took a liking to the
old woman at first sight, I knew that these
duties would be far from unpleasant; for I have
noticed that servants, especially elderly servants,
will do anything for children if the latter only
love them in return. A room which had never
been used within my recollection, and which we
called the spare-room, and sometimes Uncle
George's room, it being always in readiness in
case that relative suddenly appeared in the City-
road, was got ready for Pet; and soon after
our arrival, our tired little daughter was carried
upstairs by Mrs. Thorman, who looked more
pleased with the child in her arms than she
could have looked if we had suddenly doubled
her wages. And then we smoked our pipes,
looking very serious, and talking seriously, too;
for a change had come over us now: hitherto
we had lived only for ourselves; now we had
the care of a tender little bud, and on us it
depended what that bud would be like when,
by God's will, it should blossom into a flower.

Dear little Pet! I can see her now as she
looked the next morning, as fresh and fair as
anything on the earth; and well remember the
pleasure she showed in being in what she
thought such "a great, grand house." She
was not content until she had seen everything,
been in all the rooms, and found out everything
that was to be found out in the old garden.
For the first few days we were all beside our-
selves; everything was forgotten but the
pleasure of thinking what a bright happy little
creature had come to brighten up our somewhat
dingy lives. But soon the novelty wore
off, my brothers got tired of playing at children,
and returned to their former occupations, and
by general consent the care of little Pet was left
almost entirely to myself. Old as I had always
felt, old as I even felt now, I was not too old to
take a pleasure in everything that pleased Pet;
and the sunshine that had never shone on my
youth shone so brilliantly on hers that some of
its rays seemed reflected on myself; and I
felt happier than I had ever felt before.

It was proposed that Pet should call us all
"Father," but as the child seemed to prefer
addressing us by our christian names we let her
do so; in fact there was something so
innocently pretty in everything that she did do,
that it was almost impossible to ask her to do
anything but what she liked herself. At present
she was too young for anything but play (my
brothers said that it was anything but play to
them to find their work-rooms turned upside
down, and William had to be very careful to
keep the door of his study continually locked);
but when a year or two had passed, we had to
recollect that Pet would not be a child all her
life, and that "knowledge is power." So, not
liking to send her to school, we agreed to teach
her amongst us, though I need scarcely say that
eventually Pet had but one tutor, and that was
myself. Pleasant times those were. An hour
or two's "school" every morning, including
even music (for there was a piano in the house,
and I did know a B flat from a bull's foot).
With a pupil just as willing to learn as her
master was to teach; and then a walk into the
Regent's Park or over Primrose-Hill and away
into the open country beyond Hampstead, Pet
enjoying everything she saw and I doing the
same because she did; and then home, some-
what tired and sometimes late to dinner, with
such wonderful things to tell my brothers, that
I believe, supposing such wonderful things could feel
envy, they almost envied us the life we led.

What a pity it is that little girls must grow
up into young women! I have no doubt that
many fathers and mothers have thought so too,
though, if young men were asked their opinion
on the subject, it might slightly differ from
mine at the time of which I am writing. But
here were we five brothers just the same as ever;
and there was Pet growing so fast that her last year's dresses were of no use whatever, and getting so clever that our daily "school" was becoming a mere farce. An elderly lady, who had always taken great interest in our daughter, said seriously that Pet ought to go to school. It was necessary for her future welfare that she should see more of life than was to be seen in our somewhat limited sphere; unless she associated more with girls of her own age, she would grow up strange, and altogether unlike what a young lady should be. So said the elderly lady. Matthew answered that he did not believe in boarding-schools. Girls might learn some good, but they were sure to learn a great deal of harm. Boarding-school young ladies thought too much of themselves, despised home for its dulness, and being possessed of fashionable accomplishments would never be happy unless they had plentiful opportunities of showing off. But knowing Pet as I did, I felt it was impossible that she could ever be anything but the dear loving creature she was; so we took the advice of our friend, who recommended us to a school in Devonshire, where Pet was to go for two years, remaining there the whole of the time.

And so Pet went away, leaving us brothers once more to ourselves; and it seemed as if the light of our home had departed in company with our dear little bird.

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Chapter II.—What Happened When She Came Back to Us.

Left alone, I again became literary. A publisher had hinted that if I wrote a novel which was at all worth publishing, he would bring it out. For nearly two years I worked at my book. It was accepted, met with a success far greater than I had expected, and at least paid me for the trouble I had taken. Many people will laugh at the idea of a person of my limited experience attempting to write a novel; but it is a great mistake to suppose that one cannot be successful in fiction without having mixed much with the world. Many of our greatest writers have lived isolated lives. Sir Walter Scott gained his knowledge more from books than from men; Charlotte Bronte, perhaps the greatest lady novelist of them all, passed nearly the whole of her days in an out-of-the-way north country village; and the early days of Lord Byron were passed in obscurity. If writers of fiction were to describe only what they actually have seen, works which people are fond of describing as "silly trash," would soon cease to fill our circulating libraries, and make the critic's task anything but a pleasant one. With a good education, some knowledge of human nature, and a little genius, almost anyone with a taste for literature might write a novel worth reading if he would but keep clear of the unknown, and write about the world in which he has himself lived. The worst of it is, that some studious clerk or shopman with a chance of appearing in print, immediately plunges into the sayings and doings of the aristocracy, making his often too credulous readers believe that the upper-ten never even ask for the salt without using words seldom found out of the dictionary, and lead lives if anything more selfish and useless than the French nobles did in the days before the first French Revolution. Again, ladies of rank, smitten with the blue fever, are too fond of introducing scenes from low life; but which are in reality, merely scenes from their sensational imaginations, and peopling their tales with thieves, murderers, and detectives, without ever having spoken to, or even seen, a specimen of either class. If such writers did nothing worse than making fiction ridiculous, it would be bad enough; but they do more real harm than many people imagine. Ignorant people reading about high-life in the cheap periodicals, form entirely false ideas of the class by which they are governed, and fancy themselves ill-used immediately. You always had been; so we took the advice of our friend, who recommended us to a school in Devonshire, where Pet was to go for two years, remaining there the whole of the time.

And so Pet went away, leaving us brothers once more to ourselves; and it seemed as if the light of our home had departed in company with our dear little bird.

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I had lived with her all the time. When we entered the dining-room, though it was passed the dinner hour, neither of my brothers had come down; but the cause of their delay was soon explained. Matthew made his appearance in his Sunday clothes, and wore a bright blue scarf, a birthday present from a friend, which he cherished merely in remembrance of the giver, though considered far too gaudy an article for actual use. A bunch of spring flowers had found their way from our garden into the buttonhole of George's coat; and William had brushed his hair in a fashion I had never seen hair brushed before; and Frank entered the room with a step which might become Charles Matthews in a light comedy part, but which was anything but fatherly. And during dinner they put on most absurd men-of-the-world airs, each trying to outdo the other in saying polite things to Pet, behaving more like life-guardsmen in the company of some garrison belle, than fathers meeting their daughter on her return from school. To me all this was particularly distressing; though Pet was so pleased to be once more at home, that the strange conduct of my brothers seemed to escape her notice. What did it all mean?

Later in the evening, when Pet played over her school pieces, Matthew and William (who had not the slightest knowledge of a "score") almost pushed one another away from the piano in their eagerness to be alone. Then Frank and Pet spoke of Germany without anyone showing the least alarm. Whenrog time came, Pet, as had always been the custom, was about to retire, when Matthew said, extravagantly, that sooner than lose her charming society he would never smoke again. To this Pet objected, saying she was tired, and as she had always kissed me in olden times before saying "good-night," so she kissed me then; but Matthew was standing with the handle of the open door in his hand, and the rest were bowing so stiffly in various parts of the room, that Pet was awed into shaking hands with her other fathers, who never seemed so unlike fathers as they did at that moment. Once more I asked myself: "What did it all mean?"

For the first time in their lives my brothers said unpleasant things to one another; each seemed to be trying to make out what a sprightly young fellow he was compared with the rest. For instance, when Matthew had taken up a book, and after pretending to read for some minutes, had put it down again, George said:

"My dear Matthew, you should not attempt reading by gaslight; or if you must read, I should advise you to wear glasses."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Matthew. "My sight's as good as ever it was. Besides, why should I care so much about reading? Life is too short to be wasted on books."

William was about to rise and get a light, when Frank skipped up to him and took the spill from his hand.

"Allow me," said Frank. "I can't bear to see you bending your poor old back over the fire."

"All very well for you to talk, Frank," said William; "but a lady told me the other day that she had always taken you to be at least ten years older than me."

So passed the evening; and bed-time had never seemed so long coming. The reason of such strange conduct on the part of my brothers was easy to understand; they had been fascinated with the portrait, and afterwards fallen in love with the original. No doubt wrong, certainly foolish; but could I blame them? As I sat thinking by the open window that night, it came across me that my love for Pet was more than fatherly; and I seemed suddenly to remember that I must have loved her in the same way for a long time, perhaps always. I knew at the same time that I had long been trying to think myself mistaken, that love and I had been for some time past engaged in a struggle, that the fight was now over, and I was not the victor. One advantage I had over my brothers; they had betrayed their secret, but I resolved that mine should never be known; for though I knew that my love for Pet would only end with life, I felt that I had such command over myself, that our darling would never know that I loved her otherwise than as a daughter.

All the next day it rained heavily, and for a week we had continual wet weather. My brothers entirely gave up their studies, and were talking nonsense to Pet from morning to night. Now sometimes it seemed as if they were too much occupied to be listening to them; and at others I felt much easier than I thought that Pet, simple child as she was, could of course have no idea what they meant; and that in time my brothers would regain their senses and all would be well again. One morning the rain ceased and the sun shone; so I went alone into the garden to try whether the fresh air would assist me in thinking of what ought to be done. Passing the summer-house I saw Pet sitting there alone, holding a portrait in her hands which she kissed several times, crying all the while. When she at last saw me she covered the portrait with her hands, and looked so frightened, that I was half inclined not to say anything about it. But, thinking it was my duty to do so, I asked whose portrait it was.

"You have always been so kind to me," said Pet, in a very low voice, "that I will not attempt to deceive you. It is the likeness of some one I love dearly, but who will never, never love me. That is all, Arthur."

"Little Pet," I said. "It thought you were still a child. But who is it that you think you love, some one you have met at school? Do not be afraid to tell me. If he is worthy of you—"

"He is far too good for me," interrupted Pet. "I was foolish to love him, but I couldn't help it. I feel that I shall always love him; but, Arthur, don't say anything more about it. May be in time I shall grow wiser."

So I promised not to mention it again, wondering how it would all end. My brothers and myself secretly loving our daughter, and Pet hopelessly in love with some mysterious stranger; surely our wisdom was at fault somewhere.
Now that evening I had an appointment with a magazine editor in the Strand, and, meeting several literary people in his office, I stayed there some time, so that it was past ten o'clock when I returned home. Pet had retired, and my brothers were, if anything, more unamiable than ever. Matthew's allowance of grog seemed unlimited, and as the others, according to custom, were following the example of their eldest brother, I soon left them, sorry that they were adding heavy drinking to the rest of their follies. And to think that our poor little Pet was the innocent cause of it all.

The next morning my brothers came down to breakfast looking like their former selves. Meant-to-be captivating articles of dress had been left up-stairs; jauntness of manner had disappeared somewhere, gone, perhaps, where it came from; and immediately after breakfast "studies" were resumed in the old way, and Pet and I were left together almost for the first time since her return from school.

"You remember that long walk we used to take," said Pet, "right away into Highgate. Let us go there this morning, Arthur. I have much to say to you, and cannot say it here."

Walking along with Pet that fine summer morning it seemed as if old times had indeed returned, and that our troubles were over at last. In a lonely dell, under some trees, was an old tumble-down rustic seat. There I had often sat alone, Pet gathered wild-flowers which I would place in her hair and make her as proud as a grand lady wearing a tiara of diamonds for the first time. There we sat together, while Pet told me what had happened the evening before. She had noticed that for some days past each of my brothers had been trying to speak with her alone, but had always been interrupted—generally by myself. At last their chance had come. Each in his turn had asked her to become his wife; each in his turn had been rejected, and poor little Pet seemed quite miserable.

"I never thought they would speak like that," she said, "they are so much older than me, you know—and, O, I cannot live with them after that. Let me go away. Let me be a governess—a companion. I would rather go to service than risk being again made love to by my fathers."

How thankful I was that I had been silent! I told Pet that she must forget the nonsense my brothers had been saying, as they would, in time, themselves; that, at all events, she was, at least, my daughter; and that as for leaving me she must never think of it again. And Pet said that, for my sake, she would stay, and put up with anything. After that I felt ten years older.

My brothers scarcely spoke during dinner. At the end they were deep in novels, and, when Pet had retired, and grog-time arrived, they looked like four Fausts who, after a short time of re-juvenility, suddenly found themselves old men again, and were not sorry for the change.

"Brothers," said Matthew, "I have been making a fool of myself in my old age, and, though you will laugh at me, I feel it my duty to tell you what I have done. Forgetting my age—forgetting everything but one thing—I fancied myself in love with Pet, and asked her to become my wife. She refused me, and that brought me to my senses."

George and William, almost in a breath, acknowledged they had been guilty of the same offence; were very sorry, and would never do it again.

"When I was in Germany," began Frank.

"Brother!" remonstrated Matthew, in his old way. "But never mind for once. Go on."

"When I was in Germany," continued Frank, in a less boastful manner, "I was—excuse me, Matthew, I will never say it again—but a great favourite with the girls. Confounding the present with the past, forgetting that years change—again excuse me!—that years change even the handsomest of men, I never had a doubt but that Pet would marry me, though I knew you old fellows had not the ghost of a chance. Brothers, I was mistaken."

"And now, Arthur," said William, "it's your turn. Make a full confession."

"I have never made love to Pet," I answered "and never will, unless——"

"Unless what?" asked my four brothers.

"Unless Pet makes love to me first, and I am certain she will never do that."

Why I answered in that manner I could never make out.

"The youngest and the wisest," said Matthew: "Arthur, you are the only one of us in whom Pet can now have any faith. Couldn't you just hint that we were only joking when we asked our daughter to marry us?" I made an attempt to do so, though I am afraid Pet did not believe me. However, we fell into our old ways again, and I was beginning to think that Time would cure me of my love for Pet and make her forget him of whom we never spoke; but Time was obstinate, and did no such thing.

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Chap. III.—Why She Remained with Us.

The summer months went by, and outwardly everything was going on most satisfactorily in our house in the City-road. My brothers were more studious than ever, and it seemed as if at last their names were about to become public property. Matthew had discovered something (I never could understand science, so cannot describe what it was) before his ideas had occurred to anybody else, and Matthew's discovery was actually the subject of leaders, to say nothing of letters, in the scientific journals. George had finished a picture, "Hero mourning for Leander," which somehow found a place in a working-men's industrial exhibition, and the critic of a local paper referred to its "middle distance" in most flattering terms. One night a rich old gentleman was found senseless in our
front garden. A policeman, thinking our house was his home, rang the bell, and George soon restored the stranger to his senses. The old gentleman said he must have had a fit. George whispered that he had been dining out; at all events, my brother's fame spread about the neighbourhood, and people said that if George had but M.D. attached to his name he might be able to keep his carriage in a few months. I worked hard for the press. I wanted something to keep my thoughts from wandering where they had no right to wander, and literature came to my aid.

Now Pet did all she could to make us think she was contented and happy, and when we took our long walks she was as gay as a child; but I could see that it was all put on, and that something preyed upon her mind which was sadly affecting her health. My brothers were too busy to notice it at first; for Frank had joined a co-operative society, and could talk of nothing but the saving he was making in our household expenses. At last, one day after dinner, Matthew said, suddenly:

"What's the matter with you, Pet? You are not looking at all well."

"I am quite well," Pet answered.

"I know better," said Matthew—"and I know what ails you. You are dull. Young girls want other companions than old fellows like us—companions of their own age and sex. Would you like to go away for a time?"

I waited impatiently for the answer.

"Yes," said Pet, in a whisper.

"We know so few people—at least the sort of people you would like to stay with—that I am puzzled where to send you."

"Let me go and stay with my old governess," said Pet. "I was a great favourite of hers, and should be so glad to see my schoolfellows again!"

Was it the school-girls she wished to see? Was it not rather some one in Devonshire? But I would not ask myself such a question. I had asked it once of Pet, and she had answered me—and Pet always spoke the truth. So I wrote to the governess, in Devonshire, and the answer came, saying how glad she would be to have Pet again with her; and then our daughter seemed so gay and happy (no make-believe this time) that her illness seemed to have left her altogether.

One damp, dewy autumn evening, I walked up and down the grass-plot in our back garden, feeling strangely miserable, and imagining all sorts of uncomfortable things, for it was Pet's last night in her fathers' house. Early the next morning she would be on her way to Devonshire. True, she was only going away for a short time—was to come back again in the early winter; but it seemed to me that Pet never would return if she once left us, and I fancied her married, and living with someone whom I had never seen; whilst I, old, lonely, uncareful—what was I? The silence—then it seemed as if it were my fault that Pet was going away. Never for a minute did I blame myself with having done anything to displeasure her; but had I done enough to make her happy and contented? That was the question which troubled me. Then, recollecting that my brothers were out, and that Pet might think I was angry with her for wishing to go away if I left her alone, I returned to the house. Entering the dining-room I saw Pet sitting by the window, looking out into the shadowy street as if in a dream. She was so much occupied by her thoughts that I had walked across the room, and stood beside her, without her knowing that I was there. Just then the lamp in front of our house was lighted, and I saw on the ledge of the window the same portrait that I had surprised Pet crying over in the summer-house. It was wrong, no doubt, but what I did then I did because I was unable to keep from doing it. I took up the portrait, and then Pet, seeing me for the first time, gave a scream and snatched it away from me; but not before the light of the gas-lamp had told me whose likeness it was, and I saw—

my own portrait!

Brother William had painted it for Pet when she was quite a child, and long since I had forgotten that such a thing was in existence.

"I couldn't help looking at it," I said. "O, Pet, forgive me for what I have done!"

"I ought rather to ask your forgiveness," said Pet.

I sat down beside her; I placed my arms round her. I kissed her poor frightened face, scarcely knowing what I was doing or saying.

"Is that really the portrait of him you love?" I asked. "He whom you said would never love you?"

"It is."

"And you love him still?"

Pet did not answer.

"Dear little Pet," I said, "I will tell you the truth now. I have loved you for a long time; but had I not made this discovery I should never have told you, for I never thought you could love me except as a daughter should love her father, I am so old, you know."

"I never thought you old," said Pet. "Your brothers are. I fancied I should betray myself, and that was why I wished to go away; but now—"

"You will not go. You will stay here, darling, as my love, as my wife."

We had so much to say—so many revelations to make, on both sides, that the darkness came on and my brothers were heard ringing at the bell before we had half finished. Then Pet hurried upstairs, saying she should not come down again that night, and my brothers, one after the other, groped their way into the dark room.

"What! no gas?" said Matthew, "and Arthur sitting alone in the dark. Why, where's Pet?"

"Gone to bed early, I suppose," said Frank. "Nothing like plenty of rest before taking a long journey."

The gas was lighted, pipes and grog brought out, and then, somewhat nervously, I told them all. Instead of being angry (for it was a sell to
find that Pet had loved me unsought after refusing those who had utterly changed their characters in hopes of gaining her love) they congratulated me as only brothers could, and drank an extra glass of grog to our future happiness.

We were married.

In a certain house in the City-road live five happy brothers; four of them getting somewhat old and feeble; one of them feeling young for the first time in his life. A dear, gentle creature lives with them, and one of the brothers calls her his wife; the others are somewhat confused as to whether she is their sister-in-law or their daughter, but in both relations they love her dearly.

Little did the writer of these lines imagine, when he saved a poor, unknown child from a life of poverty, how it would all end. Little did he know what happiness would come to him through adopting Pet!

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**The Roman Catacombs.**

By JAMES W. WALL.

It was on an afternoon, in early spring-time, that I found myself treading the well-worn chariot-road of the old Appian Way. It was a day to be remembered, and "marked with a white stone." Refreshing breezes were wafted in all their verdant softness over the desolate Campagna that stretched away for many a mile before me. All above was beautiful in the bright and pleasant sunshine of an Italian spring. Even the Campagna, bounded by those graceful yet boldly-formed hills, the more distant soaring in snow-clad elevation, was not under such a sky, a gloomy scene, but beautiful even in its loneliness. And there, too, were the associations that ever cling to this most interesting spot. History had consecrated that mighty waste to the memory of noble deeds. Imagination had hallowed it with the spell of poetry and superstition by her most graceful fantasies. Etrurian, tracing back her lineage to those shadowy times, when in the gloom even the torch of tradition goes out, or burns but dimly, had spread her countless cities over this vast plain. Rome, in her infant greatness, had filled it with her shadow, and made it the bloody theatre on which to practise for the subjugation of a world. It was over it once swept that "red whirlwind," when

"Louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath the rolling cloud,
Was heard the trumpet’s war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum;
When plainly, and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to the left and far to right
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears."

Looking behind me, toward "The Eternal City" I had just left, the huge dome of St. Peter’s lifted itself in air, which, with the tower of the Castle of Angelo, glittered in the slant rays of the descending sun. There, too, might be just discerned the kingly mass of the Colosseum, and the long line of the desolate Forum. Everything around subdued the mind to a most pleasing melancholy in harmony with the scene. I stood, as it were, above the grave of a dead empire, and everywhere, in broken fragments, or in mouldering heaps, were scattered the memorials of the once mighty masters of the world.

In accordance with a promise made to a recent and most zealous convert to the Roman faith, an American Lady, I had started that afternoon to visit "The Catacombs of St. Cælestin." The entrance to these celebrated Catacombs is some two miles from Rome, in an open field, considerably elevated above the far-famed Appian Way, which bounds it on one side. Having exhausted in my researches all the remains of ancient Rome, and become so familiarized with classic localities, and the ruins that still adorn them, as to call them all by their names, reviving each historic story that had given them fame, I longed to explore some of the Neroni, whose dark chambers underlie the Campagna for hundreds of miles. The real origin of these subterranean burial-places has puzzled the ingenuity of archaeologists for a long period of time. There can be but little doubt, however, in the mind of the curious explorer, that the theory which points to the primitive inhabitants of Italy as the first excavators of these recesses must be the true one. It is a common belief, that the story of "The Ilid" tells the history of the first settlers of Italy; but a race or races, considerably advanced in civilization, wonderful for their artistic taste, and endowed with extraordinary architectural ingenuity, unquestionably existed on the Italian Peninsula for more than a thousand years before the first stone of the Eternal City was laid. Call them by what name we will, Ammoneans, Pelasgi, or Etrurians, we discover this singular people through the disguise of poetic fable, in the legends both of Grecian and Roman writers.
We trace them again in those massive architectural remains which are still scattered over the country, from the northern extremity of Tuscany to the southern slopes of the central Appenines. And there was an older race still upon whom these accomplished, ingenious, and hard-working Etrurians intruded, and subdued. The Ombreas are said to have been the Aborigines of Italy, and they, with the Sabines, a mountain tribe, were certainly the nucleus of several greater nations. Those Italian tribes do not emerge from obscurity until they successively appear contending with Rome, and defeated by her. The entire Campagna was unquestionably once covered, and the slopes of the Appenines adorned with the cities and villas they erected. It was from beneath the volcanic soil of the Campagna that they first commenced to obtain the building materials for the cities they erected. The light and soft nature of the material to be quarried greatly facilitated the work, and allowed the workmen to indulge their caprice or taste as they chose, and to shape their shafts and galleries as they pleased. The principal layers which they excavated were of soft volcanic tufa, or pozzulana, a still softer volcanic substance, of which the most part of the Campagna is composed. This tufa is cut out with little trouble, but it hardens when employed in building, to the consistency of granite, and resists all the vicissitudes of weather. The still softer pozzulana is little more than a rough concrete sand, which, when crushed and mixed with water and a little lime, is the far-famed "Roman Cement." I had an opportunity of judging the durability of this last in the old piers of the moles erected by the Emperor Nero at Porto D'Anzio, on the Mediterranean, the site of the far-famed Antium. While the marble has been worn away and honeycombed by the action of the water, the mortar which unites the marble-slabs, being this very pozzulana, is integral and unimpaired, having withstood the dash and wash of the waves of centuries.

Here, then, we have, to say the least of it, a plausible theory, to account for the origin of these subterranean recesses. This primitive people must have drawn largely upon these valuable materials beneath the soil, for the erection of the numerous cities that once undoubtedly covered its surface; and it is not at all improbable that they who are known to have buried, and not burned, their dead, may have used some of them as places of sepulture at a very early day.

Then came the period of the Roman conquest, and the rising city of Romulus made still farther drafts upon the building materials beneath the soil. After the second Punic war, when the Republic was waxing wealthy, and extending her conquests in every direction, the requisitions made upon these quarries must have been immense. Beside public and private buildings in the city, palaces, theatres, thermæ, etc., bridges were thrown over the Tiber, and aqueducts across the Campagna, whose towering majestic ruins still cast their sombre shadows upon the soil they have pressed so long. When the long civil war ended in the subversion of the Republic, and the establishment of the empire, the demand for building material must have become more extensive than ever. Under Augustus, the aspect of Rome, we know, was changed; and this resort to these quarries continued under the twelve Caesars down to the period of the decline of the empire, when the Romans left off quarrying, and destroyed old edifices to make room and furnish the materials for new ones. This theory, when the period of time is considered during which these quarries were used, sufficiently accounts for their origin and immense extent.

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain at what particular period of time the Christian Church made these caves hiding-places, houses of refuge for its persecuted members, or when they commenced burying in these crypts. The dreadful persecutions of Nero, the first to which the early Christian Church at Rome was subject, drove many no doubt of the new converts to these quarries in the Campagna outside the walls. Superstition at that day had made them the resort of sorcerers and magicians. The gay Horace peopled the quarries about Rome with the practisers of the mysterious arts. He makes the god of gardens say:

"The birds and thieves that were wont to hover round this place were not half so troublesome to me as these pestilent sorcerers, who seek, by enchantment and poison, to work on the minds of men: nor is it in my power to drive them away, or hinder them, when the moon shows her sweet face, from gathering bones and poisonous herbs. The spot is filled with serpents and infernal dogs; and the moon, blushing, hides herself, so as not to be a witness to their abominations."

A superstition like this would very naturally keep away all intruders, and here, therefore, persecuted Christians would very naturally resort as a safe place of refuge. Here they could worship in security; here they commenced living to themselves and for their faith, and here they brought the bodies of their dead, and mutilated remains of their brethren who had perished by the fire and the sword, and the wild beasts of the arena. As imperial persecution after persecution swept over the church, blood gave fertility to the soil, and these catacombs received the myriad dead who died in the faith and for the faith, until in process of time they became vast necropoli of precious dust, and in after-times treasure-houses of relics, from which a superstitious and corrupted church filled its shrines and coffers together.

The Catacombs of Callixtus, which I often visited, are certainly the earliest, and are said to have been used as a burial-place by the Christians during the first persecution. It was in this, the Neronian persecution, that St. Paul perished, and it may be, that the tradition of the church, which points to these catacombs as the first resting-place of the body of St. Paul, is
correct. There certainly seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend. The story derives probability from the fact that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early church. The bones of this apostle are said to have been removed from their present resting-place beneath the dome of St. Peter’s about the year 375 A.D., when it is fairly to be presumed that the Christian church would not have forgotten where they laid him. The patriotism of New-England still cherishes authentic memories of the Pilgrim Fathers; “and their sepulchres, are they not with us to this day?” Now certainly there is much more abundant reason why the early Christian church should keep in remembrance the burial-place of that most zealous of all the apostles of our Lord, “Who counted not his life dear unto himself, if he might finish his course with joy.”

The entrance into most of the great catacombs opens upon one or other of the high roads of ancient Rome. Thus some are upon the Via Appia; some upon the Via Ostiense, and some upon the Via Teberina.

Into the Catacombs of Callixtus, the entrance of which, as I have mentioned, is in the middle of an open field, close by the Appian Way, you descend by a flight of narrow stone steps of modern construction. The guide who accompanies you, and furnishes the torches at your expense, invariably precedes your descent with a short discourse upon the wonders of this subterranean world you are about to visit, mingled most ludicrously with warnings as to the penalties you incur if detected in carrying off any of the sacred relics. Nothing can be more solemn than the subterranean gloom that encompasses you a few feet from the entrance. Yawning tombs are on either side of you, with here and there the outline of the human skeleton traceable in dust, which has been undisturbed for centuries. The passages, lined on each side with these tombs, which tombs are cut horizontally, and are ranged above one another like the shelves of a book-case, are very narrow; and as the explorer proceeds, a stifling sense of suffocation at times comes over him. At intervals you come to large spaces with vaulted ceilings. These niches are said to have served as chapels and baptistries, and in some of them may be still discerned the font of baptism set up at the dawn of the Christian era, still erect and undisfigured, with its cavity for water. Both roof and walls of these little chapels are covered with the remains of rude frescoes, representing incidents in Bible history; but none of them are of a later date than the fifth century, and must have been executed at a time when corruptions had crept into the early church, and when empty forms were substituted for the spirit of the early day. Indeed I have my doubts whether these chapels were the work of the earlier Christians at all. They appeared to me as if they were the after-work of the church, when these catacombs had become a sort of holy place, where the devout used to resort, to be in the presence of the relics of the saints. In many of the tombs the side slabs are away, and nothing remains but a few mouldering relics. In some the skeleton is almost perfect, while in others the skull is the only part that remains. Many of the slabs that closed the tombs are gone, while here and there a broken one discloses the mouldering remnants within. A few have remained undisturbed, and the inscription upon them is still plainly visible. The entire length of few of these solemn aisles of the dead are known; for as a measure of precaution, many of them have been closed by stone walls, while others are so blocked up by rubbish and fallen poszuliano, that the boldest explorer is compelled to halt. At irregular distances, and usually on both sides the main aisle narrower passages branch off, leading to other crypts. Mostly these passages strike off at right angles, but they seldom run far in a straight line, while many become very tortuous. From the second crypt, or main aisle, which you reach, there are other passages conducting to another crypt, and thence from another to another, according to the greater or less extent of the catacomb. In most of the catacombs there are crypts, galleries, and passages underneath those which you first enter; and in many of them, there is beneath this lower deep a deeper still, or a third or even a fourth range of crypts. The awful silence of these recesses and subterranean galleries adds horror to the darkness. The atmosphere, smelling and tasting of earth and dust, is hot, dry, and stifling. It is not the

“There is no dung, and no damp”;

but something far more irksome and oppressive.

But far more interesting and affecting than these gloomy tombs are the early epitaphs and lapidary inscriptions found in the catacombs. They are generally extremely brief, the name and age of the deceased, with short comments testifying their faith in brighter worlds beyond. “One sleeps in Christ;” another “is buried that she may live in the Lord Jesus;” while on another may be noticed almost the words of St. Paul himself: “Dying, yet behold she lives.” The inscriptions are generally in Latin, often misspelt; and now and then there are inscriptions in Greek characters, most generally simple, but in some cases exceedingly affecting. A parent briefly names the age of a beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life; or the epitaph has an added prayer, that the dead may rest in peace, with some rude-carved emblem of the believer’s hope and faith. But most of all may be noticed the cross in its simplest form. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have accomplished in later times, here, in these catacombs, upon these marble slabs that shut their beloved dead from their sight, the early Christians have clearly shown that with them there was a full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice, “whereby alone we obtain the remission of sins, and are made partakers of the
The Early Train.

BY R. E. THACKERAY.

Who's that tapping at my door?
A soft voice whispers, "Half-past four!"
Why surely 'tis not time to rise?
Do take that candle from my eyes!
Must I get up? then farewell sleep.
And, blinking, from my bed I creep.
I've placed my clothes all on one chair:
Here is my brush; I'll dress my hair.
Twixt lights I look just like a bag.
Now I'll begin to squeeze my bag:
But it resists my ardent strain,
As if 'twould not be closed again!
My bunch of keys falls on the floor;
I grope for them at half-past four.
Carpet and room all dim and dark;
The housemaid's step emits a spark.
Where are your snuffers? "Broken loose.
Then look for them at once, you goose!
Somebody stumbles on the floor:
An early train's a horrid bore!
Now swallow coffee boiling hot,
As if Macedonian throat I'd got.
And there's the carriage on the drive
As some one calls out "Half-past five!"
I've left my handkerchief in bed!
This box is heavier than lead;
Oh what can you have put within it?
These early trains are a minute.
My glove is torn, quite to a rag,
The other's packed within my bag.
That portmanteau no name has on it:
Hang the valise—and fetch my bonnet!
And the air-cushion, lately bought,
Has sprung a leak, and come to nought.
Umbrellas, shawls, and rug, strap up,
And don't forget my bird and pup.
Give them into my arms, dear Sue,
And you shall hear what next to do:
My travelling flask has fallen down—
It cost last week a good half-crown,
And all the sherry's on the gravel.
Ah me! the pain and cost of travel!
"Treat the straw-paper," says the cook:
"My sandwiches broke through—do look!"
And, coachman, start; don't lose more time:
To be too late would be a crime,
After being roused at half-past four—
An early train's an awful bore.
My bootmaker, I do declare:
Oh dear, I'm driven to despair!
"You should have brought them home before:
Did not tell you half-past four?
What's that—your bill? To think I'd pay!" (With indignation)—"Drive away!"

As we approach the distant station,
Arises doubt and consternation.
Returning flies and "bus" quite void
Promotes a feeling not enjoyed.
A coachman winks, with action sly,
Points to the station, then whisks by.
"Oh, horrid wretch! what can he mean?
I'm overcome by fear and spleen.
Why actually there's no one there!"
We gallop up: the porters stare:
"Is the train gone?" we, frantic, cry;
Official nods; we wipe an eye,
The dismal waiting-room receiving
The travellers, three hours grieving.
July 19th.—I have not written anything in this journal for some time, and even now I cannot bear to set down the little daily occurrences of our lives, though the pranks of the young ones sometimes make them lively enough; but, glancing back through its leaves, it struck me as being strange that, in writing of boardingschools, I did not mention a circumstance that happened at a very fashionable one a couple of years back in Q—, just as the pupils were leaving for the Christmas holidays. I had business in town on that day, and had arranged to call for our minister’s daughter, who was governess there, and bring her home in our car. I can fancy the scene before me even now: The house was a handsome two-storied wooden one, with a centre and two octagon turret wings; a broad flight of steps led to the hall-door, and was surrounded by a richly-laid-out piece of ground, containing many graceful statues and vases, separated from the street, or rather road, by a low wall. This being a sort of gala day the French windows were open to the ground, displaying refreshment tables loaded with good things. The rooms, which were visible from the street, showed costly hangings, rich carpets, a harp, and more than one grand piano. On the verandah and about the garden groups of young girls, dressed in white, were chatting gaily, all life and animation, while their mothers were seated or strolling about evidently admiring the scene. As I stood looking on, much amused and interested, the garden-gate opened and a young man went in, when, quick as lightning, a pretty delighted girl leaped off the verandah into his arms: it was a brother come to take a sister home. Soon after, the lady I waited for came to tell me that she could not accompany me that evening, as the examinations had lasted longer than they expected, and, indeed, as it proved afterwards, very few of the pupils left, as they were detained too late for the train. I sent in the car the next day according to promise to bring my young friend home, when the messenger found the pretty house, which had looked so gay the day before, a mere ruin: a fire had broken out in it in the night, and all they could do (and that with great difficulty) was to save their lives. Miss ——, fortunately, had her boxes in the hall waiting for me, so that when help came they were pulled out; but all the rest were destroyed. It came out in an after-inquiry that the girls (with something of the licence of colonial manners, which extends itself to what are supposed here to be the most refined circles), instead of going quietly to bed when they retired for the night, had tossed everything upside-down—beds, bedclothes, and everything else anywhere but where they should be, or could be got at in the confusion, so that they were in their night-dresses only when they escaped from the burning house. However, they were all right enough soon. The pupils being supplied with clothes in profusion by the different drapers, to enable them to reach home, and a large subscription was raised, without delay, for the governesses. Such was the close of the day which had opened so pleasantly.

August 1st.—I am getting over my late shock, and that rogue Dick has made me laugh a great deal this evening. Mrs. A— (mother to little Annie), whose funeral, dear child, formed one of the incidents in the last journal I kept, came to see me some days ago, when she told me there was a very large snake coiled up asleep near the fence. My husband went with her immediately and killed it, throwing it carelessly afterwards to some distance. This morning Dick happened to meet her, when she told him her sister had come on a visit to her, and she would bring her up to tea with me in the evening. This is quite the custom here: each one knows it is such a treat to the other to see a new face. Immediately a thought struck him there was a chance of fun, so he went for the dead snake, brought it to a convenient part of the road, coiled it up as if alive, placed a log before it so that they might not see it until they were quite close, and then came home to await the result. He was more successful even than he expected. Mrs. A— had several friends that day, and they all came with her, two having babies. When they came to the snake there was a general scream, the party scattering in all directions, until one lady, more courageous than the rest, volunteered to kill it with a stick, when she discovered it was already dead. Mrs. A—r who knows Dick’s tricks well, decided at once that it was he who had planned the whole thing; and when they got to the house we all had such a merry romp trying to punish him for his roguery, although in the end I had to plead guilty to being in his secret, after which we had a very pleasant evening.

August 24th.—This year is a particularly un-
A Year of Bush Life in Australia.

fortunate one for all my friends. In a journal I kept a few years back I remember mentioning the death and funeral of little Annie A——, the sweet child of Mrs. A——, who was here so full of Merriment a few weeks ago. Dear little Annie’s father is the stepson of a Mr. L——, a farmer who lived about one mile and a-half from this. Mrs. L——, his wife, is a strange old woman, many years older than her husband, she being sixty-three, he only forty-eight years. She has two sons—one her first husband’s, the other Mr. L——’s. When we came here first they were making money very fast. Besides their farm, which at that time was a good one, they had a boarding-house and store and what is called here a grog-shop; so that, altogether, it is not too much to say that they made at least thirty pounds a-week clear profit. Mr. A——, the eldest son, got married about this time, and built a house midway between his mother’s and ours, when very quickly his wife and I became great friends of the old family. As for myself, I very far off, drink, she did not care to be with them, and so, being much alone, spent a great deal of her time with me. Meanwhile the L——’s went on as usual making money and spending it as fast as it was made in the most silly manner: they would go off to Q——, and perhaps stay away from home three weeks together. Now, the woman would go off and buy all sorts of foolish things: she would think nothing of paying five pounds at a time for mere sweets. During harvest also there was no end of drink wasted by them: one season there was fifty pounds worth of rum drunk in their place, besides several odd pounds worth of liquor, of which there was no account kept. The sons, who are exceedingly steady young men, did all they could to keep things right, but in vain; so that last summer matters came to a crisis, and, despite all their profits, their establishment had to be sold for debt. Mr. L—— then made up all the money he could, and set off for a new diggings near Sydney, the sons giving him all the assistance in their power. On his leaving, they gave up the old farm and took a new one for themselves, about six miles away, so that I lost my neighbour, as the roads are too bad to encourage much visiting. However, she came sometimes on Saturday and stayed over the Sunday with me, but now that she is again near us we see her frequently. The old woman wasted in the house, lately her own, until it was disposed of, when just as they thought Mr. L—— must have reached the end of his journey, back he came, without a penny. He only went half way, when he discovered he had not enough money to carry him on, and so returned, completely ignoring the fact, that what brought him back would have taken him forward. He then retook the farm for twelve months, but was so tardy in sowing that he had no crops, and it was once more taken from him. Next he said he would try New Zealand. Everyone told him it was the wrong time of year to go there, but go he would, and did. They received one letter to say he had landed safely, and about the time they expected a second, home he arrived again farthingless as usual, and even without any clothes but those he wore. It seems he had indulged too freely in Melbourne, on his backward journey, and lost everything he had taken with him. As to New Zealand, he had totally failed there, as had been foretold. He and his wife now took up their abode at the son’s farm, but as he was a strong, active man, he had too much spirit to remain dependent on them, and said he would go and work for some farmer until he got a little money together. Consequently, he hired with a man near Q——. He went there on the Monday, and worked through the week, but, the following Saturday, being very wet, he asked his employer what was to be done; the farmer told him to look after the horses, and get them in, as he feared they had gone over the creek. L—— went, but did not return, and, as the day continued wet, the people about took it for granted that he had gone home; while both Mr. A—— and myself wondered why they did not see him. Early on Monday morning poor Mrs. L—— set off to know what had kept him away, when just as she arrived at the farmer’s, soaked in wet and mud, some of the other men found him in a quarry-hole, with his throat cut in several places, lying in a pool of his own blood, and of course, quite dead, the knife with which he destroyed himself lay beside him, just as it had fallen from his hand. The poor woman is nearly mad. They brought the remains privately to T——, and he now lies quietly enough upon the lonely hill-side, beside the grave of dear little Annie. I went on horse-back with Mrs. M—— to see the family. I felt greatly for Mrs. A——, as she is near her confinement but they are all as well as one can expect. The whole neighbourhood feels the shock of the unhappy event, as, with all his faults L—— was well-known and liked, being “nobody’s enemy but his own,” as they say, though I take leave to add in my own mind, “and his family’s.” I think upon his death frequently, yet I can scarcely realize that he, the strong, healthy man, is gone from amongst us, whilst I am still spared, doubtless, for some merciful purpose: a weak, delicate creature, so fragile that I am sure it is a wonder to many how I live on; and yet so is, and I work too, and that not a little in my family, enjoying it even sometimes, although it may be a little severe. Last week, for instance: I was making a coat for Frank, which required daylight; I left my ironing for night; so when they all came from school, we had tea together, and soon after I began my work; during which, as Dick read aloud to me from the bible, Willie read to himself, Jonnie and Frank learned their lessons, and Kato and Chady sat at their needle-work; I felt in the midst of them as proud and happy as a queen, and I think it is in all a spirit of boasting, but of thankfulness, that I write that they are considered the best mannered children in the neighborhood. On Saturday last, Willie came hastening to me after school, his fair, delicate
face flushed with delighted pride, to tell me of Dick. They have a great, coarse boy, a school-fellow, who is constantly challenging Dick to fight, but on hearing something of it, I of course strictly forbade his doing so: that day he again attacked him on his way home, before the other boys and some men, pointing him out to them and saying, "Look at that coward, he fears to fight me." When Dick spoke manfully up—knowing my boy's temperament so well, I knew how sorely he was tried, and said: "I am not afraid of you; I could beat you and beat you well, too, but I promised mamma that I would not, and I will not break my word or fret her." Is there any question of which was the coward? The other day, great strong fellow as he is—I cannot see over his head, although not yet fourteen—he came home with tears in his eyes, because he saw some roughs beat a poor horse cruelly.

Sept. 5.—"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country!" and I have had that pleasure this past week, in a visit from Lizzy K., who is not long come out. It was a pleasant surprise to us to see her, as I feared the expense of coming would be an obstacle to her doing so; but, as our place was not much out of her way, to where she was going to take a very well-paid situation, which she has just obtained, she came. When she was a child—I have not seen her since—I called her the "Fire-fly," she was so dark and bright and quick and graceful. She is the same still, the only change is, that from a pretty, winning little girl, she has become an exceedingly pretty and attractive young woman. She has gone off already, and we are really lonely after her, my little ladies particularly; but I am perfectly certain that she will not be long in a situation, as I am sure the next present I get from her will not be a necktie, like the last, but some handsome bride-favours, which have not yet gone out of fashion here, though I have heard they are perfectly so at home.

17.—Lizzy's visit roused me; but after she left, my spirits sank so much again, that it is only by keeping myself constantly employed that I succeed in keeping off one of my bad attacks; my nerves are so shaken by the shocks they have lately sustained. My husband and the boys are reaping the benefit of my industry, as, like a true bush-wife and mother, I am at work for them, most unsentimentally too, not working slippers, or embroidering braces, as delicate ladies are apt to do in the old country, but,—I only write in a whisper—making their cloth caps and trousers; so that I have little time for writing, even were I inclined just now to occupy my time in that way, which I am not, as it often sets me thinking, which is perhaps best avoided for many reasons.

Oct. 31st.—More trouble, but I am, these months back, so accustomed to it that I now make no remark, but set it down as it occurred, only pausing to thank God that my own immediate dear ones continue to escape. This time it is our revered minister, who is afflicted, and that very sorely. Mrs. M.—is his second wife, and though not young, yet many years younger than he is. His former wife was bedridden for years, with chronic rheumatism: she could not lift her hand even to feed herself; and yet she was quite young when she died, leaving him two little girls, now young women. The present Mrs. M.—must have been very handsome: she is tall, and has very fine features; she is a very superior woman; and, as Mr. M.—is advanced in life, and his congregation so scattered as to render visiting fatiguing to him, Mrs. M.—did all she could to assist him. She was a good horse-woman, and all the time she could command was spent among the people. About twelve months ago, however, she was unfortunately thrown from her horse, and received a severe injury on her head; when, the horse being rather wild and shy, we all begged of her not to mount him again, but even before she was quite recovered from her first fall she went to visit a lady, who lives about two miles from this place. To avoid the danger of an accident, she dismounted at the gate, but the ground being slippery, she fell when she took the bridle in her hand, and, as she got up, the startled animal, happening to toss his head, the sudden jerk pulled poor Mrs. M.—'s shoulder out of place. The Doctor was sent for to Q.—, a distance of nine miles from where she was. When he arrived several hours had elapsed, and the arm was very much swollen; the people about all agreed in saying it was broken; so the doctor—so much for bush practice—took their word for it, and splintered and bandaged the limb from shoulder to elbow. She was then removed to her own home. I went to see her next day, when she did not seem very ill, but from that for six weeks it would be impossible to describe her torture. During that time she remained coiled upon a sofa, never changing her position unless when her husband or I shifted or arranged her pillows: but the worst remains to be written: when at the end of that time the splints were removed, the doctor—I hate his name—discovered that it was the shoulder that was broken. I shall never forget the expression of horror on his face when he saw the evidence of the mistake he had made through his culpable carelessness or ignorance. Next it was found that he was not on friendly terms with the Q.— doctors, so that none of them would meet him: then the roads were too bad to travel, so there was no way of procuring assistance for a month more, while meantime that shoulder was getting worse, and poor Mrs. M.—suffering agony. Oh how I longed for the old country! where such a state of things is now happily impossible. How I despise in my heart the babble of "the good old times" when stage-coaches, to say nothing of railways, were unknown—the "good old times" when people might perish, as my poor friend was doing now, for the want of commonly passable roads to bring her proper assistance. At length Mr. — made up his mind to risk all peril and journey to H.—,
where there is a very clever surgeon, and was fortunate enough to secure his services. He examined the patient sufferer well, and found the shoulder had slipped from the socket, and from being neglected, had become fast in a wrong place. He then put her under the influence of chloroform, and endeavoured to reduce the dislocation, but the first attempt failed, when the surgeon said he would not recommend her to try it again; but at her own request he did try, and this time succeeded in getting it into its place. This was last week. All the neighbours were, as they ever are, very kind, and I of course took my full share of nursing, as I not only love her, but I respect her very highly. My being with her so much accounts for the long gap in my journal.

Nov. 15th.—I fear much my poor friend has had all her pain for nothing. It is a most deformed shoulder, and every day discovers some new deformity. The large muscle which rounds the shoulder has perished, and all the small muscles are dying away. The two of the fingers are quite dead, and the others are fast following, while the injured shoulder is three inches higher than the other, and the spine, from the pressure on it, is growing out; so that dear Mrs. M—— is a cripple for life, beside undergoing such torture. It is a very sad event in many ways. She was a very clever woman, able to assist her husband efficiently in his ministry, not to speak of her as about the best housekeeper in the district. Now she is unable to do anything. Mr.——’s two daughters keep a school in Q——. Her own daughter is about fifteen, and her little boy seven years old. I cannot say how much I feel for them all.

20th.—Mrs. M—— was at church to-day, and as she knew that I had been disappointed in the expected arrival of a dear dear friend from my own home, she stopped, and, forgetful of her own trouble, spoke so sweetly to me about it I was glad, yet sorry, to see her out again—sorry to see her fine form so bent and altered. She afterwards wrote me a very nice note with her one hand, sympathizing with me in my little grievance, with sisterly affection. She is truly pious, and bears her trials with great fortitude and resignation. It is a pleasure to me to know that her health at least is improving fast, though her appearance is so sadly changed.

23rd.—I am delighted and proud I have proved a true prophetess. My little "Fire-fly" is married—very happily, too. I had the letter announcing it this morning. Her husband is a miner, and has been very successful. They are to come and spend Christmas with us before they settle down. To enliven all my black stories this entry at any rate ought to be marked with a "white stone."

27th.—I had decided to go with papa and all the children to-day into Q——, to have our cartes taken, to send to the dear Aunt K——, to whom Dick sent his grand epistle; but the day before my birthday, we celebrated it by a pic-nic, at one of the farms, when Johnnie, going to a well with Kate to get water to make tea, they let go the windlass, which struck Kate in the eye. Fortunately she was not very near it, or she would have been dangerously injured, but as it is her eye is quite black; so that it would not do to take her into town.

Dec. 7th.—To-day we all went into Q——, and had our cartes taken. Kate and Chady look very pretty among the boys (they were done in a group), while the boys themselves look healthy and sturdy enough to be good protectors to them until they get "A nearer one
Yet, and a dearer one
Still, than all others."

My husband and I figure in another, and I am delighted to have them done in time for the next mail, as I know K—— would be disappointed sadly at not getting them.

23rd.—Mr. and Mrs. S——, the bride and bridegroom, have arrived, and another old Melbourne friend. They say the "Fire-fly" looks brighter than ever, and her husband, who seems to be a very sensible man, is just the one I should have chosen for herself if the choice lay with me. He is very intelligent, and tells the most amusing stories. But he has sometimes grave moods, which his little wife does not heed in the least, but goes sparkling about him as if he were herself a young schoolgirl. The delight of the children with their guests is indescribable. Of course, according to colonial custom, all business ceases to-day, until the second day of the new year. The intervening time is dedicated solely to pleasure and the celebration of the great Christmas festival. The season is most lovely. Our garden is a wilderness of flowers, our orchard rich with fruit, and the best gold of the new world—namely, the yellow corn ripening in the fields. For a long while after I settled here I could hardly believe it to be Christmas at all without the frost, snow, holly, ivy, bright lights, and close drawn curtains of the happy homes of the old land; but now I can throw open my dwelling to the refreshing breeze, if fortunately there happen to be one, and look out on (to old-world eyes) these strange Christmas sights as joyously as anyone. Some of our little ones never saw any others, and I trust return the Saviour as humble and as loving thanks for his Advent among us in the midst of this beautiful blooming world as I ever did gazing on the more familiar scene of the earth barren and bleak-looking at this season, yet which bore within her bosom the sure promise of things as beautiful as all I now behold, and as the joyful time approaches—nay, that it is here, "even at the door." Let me once again return fervent thanks to Him that, while many around us have been afflicted, we have been spared; and that at our Christmas dinner-table to-morrow there will not be "one vacant chair." So ends my Journal for 1864, as I know I shall not have time for another entry, mine promising, I fear, to be "a mad world" for some days to come.
IGNEOUS ACTION IN THE EARTH.

No. II.

Continuing this subject under the same guidance, that led us through a short note in our number for April, we will now endeavour to examine to what extent supplies of inflammable or gaseous materials have been supplied by the earth. In chapter V. "Circle of Light," we are told, "No sooner had the dry land appeared than it had a duty to perform. Year by year, season by season, through a long succession of ages, the grass withered away and grew again; the herb shed its seed, and this sprung up again; the tree gave its fruit and shed its leaf, which grew again in the coming year." Acclimated, as we are, to seed time and harvest, to the trim neatness of our gardens, to the careful gathering of our hay, the economical fagoting of our forests, we can scarcely picture to ourselves the wilderness, the waste, and destruction, which ran through nature before man and his wants appeared on the scene. We may mourn over the desolation of a deserted garden, and pity the farmer whose fields are over-run with weeds, but the poppies and the briars give us no idea of the utter wilderness and luxuriance of nature's growth. We might suffer our minds to run riot on the subject, but still the most fertile imagination would be far short of the vast—the incomprehensible abundance. What has become of all this? is a question hard to answer. It is not our intention to go fully into the subject, our space would not permit it, and we must glean from science such explanations as we can find. Page tells us, "At the mouths or in the estuaries of all existing rivers, there have been accumulating, since sea and land received their present configuration, deposits of mud, sand, gravel, and vegetable debris." "Large expanses of low alluvial land known as deltas" are formed from these collections. Our geologists have endeavoured to count the time occupied in forming these deltas, and Page tells us that a space occupying "13,000 square miles" must have occupied "67,000 years," while a certain portion of the Mississippi valley alone must have occupied 33,500 more years; and then he tells us that the total time or 100,500 years must be insignificant in a geological point of view. Well may he say this if the theory of the water formation of the earth is the true one, and well might any geologist hesitate to give a limit to the time occupied in the growth of the great American continent from the upper sources to the mouth of the Mississippi, a distance of many thousand miles.

Our philosophers, however, give us vistas of time through which it is hard to see our way. Dr. Hooker, in his inaugural address to the British Association at Norwich in 1865, talked of the age of the world as 600,000,000 of years, and others have assigned to the habitable globe an age far exceeding this period. Here then we have, on the best authority, a duration of this earth, and a continued working of its laws for a period, into which we cannot look without wonder and awe.

We will now give from Page an example of the working of the law of river accumulations. In the year 1816, a raft of miscellaneous floating matter collected by the Mississippi and its tributaries from the natural waifs and strays on the banks measured "10 miles in length, 220 yards wide, and 8 feet deep." This raft may have been exceptionally large, but enough remains to give us an idea of a yearly supply of vegetable matter from one river for one year out of the many millions of years during which materials from the earth have been washed down to the sea. It would not serve our purpose to enter into calculations how much matter is yearly sent upon the ocean from the St. Lawrence, the Amazon, the Niger, or the Indus, or to think of the varieties of matter subject to these laws; it is sufficient here to know, that as Page tells us, every river that runs into lake or sea carries down mixtures of all sorts; some are lodged at its mouth, and form the deltas; some are carried out to the ocean, and floating on its currents, are wafted by its winds or are driven beneath the surface by the waves and tides to their destination. Where does it, and where did it all go to? Here is another question, which it would be impossible to answer, but if we can trace one portion of it and discover the condition of that ocean-drifted matter, we believe that we open up a clue not only to the general receptacles of such materials, but to the causes of igneous action within the earth. To enable us to trace the water-carriage of olden days, we do not necessarily look to the ocean currents of the present time; there are other and unmistakable guide-posts for that purpose, the little sand ripple upon the seashore, or the sand hills a little more inland, will serve our purpose. These formations have one side abrupt and one sloping; in geological language it is called "crag and tail," and this rule is carried out through all land formations; wherever we see a mountainous range, or low hills with one side sloping and the other abrupt, we know that the water at one time washed over that locality, either by its natural current or by the force of the wind, and carried the light materials on the top of the mound on and on till they made the tail. The great example we have of this system is the wonderful chain of mountains extending from Behring's straits to Terra del Fuego, where the prevailing currents of wind and water, coming from the Pacific Ocean, left the west face comparatively precipitous, and spread out on the
eastern side into that vast expanse, over which such rivers as the Amazon and the St. Lawrence wind their way for thousands of miles. It is to such persistent currents that England owes much of its wealth, and we must go back to days before there were islands on our present site to trace the origin of our carboniferous system. Page tells us that the system owes its name to the "profusion of vegetable matter" which "converted or mineralized into coal" distinguishes the carboniferous from all other systems." There are two kinds of coal, one due to "submerged forests" and "peat swamps," the other to "vegetable drift." It is to the latter only that we shall now refer. In these coal-fields we find plants of tropical growth. The coal is found in seams, "in some fields as many as sixty occur," and these vary in thickness from a few inches to 20 feet. These coal-layers are divided by sandstones and shales, intermixed with other things, of which Page says, "it is difficult to conceive how they got there unless in the ordinary way of deposit and sediment." Mr. Page, in working out another theory, has here hit upon the truth; for we believe that all the drift coal of the British islands was deposited by water, as the currents of the ocean brought their yearly burdens on the Gulf Stream, depositing them with a beautiful and astonishing regularity; the different seams in one field show to us the arrivals of different periods, and the intervening rocks show to us the sediment of the ocean at other times. If it had not been for the hypothesis of "partial elevations and submersions," this great truth would have been long since established in the minds of our geologists. We here see another law of nature acting upon the buried masses; they are covered over with silts or sands of various sorts, and within a short time after deposit they become hermetically sealed. We are told by Page that the carboniferous system testifies to a "period of intense igneous activity," the strata seem "to have been shattered and broken up." With these facts before us we need not look far for the cause; we know how our hay-ricks become blackened or burnt, how our coal ships explode by spontaneous combustion, and we find to our pleasure in our winter fires, and to our cost in the coal-mines, that the gases imbued from the sunlight and the atmosphere by the tree when growing, are not all consumed by the igneous activity of the system. If this combustion had taken place from the supposed fires of the central earth, there would have been air and fire enough to effect the total destruction of our coal fields. As they are not destroyed, but only reduced to carbon, it is proved satisfactorily to our own minds, that the dislocations of the strata were caused in every case by local escapes of gas, that the ashes and other evidences of fire were also caused by local and intense heats; the heat and the gas deriving their origin from the buried masses of vegetation. Here, then, is the clue to our volcanoes, earthquakes, hot springs, and mud eruptions; they are found where rivers, lakes, or seas could deposit their burdens, and though over every region which the same waters bore their loads we may expect to find similar materials, yet the variety of these deposits by different seas would be beyond computation; but, as we find in the "Circle of Light," "It was carried on the bosom of the wave to places where it was wanted."

Our Paris Correspondent.

My dear C——,

Another winter is past, and from snow we have leapt into the heat of June without the least transition; so that in a few days all nature has burst forth as if by magic, and clothed vegetation in all the dazzling beauty of verdant spring. A gleam of sunshine is ever sure to call out every Parisian, and our streets and boulevards are thronged again. Strangers flock in on all sides on their way home after a winter in the south, or on their road to distant travels abroad. Nothing can be gayer than the aspect of our blooming capital at the present moment. One would think that misery, anxiety, and misfortune were entirely banished from our city, and that all human passions had given place to soft fraternal love and contentment; and it does one good to forget for a moment the griefs and trials of humanity, and to take a chair on the Champs Elysées, and let one’s fancy float away with the stream as the smiling multitude passes by. What castles in the air one is apt to build then! Nothing seems above one’s faculties in such a happy, easy atmosphere. Are you ambitious — what prevents that carriage, rolling by with its mettled steeds, containing you as senator or minister of state? Are you of an amorous nature? — you have only to choose amongst youth and beauty in profusion, both male and female. Do you feel inclined for a little intrigue? — you have plenty of loungers near you, who would be delighted to satisfy your wishes, and while away an hour or two in your society, it you have but a spark of charm in you.

The first day of the spring races at the Bois
Our Paris Correspondent.

de Boulogne was very brilliant. Their majesties were there, as usual, and seemed in excellent health and spirits. The Queen of Spain and her rivals for the crown of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of Madrid, occupied seats not far from the imperial pavilion. One of the Emperor's equerries informed his majesty of the presence of the fallen sovereign. Napoleon went immediately and, offering her his arm, led her to the Empress, with whom she remained the rest of the time. *Apropos* of Queen Isabella, they say that she wished to put her son under the care of the Jesuits in Paris for his education, but that that cunning body politely refused to accept the charge, all assuring the Queen of their appreciation of the honour she accorded them, but, in the interest of her own cause, such a measure would not be politic in the present state of things; so the Prince was placed at the college Stanislas.—But to return to the races. At the end, when the *élite* filed off home in their carriages, there was a perfect hue and cry raised among the populace on foot at the sight of the increased luxury of hair displayed. *Des véritables crinières!* ("Horses' manes and tails hanging out of the carriages") they exclaimed. The exaggerated size of the dresses behind excited also great merriment amongst the ignorant crowd with their uncultivated taste.

This month has been rich in dinners and balls, at which two *lions* have been *fêté*—the Indian Prince and Monsieur Frère-Orban, sent by the King of Belgium to calm our irritation in the late quarrel with that kingdom. The Indian Prince's arrival was announced with great pomp by our journalists, who are generally fond of dazzling our eyes with a display of riches in words. This prince was to bring with him all the treasures of Hindostan, and he has left us without being able to pay his tailor's bill—between four and five thousand pounds. He and his suite were so dirty in their habits that the Government sent them to Villefranche, where they lodged, were obliged to cover the furniture and carpets with sheets to protect them from oriental contamination. The explanations of Monsieur Frère-Orban have made us consent not to annex Belgium to France this time; but let them beware of offending us again!

Rumours of war with Prussia again flatter the lovers of war, in spite of Monsieur Rouher's assurance that we are on friendly terms with all. The Camp de Chalons was only to receive one series of regiments this year, but later tidings affirm that there is to be a second, and it is asked why certain martial exercises are still going on near the frontiers. The quarrelsome would fain see us in arms, and persist in declaring that Napoleon is only waiting for an occasion; but one is getting used to their hopes every spring on that question.

Our Corps Legislatif is getting through its labours as quickly as it can; the great battle fought against our Préfet, Monsieur Haussmann, is over, and Monsieur Haussmann remains Préfet. He has spent too much money in beautifying Paris, but it is spent and cannot be helped; so pay, and be delighted to have such a splendid city for your money. That is what the Minister of State told us in a long discourse. The Préfet himself, before the senate, used almost the same language; and the law on the finances of the city was declared promulgated, whether we like it or not. The discussion was altogether a comedy, as everyone knows. Our Minister of Public Instruction presented a bill for the increase of pension for old schoolmasters, thinking that ten pounds a year, after thirty or forty years of labour, would not be too much. A vote of the Corps Legislatif has rejected it; but in revenge has voted a yearly annuity of 20,000 francs to the widow of Monsieur Troplong, late President of the Senate—for her services to the country no doubt. The Emperor also wishes to give 250 francs a-year to all the old soldiers still living that fought under Napoleon I., or under the first Republic, at the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of his glorious uncle. That no one can be against, methinks. Poor old soldiers, who have risked their life and shed their blood for their country, cannot be too well recompensed in their days of decrepitude.

Why schoolmasters did not find grace before the Corps Legislatif, no one can understand, without it be to please the clergy, who are ever hostile to all layman education, and educators, and to Monsieur Durny in particular—especially when one thinks that at the *Hotel de Ville*, alone, money is found to pay *two thousand* clerks and persons employed, half of them to do nothing, something like as in Dickens's *Circumlocution Office*.

Universal Suffrage will soon give another specimen of its benefit to mankind, amongst the ignorant French peasants in the coming elections. The préfets and sous-préfets are full of promises to their rural electors, if they will but promise to vote for the government candidate. A favourite *curé* (vicar) where I have lived, on the border of a village in Normandy: his parishioners buried him in the churchyard, although against the law, that burying place being closed. The sous-préfet ordered the body to be removed, but consented to shut his eyes if the parishioners would promise to vote for the official candidate, which they did. The bribery going on is as bad as it ever was in England: join to that the influence of the Roman Catholic priests, who, in many villages, do not scruple to exhort their parishioners in the church as for whom they are to vote, so that the opposition has no chance whatever in coping with such force. It is only in the towns that they predominate; and, it has been so cleverly divided by the existing government, that the rural votes quite annihilate the town ones, there being no distinct borough or city members as in England.

The financial world was thrown into great commotion the other day by the arrest of Monsieur Taillefer, cashier in the Union Assurance Office. A man considered to be of the greatest probity, and for thirty-seven years he had been...
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WHAT HAPPENED.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

It was on a tranquil summer evening, just like many that had preceded it, that the Widow Anderson sat at her wheel, spinning flax, just as she had sat in many a summer, autumn, winter and spring evening. All was still; flowers and insects seemed dropping asleep; little birds peeped drowsily in their nests, and the whole world seemed as quiet and steady-going as the old clock in the corner—when something happened!

But this is not the good, old-fashioned, regular way of beginning a story. I will start again.

In a little post-town, among the highlands of Scotland, far away from any great city, there lived, a few years ago, a woman much respected and well-beloved, though of lowly birth and humble fortunes—one Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had been left a widow, with one son, the youngest and last of several promising children. She was poor, and her industry and economy were taxed to the utmost, to keep herself and her son, who was a fine, clever lad, and to give him the education he ardently desired. At the
early age of sixteen, Malcolm Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and became a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, and always, like the good boy he was, brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave also a large portion of his earnings.

But he never liked a seafaring life, though he grew strong and stalwart in it; and when about nineteen, he obtained a humble position in a large mercantile house in Calcutta, where, being shrewd, enterprising, and honest, like most of his countrymen, he gradually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortunes improved, his mother’s circumstances were made easier. He remitted money enough to secure to her the old cottage-home, repaired and enlarged, with a garden and field; and placed at her command, annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants, and to pay the wages of a faithful servant, or rather companion, for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never found time and freedom for the long voyage, and a visit home; till at last, failing health, and the necessity of educating his children, compelled him to abruptly wind up his affairs and return to Scotland. He was then a man somewhat over forty, but looking far older than his years, showing all the usual ill effects of the trying climate of India. His complexion was a sallow brown; he was grey, and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white in his dark auburn beard; he was thin, and a little bent, but his youthful smile remained, full of quiet drollery, and his eye had not lost all its old gleeful sparkle, by poring over ledgers, and counting rupees.

He had married a country-woman, the daughter of a Scotch surgeon; had two children, a son and a daughter. He did not write to his good mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and test her memory of her sailor-boy. The voyage was made in safety.

One summer afternoon, Mr. Malcolm Anderson arrived with his family in his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor-clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother’s cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside, to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone, at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like dew-stained violets. But the voice, with which she was crowning softly to herself was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—“Coom ben?” (come in.) The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as though wearied saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favoured him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. “Yes madam,” he replied; “but I have been away in foreign parts, many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though her I was very fond of me before I went to sea.”

“Ah, mon! it’s little ye ken about mithers, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs,” the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added—“And where hae ye been for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a’ the Scotch fra your speech?”

“In India—in Calcutta, madam.”

“Ah, then, it’s likely ye ken something o’ my son, Mr. Malcolm Anderson.”

“Anderson?” repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. “There be many of that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figure-head?”

“My son is a rich merchant,” replied the widow, proudly, “but he is younger than you by many a long year, and, begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi’ hands and feet like a lassie’s; he had brown, curling hair, sae thick and glossy; and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the swan, and big blue eyes, wi’ a glint in them like the light of the evening star—na na, ye are no like my Malcolm, though ye are a guid body enough, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman’s son.”

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying: “Gin ye hae travelled a’ the way fra India, ye maun be tired and hungry; hide a bit and eat and drink wi’ us. Margery, come down, and let us set on the supper!”

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it; Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not eat; he was only hungry for his mother’s kisses—only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her—“I am your son.” He asked himself, half-grieved, half-amused, “Where are the unerring, natural instincts I have read about in poetry and novels?”

His hostess seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. “I thank you madam,” he
Leaves for the Little Ones.

answered: "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother
used to make, if so be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye
mean parrich. Yes, we hae a little left frae our
dinner. Gie it to him, Margery. But, mon, it
is cauld!"

"Never mind; I know I shall like it," he
rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir
the porridge with his spoon. As he did so,
Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start, and bent
eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in
her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his
questioning look—

"Ye minded me o' my Malcom, then; just
in that way he used to stir his parrich; gieing it
a whir and a flint. Ah! gin' ye were my
Malcom, my poor laddie!"

"Weel, then, gin I were your Malcom," said
the merchant, speaking for the first time in the
Scottish dialect, and in his own voice; "or gin
your braw young Malcom were as brown, and
bald, and grey, and bent, and old as I am, could
you welcome him to your arms, and love him as
in the dear old auld lang syne? Could you,
Margery?"

All through this touching little speech the
widow's eyes had been glistening, and her
breath coming fast; but at that word mother she
sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering
to her son, fell almost fainting on his
breast. He kissed her again and again—kissed
her brow, and her lips, and her hands, while
the big tears slid down her bronzed cheeks;
while she clung about his neck, and called him
by all the dear old pet names, and tried to see
in him all the dear old young looks. By-and-
by they came back—or the ghosts of them came
back. The form in her embrace grew ceremonier;
love and joy gave to it a second youth, stately
and gracious; the first she then and there buried
deep in her heart—a sweet, beautiful, peculiar
memory. It was a moment of solemn renuncia-
tion, in which she gave up the fond maternal
illusion she had cherished so long. Then look-
ing up steadily into the face of the middle-aged
man, who had taken her—"Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us
all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—twaa good spare-rooms, wi'
large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been
spinning or weaving at these lang years for ye
bairn, and the weans."

"Well, mother dear, now you must rest,"
rejoined the merchant, tenderly.

"No, na, I dinn't care to rest till ye lay me
down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time
enough between that day and the resurrection
to fauld my hands in idleness. Now twa' would be
unco urskome. But go, my son, and bring me
the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the
bairns—I hope they will like me."

I have only to say, that both the good
woman's hopes were realized. A very happy
family knelt down in prayer that night, and
many nights after, in the widow's cottage, whose
climbing roses and woodbine were but outward
signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness
of the love and peace within.

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MAKING UP.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Going by the house that morning, Sydney
Powers looked up at the windows, and uncon-
sciously dropped into a slower gait, for the boy
did his walking as he did almost everything
else, "at a sort of double-quick."

There the house stood, looking natural as the
face of an old friend that we like all the better
for its homeliness—a large comfortable white
house, mounted with somewhat faded green
blinds, and a white verandah, and a green lawn
in front, with a sprinkling of fruit-trees and
shrubberies.

Sydney Powers listened, too, as much from
old habit as anything else. He almost expected
to see Joe Ripley's round-cropped head at the
window, or in the door, and his loud, hearty
shout, "Hallo, there, Syd! Can't you hold up
a minute, until a fellow can get up with you?"
for Joseph Ripley was habitually slower than
Sydney, whether at books, work or play; but
he was not lacking in parts, for all that.

But this morning there was no shout nor rush
of feet along the gravel-walk. How strange,
and silent, and almost solemn, it seemed! Per-
haps Joe was there peeping behind the blinds.
At that thought Sydney straightened himself up,
and trudged on.

There had been a quarrel between these two
boys, who had been like brothers from their in-
fancy: it had been a miserable affair, springing
out of just nothing at all, as a great many
grown people's quarrels do, and take to them-
selves huge proportions. If people would only hearken
to those wise old words, "The beginning of
strife is as when one lesetteth out water"!

The trouble commenced in some paltry dis-
pute about respective rights on the play-ground.
Neither of the boys would give up his side,
and the dispute grew into high words. They
went from words to blows, and there was more
than one black and blue spot on Sydney's limbs,
but he felt certain he had dealt as heavy blows as
he had received! But to think that Joe and
he had quarrelled forever! What frolics they'd
had, climbing the trees, and shaking down the
heaps of ripe fruit in the golden autumns; what
capital sails on the river; what serapes tossing
the fresh-mown hay in the fields, and riding on
the great piles to the barn! And to think they
would never have any of the dear old times
again!

While he was thinking of all this he caught
sight of a well-known figure coming up the
road—a boy's figure, with an easy, lounging
sort of gait, a straw-hat, and a blue jacket.
Joe Ripley must have caught sight of Sydney at
that very moment, for he seemed suddenly con-
fused. He straightened up; the half-shambling gait was suddenly exchanged for a formality of step and movement which it was apparent enough was not natural, but just assumed for the occasion. So the two went by silently, with averted faces and compressed lips—these boys who had been playfellows from their infancy, who had loved each other like brothers, and who, now that the strong passion of the moment had cleared away, saw all the folly and wickedness of which they had been guilty, yet neither had the courage or true manliness to confess his share of the fault, and say to the other, "I've done wrong, and I'm sorry for it." But each thought it was nobler and braver to keep up the semblance of anger after the feeling had passed, and each believed that he should sacrifice his own rights and dignity by confessing his fault. Foolish boys! But I have known many men and women not a bit better than they.

Joe Ripley had an invertebrate habit of talking to himself, which had often afforded a great deal of sport to the boys; but Joe's oddities had a marvellous tenacity about them, which neither argument or ridicule could easily overcome.

One is apt to see a quarrel in a different light after sleeping over it. Joe's rose up in his memory in its true colours now, and he saw how foolish and wicked it had all been, and solemnly shaking his head, uttered the words, loud and emphatically, "You were a great fool, yesterday, Joe Ripley!"

Sydney Powere heard them; a laugh twinkled suddenly in the boy's eyes, and he shouted out, "I say, Joe, you weren't the only fool, yesterday!"

They both stood still, surveying each other, gradually a red glow came into Joe's face.

"Did you hear what I said, Syd!" drawing a little nearer.

"Yes, and you heard what I said; so I think it's about over!" and Sydney drew closer. The ice was broken now.

"Well, then," said Joe, but not without a little internal struggle, "'a'pose we shake hands and make it all up?"

"I think it's the most sensible thing we can do, Joe," answered Sydney, heartily, and they shook hands warmly, with tears in their eyes.

Then they both sat down under a tree by the roadside, in the pleasant summer morning, and talked the whole thing over, and between their talk the lark's song went and came sweetly. Sydney told his friend all the pain and darkness which had been in his heart at the thought of their final separation; and Joe, on his part, had a story to tell of much the same sort.

When they rose up at last, Sydney hit his companion a sharp blow on the shoulder.

"Joe, old fellow, that habit of talking to yourself out loud proved a lucky thing this morning. We shouldn't have made it up if it hadn't been for that."

"Yes," answered Joe, in his honest, solemn way, "I've tried to break myself of it a great many times, but some good has come out of it at last."

Joe was right.

**OUR LIBRARY TABLE.**

**ODD FELLOWS, QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, (Manchester).—** In the present part, Miss Meteyard concludes her pleasant little story "Amidst the Corn," but with less than her usual love of detail and careful finishing. It may be that our own desire to lengthen our pleasure in reading it has made it seem a little hurried.

"House and other Spiders," by Mrs. C. A. White, aims a blow at the weak terror and aversion with which numbers still regard these (in our country at least) harmless "spinners and weavers."

In the Bermudas and on Folly Island, in the Harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, a species of spider (Epeira clavipes) has been discovered, which produces silk of a fineness and strength surpassing that of the silk-worm. Mr. Jones, the author of the "Naturalist in the Bermudas (1859)," and who, should these insects eventually take the place of the failing Bombyx, deserves the honour of the discovery, had his attention first called to the strength of the silk by coming in contact with the webs in forcing his way through the cedar groves. Gloom and damp appear congenial to several of the epeira (or true net-wearing spiders), who in this choice of location, are followed by the finest lace-makers, whose exquisitely fine threads can only be wrought in a humid atmosphere. In direct contrast with these hermits of the race we find the lively garden spider, the Aranea vitulata of science, or geometrical spider, as it is often called, forming whole colonies of circular nets between the branches of trees, or rock-work, and the ivy-covered walls; anywhere in the bright sunshine of a midsummer day. These nets are formed with the most exquisite precision, but for a long time it remained a mystery how the long lines from which the beautiful fabric depends were carried from tree to tree, or across wide garden paths, till it was discovered that this spider has the power of darting out long threads, so light and fine, as to float on the air till they are caught by some object, and thus form a natural bridge for their constructor. These suspensory threads are
sometimes several yards in length. Every thread in the concentric circles which the garden spider weaves is in reality a rope, and consists of at least four thousand strands. I have read that the threads of some of the smallest spiders are so fine, that it is said millions of them would not exceed in thickness a hair of the human head. Buffon computed that it takes 663,552 spiders to produce one pound of what we call gossamer.

"Gleanings in God's Acre," by William F. Peacock, affords some very curious specimens of mortuary poetry. We call the following, not only for its quaintness, but as possessing some historical interest. The writer does not give the date, but tells us that he copied it in Flemish Church, and imagines that it will be read with interest after a lapse of nearly four centuries; he has preserved the orthography intact.

Here lieth Marmaduke Constable, of Flaynborght, Knyghte, Who made adventes into Ffrancce, and for ye right of ye same Passed over with Kynge Edward ye Fouriht, ye noble Knyghte, And also with noble Kynge Harre ye Seventh of that name.

He was also at Birwick at ye wynynge of ye same, And by Kynge Edwardes choice captyn there first of anyone, And rewilled and governed there his tymne without blame, But for all that, as ye see, he lyeth under this stone.

At Brankston fold, where ye Kynge of Scottys was slayne, He then beying of ye age of threecore and ten; With ye good Duke of Norfolke ye iorney he had tayne, And comelyly avanacd hymself amongst other there and then.

Ye Kynge beying in Ffrancce with grete nombre of Ynglesmen, He nothing holying his age there iowpe* hymas on, With his sones, brother, servante, and Kynne, But now, as ye see, he lyeth under this stone.

We do not remember to have met with either of the two following, from Folbrooke, Northumberland:

"Here rests my spouse, no pair through life So equal lived as we did, Alike we shared perpetual strife, Nor knew I rest till she did."

"Here lieth Matthew Hollingshed, Who died from cold caught in his head; It brought on fever and rheumatiz, Which ended him—for here he is."

Several are noteworthy in other ways, and there are some specially appropriate ones to little children. In Yarmouth appears the following:

* Jeopardy.

"Sleep my babes and be at rest, God calls those first whom he loves best."

The next is from St. Mark's Church, Cheet-ham-Hill, Manchester.

TO A CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD.

" Ere guilt could stain the hope-pledge fair Which God had kindly sent, He heard the little infant's prayer, And sought the boon He lent. She scarce could lisp ' Thy kingdom come,' Ere Jesus called her to his home."

One more specimen of the whimsical style of epitaph, which is happily becoming extinct;

"In memory of Robert, Mary, and Francis Moore, in Marhall Church-yard, Dorset. "See what Death with spade hath done to us! For here are planted both bud, branch, and tree."

A specimen strongly suggestive of the composer of that well-known inscription;

"On a father and daughters Who died of too copious libation of Cheltenham waters."

Some very interesting information on matters connected with the Manchester Unity and kindred associations occupy a large portion of the current number, which is, as usual, a very agreeable one.

POOR LETTER H: ITS USE AND ITS ABUSE. By the Hon. Henry H——. (London: John F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.)—The following lines, by a clever contributor, so well describe the purpose of this amusing, useful, and alas! much-needed little book, that we think further notice of it unnecessary:

POOR LETTER H!

(Addresed to the Million.)

"Poor letter H! its use and its abuse"—* A book, designed expressly for the use Of those who set at naught their mother tongue, And substitute the vulgar—which is wrong; For those, the millions, culpable of laches, And those who aspire all silent H's (Such aspirations, doubtless, are emphatic, Tho’ neither pleasing nor aristocratic;) For gentlemen who stumble at this letter; For those who don’t, and those who should know better; For dames, all energy and emphasis; For married, single, and the “budding Miss;” For such the book was written and designed, And in a spirit (like these verses) kind.

Who does not know the friend, both he and she (Altho’ they may have learnt their A, B, C), Guilty of this—this one étourderie? I will not call it ignorance, and yet Can such be said to know their alphabet? If anyone there be not thus possess’d Of such a friend, that one’s supremely bless’d.

The Theatres.

I hear the letter very much misus'd—
Poor letter H! how sadly thou're abus'd!
I have known ladies of superior station
Make dreadful slips—in their pronunciation,
Which rather dim (I think) their fascination,
And gentlemen, exceedingly well bred,
Who yet might profit if the book they read
I heard one ask—this really is no sham—
The other day, three separate times for "Am"—
I only hope, when next he dines with me
He'll ask for Ham; if ham there chance to be.
I give one sample (tis as good as any),
And one example shall suffice for many.

Ladies and gentlemen, you're asked to read
The book, that friend indeed a friend in need;
Think, if you heed its apt elucidations,
How it may mend your own pronunciations,
Your carelessness, or want of erudition,
Sins of omission, and (far worse) commission!
You do not hear, perhaps, your friends' attacks,
The reason is—they sneer behind your backs;
Nor do you hear the laughter of your friends,
For laughter, like plain truth, sometimes offends.

Deify their laughter and their ridicule—
Study the book, and go once more to school;
There, if your aspirations are acute,
You'll learn when "Hi" should not and should be mute.
The habit may be bad to laugh or scoff,
But yours is worse; so bad, pray call it off—
Your aspirations will continue wrong
Till you have learnt aright your mother tongue;
And, O believe me, you may rest assured
You'll never ask for "ham"—unless you're cured.

FREDERICK RUE.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,
5, PALL-MALL EAST.

The private view of this Society took place on Saturday, the 24th ult., and was more fully attended than we ever remember to have seen it. In our next we shall have the pleasure of noticing the pictures, for which we are too late this month.

THE THEATRES.

"SCHOOL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: "DREAMS," AT THE GAIETY.

Having made a sort of study of the comedies of Mr. T. W. Robertson, we now propose to devote a few remarks to this clever dramatist's latest productions, viz., "School!" and "Dreams."

"School," which maintains a highly successful run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is, in our opinion, the most complete and perfect work of the author, while possessing every element of popularity in addition to its claims as a work of art. This elegant comedy, besides upholding a novel and interesting, although somewhat slight, plot, deals with the manners of the day with much observation, tact, and perception of character. The story of the piece seeks to illustrate, in the form of a modern comedy, the fable and the model of the famous fairy tale of "Cinderella and the little glass slipper." The following is the sketch of the leading incidents of the piece: Two young men—Lord Beaufoy (Mr. H. J. Montagu) and Jack Poynts—both connected with the family of a country gentleman—the ci devant Beau Fairintosh (Mr. Hare), being on a shooting excursion, stroll near Cedar Grove House, a boarding-school for young ladies. One of the young fellows having found a lady's morocco slipper, and the other a pair of goloshes, in the fields, they meet the young ladies, to whom they suppose the lost articles belong. The girls are, one after another, accosted by the young men, who desire to return the lost property. Thus a speaking acquaintance is formed with the ladies, which the young men endeavour to improve at every step. Lord Beaufoy professing to feel much interest in Bella (Miss C. Addison), the school girl he has addressed, and Jack Poynts doing the same by Nannie Tighe (Miss Marie Wilton), the young girl in whom he takes a special interest. The second act is devoted to a "breaking-up" holiday at Cedar Grove House, and before which a school "examination" takes place, at which Lord Beaufoy, Jack Poynts, and the owner of the "shooting-box"—Beau Fairintosh—assist. By this means the young men improve their acquaintance still further with the pupils, discover that Bella is a poor dependant in the school; while Miss Tighe is a heiress. The next scene is a "Flirtation" in the grounds of the school, which goes on between the two pairs of lovers. Fast love is made on both sides in the course of the flirtation scene, which is attended, however, with evil consequences in the case of Bella, who is, indeed, dismissed the establishment for having contracted a clandestine engagement with Lord Beaufoy. The next scene finds the love affair between Jack Poynts going on thrively with Miss Tighe, the heiress; they holding their meetings clandestinely in the grounds of the school. But their affair is unfortunately interfered with by Beau Fairintosh, who has family objections to any alliance between Poynts and Miss Tighe—indeed, Beau Fairintosh has destined the heiress in his own mind for Lord
The Theatres.

Beaufay. A regular "scene" having occurred on this account, we next meet with a great surprise in Bella returning to the school from her visit to town, and being warmly and generously received by her close friend and fellow-pupil Miss Tighe. Bella imparts to Miss Tighe that she has been privately married to Lord Beaufay. The last act is devoted to winding up the double love-affair by the celebration of the nuptials of both pairs of lovers. Such is a mere sketch of the plot of the new comedy of "School." We have named only the leading incidents; but there are numerous subsidiary incidents and characters also which go to fill up and diversify the piece. The boarding-school scenes in and about Cedar Grove House are admirably sketched; although we think the presence of a certain malignant usher (Mr. Kruse) might have been dispensed with without the slightest injury to the play itself. But the unpleasantness of Mr. Kruse's character is compensated by the genial nature of old Dr. Sutcliffe, the school examiner, Latin master, story-teller, and actor, as acted by Mr. Addison. The dignified, but straight-laced schoolmistress (another Mrs. Chapone) is represented by Mrs. Buckingham White, than whom no one could have better acted the part. Each act of "School" is in itself a brightly-coloured miniature picture of actual phases of society. The hunting party formed of Beau Farintosh and his family and friends, who assemble to an al-fresco luncheon in the wood appeared a close realisation of actual life at a country gentleman's shooting-box. The retinue of sportsmen, the servants in livery bringing in the portable tables and chairs and the other surroundings, are striking actualities, which gratify the eyes of the audience immensely. The scene also serves to introduce an original character in the person of Beau Farintosh; he is the wreck of a London exquisites, and now, who is now a country gentleman, but who dresses with extreme foppishness, is polite and punctilious in manners, but idiotic in conversation, and being constantly brought up by a shortness of memory, which requires frequent prompting by those about him. This part is ably filled by Mr. Hare, who imparts to the gait of the old beau a sort of St. Vitus's dance. The sentiments uttered by the dramatis personae of "School" have here and there a tendency to fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. Admiring, as we do, the author's polished dialogue, we object to such fine writing and sentimental talk as that between Bella and Lord Beaufay in the "frightation" act, where the lovers, standing in the moonlight, apostrophise their shadows! Apropos of shadows, the ghost in white satin, which appears in the person of Miss Tighe to her lover Jack Poynts, at the garden-gate, is of course a reminiscence of a similar scene enacted in "Don Juan," Byron's celebrated epic. Of the way in which the fairy-tale of "Cinderella" is symbolised by the incidents and action of a modern comedy, we cannot say much, as the Cinderella incident of the "little glass slipper" is only typified by the finding of a lady's shoe in the first scene, and the production of a pair of gilt slippers as a wedding present at the end of the piece. In all other respects "School" and "Cinderella" have no affinity whatever.

We now proceed to notice another new piece, produced by Mr. Robertson at the new Gaiety Theatre, once more under a monosyllabic title, viz., that of "Dreams." This novelty is in five acts, and employs the talent of the whole of the Gaiety company, including Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Robert Soular, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Maclean (from the Olympie), Mr. Eldred, Miss Madge Robertson, (sister of the dramatist), Mrs. H. Leigh, and Miss Rachel Sanger. "Dreams" is called "a new and original play," and its elements are certainly rather those of melodrama than of comedy. The perversing idea of the author would seem to be to place on the stage a dramatic Lady Vere de Vere, associated with patriotic and parvenu surroundings, put through by the rich ballad of "Tennyson," Mr. Alfred Wigan as Rudolph Harfital, enacts a rather melodramatic part with discretion, but is not suited with the kind of part to afford a fair display of his finished, polished, and refined style of acting. Mr. R. Soular, as John Hobbs, has a comic character to sustain, which he does justice to. Mr. Clayton represents the Earl of Mountfortecourt, the great landowner, and Oxfordshire aristocrat, with the requisite dignity, as does Mr. Maclean, the Duke of Loamshire, another county magnate. But the gem of the characters is Old Gray, the peasant, whose lowly condition is contrasted with the grandeur of the venerable peer, his landlord. A scene in which the aged nobleman and the aged peasant converse on their opposite stations in life, is idyllic and full of pathos. Miss Madge Robertson as Lady Clara Vere de Vere is all that could be wished: the patrician beauty full of pride, hauteur, and disdain for parvenus. Miss Rachel Sanger, as Lina, proved herself a promising débutant, and Mrs. H. Leigh was efficient as the Praw Harfital. The scenery of "Dreams" is beautiful, particularly Mayence, in Act I., Castle Oakwood, near Windsor, Act II., and "Love Lane" in Act V., by Grieve. The lighter pieces, or vaudevilles, which precede and follow the pièce de résistance of the evening at this elegant theatre, are stylishly put upon the stage, and afford the necessary change and variety from the mass serious interest of the principal drama. A new vaudeville, entitled "An Eligible Villa," is an agreeable little operetta, eliciting the musical abilities of Miss Loseby, (a good soprano), Miss Tremaine, Mr. Crelin, and Mr. Terrot. The splendidly-mounted burlesque of "Robert the Devil" brings the performances to a conclusion. The acting, singing and dancing of Miss E. Farren is especially dazzling in the burlesque.

E. H. Malcolm.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

WINDOW CURTAIN IN SQUARE CROCHET.

MATERIALS.—W. Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head Crochet-cotton, No. 8, with Crochet Hook No. 16, Bell Gauge.

One pattern requires 120 stitches; and as three patterns make about the width of a yard, a curtain two yards wide will require six patterns, or 720 chain, and one chain over. If you desire to have a wider curtain, add the number of chain for one, two, or more patterns, taking care that there are always so many times 120 and one chain over.

This pattern forms a very pretty Anti-Maccasar, done with Evans's Boar's Head cotton, No. 12 or 16, and Crochet Hook No. 18, Bell Gauge. When the chain is made, work thus:

1st Row.—× 9 C, 6 O, 9 C, 4 O, 8 C, 4 O, × repeat. Finis every row with a Dc stitch. 2nd.—× 1 C, 2 O, 1 C, 4 O, 1 C, 6 O, 1 C, × repeat.

3rd.—Like 2nd.

5th.—× 1 C, 3 O, 1 C, 14 O, 1 C, 3 O, 1 C, × repeat. 6th.—× 1 C, 4 O, 1 C, 12 O, 1 C, 4 O, 1 C, × repeat.

7th.—× 1 C, 5 O, 1 C, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, × repeat. 8th.—× 1 C, 6 O, 1 C, 2 O, 1 C, 2 O, 1 C, × repeat.

9th.—× 1 C, 7 O, 2 C, 7 O, 1 C, 4 O, × repeat. 10th.—× 3 O, 1 C, × 4 O, 2 C, × twice, 4 O, 1 C, 7 O, 2 C, 7 O, 1 C, × repeat.

11th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 3 O, 2 C, 1 O, 1 C, 2 O, × repeat.

12th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 7 O, 1 C, 2 O, 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, × repeat.

The 13th to the 24th rows, inclusive of both, are like those already given, being worked inversely; the 13th and 12th alike, the 14th like the 11th; and so on until the 24th is done like the 1st.

25th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 16 O, 1 C, 3 O, 1 C, 14 O, 1 C, × repeat. 26th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 16 O, 1 C, 4 O, 1 C, 12 O, 1 C, 1 O, × repeat. 27th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 16 O, 1 C, 5 O, 1 C, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 2 O, × repeat. 28th.—× 3 O, 1 C, 4 O, 2 O, 1 C, 3 O, × repeat. 29th.—× 4 O, 8 C, 4 O, 4 O, 4 O, 3 C, 2 O, 3 C, 4 O, 4 O, × repeat. 30th.—× 1 C, 7 O, × 2 C, 1 O, × twice; 2 C, 7 O, 1 C, 4 O, 2 O, 2 O, 4 O, × repeat. 31st.—× 1 C, 7 O, 1 C, 2 O, 2 C, 2 O, 1 C, 7 O, 1 C, 3 O, 2 C, 1 O, 1 C, 2 O, 1 C, 1 O, × repeat. 32nd.—× 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 6 O, 4 O, 2 C, 4 O, 1 C, 1 O, × repeat.

KNITTED OPERA HOOD.

MATERIALS.—Two skeins of white wool and one of coloured eider yarn. For the hood a pair of knitting pins, No. 11 bell gauge, and one pin, No. 19. For the border, a steel netting needle, and a mesh No. 2.

Commence with the white wool. Cast on 141 stitches rather loosely, using one of the large pins. The small pin is only used in every fourth row of the pattern. 1st row.—Knit the 2 first stitches together, and the rest of the row quite plain.

2nd.—The same as the first row.

3rd.—Pearl the 2 first stitches together, then pearl the rest of the row.

4th.—With the small pin knit the 2 first stitches together, *, then make a stitch and knit every 2 stitches together. Repeat from * to the end, "To make a stitch"—the wool is brought forward between the pins.

These 4 rows form the pattern, and they are to be repeated until the work is reduced to six stitches, it having been decreased one stitch each row. Cast off the remaining stitches.

THE NETTED BORDER.

Fill the needle with the white wool. Commence on a foundation string, and, using No. 2 mesh, set 760 stitches; this being the number required to make sufficient trimmings to go all round the hood; it may, however, be worked in two pieces, netting 360 for the back, and 420 for the sides and front.

After the 1st row is worked net 2 rows more plain; then with the coloured wool, doubled, net a plain row.

These 4 rows are now to be turned, running the string in the coloured row; then on the other side work with the white wool two rows more, and one row with the coloured wool; take out the string, as this completes the netting.

To plait the trimming, use a rug-needle and the white wool; commence in the centre row of the netting, and make a box-plait with five stitches, sewing it together in the centre; then leave one stitch between the plaits, and continue forming them until all the netting is used.

These plaits are now secured at the top by tying every six stitches of each side together, in the row under the coloured one; the stitches should only just be caught together, and the ends of the wool knitted and cut close.
THE TOILET.

First Figure.—Dress of plain black faille with a single headed-flounce at the bottom. Corsege low, square, and plain, with an embroidered muslin chemisette under it. Nancyat coloured bow in the middle of the corsege. White cashmere cloak lined with nacarat silk and having the old woman’s hood. The lining is turned over the edge as a cross-strap all round. Red coral necklace; pomegranate flowers placed as a puff on the top of the head behind.

Second Figure.—Dress of white turlatan with rather wide puffings down the skirt, separated by cross-strips of mauve silk. Tunic or pannier and corsege of mauve silk. A round bertha of drawn blond ornaments the body, and is itself decorated at intervals with small cockades of mauve ribbon matching the dress. The very short sleeve is also made of blond. Coiffure consisting of three leaves of mauve velvet surrounded with pearls and having an agrafe of pearls with a tassel falling behind; white feathers placed at the side.

Third Figure.—Ball dress. First skirt of white turlatane with a very deep flounce plaited à la russe. Tunic of lemon-coloured faille cut in large vandykes bordered with a double row of black velvet. Second tunic and corsege of white faille cut in small vandykes bordered by black velvet and pendant ornaments. The sleeves very short with the same points, have pendant ornaments similar to those on the white tunic. At each side of the tunic and at the head of each vandyke a spray of roses with foliage is placed. White waistband bordered with black velvet. Black pearl necklace of three rows fastened by agrafes. The coiffure consists of a double diadem of pale tortoise-shell with balls on the top and a garnish of roses placed very backward. White kid gloves with three buttons. Shoes with Louis XV. heels made of white satin with a blond rosette.

Fourth Figure.—Dress of green silk, trimmed at bottom with two gathered flounces, one deeper than the other, and each surmounted by a row of black lace or guipure falling over the flounce. Louis XVI. corsege, high behind, low and square in front bordered by a narrow flounce forming a head to a row of lace like that at bottom. Short sleeves. Coiffure with a châtelaine puff of violet velvet surrounded by pearls, and completed by a white frizzed feather placed at the side. Chemisette of fluted white turlatane. Kid gloves. Dauphine shoes of green gros-grain silk with a square bow of black lace.

The compliment or finish to walking or visiting dress, the above—all—the envelope—or whatever here comes under the head of confections, must of necessity be black, except in the case of ladies who wear tunics and panniers to match their robes. At present cashmere, grenade, and crepon de Chine, are favourite materials for these confections; we reserve the ever elegant faille for dress toilets. For the most part they are disposed in the casque form as far as the waist, and the skirt divided into four large rounded dents, garnished with a pined flounce, the head of which is furred and makes a heading. The dents, or basques behind, are very ample and sufficiently long to be very bouffantes when disposed in the form of a pannier. If worn in walking costume, we simulate with an ornament which encircles the neck behind, but it is square in front, the form of a low body. It is very pretty if really cut decolleté. The coiffure is round with a bow without ends. The sleeves are to be worn or not as desired, they are made large in order to show an under-sleeve; this model is very convenient because the undersleeves may be made of the same colour as the skirt. Shawls, to reintroduce which great efforts are being made, are only worn with trained dresses. A pretty new form which approaches that of an adjusted mantle, is likely to be looked upon with favour.

For ordinary dresses, changeable winsey, mohair, thin serges, poplin, alpaca, and many mixtures of silk and wool, and wool and cotton are in demand; the latter are cheap in price but spoil in the first shower. Changeable sides, stripes, and checks, will all be worn. Black and white promises to be again in favour, and the useful raw tussor silk is in demand for morning wear. Here we seem to be getting more and more Spanish in our style of dress, and I should not be surprised if one of these days we throw off the bit of lace, rosebud, and two straws, of which a dressed bonnet is said to be sometimes composed, and adopt the mantilla. The prevailing colours are soft shades of fawn, grey, lavender, pearl colour, light brown, green, &c. Rather wide stripes of two colours will also be worn; but, except on tall women, they are not becoming. French chintzes, percales, and muslins, with delicate grounds sprinkled with bouquets of flowers are of course in request. Hats of the Louis XV. style are much worn, and are admirably adapted to stylish-looking persons. It is rumoured that three and four graduated skirts will be worn this summer instead of two which prevail at present. One deep fluted flounce, or two three or more pinked ones are in favour. Straw, silk, tulle, or crape bonnets. A great many are still made with diadems, but the diadems of flowers are not posed in front, but at the back; and the barbes are attached by a bouquet to match. For dress bonnets I announce a charming innovation, these are garnished with white lace. A bonnet of Belgian or rice straw is bordered with black
Thackeray's Women.

The secret of Thackeray's failure in the delineation of female character is embodied in the following sentences, from one of "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town": "A set has been made against clever women from all time. Take all Shakspere's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same—affectionate, motherly, tender—that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and—other writers: each man seems to draw from one model. An exquisite slave is what we want; for the most part an humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being; who laughs at our jokes, however old they may be; coaxes and wheedles us in our hurts, and 'fondly lies to us through life.'"

Now, in the spirit of the above sentences one might only see the vein of sarcastic raillery intended to characterize these burlesque letters to a young kinsman; but take them in connection with Thackeray's writings, and you will perceive that they are the real spirit, the actual embodiment, of his positive and veracious views of women, their sphere, condition, and duties. These ideas and opinions regarding women are what he has been regularly trained and bred up to in his heart of hearts. There is a sentiment of real devotion to and chivalrous admiration of woman as she ought to be, and oftentimes is, notwithstanding these conventionalties, that every true man must feel, and to which Thackeray can, upon occasion, give utterance in dulcet tones and beautifully-rounded periods; but he has been so trained and reared amid women of this tame order, this low stamp, and tutored by men holding these lowering views of women, that he cannot bring his imagination to the point of conceiving, or his pen of delineating; a fine and elevated woman—a clever one, as he terms her—though his man-heart does justice to her claims. In his novels, he has portrayed, with his caustic powers, feminine personages, neither flesh-and-blood women—they have not a redeeming trait of humanity, nor a touch of nature—nor demons; heartless, soulless figures, that glitter and amaze us, thrust into animation and seeming action by his fine strokes of satire, brilliant and sarcastic thrusts and dashes at errors and frailties, that have not even power to fill us with horror or disgust as a really bad woman would, What is Becky Sharp? Is she a living, breathing woman? Rather a concentration of all the vices, follies, and degrading efforts of an age, draped about a senseless block, as they show off the fashions on a wooden shape in a shop. And yet his attempted portrayal of the good and lovely ones, the heroines of his books, is a faithful carrying out and depicting of the sentiments above quoted. So inspired and tame are they in their "humble, smiling, flattering, child-loving, tea-making" excellence, as to be dull enough in the mere perusal, not only to excuse a lover like George (if he had not been so insipid himself) for lighting his cigars with her billet-doux, but also to make every girl who saw would become a heroine, almost rush into Becky Sharp-ishness, or any other kind of sprite-like mischief, rather than be one of those same good, sweet, gentle Amelia's, even with the prospect of such an undying, never-failing attachment as that of a Major Sugarplums. Men must still nature's impulses, urging their admiration of the real woman, in obedience to the received and accredited spirit, laws, and opinions of society and the age; and if authors write down to the level that has compelled Thackeray, in spite of his better nature, to make his heroines the heartless, insipid things they are, yet it is the adoption and carrying out of such views and principles in regard to women by men, whom they are born, to serve, to please, to love, and to endeavour to delight, that makes so many of them seemingly what they are, "humble, flattering, tea-making, piano-playing deceivers;" and more talent, more time, art, ingenuity, and patience are necessary to preserve nature's master-pieces of love and tenderness into this senseless, silly, deceptive mother and slave, than with open manliness, enlightened views, and a free and generous insight into her capacities and position, man—her brother procreationist, ere he becomes her lord—might have expended to form an open, upright, candid, truth-loving, fervent, devoted woman, wife, friend; forbearing to faults, tender to frailties, forgiving to errors; devoted with keener, and livelier, and humbler, because more expansive, love to his welfare, his honour, and his interest.

Oh! cannot men see and feel wherein this error lies, and conquer it, for the sake of their own hearts, homes, and of their unborn sons? When standing together on the home-hearth in the holy twilight's deepening gloom, drawing nearer to each other tenderly as the night-shades deepen and the day declines, ere the candle-light flares on them, would it lessen the softness, derogate from the sweetness and gentleness of this hour of love, if each (that young husband, that up-looking, confiding wife) had,
Thackeray's Women.

in that shadowy hour, unseen, except to the answering heart that consciously knew it, a brow clear, unclouded, serene with truth—earnest truth, loving truth, human truth—stamped on it, so that in after-coming years neither might quail nor blanch beneath the downcast, averted glance of the other, for the breach of any of the commandments, lesser or greater, sacred to both?

But to return to Thackeray's sentiments on this subject. He may unchallenged assert that Scott's ladies are many of them as he describes and believes; for it was the error, the want, in Scott's brilliant depictings of life's pageantries, that these low views of women scarcely ever allowed him to do justice to himself or to his heroines, the actual love-heroines of his novels. Those who, at the conclusion of his tales, are led to the altar, and in the true Prince-and-Cinderella style, are united to the heroes in all due form, in the holy bands of matrimony, are rarely, in any of his works, the woman of heart, soul, character, and, withal, true womanliness, who, as a delineator of human nature, under a necessity to make his book interesting, he was forced to describe as they are, and around whom entwine every interest and warm affection of the reader. Yet, as a man reared and tutored by custom and the force of received opinions, he dared not brave, with the usual clap-trap necessary for stage-effect, after rousing our sympathies for, entwining our minds by, and enchaîning our hearts to one of those noble exhibitions of woman as she might, ought to be, and oftentimes is, he leads us gradually down from the height of this well-placed admiration and noble aspiration, causing glowing feelings, by slowly-winding descent to the worldly termination of necessity—for the hero to marry the tame piece of smiling propriety, capable of becoming all that Thackeray describes, and who has for this purpose, through these pages, in a shadowy, impalpable manner, only made us aware of another presence beside the real woman, to be ready at the close for the approved and expected consummation.

Who—what man even—has not felt indignant that, despite the strong prejudices of the age against her name and nation, and the prestige of Rowena's royal Saxon descent, the noble, queenly Rebecca should be calmly put aside for the fair-haired Saxon lady—Flora MacIvor for Rose Bradwardine? Even little Fenella seems wronged, and oh! how many others! Die Vernon alone, of all his lady-heroines, acts out her part, and shines throughout the book, from first to last, the sole, sole charm; and why? Because, forsooth, her fine abilities are permitted to be more than half obscured by her physical powers and abilities, horsemanship, etc. Jeanie Deans, of course, is below the mark. Scott could allow that a true woman, in her grade of life, might be as clever as she could; but even here the wilful, wayward, spoiled beauty is the love-heroine. Though Scott's manly and chivalric heart allows the existence of the most beautiful and glowing specimens of woman, and though his imagination and pencil depict such, yet his worldly self, the educated man and calculating Scotsman, withdraws prudently from all such the crowning point of woman's glory—love, and the devotion of the heart, leading to marriage. And why? Because they were not capable of carrying out into daily life and practice, with firm and gentle devotion, their duty as women? No; but because men have for ages, allowed themselves so low a standard of moral excellence, that even in those instances of rare intellectual endowments they dare not put themselves on a level in daily contact with a clear-sighted woman of pure and elevated views.

It is not that men are so mean or narrow in their range of vision, or do not acknowledge the beauty of high excellence, that they will not allow a rival near the throne of mental supremacy. Nature has so distinctly marked their supremacy in points essential for duty in their different spheres, that few men, even of limited capacity, but must be conscious of a difference of powers. Allowing their superiority in many respects over women of fine intellects, they never can interfere with each other, their powers and the needs for their exercise are so diverse. The whole error exists and has arisen from defective moral training in men for untold ages; lowering the standard of excellence at which they are to aim, and lessening their responsibility, and the force of moral perceptions of right. Here lies the evil. Let but a Decalogue be acknowledged for men as well as women; let but both sexes be trained to clear and earnest views of right, truth, and duty, and there need be no clashing or collision of interests, or jealous claims for superiority. Men will have manliness enough to see, to feel, to admire, to allow and acknowledge the beauty, purity, refining and beneficial influence of the high-minded, right principled woman; will know that bread and puddings can be as well concocted, and buttons and braids as neatly put on, by a woman of such qualifications, as by one who has striven earnestly to be a wheeling, fondling, lying one through life; the woman will look up with delighted reverence and proper homage to her lord, her governor, her king, in the broad place of rightful head and superior, where God and nature placed him. It is the false basis upon which each is placed by the accumulated defective training of ages, that renders it necessary for men to ignore, despise, and deprecate—or endeavour to do so—all intellectual women, and necessary for intellectual women to hide their light under a bushel, more than half-afraid or ashamed to show it, and consequently, as Thackeray says, "fondly lie" through life.

But Shakespeare—Shakespeare to be put in the same category with writers who are not beyond or above their age!—Shakespeare! he who wrote for the whole world, for all ages—of all men, for him to be accused of having drawn "affectionate, motherly, that sort-of-thing wo-
men!' Shakspeare! we do indeed view all things through the colouring of the glasses that necessity, education, or habit induce us to wear. Shakspeare! what play of his is there in which the woman—the clever, brilliant, noble, gifted, talented women, right women—are not the main-spring of the plot; the more than half-essential charm of the whole, which removed, the play would seem stale, flat, and unprofitable? I range them, and try the effect. Replace Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," by one of those tame, motherly, deceiving dames, and where is the play—the interest, power, force? Even Nerissa and Jessica—remove them and insert in their places insipid Amelias, see the effect, and how every other character would fail in interest!

Where can a specimen of more noble womanhood, in the whole range of literature, be shown than Portia, with her wit, her brilliant sallies, her intellectual riches, her clear, cool judgment, keen perception? And did Shakspeare allow the possession of these qualities to lessen her attractiveness as a woman; her gentle, fervent, earnest, tender devotion and submission to her bosom's lord, to whom she gave herself so freely and so beautifully. No! but Bassano was a man worthy to be loved by such a woman as Portia; and therefore he gloried in her glory. He feared not her rivalry; he knew still that, as in every true woman's heart and character, the brightest, the clearest radiance, was that derived from him who has to love and cherish her—her husband; and that the beams of his excellence and glory must, as the sun's rays do, illuminate and display, in softened splendour, the mountains, hills, vales, and waters of the moon, which, without the possession of these inherent qualities would not by half so well reflect it from arid moor or desert sand. Look through the whole range of his plays: is one woman made capable of interesting our sympathies or winning our admiration, in whatever circumstances placed, without the charms of intellect and cultivated mental faculties? Where is Isabella, in her holy beauty and her far-searching glance of fearless rectitude? Rosalind, with her powers of wit and winning brightness? Beatrice, even, in her sparkling, diamond-jewelled robe of raillery and talent, shows through its folds and brilliancy fresh-glowing gleams of real woman's heart as well as will.

Thus it will ever be: a clever woman beneath the protecting agis of a noble man, if not seemingly so brilliant as herself, yet feels that the power is there, the strength; and beneath the overshadowing agis of his beaming, fostering love, such a woman will live and breathe only gently, and bless and soften and purify; and man, yes man—the world, will yet see these enveloping mists of probation vanish away, and prove that the error is not in woman, or in their being clever women, but in men being educated to false views of life, duty, and self.

NELLIE.

A sweet little maid is my own pretty Nell, And how I adore her my lips cannot tell: For her beautiful face and her innocent heart Neither distance nor time from my memory part.

For wooing, alas! she's too young, and I fear That full slowly will creep on the course of each year, But long though the lane be, or weary the way, There's an end to the road and a close to the day.

Hope can smoothen the roughest of paths, darling Nell, It can cheer with its rays, it can darkness dispel, So we may bide on through the tedious hours, For the wilderness stern will at length yield us flowers.

Then, meantime, I'll strive for all honour and fame; Both to gain and to merit a fair, honest name; And when the time's o'er, and to wed her I'm free, Through life nought shall part darling Nellie and me.

B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received and accepted, with thanks: "I'll Hope no more," "To the Little Eastern T," "In Te Spervii," "A Woman's Song," "Lines," "The Mysterious Visitor." M. W., Ballymoney, will perceive we have not overlooked her graceful favour. We shall be glad of others from her pen.

POETRY declined, with thanks: "The Bluebell Wreath" (pretty, but imperfect); "The Contretemps" (clever, but unsuitable); "Life's Wayfarer." PROSE received, with thanks: "A Voyage from Corfu," &c.; "Lord Byron's Letters." PROSE declined: "The Doings of Doings Drill." We very regretfully return this story, which opens so well that we were the more disappointed at the want of sustained power in the second part. Unhappily, the alterations have rather weakened than improved it.

W. E. and Co.—We have not received the music referred to by this correspondent, but will notice it in our next, if received in time. Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in our next number.

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Restlessly I wandered up and down the staircase. Sarah, the dairymaid, had posted herself at an upper window, to listen, not to see, for the night was dark. Sooner than I could expect the police, she called to me that something was coming from Marabam.

"It sounds very like the gig," she presently announced, and ran down to open the hall door.

Mr. Ainslie had met Dick Wilcox on the way and been made acquainted with the evil news. He listened to the details of what I had done and those attending the circumstances of Helen's disappearance, and presently questioned:

"How could he have taken her by force out of the house without the servants hearing anything?"

"I cannot account for it. The lad Dick Wilcox says Grant had his horse saddled and waiting in the lane for an hour before he left. Helen had to give him a prescription; Dick heard her charge him not to lose it. Who can say how he may have beguiled her out of the hall?"

"I am glad your impression is so positive that she did not go willingly," Mr. Ainslie said.

"Oh, how could you think it possible?" I cried impatiently; "and with Mr. Wainwright in a dying state! She was full of distress for him; in the most unlikely mood even if she had been free from all engagement."

"I am quite convinced she could not have premeditated such an act; but there is such a thing as giving way to a gentle compulsion. If in her heart she regretted her ties and gave preference to her cousin, the very fact of Mr. Wainwright's impending death, implying that Mr. Mainwaring would immediately claim her, might tend to the result."

"No, no, Mr. Ainslie," I said; "because you had much hand in bringing about Helen's marriage, you are more nervous than you need be concerning it. Two strong objections stand in the way of such a probability. Helen hates disloyalty, and she loves Mr. Mainwaring."

Lance arrived; two of the police arrived.

Mr. Ainslie requested me to take one of them into Miss Dalziel's room to demonstrate that she had made no preparation for flight. Her watch and chain were in a little basket on the table, with a ring which had been her mother's and one or two other trinkets. All her out-door apparel was there. Her writing case lay open on a chest of drawers, with a note commenced to Miss Ainslie giving account of her grandfather's illness.

Inspector Kean followed with two more men. They had been searching the ruined huts. Two of the farm labourers came also, having been roused by the inquiries of the police. The news had spread through Dingleton, and Mr. Grey arrived with the chief constable of the village.

Next appeared two gentlemen from Marabam, strangers to me. One, a Mr. West, had to say that he had been roused up by Mr. Grant Wainwright knocking at his door and requesting he would send the police to Darliston Hall. He had a handkerchief bound about his face and said he had been thrown by the black mare while in pursuit of some ruffians. The gentleman had spoken to him from an upper window, and had rather a confused impression of what he had heard. Mr. Grant Wainwright, he said, was evidently in haste to be gone, and said something about having a clue which he must follow up.

It was impossible where each one in the house was under painful excitement, and so many were coming and going, to keep the quiet that seemed desirable on account of old Mr. Wainwright's critical condition.

Nanny Cargill sat in his room and closed the door, but she could not resist the temptation to open it and listen. I went up to give her this report concerning Grant, and she said, "I think now he'll bring her back." There was a fresh arrival, some fresh intelligence. I ran down in haste and Nanny followed, leaving Peggy in charge.

Some policemen searching with lanterns near the marsh embankment had come upon a part recently trampled. They said men must have landed from a boat before the tide had been at the full, for there were traces of sea-sand on the
There was some dispute about the description of marks seen, and in the midst a carriage came up to the gate.

It was very dark outside, but several people carried lanterns, and one being raised to the carriage window, a voice in the hall proclaimed, "There's a lady inside!" "Is it her?" cried another, and the cry was repeated. Some even said "She's come back!"

I was near the hall door as they approached, and soon recognized Alice and Mr. Brown.

"It is my daughter," Mr. Ainslie said aloud.

I took her in my arms; and, the parlour being full of gentlemen, was about to lead her upstairs, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld facing us on the lower landing the old Squire!

Pale, half dressed, wildly excited; but more apparently with delight than any other feeling, he extended his hands towards us, crying, "Come at last. I knew you would come. Carrie, my dear, I've wanted you so long."

Alice sprang up and kissed him, the only understanding that he looked to her for comfort.

Nanny Cargill was standing petrified with surprise. Mr. Ainslie and Merton Brown ran up and supported the old man, who evidently had scarce power to stand. A chair was handed to the landing and they placed him on it. Alice knelt, stroking his hand and looking pityingly in his face.

I stood at the foot of the staircase, like Nanny, utterly amazed, when one of the elder men cried:

"Good Lord! He thinks it's his daughter! And she's like her too!"

"Like Miss Helen? Oh, not a bit!" said another.

"Like Miss Helen's mother. Miss Caroline that was. She went off with Captain Dalziel twenty years ago, and there was just this hunt for her."

"I remember it well," said Mr. West; "she went to a party at Mrs. Prendergast's. Mr. Wainwright sat up all night expecting her home, and when he found how it was, he took an oath he would never ask her to come back. A rash oath, but he kept to it; and it is plain it cost him dear."

He was borne upstairs to his room still holding Alice by the hand. Poor Peggy, a well-intentioned but very unfit nurse, was in so sound a sleep that even their entrance failed to arouse her. Alice gave her entire attention to soothing the invalid, until, Mrs. Cargill having administered some of the medicine prescribed by Dr. Meredith, he fell into a quiet sleep.

A stillness fell over the assembling downstairs after this startling appearance of the old Squire. Voices spoke under breath, and it was agreed there should be a meeting at Fairclough in the morning. Mr. Ainslie said he would provide a carriage to meet Mr. Mainwaring at Marsham station, and bring him on to me there. It seemed best, and as he might be expected to arrive at half past eight, I engaged to be at home before that time.

Merton Brown left with the rest, he said he should for the present make it his task to trace Grant's course, as Witham was known not to have sailed and was probably now in the hands of the police.

When they had gone I went up to the drawing-room, and persuading Alice to take off her pretty dress and go to bed, I lay down on the sofa till five in the morning, when I took Nanny Cargill's charge over her sleeping master.

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**CHAP. XLVIII.**

**THE HEART ON THE LIPS.**

I had not been quite well since the excitement occasioned by Harry Markland's letter. Hurrying about London in the warm season, and the anxiety attending recent occurrences, had kept up the feverishness of my nerves, and I was alternately sensible of great restlessness or languor. All through this dreadful night I had had to fight against a tendency to stupor which continually asserted itself. Whether it may have tended to blunt the poignancy of my feelings I cannot say; they were keen enough.

When I arrived at my own house I felt almost incapable of speaking to Barbara. I heard and saw, but it seemed that I scarce could reflect. Her presence worried me. She spoke of making me some coffee, and it reminded me to tell her there were many people coming, so she must make plenty. I told her also to have my dining-table placed in the hall and as many chairs as possible. So I was rid of her.

Mr. Mainwaring would be the first to arrive; I felt almost sure of that. What would he look like? Oh, to think of the glow of happiness over his handsome face when I parted from him.

Wheels already! yes, Mr. Mainwaring alighting. In a moment he was in my parlour.

Not pale, he was flushed; but there was that look on his face I knew so well, and it was even more distressing to witness now, for that something of the resolute will to conquer suffering was wanting. "This is very dreadful," he said; "you have no news for me, I see—no hope!"

"Nothing—nothing yet," I answered.

He had come away from some entertainment, his dress told that.

Sinking into a chair he gazed at me, as silent I stood before him. When he commenced talking he spoke rapidly, almost wildly.

Surely he had had enough of such misery before, he said, and this had come upon him more overwhelmingly than anything yet.

I was powerless to speak word of comfort, so truly was I overcome by the sense of his grief; but tongue-tied as I felt, I knew that to have me to speak to was probably a relief, after the long journey he had had, with such intense anxiety at heart and only strangers around him. He seemed indeed scarcely to expect reply, scarcely to address me; but from the fulness of
his heart outspoke the bitter feelings roused by this heavy and sudden stroke.

"Child, to be so weak that I must love some-where. Shall I have this weakness all my life? Most men have some safe channel for affection, I think. My mother? Oh, loving her has cost me too dear. It cost me very nearly honour; it has cost me this. No, she would ruin me again.

"That girl seemed to cling about my very heart; to claim the support it was happiness to give. That was it, I suppose, the happiness tempted me! What shall I do with myself? Perhaps if I were ten years older I might do better; might work, as I have seen men work, without thought beyond the achievement of success. Shall I hope to do this?

"I wish I had been brought up as my father was; such discipline might have hardened my character. But he was loving in his home. He ruled my mother in kindness and felt pain in having to stand firm; I know he did. And he loved me tenderly. Oh, if he were now living!

"It seems so long a way stretching before me to walk alone. And then to be weighted with these memories; to be haunted with them as with a bad conscience. Which is worst, I wonder? I suppose I may prove it if I go the way most men at my age would. Change one for the other; easy enough I dare say; and then rid me of both perchance.

"My conscience has been light enough hitherto; yet some I know will say this only serves me right. Tell me truly what you think, Mrs. Gainsborough; have I been to blame towards her in any way? Could I have done otherwise?"

"Who should blame you?"

"It is true she was hurried into the marriage, but could I help it? She made not a shadow of opposition. Mr. Wainwright may have persuaded her, but he said he had not. I used no words of inducement; I only said it was necessary she should love me if she accepted my hand; and I believed—oh, I could have sworn that she loved me! It was weak, lamentably weak, to throw off one yoke and bend my neck to the next that offered. I could have fulfilled my pledge without that. Ah, you were very anxious I should love her, very solicitous I should believe in her. And I did love her, from my very heart I loved her. She seemed so confiding, so truthful; her love had such an appearance of reality. It seemed not to spring from vanity or self-gratulation in my subjection; I could not think it mere fainciful inclination. It seemed a sort of minor religion; so earnest, and holy, and real. And I meant to deserve it; I did deserve it if sincere affection and earnest endeavour could.

"You stand there looking at me, Mrs. Gainsborough; tell me what I must do, turn stoic or epicurean?"

"You are talking very wildly. Why give up all hope? Trust in heaven. I can do nothing now; but I hope, for I pray. Pray too, and you may find hope."

"Pray! Do you know what it is to have the thought of prayer turned bitter to you? Had I not prayed that I might love Helen, prayed for her daily as I have done, I had not loved her so well. I seem to be punished for right doing as if it were a sin. Had I followed the instinct of my nature and taken her away with me on Tuesday night I might have shielded her; she might have become attached to me; all might have been well. But I was scrupulous; I did not think it right towards Mr. Wainwright; and see my reward!"

"Oh hush, hush! you should not talk so. It is better to suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing."

"Go on; speak to me. You think me very wicked. I daresay I am. I know I am very nearly mad."

"I could almost think you believed—but you cannot. You rave so. Men are selfish and will think of their own interests first. Have you been talking the pain away?"

"Poor Mrs. Gainsborough, I ought not to pain you. Forgive me. If you knew what a journey I have had. It is no fault of yours; I know you have done your best."

"You seemed to me at least as if you were hard upon poor Helen."

"No, I may not be that. I know that women have noble and beautiful impulses, though they may be weak and easily swayed by a strong will and a strong passion in the lover nearest them. Yet—oh, Mrs. Gainsborough, I had not thought it possible, so short a time ago that she looked love into my eyes, that she could give way. She doubted loved him best all the time, but some fancy or impulse swayed her towards me."

"Mr. Mainwaring, are you thinking all the time that Helen, my Helen, your Helen, could forsake us willingly? Forsake her dying grandfather, her duty, her love? For shame, for shame!"

"I hear it on all sides that she has fled with Grant Wainwright."

"Do they say she fled with him?"

"Yes, with her cousin."

"Oh, Mr. Mainwaring, Grant Wainwright has stolen her; joined in with a gang of villains and carried her by force away."

"Are you sure? Are you sure she did not go willingly?"

"Sure—as that I am true to my own husband."

He took my hands in his. "You are speaking the truth," he said; "you must know. She is true; she is true to me."

"Oh, I do pity you if you could think that she was not."

He looked in my face for a moment longer, turned, and pacing the room threw himself on the sofa and buried his face in his arms. I went up to him presently and rested my hand on his shoulder.
Chap. XLIX.

A Consultation at Fairclough. Helen's Husband.

The two magistrates and Merton Brown arrived together. I admitted the latter into the parlour. Immediately afterwards a carriage drew up, bringing Mr. Borodaille and Mr. Devonshire. Then a party of gentlemen from Marsham came, including Mr. West, and Mr. Field the chemist. Mr. Hawkins followed, and Alfred Merrivale.

The gentlemen were talking in groups, in a desultory manner, when Mr. Harding proposed they should sit down and endeavour to gather the facts of the case in some sort of order.

"The first question," he said, "which it appears necessary to set at rest is, whether we are to regard this as an elopement or an abduction. Remembering that Miss Dalziel recently leapt her horse across the Clief, under the fear of capture, I incline to the latter view."

Mr. Borodaille submitted that no mere mercenary aim could be served by stealing Miss Dalziel, since Mr. Wainwright, in such a case, would doubtless alter the disposition of his property.

"It is believed he is dying," said Mr. Grey.

"It is too certain now, and might have been a question before the affair at the Clief, that no new will of his making would be likely to hold good in law."

"Still I do not see why suspicion should fall on Mr. Witham," continued Mr. Borodaille, "when Mr. Grant Wainwright appears so much more likely to have won the lady's favour."

"As Miss Dalziel's intimate friend," I interrupted, "I can give you my fullest assurance that her inclinations are all in favour of the gentleman to whom, with Mr. Wainwright's sanction, she was engaged. Mr. Arden Mainwaring, her affianced husband, was telegraphed for last night, and is now here."

It was a great surprise to most of those present.

I opened the parlour door. Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Merton Brown came into the hall, and, being duly introduced, took places at the table. The sensation among the gentlemen caused by this announcement and appearance was succeeded by a silence, till Mr. Mainwaring (stating he had just been informed that Mr. Grant Wainwright, watched by a detective, was journeying in Scotland) asked for information concerning his previous movements.

Mr. West then repeated what had occurred at his house. Being questioned by Mr. Harding, he said he certainly did not understand that Miss Dalziel was missing. He thought Darliston Hall had been broken into again, and asked, "Is it the Black Band?" To which Mr. Wainwright replied, "Very likely."

Mr. Field said that when Mr. Grant Wainwright had brought the prescription he was in great haste to have it made up. He looked very
I had the gratification of speaking to her at the archery fête at Cardington Castle.

"Where was Witham to take the yacht, Mr. Devonshire?" was the next question asked by Mr. Mainwaring.

"To Kingstown. The cabins were to be refitted, under supervision of a friend of my brother's."

It is clear, then, that Grant Wainwright and Witham were bound in different directions. Is there positively no evidence of the complicity of the latter, save that he has been seen frequently with Grant Wainwright?"

No one could allege any. Only Alfred Merivale observed that although last night he had denied being a suitor of Miss Dalziel's, he had on his former visit to the neighbourhood privately said to him that love for Miss Dalziel was the principal inducement of his tarrying there. Alfred also mentioned the attempts made to identify himself with Mr. Carlton Witham, and their subsequent exposure through the family solicitor.

Mr. Ainslie now entering brought information that a small trading-vessel called the Chaffinch was missing from the coast. She could have taken no cargo. What made it appear more likely she was concerned was, that the master, named John Malone, had been the person to come forward in favour of the horse-dealer Benson; having sworn that he had slept on board his vessel on the night of the burglary at Harby Hall.

Most of the gentlemen concurring that it was more likely Helen had been taken to Ireland than to Scotland, a telegraphic message was despatched to Mr. Harvey, requesting information as to where Mr. Carlton Witham's Irish estates lay. In regard to Grant Wainwright, Merton observed that if he discovered he had been deceived by his pretended friend, he might be willing to give assistance in exposing his conduct and recovering Helen from his hands.

"I will go after him," he said, "and try to bring him to reason. You, Arden, may be wanted to follow that keenest villain Witham."

In a low tone, Mr. Ainslie here interposed. "You must consider, Mr. Mainwaring," he said, "there exists decided objection to your being personally engaged in the pursuit."

"How so, Ainslie?"

"A London detective arrived by the same train as yourself, and will be here in a few minutes. In such a chase the police are by far the most likely to succeed. But the task is not merely needless; it is one in which you ought not to appear. Your wrong is great enough as the matter stands, but you are not compromised so far as you might have been. Though legally contracted, if need be you can be freed; therefore to put yourself forward—"

"Mr. Ainslie," interrupted Arden, "there are different ways of looking at the matter. As the legal adviser of my family you have done your duty in presenting this one. Now, see mine.
Darliston.

My engagement with Mr. Wainwright (and, mark you, his part is fulfilled) was this: that I was to be the protector of his grand-daughter when he was no longer competent. To this I pledged my honour, and she shall never want for protection that I can afford."

"You can make use of the services of others; but I am certain your relatives would insist on the view of the matter I have taken."

"I should escape the infliction of the world's pity; be thought, perhaps, rather fortunate in having received an advantage without being called upon to give an equivalent. I understand it all. Had I been capable of entering on marriage entirely as a money bargain, this might have been good reasoning. My marriage was more than a legal contract to me. I took vows before Heaven and before men, and my will is, as far as I can, to fulfil them. Give up the idea of restraining me in this. I will be foremost."

Turning from Mr. Ainslie to the assembly, he continued:

"Gentlemen, though hitherto withheld from claiming my rights as a husband, I claim them now. There is my marriage certificate. Three of the witnesses are present; Mr. Grey, who united us, among them."

The announcement had a strange effect: so habitual is it to offer congratulation on such occasions; so impossible it was on this. Only Mr. Boradale, carried away by the immediate impression, began, "I am glad—":" then, pausing, looked distressed, and rose to offer his hand to Mr. Mainwaring.

Mr. Harding took up the certificate, glancing at Mr. Grey; who gravely inclined his head with a gesture of assent. He read aloud the date: "The seventeenth of April."

"The same day," Mr. Grey observed, "that Mr. Mainwaring departed for Vienna."

"There was a momentary silence, and Mr. Mainwaring again spoke:

"Although I have thought it needful to assert my right to be foremost in the pursuit, I do urgently entreat the assistance of every one of you. I ask it not for my own sake, for I know not that I have much claim on any here; but for the sake of the innocent girl who has been torn from her home at a time when her heart was full of anxiety for her grandfather's condition. You all know how much her affection for him led her to dare on occasion of the burglary at Darliston; and when that is fairly taken into consideration I hope the foolish rumour that met me on the road will be silenced for ever. She is too bright-minded a woman to be the victim of a lawless passion; too earnest in her affections to forsake the friend who cherished her from infancy while he lay stricken, perhaps to the death."

He paused a moment, and then continued, with some effort:

"Of my own share in her affections I will not speak; but do you know, as I do, how noble is the heart that dwells in her slight frame, you would declare with me that to strive to the utmost for her rescue is every true man's duty."

All present responded very heartily to this appeal, and those among them who had had personal acquaintance with Helen were very ready to declare their faith in her loyalty.

I need not follow the differing views and arguments that were presented. Mr. Harding said he felt doubtful if it would be possible to detain Witham. There was, in fact, nothing but suspicion of anything criminal to be laid to his charge; and Captain Ashton, and some one or two other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, were so favourably impressed by him, that he would have no difficulty in procuring bail.

Mr. Collins, the detective officer, coming in, his opinions were a good deal deferred to by all. He requested that for the present Mr. Mainwaring would keep in the background. He intended himself to be present, but unseen, when Witham was brought up for examination. "I have no doubt it can be managed," he said, "and would advise you, sir, to take the same course. Do not let it be known you have yet arrived. It is keeping back a court-card. Better say nothing about your marriage until it is more clearly an advantage to publish the fact. If the man Witham has stolen the lady for himself—if he is, in fact the sort of character you suspect—he may be too far compromised to withdraw. Failing to keep him prisoner we shall have to keep close to his heels; and it may be as well he should be unaware that either the lady's husband or Collins the detective is after him."

Alfred Merrivale promised to acquaint me with the result of Witham's examination, and, the gentlemen separating, I went back to Darliston; tired and weary, but a little more hopeful than when I had left it. I gave dear Alice an account of the morning's proceedings, including Mr. Mainwaring's announcement of his marriage. Her companionship was a real comfort to me at such a time; and also, I am sure, to poor Nanny, whose duties beside her master she freely shared.

In the course of the afternoon I received a written account from Alfred. Witham had behaved with much prudence, he said; and acted very well the part of one who was wronged, but could make excuses for the severity of those who misjudged him. He claimed his immediate release, however, on the plea that his engagement in Dublin was of importance to him, his presence being necessary at a consultation involving family business.

On his being questioned concerning his assuming the identity of Mr. Carlton Witham, then abroad, Captain Ashton said that the whole affair arose out of a mistake. The late Mr. Witham was twice married; had many sons; and more than one was named Carlton Witham. Another gentleman came forward to declare that if either Carlton Witham were an imposter, it was the one abroad.

"After the conversation I had with Mr. Harvey
[Alfred wrote], such statements as these failed, as far as I was concerned. Mr. Mainwaring also declined to accept them as evidence. However, the gentlemen who brought them forward are of undoubted respectability, and, though some facts were brought out rather damaging to that of their friend, it was pleased that a neglected youth offered much extenuation for venial offences. Suspicion of more serious delinquencies, though coming from diverse quarters, failed to establish a case. * * * * Perhaps this is the best [Alfred concluded], as his course is sure to be closely followed. We have heard where the Irish properties. Mr. Merivales takes his yacht there, and has asked me to accompany him. Mr. Bordaleo also goes. I trust we may soon hear tidings of the suspected vessel, and, unless others are beforehand, succeed in rescuing your friend."

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CHAP. L.

TURNED BACK.

Early on the following morning I was told by Mrs. Carell that a man from the Hind Farm had asked to speak to me. "You need not be afraid of him, ma'am," she said, "though he has a bit of a craze, he is quite harmless."

It was Mr. Barnes, whom I had before heard spoken of as "half an idiot." I found a great fellow with a stoop in the shoulders, and a silly face, who stared hard at me and shuffled with his feet: I told him to follow me into the parlour, and closed the door.

"You don't know me, ma'am," he began.

"I'm called Joe Barnes; and I've got something I'm going to show you presently: do you know Sandy Maclean, as has gone off?"

I had heard that Grant's servant—the same man who had been set to watch Mr. Brown on his first coming to Dingley—had been missing since Thursday evening, and I asked if he was not an Irishman.

Joe nodded several times. "I said so myself, ma'am, and I see you're knowing. Master hired him in Scotland, and took him for a Scot; you and I more knowing. Hain't he been a courting your young woman, Barbara Charnley?"

"Not with my leave," I answered.

"He don't ask leave, bless your heart ma'am. He's been a courting Peggy at the Hall this long while; and what I say is, they'll find that woman as was always coming after him is his wife. She hadn't much of a sweetheart—look about her, the old fortune-telling tramp; she promised to bring me a lucky sixpence on Friday, but she's gone off too, I'm thinking."

It did not occur to me until afterwards that this might be the woman we had twice met in the neighbourhood. I was impatient to see what thing he had brought to show me. One of the bed-room candlesticks was missing, and I had ordered a search for it in the lane in front of the Hall, but hitherto without result. I thought it might be that.

A wandering look came over his face when I reminded him he had something to show me. Putting his hand in his pocket, however, he presently drew from it a red cotton handkerchief, unfolded it, and held up to my view a long shred of black lace.

"Grey Randal was at his stable door that night when the police came asking about my master. I took his saddle off and when daylight came I picked that up. I thought it would make a cap for my sweetheart, but when I came to think about it again, I said I know that's a bit of a woman's fine gown, and it must have been Miss Helen's—"

"Yes, Yes!" I said, "it is; give it to me."

I thought of the pleasure Alice had had in dressing Helen in the old silk her ingenuity had made to look so pretty. The pattern of the lace I could still recognize, but its rent condition struck my mind so painfully, that I was scarce capable of listening further to the rambling ideas of the poor lad. I only gathered that he conceived his master had given Helen to the charge of this servant Maclean and his supposed wife, and that consequently he inferred that the Black Band had no part in the matter.

On talking over the possibilities with Alice and her uncle, Mr. Littington, who came to see us the same morning, we recalled that this fortune-telling woman was most likely to be the one already under suspicion of connection with the Black Band; and though the absence of the servant Maclean argued that Grant had desired some one he had trust in should be with Helen, it was very probable such trust was mistaken.

Mrs. Wellwood and many other friends and neighbours called to make inquiries after Mr. Wainwright's health, and to cheer our spirits with hopeful language, but no new light was thrown by any of them on the subject of our anxieties; only Mr. Ainslie's occasional messages gave us the comfort of knowing that neither Witham nor Grant Wainwright had succeeded in evading pursuit.

Alice's self-assumed duties were certainly numerous for one so young, and her mamma having expressed some fear that she would over-task her strength, I had promised she should not be confined too closely to the invalid's room, but have every day a walk towards the sea. On this evening I sent Peggy with her, with injunctions not to go far from a certain field, where I was told some of the farm labourers were likely to be still at work.

Mr. Wainwright had fallen asleep, and I was reading, when I heard Mrs. Carell's name called from the hall. The voice was Sarah's, and had a tone of alarm in it, which, nervous as I was from recent events, sent me speedily down stairs. Here I found Nanny wringing her hands and uttering ejaculations of terror and despair.

"Oh Mrs. Gainsborough, he'll shoot himself! I'm sure he's gone to do it! I'll stop my ears or I shall hear the gun."

"What; Grant returned?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Sarah, who was looking
pale and scared herself. "He's been and took the double-barrelled gun from over the house-chimney; and he spoke to nobody; and if ever I saw a man as looked like shooting himself, it's Grant Wainwright!"

"Which direction did he take?"

"Along the orchard wall. He has maybe gone to the rocks, or the cop—"

I hastily followed in the direction indicated, choosing the shorter way by the orchard. From thence I could see he was walking quickly towards the embankment bounding the farm-land on the sea-side, and I rightly judged he was making for a particular spot; that where the trampled grass had indicated a boat's crew had landed on the night of the event.

He never looked back. I hurried on with all the speed I could command, but the distance was not inconsiderable, and he had passed from my sight over the embankment many minutes before I could commence its ascent.

All the way between the higher rocks, which I have been accustomed to call Helen's, and the cleft, there are low ridges and spurs of rocks jutting towards the sea. These have been in some places used as foundation for the embankment which protects the land from the tide. Between two spurs of rocks, when the water is highest, there appear many little bays along the shore, but no boat of ordinary draught could approach the embankment, although here and there are holes deep enough to float a large one. It had been conjectured that a spur of rock projecting from the embankment near the spot I have alluded to, served as a sort of jetty; since it was possible to proceed along it to a depth of water sufficient for a boat to put off in, when, as was then the case, the tide favoured.

I had been so full of poor Nanny's fear—that I should hear the gun—that only when I had reached the bank was I conscious of any other. Now the idea of possible danger to myself occurring, I ascended cautiously; and, taking advantage of some long tufts of sea-grass, and bending to my knees, I looked over the top of the bank.

To my surprise I beheld two figures; for, while on my right hand Grant sat on the rock, looking indeed an image of gloomy despair, there stood facing him at a little distance, not more than twelve yards, but across a heap of rugged rock, the dear girl Alice. She was steadying herself on one of the boulders of rock with her eyes intently fixed upon him; and oh, what a contrast her fresh, fair looks presented! That she should look pityingly upon him I did not wonder, but that she should have found courage to take up and maintain such a position, did surprise me: for I never saw a man with so fearful an aspect. What dread thoughts must have passed in the world within to have brought Grant Wainwright to such a strange stillness? From under his brows a stony gaze was fixed on Alice, but his eyes looked as the eyes of a wild animal, devoid of human recognition.

It was as if his soul were shut up within him. Shut up, and burning, burning, without help or comfort from human sympathy. Had that fire of passions consumed all humanity within him? Had he a heart yet to touch? The heart that is utterly, irretrievably hopeless, has ceased to be human—and so he looked.

But he had come back to Darliston. What had driven him there? Instinct or hope?

If I could but speak to him: if I could but lift him out of this perils state. But what could I say? What did he deserve that I should say? What claim had he on the sympathy of any? Only this: though he deserved none, he greatly needed it.

He looked, indeed, dangerous to approach. I could not see the gun; it was probably on the ground beside him. I changed my position; running under cover of the embankment till I was able to cross it without being perceived by him. Alice saw me, but wisely did not show it. I now saw where his gun rested; it was within his arms length, but a little behind him. To reach this without his being aware of my approach was now my aim. Treading carefully every step I drew near. The breeze rustling among the tufts of grass, aided in concealing the sound of my approach; only when within two paces he heard me and then, fortunately, his first impulse was to start to his feet, the next thought to seize his gun. He was too late for that; I had hurled it into a pit of water at the back of the rock we stood on.

Oh, the look with which he regarded me! I was prepared for mad wrath, but it was more the wildness of fear. There was recognition in his look; recognition not merely of myself, but of the past; of the evil he had wrought. For a moment he glanced round as if he would have fled, but the sound of voices told him others were approaching, and throwing easily off the weak resistance of my grasp on his arm, he dashed himself headlong down the rock. Not the depth to which he had fallen, but the desperate violence with which he had flung himself, gave those who witnessed it fear for his life. Alice screamed, and clambered down to assist me to raise him. Fortunatly stronger help was at hand. Will Harper, Richard Wilcox, and Peggy, had appeared over the bank.

He lay partly in the water. Blood was flowing from his head; his right arm was broken. Together we bore him over the embankment and laid him on the grass, while with our handkerchiefs I bound his head. Old Wilcox meanwhile ran to the Hall, sent his son thence to Dingleton for Doctor Crutchley, and brought a litter, on which Grant was carried to the house, and laid on the bed Dick Wilcox had occupied. The room was on the ground-floor at the back of the house, and adjoining that which was called Mrs. Cargill's.

Poor Nanny had shut herself in the parlour in a very hysterical state, and the only nurse in attendance on her master was the young girl who came daily from one of the cottages to assist in the house duties.

Doctor Crutchley soon came, bringing an
assistant with him. I waited in the parlour to receive the report. He had not a very clear way of stating it, but I understood that the arm was badly fractured, and no other very serious hurt apparent, the wounds of his head not being of a dangerous character. "If his mind were at rest," he said, "I should not doubt to bring him through safely, but as it evidently is with him, inflammation and fever action is much to be dreaded. You must do all you can to soothe him. He will require constant watching. I am inclined to think there is something in the presence of Mrs. Cargill that is irritating to him. It is certainly expedient that one of the men should be in attendance, but I should recommend that he sit in the next room, and that yourself, or some other person capable of talking with him, should be as much beside him as possible."

"Do you apprehend brain-fever?" I asked.

"It does seem to me that something like brain-fever menaces him," he replied, "but not as a result of the injuries his head has received; on the contrary, his state of health, the severe loss of blood he has sustained may prove beneficial."

"Is he quite in his senses, do you think?"

"I incline to say he is; but his mind seems indeed in a very troubled state. No doubt the recent unfortunate affair has induced it. If you could get him to speak of it, possibly, some relief might result. He will surely work himself into fever unless some relief does come; and it is impossible to say how imminent a fatal result might prove to be."

Thoughts of Helen had been busy about my head as I sat alone in the twilight. There was a feeling of aversion to the presence of Grant Wainwright which made my steps slow in approaching the room wherein he lay; but pity gained the mastery when I saw him. The bed, a wretched pallet enough, had been drawn under the window, for the better convenience of the surgeon, and the evening light fell upon his pale features now relaxed in weakness. Haggard and woe-begone he looked; but he looked human again. He turned his head on the pillow with a quick, nervous movement as I drew near, and opened his eyes upon me.

"What have you to do here? What do you want with me? Speak!" he cried. His voice was weak from physical exhaustion, but there was a tone of passion in it.

"Grant Wainwright," I said, "you have done very wickedly, but I want to tell you that even for you there is hope. Once you told me you would have shot yourself if—"

"Oh, would that I had!" he interrupted. "Better, a thousand times better for me, for her!"

"You cannot tell," I replied; "there is yet hope for Helen: there is yet hope for you. Was it not even then in your heart to do the evil you have done, sooner than bend your will to the will of Heaven? Nay, you talked of murder as if it were right in your eyes. I do not think it had been better you had shot yourself then. You have lived to see how poor a thing is man's will when it dares to oppose itself to the will of the Highest. Think of others, Grant: your mother is living—"

"Yes, she's got Harry and Jack to care for, and they're good boys. There are no black sheep wanted in my father's house. It shows what you know about the matter!"

"Your sister in London?"

"And her husband, the proud doctor. He will take care she has nothing to do with such as I. Better a short disgrace than a long—"

"Oh, Grant, life is precious, even though we suffer in it. Is it not an awful thought to you that you have been so near to losing the hope of Heaven? You are not a heathen, Grant; you know what your danger has been: be thankful that you are spared."

After a short silence he said, "You are a kind woman, Mrs. Gainsborough, but you had better go: you don't know what I am: you would not come near me if you did. Go; leave me!"

"No, no, you shall not send me away. You have need of some one to be with you. I will not think of what you have done: I will only remember that you are my poor Helen's cousin; and as you lie there you have a look of her: I saw it directly I came in."

"Oh, would that I had died!" he cried vehemently. "Why stop me shooting myself? You should have been glad to see me do it! You should have shot me yourself! Oh, Helen; my dear little Helen!" and he burst into passionate tears.

What could I do but weep too? I told him I knew he had taken her; I knew who had led him on, tempted him, betrayed him. He acknowledged that it was so. He said Witham had long before suggested to him that it would be a better thing to take her by force than to suffer her to be married to one who had no love for her. "He fooled me every way," poor Grant continued, "and I trusted him. I gave her, I betrayed her into his hands. I would rather have been hacked limb from limb than have done it! What devil possessed me? And the poor girl would not believe I could be such a villain to the last she thought I must relent and bring her back."

"Grant, did she tell you she was married?"

He was silent: I answered for him.

"She told you: Oh, Grant, you were far gone on the same road as that wretch, Witham, if even that could not stay you!"

"If I had known it earlier it must. Why was I kept in the dark? Why did not your friend Brown tell me?"

"He did not know it: I went as far as I could towards revealing it. Helen was very desirous you should be told, but Mr. Wainwright feared your violence, and would not permit it."

"He should have written when I was in London. He has not acted well to me. You will say I have no right to complain: I have acted worse towards him? I know it. Even Witham, scoundrel as he is, looks clean beside
me: he has not been a traitor in his home. And who would believe he could so lead me? He is so cunning he will make men believe anything he pleases. Mark if he does not make out he snatched her out of my hands to preserve her; he will tell her so."

"You think she will be well treated?"

"He must keep up appearances towards her. It is her money he wants: he will keep her out of sight until my uncle is dead—perhaps he has had her conveyed to a convent."

"In Ireland, do you suppose?"

"No, she would hardly be safe there; if they would take her at all under such circumstances; more likely in Spain. I know he has had dealings abroad; but what can the poor girl do? She hates him, I know; but when he comes forward with some well-got-up story offering to bring her back to England, she must go with him. He will make her consent to a divorce, and the man who has married her will be too glad to be clear again, even if he has to pay back her fortune."

I rightly surmised that evil as Grant’s experience of Witham’s conduct had been, he did not take that extreme view of his depravity which the belief entertained of his complicity with the Black Band had induced in myself and others. It seemed undesirable at this time to acquaint him with our reasons for so believing; my only object, apart from that of soothing him, being to obtain information likely to be useful.

"Had you," I inquired, "any personal knowledge of the men to whom you gave poor Helen up?"

"Two of them I had spoken with, and a woman who was to attend on her."

"Your servant, I suppose, went with her in the vessel?"

"My servant? Which servant? None of my servants knew anything of the matter?"

"Not Sandy Maclean?"

"No, he is I believe a very honest fellow: I could not have asked him to take part in it."

"The Chaffinch, it is said, is the vessel that must have carried her from the coast. It is said the master, Malone, was the person who testified in favour of that horse dealer, Benson; the man who obstructed Helen’s road on the marsh."

"I know nothing of that: was it so? Could Witham have had part in that—have wished then to carry her off? Benson, Malone, Witham? Benson appeared for Witham, did he not, when he was before the magistrates? That Kirby recommended Benson to me, I remember. Kirby was a bad one: I found that out in London."

Grant had lately drunk from a cup placed beside him—there was something to induce sleep in it. He went on for awhile commenting on the “bad lot,” as he rightly styled them, but his words became incoherent, and he presently fell into a slumber.

THE MARTYR.

BY LILY SHORTHOUSE.

Upon the stately Capitol
The daylight died away,
And Tiber’s waves, with crimson flushed,
In sunset glory lay.

The glorious day—it lingered still,
Unwilling to be gone,
As if it knew the sunset ray
Could come no more to one.

By gate, and tower, and prison door,
Their watch the soldiers kept,
The City of the Seven Hills
In all her beauty slept.

And in one silent prison-cell
There sat a girl alone,
A few more hours of life were all
That she might call her own.

Her high-born sisters wept for her
Within their palace-home,
No prouder name than hers was heard
Throughout imperial Rome.

Long days and nights they wearied her
With vain and ceaseless prayer;
She yielded not, for, while they spoke,
Another’s voice was there.

And from her faithful heart the words
Came oft and earnestly—
“What shall I render to the Lord,
Who gave himself for me?”

The morrow came—they brought her forth,
The mark of every eye,
She stood alone, yet undismayed,
A Christian’s death to die.

They offered life, she wavered not;
But raised her earnest eyes,
Like martyred Stephen, ere he slept,
And saw the opening skies.

On Him who freely gave his life
She gazed, while like a flood
The angry crowd around her surged,
That thirsted for her blood.

Unheeding, in that burst of light,
Fell threats of death or pain,
She was too near her martyred lord
To turn to life again.

The shouts are hushed—o’er Tiber’s flood
Once more the sun goes down,
But not on her, as yesterday;
She wears the martyr’s crown.

The place is vacant where she stood,
But, traced in crimson stains,
The witness of her dying love
To Christ, her Lord, remains.

And, speaking from the dust, its voice
Still echoes fervently—
“What shall I render to the Lord
Who gave himself for me?”
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

Milan, Oct. 13th, 1816.

My Dearest —

You see I have got to Milan. We came by the Simplon, escaping all perils of precipices and robbers, of which last there was some talk and apprehension, a chain of English carriages having been stopped near Cesto a few weeks ago, and handsomely pilfered of various chattels. We were not molested . . .

The Simplon, you know, is the most stupid of all possible routes, so I shall not describe it. I also navigated the Lago Maggiore, and went over the Borromian Islands. The latter are fine, but too artificial, as indeed is the whole country from Geneva hither, and the Alpine part most magnificent. Close to Milan is the beginning of an unfinished triumphal arch for Napoleon, so beautiful as to make one regret its noncompletion. As we only reached Milan last night, I can say little about it, but will write in a few days.

The Jerseys are here. Madame de Staël is gone to Paris, or going, from Coppet. I was more there than elsewhere during my stay at Diodoti, and she has been particularly kind and friendly towards me the whole time. When you write address to Geneva still. Poste-Restante, and my banker (Monseigneur Hentzili) will forward your letters. I have written to you so often lately that you will not regret the brevity of this. I hope that you received safely my presents for the children (by Scrope), and that you also have by the post a little journal of a journey in and on the Alpe, which I sent you early this month, having kept it on purpose for you . . . . — Ever my own dearest, yours.

Nov. 2nd, 1816.

.... In a day or two we set off for Venice. I have seen a good deal of Milanese society, but nothing to make me forget others or forgive myself . . .

Verona, Nov. 6th, 1816.

My Dearest —

I am thus far on my way to Venice, and shall stay here a day to see the place, the paintings, the "tomb of all the Capulets," which they show (at least a tomb which they call so after the story from which Shakespeare drew the plot of his play), and all the sights and so-forth at which it is usual to gaze in passing. I left Milan on Sunday, and have travelled but slowly over some celebrated ground; but Lombardy is not a beautiful country, at least in autumn, excepting, however, the Lago di Garda and its outskirts, which are mountainous on one side, and it is a very fine stormy lake throughout, never quiet, and I had the pleasure of seeing it in all its vexation, foaming like a little sea, as Virgil has described it, but (thank God!) you are not a blue-stocking, so I won’t inflict the appropriate bit of Latin upon you . . . . I wrote to you a few scraps of letters — I may call them, they were so short — from Milan, just to keep you out of (or in) a fuss about . . . . Dr. —, whom I parted with before I left Genoa, not for any great harm, but because he was always in squabbles, and had no kind of conduct, contrived at Milan, which he reached before me, to get into a quarrel with an Austrian, and to be ordered out of the city by the government. I did not even see his adventure, nor had anything to do with it, except getting him out of arrest, and trying to get him altogether out of the scrape. This I mention because I know, in England, someone or other will probably transfer his adventures to me. After what has been said already, I have a right to suspect everything and everybody, so I state all this for your satisfaction, that you may be able to contradict any such report. Mr. Hohhouse and Trevanion, and indeed everybody Italian and English then at Milan, can contradict this if necessary. It occurred several days before Mr. H — and myself left it.

So much for this . . . . When we reach Venice I shall write to thee again. I had received the acknowledgment of the journal and the trinkets by Scrope, of which I delight to hear the reception. In health I am pretty well, except that the confounded Lombardy rains of this season (the autumn) have given me a flying rheumatism, which is troublesome at times, and makes me feel ancient. I am also growing grey and giddy, and I cannot help thinking my head will decay — I wish my memory would, at least my remembrance . . . .

Ever my own, thy own.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that my dog ("Mutz" by name and Swiss by nation) shut a door when he is told — there, that’s more than Tip can do! . . . . . . I hope she likes her seals, and all her share of Mont Blanc. I have had so much of mountains, that I am not yet reconciled to the plains; but they improve. Verona seems a fine city.

P.S., Nov. 7. — I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is superb, and in high preservation. Of the truth of the story of Juliet they seem very tenacious,* giving the date (1303), and

* Lord Byron evidently leaned to the opinion that the story was true. To its reality it has been objected that the oldest narrator (Medico) relates it as having happened at Sienna; but since he represents it as related by a Siennis, it is highly probable that he heard the history at Verona, but took the liberty of transferring the scene to Sienna, to suit his own purposes. Other authors mention it as being undoubtedly true.
Letters, &c., of Lord Byron.

showing a tomb. It is an open granite sarcophagus, in a most desolate convent-garden, which looks quite wild and withered, and once was a cemetery, since ruined. I brought away four small pieces of it for you and the babies—at least the female part of them—and for . . . . I thought the situation more appropriate to the history than if it had been less blighted. This struck me more than the antiques, more even than the amphitheatre.

Venice, Dec. 13th, 1816.

MY DEAREST —,

I have received one letter, dated 19th of Nov., I think (or rather earlier by a week or two, perhaps), since my arrival in Venice, where it is my intention to remain probably till the spring—the place pleases me. I have found some pleasing society,* and the romance of the situation, and its extraordinary appearance, together with the associations we are accustomed to connect with Venice, have always had a charm for me even before I arrived here; and I have not been disappointed in what I have seen. I go every morning to the Armenian convent (of friars, not nuns, my child) to study the language—I dream the Armenian language; for, as you, perhaps, know, I am versed in the Italian, which I speak with fluency rather than accuracy; and if you ask me your reason for studying this out-of-the-way language, I can only answer that it is oriental,† and difficult, and employs me, which are—as you know my eastern and difficult way of thinking—reasons sufficient. Then I have fallen in love with a very pretty Venetian of two-and-twenty, with great black eyes. She is married . . . . We have formed and sworn an eternal attachment, which has already lasted a lunar month, and I am more in love than ever, and so is the lady—at least she says so, and seems so. She does not plague me, which is a wonder, and I verily believe we are the happiest unlawful couple on this side the Alps. She is very handsome, very Italian, or rather Venetian, with something more of the oriental cast of countenance, accomplished, and musical after the manner of her nation. Her spouse is a very good kind of man, who occupies himself elsewhere, and so the world goes on here as elsewhere. This adventure came very opportunely to console me, for I was beginning to be like “Sam Jennings”—“very unoccupied,” but at present, at least for a month past, I have been very tranquil . . . .

— is gone to Rome with his brother and sister, but returns here in February. You will easily suppose that I was not disposed to stir from my present position. I have not heard recently from England, and wonder if Murray has published the poésies sent to him; and I want to know if you don’t think them very fine, and all that. . . . You can have no idea of my thorough wretchedness from the day of my parting from you till nearly a month ago, though I struggled against it with some strength. At present I am better, thank heaven above and woman beneath, and I will be a good boy . . . . You wanted to hear some adventures—these are enough, I think, for one epistle!

Venice, Dec. 19th, 1816.

I wrote to you a few days ago. Your letter of the 1st is arrived, and you have a “hope” for me, it seems. What hope, child? . . . . I remember a methodist preacher who, on perceiving a profane grin on the faces of part of his congregation, exclaimed, “no hopes for them as laughs!” And thus it is with us—we laugh too much for hopes, and so even let them go. I am sick of sorrow, and must even content myself as well as I can—so here goes. I won’t be woeful again if I can help it. . . . .

I was wretched enough when I wrote it, and had been so for many a long day and month. At present I am less so, for reasons explained in my last letters (a few days ago) . . . . I have heard of Murray’s squabble with one of his brethren, who is an impudent impostor, and should be trounced. You do not say whether the true poésies are out. I hope you like them. You are right in saying I like Venice. It is very much what you would imagine it, but I have no time just now for description. The Carnival is to begin in a week, and with it the mummery of masking . . . . I have not been out a great deal, but quite as much as I like. I am going out this evening in my cloak and gondola—there are two nice Mrs. Radcliffe-words for you! And then there is the place of St. Mark, and concert-imes and various foibles besides . . . . A lady with one lover is not reckoned to have outstepped the morality of marriage, that being a regular thing. Some have two, three, and to one-and-twenty, beyond which they don’t account, but they generally begin by one . . . . The husbands, of course, belong to anybody’s wives but their own! . . .

My present beloved has remarkably fine black eyes, and very regular and pretty features; figure light and pretty; hair dark; a mighty good singer, as they all are. She has one child, a girl: her temper very good (as you know it need be) and lively. She is a Venetian by birth, and was never further from Venice than Milan in her days. Her lord is about five years older than myself—an exceeding good kind of a man. That amatory appendage called by us a lover is here denominated variously; sometimes an “amoroso,” which is the same thing, and sometimes a “cavaliere servente,” which I need not tell you is a serving cavalier. I told my fair one that, as to the love and the cavaliership I was quite of accord, but as to the servitude it would not suit me at all; so I begged to hear no more about it. You may easily suppose I should not at all shine in the ceremonious de-
The Niece of Justice Humphreys.

The Niece of Justice Humphreys.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was something very unusual, but that morning Mary Humphreys had a headache; not one of that kind which throb with its fierce heats through the temples, and fires the brain, and tortures every nerve with its sharp baptismal of pain—nothing of that sort had ever seized on the pretty head of Mary Humphreys, but it ached, nevertheless, with a dull, slow, heavy ache, that made her long-lashed eyelids droop over a pair of eyes like amethyst, and quenched somewhat the half-blossomed roses that always seemed on the point of opening wide and bright in the cheeks of this girl of whom I am to tell you.

She was an only daughter, and her father, Doctor Samuel Humphreys, was the oldest physician in Woodleaf, and belonged to one of the oldest families in the fine old town. Indeed, the Humphreys have always prided themselves on their stock, and the doctor seemed to combine all the best qualities of his race. He was a man of high cultivation, of warm, broad, generous nature, of instincts and sympathies fine as a woman's; a Christian gentleman; and this Christianity, which was with the old doctor, a living, abiding principle, permeated his whole life, and softened the haughtiness and exclusiveness which manifested itself in the other members of his family. Mary was like her father. Her mother was a woman gentle, sweet, lovable, a true home-wife and mother, whose rare and delicate beauty, faded now, was a type of her character. Mary inherited her father's force, his warm, quick, impulsive nature, which her twenty-three years had not yet controlled and disciplined.

The holidays were just over, and the doctor's daughter had taken an active part in the Christmas festivals, in the dressing of the old grey stone church: and the late nights and the exciting work had at last proved too much for even Mary's elastic youth and nerves.

"You want rest, my dear, for a day—that is all; you'll be right to-morrow," said the doctor, as he looked at the drooping face of his darling, and handed her a sedative he had just mixed. "Take that instead of the ride in the chaise I intended to give you to-day."
"Oh, father, you're not going down to the Run this dreadful morning!" said Mrs. Humphreys, with a deprecatory tone and face, as she came into the sitting-room, and saw her husband drawing on his gloves.

"This dreadful morning! This glorious morning, you mean, my dear, with the pines drooping, heavy with the white lilies of snow they've gathered over night; and the branches of every tree thick with crystals, that remind one of Aaron's rod which blossomed all over."

"O, Samuel, you have your old way of putting things!" said Mrs. Humphreys, with a smile which retained somewhat of the beauty of her youth.

"It's the right way, mamma," said Mary, with eyes cast, brimful of pride and tenderness, on her father, who was a man that any wife and child might be proud of.

The doctor kissed the two women, then went out, and his chaise cut the first line in the white flannel of snow which clothed the principal street of Woodleaf that winter morning. The ride to the Run was a long one, but the doctor's patients there were a family poor and sick. That was enough. Mary Humphreys walked up and down the room while, looking out of the window, and marvelled at the miracle which had clothed the earth—the earth, which had waited bare and patient for it, through the slow December; and now, in the sunlight, the branches were glorified with clusters of pearl and opal, and the grove of pines on the left crowned its green plumes with snow that looked like a surf of lilies.

Mary was in a softened, susceptible mood that morning, for pain has likewise its mission, and her sweet eyes searched in the snow, and found in its whiteness and purity, wrapping up the blank, sodden, uncomely winter earth, a type of the Eternal love, and wisdom, and power from whence it came. As last the sedative soothed the pain in her head; she turned from the window, and sat down before the fire, and watched the bright jets of flame, and compared them to glowing leaves bursting suddenly out of the dark soil of coal beneath.

And as she sat there, in her dreamy, convalescing state of mind and body, the door opened suddenly, without even a preliminary knock, and a young man entered the room. He was dark, tall, with a fine, not handsome face, which had some subtle likeness to Mary's, a good manly face, a rapid, nervous figure; and always the bearing of a gentleman. But his face was white, now, and agitated. No one could doubt that he was labouring under deep, but well-disciplined emotion; there was something that bordered on desperation in his eyes, but a purpose, deliberately made, one that would be followed to the death, had concentrated itself about his lips.

"George, what is the matter?" stammered Mary, as she rose up, for she felt at once that her cousin brought her evil tidings.

He was the son of Justice Humphreys, her father's brother, a gentleman of the old school, with all the pride and obstinacy of the old, dead Humphreys. With a deep-seated pride in his good name and position, a man with many good qualities, but one whose purposes and convictions it was not pleasant to encounter.

The young man sat down, and looked at her a moment without answering a word. There was something in his eyes which drew out Mary's heart, and George had always been to her in place of the elder brother God took in his boyhood; for the cousin and the brother were both of one age, just four years Mary's seniors. At last the young man spoke.

"What is the matter, did you say, Mary? Perhaps I had better leave it for others to tell as I first intended. You will know soon enough."

She put her little hand on his arm in the pretty sisterly way that was like her. "It is something that concerns you—that troubles you, George; and so I had rather hear it from your lips."

He looked at her again, and she saw the desperate gleam banish from the eyes; and they filled with something that at another time George Humphreys would have turned away his head that she should not see. "It is the same sweet, bright, pitiful face that it always was, Mary," he said; "the face that I always believed in, trusted, and loved, too, better than all faces in the world—all but one. It will be very hard, very strange to see it grow cold, and darken down on me; but it will not shake my purpose, not for a moment." And now the old gleam drank up the tears in the eyes of George Humphreys, and he ground his teeth together.

"George, George, what is the matter?" some vague fear taking hold of the doctor's daughter, and chilling her from head to foot.

He did not delay his answer now. "This is the matter, Mary: My father has this morning turned me from his house forever, and forbade me to look upon his face, because I have disgraced him, and dishonoured his name!" He fairly hurled out the words at her, in a stern, defiant way, that for the moment took no thought of their effect.

But the shock for the moment was too much. She leant her head back, faint and sick. Her cousin was at her side in a moment, chafing her hands.

"Forgive me, Mary! I didn't think you would take it so."

"Wait a moment—I am better now. What have you done, George?" She asked the question without faltering, looking him steadily in the face, and yet the heart of Mary Humphreys stood still as she awaited the answer, for a terrible fear had taken possession of her.

It came prompt and fearless. "Nothing, Mary, that I am ashamed of before God or man."

"Thank God!" said Mary Humphreys, and she burst into tears. Her worst fears were relieved now. Nothing would seem very terrible after that.

"You do not fear that, Mary?"
"I did, George, for a minute; forgive me."

She saw what was coming next cost him a terrible struggle. "But there has harm, disgrace come to Elizabeth. Oh, Mary, you used to love her—you were schoolmates together—you will not forsake her now, now that the world will!"

"What has happened to Elizabeth, George?"

And again there was bewilderment and terror in the sweet eyes of Mary Humphreys. In the next hour she had learned the whole truth. It was fearful enough; and yet Mary thanked God in her heart that the sin was not on the souls of those she loved. George Humphreys had been for a year betrothed to Elizabeth Seaton. She was the daughter of a wealthy banker in New York, a schoolmate and friend of Mary's, whom the young lawyer had first met on a visit to the doctor's.

Elizabeth Seaton was a girl-woman, fit to be the elect and dearest friend of Mary Humphreys; a sweet, generous, noble woman, with a face, not handsome, but at times beautiful, always delicate, sweet, intelligent.

The families on both sides had been gratified with the engagement. The Seatons occupied a high social position in the city, and were wealthy and honourable. And Justice Humphreys was a man who valued these things; and George was his only son, of whom any parent might be proud.

The matter was all settled; the wedding was to take place the following May, when lo! Mr. Seaton, the president of the old saving bank, was found to have embezzled large sums from the bank, where he had occupied for more than two years a position of the highest trust. The discovery was made suddenly, and fairly stunned those who had known the man longest and most intimately. But, alas! no man can sin to himself. With what bewilderment and anguish, bitterer than death, the blow fell upon Gerald Seaton's wife and daughter, cannot be imagined, much less told. The defaulter managed to make his escape from the country just in time to avoid apprehension.

The first knowledge of these appalling facts reached George Humphreys through the letter of his betrothed. It fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of the young man. Elizabeth Seaton, in the midst of her humility and anguish, was too honourable to conceal anything. She disclosed the whole truth, holding back nothing for her own sake or her father's, and offering no explanation for his crime beyond that which all his friends did, that he had been beguiled into heavy and ruinous speculations; and that he had hoped, as many a man so vainly does, to save himself from failure by employing the bank funds, and restoring what he had taken before the embezzlement should be detected.

But it did not mean that it should be robbery.

And then Elizabeth Seaton did just what anyone, knowing the real essence of this girl's character, would be certain she would have done. She absolutely released her betrothed from his engagement. She and her mother were about to hide their sorrow and shame in some obscure village, where the small fortune which Mrs. Seaton held in her own right would support them.

George Humphreys was a man of the finest honour; moreover, he loved Elizabeth Seaton with that love which neither misfortune nor disgrace could shake; and the idea of forsaking her in this hour of her greatest affliction, was one that his honour would have spurned as it would the suggestion of a crime, had not his heart, too, wrung with pity and tenderness, for he longed to bear all the storm which had fallen so suddenly into her sweet young life.

George Humphreys held long counsel with himself after reading the letter of his betrothed, and his resolution was taken. He would at once seek Elizabeth, and prevail upon her to become his wife, overruling any obstacles which her pride and delicacy might interpose at this juncture to their union. He, at least, would show to the world that he was as proud and glad to do her that greatest honour which man can bestow upon woman, that the shadow of her father's disgrace had fallen upon her, as he was when it stood fair as his own before all men. And, like a true man, George Humphreys rejoiced that his strong arm and loving heart should shelter Elizabeth Seaton in the time of amazement and anguish.

And, with this purpose deliberately settled George Humphreys sought his father. It cost him a strong pang to tell the story to the stern, proud old man, who listened silently and with his head hidden in his hands, after the first few brief, sharp questions he had asked at the commencement. So George Humphreys was not interrupted until he had disclosed all that Elizabeth had written, and added thereto his intention of going to her at once, and having their union consummated.

There was a little silence when the ardent voice of the young man ceased; and then old Justice Humphreys lifted his face, a pale, proud face, beneath its crown of shining grey hairs. "You shall not do this thing, George. You shall not bring dishonour upon the old name of Humphreys by uniting it to the daughter of a criminal."

The young man winced under the words; for a moment his eyes blazed—it was well that no man but his father dared speak that name in his presence; but remembering whom he was addressing, he choked down the pain and the anger, enough to say in a pleading voice, "But Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin?"

"I grant it. I am sorry for you both from my heart. But she must bear her shame alone; no son of mine must take it on him."

So the old judge was inexcusable. Pride was the strongest, hardest part of his nature; pride in the old honourable name of his fathers, which had come down to him through many generations without stain or blemish, and this pride hardened and blinded the old man to all pity or compassion; for George was his only son,
and the thought that he would marry the daughter of one whose name was now a by-word and a disgrace was more than the old magistrate could bear. Argument and entreaty availed nothing. The strong will set itself as a rock against them; and at last high words, terrible words, passed between the father and the son. George would not be moved from his purpose of at once taking to wife Elizabeth Seaton, and it ended at last in the father solemnly lifting up his hand, and declaring that the hour in which he married the daughter of "that outlaw from justice" he was no longer a son of his, and forbidding him even, as the husband of Elizabeth Seaton, to cross his threshold again.

So George Humphreys bowed his head, and went out from his father's presence with a face white as the dead, and a step that faltered as a little child's; but his purpose was not shaken.

An hour later he was leaving Woodleaf, resolving to confide nothing of all which had transpired to any mortal, when the thought of his cousin Mary came over him. The shock which the young lawyer had received during this interview with his father made him feel for the time that all men were against him; but, as Mary's sweet face rose before him, and the memory of the quick, tender heart beneath it, of which all his boisterous intimacy with her had furnished him such proof, the soul of George Humphreys softened; and, half against his own will, he turned back, and sought his uncle's dwelling.

Mary Humphreys had listened to her cousin's story, with a face out of which all the roses were blanched. Amazement, horror, and pity shook her by turns; but the thought of all Elizabeth Seaton's anguish mastered all the others at last; for the girls had been to each other almost what sisters are, and she was sobbing like a child when her cousin finally paused.

"What are you going to do, George?" she stammered out at last.

"Mary, how can you ask? There is but one thing which it is right that I should do. It is that which I told my father."

What could Mary say? Surely in this case the higher law abrogated the lower: "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife."

George searched her white, agitated face, and read there his answer. "Mary, if you were in my place, you would do as I am doing," he said.

"I should do it," answered, solemnly, Mary Humphreys, and she thought of Elizabeth.

"God bless you, you and Elizabeth both!"

George Humphreys smiled for the first time, and the tears were in his proud eyes, and he bent down and kissed the girl. "Ah, Mary, I was not wrong in trusting you. And I shall carry that blessing in my heart, and it will keep it from growing cold when I remember my father. I must go now, or I shall miss the train."

"Wait for the next one—wait and see father!" pleaded his cousin.

"Wait, Mary! when Elizabeth sits alone in her anguish and desolation, and there is none but me to comfort her?"

And after that Mary could not say "wait." She followed her cousin to the door, and they parted there with a mute caress which said what their lips could not.

When Doctor Humphreys returned home, that noon, he heard from his daughter all that she had learned from her cousin. The doctor's sympathies and his wife's were with their nephew.

"Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin; neither does it absolve George from his duty," was the old physician's verdict.

"But, father, she did just what I should do, if I were in her place!" exclaimed Mary; and then, as that terrible "if" flashed across her, she sprang to her father's side, gathered her arms about his neck, and was sobbing on his breast.

The old doctor divined her thought. "My precious child!" trying to soothe her, and feeling a still keener sympathy for her suffering schoolmate. "Truly we should thank God for every day that we are kept from temptation, and delivered from evil."

"Samuel, you always had more influence with Joseph than anybody," said his wife, wiping away her tears. "Won't you see now what you can do with him for poor George's sake?"

"I shall see him this very evening; but I see, Lucy, that it will be no light thing to move him. In most matters, I might; but here his pride will be stronger than his affection, and the more so, because George is his idol; and the thought of any disgrace falling on him will steel his heart. But, for the sake of the living and the dead, I will do what I can."

Doctor Humphreys was faithful to his promise. That evening Mary and her mother waited until the long hours gathered themselves into midnight for the doctor's return. He came at last; and when they looked in his face, they knew that his mission had failed.

"We must wait God's will, now," he said, in a weary way, as he drew off his overcoat.

"Didn't he melt once, father?" asked Mary, as she assisted him to put on his dressing-gown.

"Not once, daughter. I tried every appeal; I urged every motive which would be likely to reach his sense of justice, or his love; but it all availed nothing. He walked the room white as a sheet; he told me that to save George this sorrow, he would gladly lay down his life; but when, despite his commands and entreaties, he made himself the son of a criminal flying from justice, he could be his child no longer."

"Oh, father, such pride is sin!"

"I know it; I told him so."

A little silence, and then the doctor said, looking from his wife to his daughter: "There, Lucy, Mary, go to bed at once. You both look as though you'd been ill a week."
Mary's pillow was a sleepless one that night. She thought of Elizabeth and of her father’s sin, of her inexorable uncle, and of the face of her cousin George, and these all drove slumber from her eyes. She longed to be able to serve them in some way; she sometimes half resolved to go and plead with her uncle, with whom she was a great favourite, standing to him in place of the daughter that was not, and then remembering how her father had failed to influence him, she relinquished the plan as hopeless. At last the grey day began to break slowly the long darkness of the night, and with it a new purpose suddenly flashed among Mary's thoughts, as she lay with her face turned to the east, watching the first faint prophecy of the day, written in grey blurred lines upon the distant horizon.

In one of the drawers of the pretty dressing cabinet in Mary’s chamber was a box containing a miniature, of whose existence no one in the world but herself was now aware. The miniature was set in a case of costly veined agate, and the face was that of a little girl, which could hardly have passed out of its tenth summer—a beautiful child's face, a face that once seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep blue eyes, the brown hair, touched with gold, the warm roses in the small oval cheeks, and the smile on the lips, red as swamberries in the low marshes in December, all made the sweet, wonderful child beauty of that face like a vision that is sometimes seen in dreams of the night, like some face haunting, and shining, and baffling an artist at his work of love.

This face was the face of George Humphreys's mother. It was taken just after her tenth birthday, and just too after her future husband, then a mere youth, happening on a brief visit at her father's house, had met her for the first time, for the parents of the young student and the little girl were old friends.

Mrs. Humphreys had never discovered this picture to her husband, intending to surprise and gladden him with it some day, and then, after the birth of her daughter Mary, preserving it for the child whom it singularly resembled. But the little girl never saw as many years as her mother had, when the picture was painted; and so Mary, the doctor's daughter, was christened after her dead cousin and living aunt. And those who loved them best, always detected some subtle likeness betwixt the face that lay still and cold, under the summer grass and the face warm and bright above it.

So Mary became to her uncle and aunt almost in place of the daughter that to them was not; and one day, a little while before her aunt's sudden death, she entered her chamber in her privileged fashion, and found her busy in arranging her drawers. The child was a pet with everyone in the Justice's house; and after standing and watching her aunt for awhile, she suddenly laid her hand on a small box in a corner of the drawer, and asked, with the curiosity of childhood: What is it, Aunt Mary?

Mrs. Humphreys opened the box, and dis...
another voice used to steal in at that very door, and wind itself in silvery flowing sounds through the tenderest and softest places of his heart.

"Come in, Mary," said her uncle; and his tones now were like those with which he used to answer that other voice, that he would never, never hear again, speaking at the door. She came in, with her swift step and her young bright face, in which some thought at her heart made the roses wider than usual.

"Uncle Joseph, are you glad to see me?" she said; and she put her arms about his neck.

His heart, his lonely heart, that would ache beneath the iron will that held and ruled it, was touched and comforted.

"Was I ever otherwise than glad to see you, Mary, my child?" answered the old magistrate, and took the girl on his knee, and held her there, as though she had been his very own.

And Mary Humphreys smiled, and brushed with her soft, warm hand the white hair from her uncle's forehead, and then, as she looked to find courage in that face whereon the unflinching will had graven itself, her heart failed her, and her uncle felt the shiver which shook her as she sat on his knee.

"What is the matter, my child?"

"I came here, Uncle Joseph, to ask you a question, but my heart has failed me. I can't do it," stammered the girl, looking at him in fear and bewilderment.

He divined in a moment what she meant; the face settled away from its sudden tenderness into stern rigidness. Every feature and lineament was like a rock.

"Mary, it will be useless to ask that!" said Justice Humphreys.

"Then, I will not, Uncle Joseph, but somebody else will instead. See here, it is she speaks to you." And with her swift, trembling fingers, she drew out the case of dark veined agate, opened it, and there, before Joseph Humphreys, was the face of the wife of his youth, just as he had seen it the first time in his life! The sweet, breathing, living picture of the dead wife and child. The blue eyes looked out, the lips, red as berries, smiled upon him, just as they had done those long, long-gone years, over which his thoughts went swiftly as lightning now, and he saw the old avenue of chestnuts, and the great lawn, and the wide old-fashioned house, and he was chasing that face of wondrous beauty through them all, and the sweet laughter was tossed back to him on the summer winds, and then again, a little graver, the child's face had come to his side and was nestled longingly down close to his knee, and he was stroking it softly, and watching the great wonder and eagerness which filled it, and he was telling stories, strange, marvellous stories of foreign lands, as he told them in his youth, to the child who was one day to be his wife.

The old man gave a low cry as his eyes first caught the picture. He lifted it up, and gazed with that long, greedy gaze that could never have enough of it, and the tears fell like rain down his cheeks.

"Where did you get it, Mary?" he said at last, looking up, with a face that was not the face of Justice Humphreys.

"She gave it to me, Uncle Joseph, a little while before she left us. And she charged you solemnly, through me, that if on the time when I should show you that picture, I should bring to you any petition, you should listen to it, and should grant it in her name, for her sake, and for the dead child's, as though she asked it standing by your side."

"Mary, Mary, what have you come to ask me?" There was a great pain and pathos in the old man's voice.

Then Mary Humphreys stood up, very white, and her words were slow and calm, although her loud heart seemed almost to shake her where she stood. "I came, Uncle Joseph, to ask you, in the name of your dead wife, and your boy's mother, and in the name of your love for her, not to cast him out from your heart and home forever, because he cannot do the wrong you would have him to the woman whom he loves as you loved his mother. And I ask you, and not I, but those silent lips speaking through me—"Take back our boy, Joseph, take him back with your new daughter, for my sake, to the heart and home from which you have driven him with your curses!"

The old Justice bowed his head on the table. The night had fallen now, and drowned the room with its darkness. Mary heard the long, heavy sobs which filled the silence, and the large frame of the old man shook with them, and Mary sat down at his feet, and wept, too. At last, through the darkness she felt a hand steal and rest softly upon her head.

"Mary," said a voice which was not like the voice of Justice Humphreys—so tender and solemn was it, "I have answered the prayer which the dead has spoken through you."

That night Justice Humphreys wrote a letter. It was very brief, but few letters have ever contained so much in so few words.

Come back to your home, my son, and bring your wife Elizabeth, my daughter. You shall both be welcome, my children.

Your father, JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

And if you had seen the face of Mary Humphreys as she went home through the darkness, you would have wondered as if you had seen the face of an angel.

The next week George and Elizabeth Humphreys returned to Woodleaf. Justice Humphreys gave the newly-wedded pair a father's welcome, and the young bride little suspected that a few days before her husband had, for her sake, been driven from that very home forever!

In less than a year, her father sank into his dishonoured grave in a strange land; but it was years later, until she was a wife, happy and well-beloved herself, that Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys knew all that Mary, the niece of Justice Humphreys, had done for them.
To the Little Eastern.

THE PAST.

Through the garden winds were sighing,
Gleams of mellow moonlight fell
On the couch, where she was lying,
Near the rich-hued oriel.
Streamed the light aslant the bay,
O'er her bosom as she lay,
Freed, at dying of the day,
From life's hard school.
Through the midnight's warm blue air
Stole the silver down her hair,
Down my darling's braided hair—
Oh God! how beautiful!

Soft, rich robes, in which to fold her,
Languid lay around the room;
Flowers bent downward to behold her
Sleeping lonely in the gloom.
Flowers, which we in days gone by
Picked beneath a cloudless sky;
Flowers, which soon would droop and die
By Death's stern rule.
Slender fingers I had pressed
Now were crossed upon her breast,
On my darling's lifeless breast—
Oh God! how beautiful!

Vain to touch each blue-veined finger,
Vain to kiss each dark-fringed eye,
Where love's light was wont to linger
In the sunny days gone by.
Could I place her in the grave
With the tokens she gave?
Could I see the cold weeds wave,
And hear to wait?—
Wait, till soon a black-robed train
Wait me to a voiceless plain,
Where unceasing spirits reign—
Oh God! how desolate!

But I knew it was no maiden
Who beneath the moonlight slept,
For a message sorrow laden
O'er my weary spirit crept:
Mingled with a wailing blast
Landward from wide ocean east;
Murmuring "Tis the Golden Past
Dead as days will die!"
Dead and gone! in vain the tear,
Sheed in silence o'er her bier;
Lonely must I linger here—
Oh God! how mournfully.

Dead! but still I cannot send thee
To the dark grave's icy hand;
Who will greet thee? who befriend thee
In the mystic shadow-land?
Never shall green earth or sea
Tear my clasping arm from thee—
Tear my darling one from me
To lay her by me.
Never take her into gloom
From her fragrant, peaceful room—
She is too radiant for the tomb,
And loved too tenderly!

Deep in shadow many a token
Pleading, lingered here and there;
Weeping lay in dust, and broken—
Links to all that was so fair:
Converse spent in charmed hours,
Rich brown hair, and withered flowers,
All that cruel Death devours
By Fate's hard rule.
Loves low language breathed alone,
Music's sweet entrancing tone,
Lips I might not call mine own—
Oh God! how beautiful!

Then I fancied, as above them
Swept the moon behind a cloud;
Hands unseen together wove them,
Brothered in a silken shroud.
Trembling, faint, I wrap it warm
Round her breathless marble form;
It may shield her safe from storm,
'Neath Death's cold sky!
Laid her white hand near her heart—
Kissed—Oh God! I cannot part—
Cannot from my darling part—
For all eternity!

Leave her with me! only leave her!
Spirits hover through the gloom—
Arms are ready to receive her
In the Future's sunless tomb!
Hark! a voice浮动 down the blast,
Landward from wild ocean east:
"Keep her then, thy golden Past,
Poor heart, and wait!"
"Keep her?" ay, for ever here!
Let me weep beside her bier,
By my darling's moonlit bier—
Oh God! how desolate!

B.N.C., Oxford. F. E. W.

TO THE LITTLE EASTERN.

The telegrams you sent to me
Come quicker from thine eye,
Than those that come across the sea,
Or flit along the sky.
No wire is stretched along the poles,
No cable 'neath the deep,
We tell the secret of our souls,
And still the secret keep.
The wires may break, the cables fail,
The telegram be lost;
But still we tell our little tale,
And never know the cost,
We hire no ship to lay the line,
Or eyes to watch the dial,
The gentle flash that comes from thine
Is perfect in its trial.

H. P. M.
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

In the notice of so memorable a man, even the briefest prelusive flourish seems uncalled for; and so indeed it would be, if by such means it were meant simply to justify the undertaking. In regard to any of the great powers in literature there exists already a prevailing interest, which cannot be presumed to slumber for one moment in any thinking mind. Yet there are occasions, as, for example, the entrances of kings, which absolutely demand the inaugural flourish of trumpets—which, like the rosy flood of dawn, require to be ushered in by a train of twilight glories. And there are lives which proceed as by the movements of music,—which must therefore be heralded by overtures; majestic stepplings, heard in the background, compel us, through mere sympathy with their pomp of procession, to sound the note of preparation.

Else I should plunge in medias res upon a sketch of De Quincey's life; were it not a rudeness amounting to downright profanity to omit the important ceremony of preface, and that at a banquet to which, implicitly, gods are invited. The reader will assuredly unite with me in all such courtesies,—

"Neu desint epulis rose";

particularly as the shade we deal with can be evoked only by peculiar incantations,—only the heralding of certain precise claims will this monarch listen to as the just inferi, the fitting sacrifice or hecatomb of our homage.

The key-note of preparation, the claim which pre-eminentiy should be set forth in advance, is this: that De Quincey was the prince of hierophants, as regards all those profound mysteries which from the beginning have swayed the human heart, sometimes through the light of angelic smiles lifting it upwards to an altitude just beneath the heavens, and sometimes shattering it, with the shock of quaking anguish, down to earth.

The peculiarities of his life all point in the direction here indicated. It was his remarkable experience which furnished him the key to certain secret recesses of human nature hitherto sealed up in darkness. Along that border-line by which the glimmerings of consciousness are, as by the thinnest, yet the most impervious veil, separated from the regions of the unexplored and the undefined, De Quincey walked familiarly and with privileged eye and ear. The conditions of his power in this respect are psychologically inseparable from the remarkable conditions of his life, two of which are especially to be noticed. First, a ruling disposition towards meditation, constituting him, in the highest sense of the word, a poet. Secondly, the peculiar quality which this singular mental constitution derived from his use of opium,—qualities which, although they did not increase, or even give direction to his meditative power, at least magnified it, both optically, as to its visual capacity, and creatively, as to its constructive faculty. These two conditions, each concurrent with the other in its ruling influence, impart to his life a degree of psychological interest which belongs to no other on record. Nor is this all. The reader knows how often a secondary interest will attach to the mightiest of conquerors or to the wisest of sovereigns, who is not merely in himself, and through his own deeds, magnificent, but whose glory is many times repeated and piled up by numerous reverberations of itself from a contemporary race of Titans. Thus, doubtless, Charles V., although himself King of Spain, Germany, the Netherlands, and a portion of Italy, gloried in the sublime empery of the Turkish Solyman, as by some subtle connection of fate sympathetic with his own. A secondary interest of this nature belongs to the life of De Quincey,—a life which enclosed, as an island, a whole period of English literature, one, too, which in activity and originality is unsurpassed by any other, including the names of Scott and Dickens, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey, of Moore, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. His connection with very many of these was not simply that of coexistence, but also of familiar intercourse.

Between De Quincey's life and his writings it is impossible that there should be any distraction of interest, so intimately are the two interwoven: in this case more so than in that of any known author. Particularly is this true of his more impassioned writings, which are a faithful rescript of his all-impassioned life. Hierophant we have called him,—the prince of hierophants,—having reference to the matter of his revelations; but in his manner, in his style of composition, he is something more than this: here he stands the monarch amongst rhapsodists. In these writings are displayed the main peculiarities of his life and genius.

But, besides these, there is a large section of his works, the aim of which is purely intellectual, where feeling is not at all involved; and surely there is not, in either ancient or modern literature, a section which, in the same amount of space, exhibits the same degree of intense activity on the part of the analytic understanding, applied to the illustration of truth to the solution of vexed problems. This latter class is the more remarkable from its polar antithesis to the former; just as, in his life, it is a most remarkable characteristic of the man, that, rising above all other men through the rhapsodies of dreams, he should yet be able truly to say of himself that he had devoted a greater number of hours to intellectual pursuits than any other man whom he had seen, heard of, or read of. A wider range is thus exhibited, not of thought merely, but also
of the possible modes of expressing thought, than is elsewhere to be found, even in writers the most skilled in rhetorical subtlety. The distance between these two opposites De Quincey does not traverse by violent leaps; he does not by some feat of leggendarism vanish from the fields of impassioned eloquence, where he is an unrivalled master, to appear forthwith in those of intellectual gymnastics, where, at least, he is not surpassed. He is familiar with every one of the intervening stages between the rhapsody and the demonstration,—between the loveliest reach of aspirant passion, from which, with reptile instinct, the understanding slinks downwards to the earth, and that fierce antagonism of naked thoughts, where the crested serpent "mounts and burnas." His alchemy is infinite, combining light with warmth in all degrees,—in pathos, in humour,* in genial illumination. Let the reader, if he can, imagine Rousseau to have written "Dinny as we used to expect," or the paper on "The Essences," in both of which great erudition is necessary, but in which erudition is as nothing compared to the faculty of recombining into novel forms what previously had been so grouped as to be misunderstood, or had lacked just the one element necessary for introducing

* There was sufficient humour in De Quincey to have endowed a dozen Aristophaneses. There was something, too, in its order, by which it resembled the gigantesque features of the old Greek master. I will illustrate my meaning by a single instance from each. In Aristophanes's "Clouds," Strepsiades is being initiated into the Societe Phrontistérien; and in the course of the ceremony Socrates directs his pupil's attention to the moon for certain mysterious purposes. But the moon only reminds Strepsi of numerous unperturbable duns that storm about his ears with lunar exactness (literally so, since the Greeks paid or refused to pay, regularly on the last day of the month); and here it is that the opportunity is offered for a monstrous stroke of humour; for, at this crisis, Strepsi is made to exclaim, "Some magic is it, O Socrates, about the moon? Well! since you are up to that sort of thing, what do you say, now, to a spell by which I could snap the old monster out of her course for a generation or so?" Now for the parallel case from De Quincey. It is from his paper on "California," a politico-economical treatise. The author's object is to illustrate the fact that scarcity of gold is not due to its non-existence, but to the difficulty of obtaining it. "Emeralds and sapphires," says he, "are lying at this moment in a place which I could indicate, and no policeman is on duty in the whole neighbourhood to hinder me or the reader from pocketing them as the occasion demands," and so on. We are also at perfect liberty to pocket the anchors of Her Majesty's ship Victoria, (one hundred and twenty guns), and to sell them for old iron. Pocket them by all means, and I engage that the magistrate sitting at the Thames police-office will have too much respect for your powers to think of detaining you. If he does, your course is to pocket the police-office, and all which it inherits. The man that pockets an anchor may be a dangerous customer, but not a customer to be sneezed at." This strikes us as very similar to Strepsiades's bagging the moon.

order. To have written these would have entitled Rousseau to a separate sceptre. Or, moving into a realm of art totally distinct from this, suppose him to have been the author of "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts"; that would mount a new plume in Rousseau's hat. But I happen just now to be reminded of another little paper, numbering about six pages, entitled," On the Knocking at the Gate, in Macbeth!" give him that, too. Why, the little French king is beginning to assume an imperial consequence! We beg the reader's pardon for indulging in comparisons of this nature, which are always disagreeable; but we have this excuse, that the two writers are often mentioned as on the same level, and with no appreciation of that unlimited range of power which belongs to De Quincey, but not at all to Rousseau. Nor is this one imperial column adorned by these alone: there are, besides,— alas for Rousseau ! two other epulis optima by which the French master is, in his own field, proved not the first, nor even the second, proximus, sed non secundus, so wide is the distance between De Quincey and any other antagonist. These two are the essays respectively entitled, "Joan of Arc," and "The English Mail-Couch." It is impossible to be exhaustive upon such a subject as that which I have undertaken. I shall select, therefore, two prominent centres, about which the thoughts which I wish to present naturally revolve: De Quincey's childhood, and his opium-experiences. Thomas De Quincey,—hierophant, rhapsodist, philosopher, was born at Greenhny, then a suburb of Manchester, in Lancashire County, on the 15th of August, 1755. According to his own account, the family of the De Quinceys was of Norwegian origin; and after its transfer to France, in connection with William the Norman, it received its territorial appellation from the village of Quincey, in Normandy. Thence, at the time of the Norman Invasion, it was transplanted to England, where, as afterwards in Scotland, it rose to the highest position, not merely in connection with a lordly title and princely estates, but chiefly on account of valuable services rendered to the State, and conferring pre-eminence in baronial privilege and consideration.

So sensitive was De Quincey, even at the early age of fifteen, on the point of his descent, lest from his name he might be supposed of French extraction, that, even into the ears of George III. (that king having, in an accidental interview with him at Frogmore, suggested the possibility of his family having come to England at the time of the Hugenot exodus from France) he ventured to breathe the most earnest protest against any supposition of that nature, and boldly insisted upon his purely Norman blood,—blood that in the baronial wars had helped to establish the earliest basis of English constitutional liberty, and that had flowed from knightly veins in the wars of the Crusades. Robert De Quincey came into England with William the Conqueror, uniting with whose fortunes, he fared after the Conquest as a feudal baron, founding the line of Win-
chester; and that he was a baron of the first rank is evident from the statement of Gerard Leigh, that his armorial device was inscribed (and how inscribed, if not memorably and as a mark of eminent distinction?) on the stained glass in the old church of St. Paul's.

But the Earls of Winchester, whatever may have been their prosperity during the nine or ten generations after the Conquest, came suddenly to an abrupt termination, abutting at length on some guilty traitor in the line, who, like a special Adam for the family, involved in his own ruin that prosperity which would else have continued to his successors. The disavowed fragments of the old feudal estate, however, remained in possession of several members of the family, as De Quincey tells us, until the generation next preceding his own, when the last vestige slipped out of the hands of the highest departments of the name, held also some relic of its ancient belongings. But above the diluvial wreck of the Winchester estates there has arisen an estate far more royal and magnificent, and beneath a far-reaching bow of promise, sealed in magical security against a similar disaster. For just here, where every hold is lost upon the original heritage, in the family freshly grounded upon a second heritage, one sublime in its order above that of all earthly possessions, one that is forever imperishable, namely, the large domain which the gigantic intellect of Thomas De Quincey has absorbed from aboriginal darkness and brought under distinct illumination for all time to come.

These are the vast acres over which human pride must henceforth soar, acres that have been, through the mighty realizations of human genius, built out into the mysterious ocean-depths of chaotic Nature, and that have in some measure bridged over infinite chasms in thought, and by just so far have extended the fluctuating boundaries of human empire. And for De Quincey himself, in view of that monumental structure which rises above the shattered wrecks of his poor, frail body, as above the mummied dust of Egyptian kings, remains eternally the pyramids which they wrought in their life-time, we find it impossible to cherish a single regret, that, possibly, by the treasonable slip of a predecessor, he may have been robbed of an earldom, or even that, during a life which by some years overlapped the average allotment to humanity, and through which were daily accumulating the most splendid results in the one very highest departments of philosophy and art, these accumulations nevertheless went on without any notable connection from a court the most liberal in all Europe; no badge of outward knighthood coming to him through all these years, as formerly to Sir Thomas Browne for his subtle meditations, and to Sir William Hamilton for his philosophic speculations. This absence of such merely notorial titles excites in us no deep regret; there is in them little that is monumental, and the pretty tinsel, with which they gild monuments already based on substantial worth, is easily, and without a sigh, exchanged for that everlasting sunshine reflected from the loving remembrances of human hearts.

But, at the same time that we so willingly dispense with these nominal conditions in the case of De Quincey,—though, assuredly, there was never a man upon earth whom these conditions, considered as aerial hieroglyphs of the most regal pomp and magnificence, would more consistently fit, we cannot thus easily set aside those other outward conditions of alluvence and respectability, which, by their presence or absence, so materially shape and mould the life, and particularly in its earliest tendencies and impulses. In this respect De Quincey was eminently fortunate. The powers of heaven and of earth and—if we side with Milton and other pagan mythologists in attributing the gilt, or by his justly celebrated Platonian dynasty, the dark powers under the earth seem to have conjointly arrayed themselves in his behalf. Whatever storms were in the book of Fate written against his name they were postponed till a far-off future, in the meantime granting him the happiest of all childhoods. Really of gentle blood, and thus gaining whatever substantial benefits in constitutional temperament and susceptibilities could be thence derived, although lacking, as Pope also had lacked, the factitious circumstance and airy heralding of this distinction, he was, in addition to this, surrounded by elements of aristocratic refinement and luxury, and thus hedged in not merely against the assault, in any form, of pinching poverty (as would be anyone in tolerably comfortable circumstances), but even against the most trivial hint of possible want, against all necessity of limitation or retrenchment in any normal line of expenditure.

He was the son of a merchant, who, at the early age of thirty-nine, died, leaving to his family, (a wife and six children), an estate yielding annually an income of sixteen hundred pounds. And as at his father's death De Quincey was seven years old, we may reasonably infer, that, during this previous period, while his father was still living, and adding to this fixed a fluctuating income from his yearly gains (which to a wholesale merchant of his standing were considerable), the family-fortunes were even more auspicious, amounting to the yearly realization of between two and three thousand pounds, and that at a time when Napoleon had not as yet meddled with the financial affairs of the globe, or by his invidious acquisitions caused even pounds and shillings to shrink into less worth and significance than they formerly had, in view of which fact, if we are to charge Alexander the Great (as in a famous anecdote he was charged) with the crime of highway robbery, as the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" in the way of crowns and a few dozen sceptres, what a heavy charge must he be held against this Corsican as universal pickpocket! This pecuniary depreciation De Quincey himself realized some years later, when, determining to
Thomas De Quincey.

quit school, he thought himself compelled to cut off all communication with his guardians, and gave himself up to a Bohemian life among the Welsh mountains, wandering from one rustic valley to another with the most scanty means of support, for just then the Allies were in full rig against France, and the shrinkage of guineas in our young wanderer's pocket became palpably evident in view of the increased price of his dinner.

The time did come at length when the full epos of a remarkable prosperity was closed up and sealed for De Quincey. But that was in the unseen future. To the child it was not permitted to look beyond the hazy lines that bounded his oasis of flowers into the fruitless waste abroad. Poverty, want, at least so great as to compel the daily exercise of his mind for mercenary ends, was stealthily advancing from the rear; but the sound of its stern steppings was wholly muffled by intervening years of luxurious opulence and ease.

I dwell thus at length upon the aristocratic elegance of De Quincey's earliest surroundings, (which, coming at a later period, I should notice merely as an accident), because, although not a potential element, capable of producing or of adding one single iota to the essential genius of its creation, it is yet a negative condition—*sine qua non*—to the display of genius in certain directions and under certain aspects. By misfortune it is true that power may be intensified. So may it by the baptism of malice. But, given a certain degree of power, there still remains a question as to its *kind*. So deep is the sky: but of what *hue*, of what aspect? *Wine is strong, and so is the crude alcohol*: but what is the *sullenness*? And the blood in our veins, it is an infinite force: but of what temper? *Is it warm, or is it cold?* Does it minister to Moloch, or to Apollo? *Will it shape the Madonna face, or the Medusa?* Why, the simple fact that the rich blood of sky washes this earth of ours, or that it is warm blood which flows in our veins, is sufficient to prove that no malignant Abriman made the world. Just here the question is not, what increment or what momentum genius may receive from outward circumstances, but what colouring, what mood. Here it is that a Mozart differs from a Mendelssohn. The important difference which obtains, in this respect, between great powers in literature, otherwise co-ordinate, will receive illustration from a comparison between De Quincey and Byron. For both these writers were capable, in a degree rarely equalled in any literature, of reproducing, or rather, we should say, of reconstructing, the pomp of Nature and of human life. In this general office they stand together: both wear, in our eyes, the regal purple; both have caused to rise between earth and heaven miracles of grandeur, such as never Cheops wrought through his myriad slaves, or Solomon with his fabled ring. But in the final result, as in the whole *modus operandi*, of their architecture, they stand apart *lato ceto*. Byron builds a structure that repeats certain elements in Nature or humanity; but they are those elements only which are allied to gloom, for he builds in suspension and distrust, and upon the basis of a cynicism that has been nurtured in his very flesh and blood from birth; he erects a Pisa-like tower which overhangs and threatens all human hopes and all that is beautiful in human love. Who else, save this arch-angelic intellect, shut out by a mighty shadow of eclipse from the bright hopes and warm affections of all sunny hearts, could have originated such a Pandemonian monster as the poem on “Darkness”? The most striking specimen of Byron’s imaginative power, and nearly the most striking that has ever been produced, is the apostrophe to the sea, in “Childe Harold.” But what is it in the sea which affects Lord Byron’s susceptibilities to grandeur? Its destructiveness alone. And how? Is it through any high moral purpose or meaning that seems to sway the movements of destruction? No; it is only through the gloomy mystery of the ruin itself, ruin revealed upon a scale so vast and under conditions of terror the most appalling, ruin wrought under the semblance of an almighty passion for revenge directed against the human race. Thus, as an expression of the attitude which the sea maintains toward man, we have the following passage of *Æschylian grandeur*, but also of *Æschylian gloom*:

“It is the Rodrigo of the world who, in his might and glory, presents the most sublime and terrible image of majesty, of martial and sovereign pomp. But what a sight is presented in the time of its decay! In the morning, the sun of the titanic ages, and, as it were, the god of the world, shines down upon the land of the conquerors. In the evening, a cloud of dust, smoke, and flame floats across the scene, and hides its image in shades of horror. In the morning, the world beholds the majesty of the gods; in the evening, it beholds the spectacle of a ruin. In the morning, the eyes of the world are filled with admiration and wonder; in the evening, it beholds the terror and the likeness of the Elements, and is moved with fear and horror; in the morning, the world adores, in the evening, it fled from the heaps of ruins, which rise like the flames of the infernal world.”

Who but this dark spirit, forever wooing the powers of darkness, and of darkness the most sullen, praying to Nemesis alone, could, with such lamentable lack of faith in the purity and soundness of human affections, have given utterance to a sentiment like this:

“O love! no habitant of earth thou art,—  
An unseen seraph we believe in thee?”

or the following:

“Who loves, raves,—*tis youth’s frenzy*, etc.?  
and again:

“Few—none—find they who love or could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving have removed  
Antipathies?’”

This, then, is the nearest approach to human
I live, the renoul of all antipathies! But even these

"recrereclelong,
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong:
And circumstance—that unspiritual god
And miscreator—makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod.
Whose touch turns hope to dust,—the dust which all
have trod."

De Quincey, on the other hand, in whose heart there was laid no such hollow basis for infidelity toward the master-passions of humanity, repeated the pompoms of joy or of sorrow, as evolved out of universal human nature, and as, through sunshine and tempest, typified in the outside world, but never for one instant did he seek alliance, on the one side, with the shallow enthusiasm of the raving Bachehane, or, on the other, with the overshadowing despotism of gloom; nor can there be found on a single page of all his writings the slightest hint indicating even a latent sympathy with the power which builds only to crush, or with the intellect that denies, and that against the dearest objects of human faith culminates its denial and shocking recantations solely for the purposes of scorn.

Whence this marked difference? To account for it, we must needs trace back to the first haunts of childhood the steps of these two fugitives, each of whom has passed thence, the one into desert mirage, teeming with processions of the gloomiest falsities in life, and the other—also into the desert, but where he is yet refreshed and solaced by an unshaken faith in the genial verities of life, though separated from them by irrecoverable miles of trackless waste, and where, however apparently abandoned and desolate, he is yet ministered unto by angels, and no mimic fantasies are suffered to exercise upon his heart their overmastering seductions to

"Allure, or terrify, or undermine."

Whether the days of childhood be our happiest days, is a question all by itself. But there can be no question as to the inevitable certainty with which the conditions of childhood, fortunate or unfortunate, determine the main temper and disposition of our lives. For it is underneath the multitude of fleeting proposals and conscious efforts, born of reason, and which, to one looking upon life from any superficial stand-point, seem to have all to do with its conduct, that there runs the underlying current of disposition, which is born to Nature, which is cradled and nurtured with us in our infancy, which is itself a general choice, branching out into our specific choices of certain directions and aims, among all opposite directions and aims, and which, although we rarely recognize its important functions, is in all cases the arbiter of our destiny. And in the very word disposition is indicated the finality of its arbitrments as contrasted with all proposition.

Now, with respect to this disposition: Na-

ture furnishes its basis; but it is the extern-
structure of circumstance, built up or building
about childhood—to shelter or imprison—which,
more than all else, gives it its determinate char-
acter; and though this outward structure may
in after-life be thoroughly obliterated, or re-
placed by its opposite—yet will the tendencies
originally developed remain and hold a sway
almost uninterrupted over life. And, generally,
the happy influences that pervade over the child
may be reduced under three heads: first, a
Genial temperament—one that naturally, and of
its own motion, inclines toward a centre of peace
and rest rather than toward the opposite centre
of strife; secondly, profound domestic affec-
tions; and, thirdly, affluence, which, although
of all three it is the most negative, and most
material condition, is yet practically the most
important, because of the degree in which it is
necessary to the full and unlimited prosperity of
the other two. For how frequent are the cases
in which the happiest of temperaments are per-
verted by the necessities of toil, too burdensome
to-tender years, or in which corroding anxieties,
weighing upon parents' hearts, check the free
play of domestic love! And in all cases where
such limitations are present, even in the gentlest
form, there must be a cramping up of the
human organization and individuality some-
where; and everywhere, and under all cir-
cumstances, there must be sensibly felt the
absence of that leisure which crowns and
gratifies the affections of home, making them
seem the most like summer sunshine, or rather
like a sunshine which knows no season, which
is an eternal presence in the soul.

As regards all these three elements, De
Quincey's childhood was prosperous; after-
wards, vicissitudes came—mighty changes,
capable of affecting all other transmutations,
but thoroughly impotent to annul the inwrought
grace of a pre-established beauty. On the other
hand, Byron's childhood was, in all these ele-
ments, unfortunate. The sting left in his
mother's heart by the faithless desertion of her
husband, after the desolation of her fortunes,
was for ever inflicted upon him, and intensi-
sified by her fitful temper; and, notwithstanding
the change in his outward prospects which
occurred afterwards, he was never able to lift
himself out of the Trophonian cave into which
his infancy had been thrust, any more than
Vulcan could have cured that crooked gait of
his, which dated from some vague infantile re-
membrances of having been rudely kicked out
of heaven over its brazen battlelements, one
summer's day,—for that it was a summer's day
we are certain from a line of "Paradise Lost,"
commemorating the tragic circumstance:

"From morn till noon he fell, from noon till dew
eye—
A summer's day."

And this allusion to Vulcan reminds us that
Byron, in addition to all his other early mis-
haps, had also the identical club-foot of the
Lemnian god. Among the guardians over Byron's childhood was a demon, that, receiving an ample place in his victim's heart, stood demoniacaally his ground through life, transmuting love to hate, and what might have been benefits to fatal snares. Over De Quincey's childhood, on the contrary, a strong angel guarded to withstand and thwart all threatened ruin, teaching him the gentle whisperings of faith and love in the darkest hours of life: an angel that built happy palaces, the beautiful images of which, in their echoed festivals, far outlasted the splendour of their material substance.

"We—the children of the house—" says De Quincey, in his "Autobiographic Sketches," "stood, in fact, upon the happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences. The prayer of Agur, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' was realised for us. That blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low. High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self-respect, and of simple dignity; obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Amply furnished with all the nobler benefits of wealth, with the exteriorment of a liberal, intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand we knew nothing of its social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, nor tempted into restlessness by privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride. Grateful, also, to this hour I am, that, amidst luxuries in all things else, we were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet—that we feared, in fact, very much less sumptuosely than the servants. And if (after the manner of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would stake out as worthy of special commemoration: that I lived in a rural solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentiest of sisters, and not by horrid pugustic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church."

Let the reader suppose a different case from here presented. Let him suppose, for instance, that De Quincey, now arrived at the age of seven, and having now at least one "pugustic brother" to torment his peace, could annul his own infancy, and in its place substitute that of one of the factory-boys of Manchester, of the same age (and many such could be found) among those with whom daily the military pre-dispositions of this brother brought him into a disagreeable conflict. Instead of the pure air of outside Lancashire, let there be substituted the cotton-dust of the Lancashire mills. The contrast, even in thought, is painful. It is true that thus the irrepressible fires of human genius could not be quenched. Nay, through just these instrumentalities, oftentimes, is genius fostered. We need not the instance of Romulus and Remus, or of the Persian Cyrus, to prove that men have sometimes been nourished by bears or by she-wolves. Nevertheless, this is essentially a Roman nurture. The Greeks, on the contrary, laid their infant heroes on beds of violets—if we may believe the Pindaric odes—set over them a divine watch, and fed them with angel's food. And this Grecian nurture De Quincey had.

And not the least important element of this nurture is that of perfect leisure. Through this it is that we pass from the outward to the subjective relations of De Quincey's childhood; for only in connection with these has the element just introduced any value, since leisure, which is the atmosphere, the breathing place of genius, is also cap and bells for the fool. In relation to power, it is, like solitude, the open heaven through which the grandeur of eternity flows into the penetratorial recesses of the human heart, after that once the faculties of thought, or the sensibilities, have been powerfully awakened. Sensibility had been thus awakened in De Quincey, through grief occasioned by the loss of a sister, his favourite and familiar playmate—a grief so profound, that he, somewhere, in speaking of it, anticipates the certainty of its presence in the hour of death. And the brothers, also, had been prematurely awakened, both under the influence of this overmastering pathos of sorrow, and because of his strong predisposition to meditation. Both the pathos and the meditative tendencies were increased by the halcyon peace of his childhood. In a memorial of the poet Schiller, he speaks of that childhood as the happiest, "of which the happiness has survived and expressed itself, not in distinct records, but in deep affection, in abiding love, and the hauntings of meditative power." His, at least, was the felicity of this echoless peace.

In no memorial is it so absolutely requisite that a marked prominence should be given to its first section as in De Quincey's. This is a striking peculiarity in his life. If it were not so, I should have seriously transgressed in keeping the reader's attention so long upon a point which, aside from such peculiarity, would yield no sufficient, at least no proportionate value. But, in the treatment of any life, that cannot seem disproportionate which enters into it as an element only, and just in that ratio of prominence with which it enters into the life itself.

No stream can rise above the level of its source. No life, which lacks a prominent interest as to its beginnings, can ever, in its entire course, develop any distinguishing feature of interest. This is true of any life; but it is true of De Quincey above all others on record, that, through all its successive arches, ascending and descending, it repeats the original arch of childhood. Repeats—but with what marvellous transformations! For hardly is its earliest section passed, when, for all its future course, it is masked by a mighty trouble. No longer does it flow along its natural path, and beneath the open sky, but, like the sacred Alpheus, runs..."
"Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to the sunless sea."

Yet, amid the "briny tides" of that sea, amid turmoil and perplexity and the saddest of mysteries, it preserves its earliest gentleness, and its inward, noiseless peace, till once more it pushes up toward the sweet heaven through the Araphusian font of death. Easily, then, is it to be seen why De Quincey himself continually reverted, both in his conscious reminiscences and through the subconscious relapses of dreams, from a life clouded and disguised in its maturer years, to the unmasked purity of its earliest heaven. And what from the vast desert, what from the fatal wreck of life, was he to look back upon, for even an imaginary solace, if not upon the rich argosies that spread their happier sails above a calmer sea? We are forcibly reminded of the dream which Milton * gives to his Christ in the desert, hungry and tired:

"There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet.
He thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks.
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also, how he fed
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper, then how, awakened,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid to rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength wherof sufficed him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

If the splendours of divinity could be so disguised by the severe necessities of the wilderness and of brutal hunger as to be thus solicited and baffled even in dreams—if, by the lowest of mortal appetites, they could be so humiliated and eclipsed as to reveal in the shadowy visions of merely human plenty—then by how much more must the human heart, eclipsed at noon, revert, under the mask of sorrow and of dreams, to the virgin beauties of the dawn! With how much more violent revulsion must the weary, foot-sore traveller, lost in the waste of sands, be carried back through the gate of ivory or of horn to the dewy flower-strung fields of some far happier place.

The transition from De Quincey’s childhood to his opium-experiences is as natural, therefore, as from strophe to antistrophe in choral antiphonies. Henceforth, as the reader already understands, we are not permitted to look upon a simple, undisguised life, unless we draw aside a veil as impenetrable as that which covers the face of Isis or the poppy-sceptred Demeter. Under this papaerian mask it is likely to be best known to the reader; for it is under the title of "Opium-Eater" that he is most generally recognized. It was through his Opium Confessions, popular both as to matter and style, that he first conciliated and charmed the reading public—and to such a degree that great expectations were awakened as to anything which afterwards he might write. This expectation heightens appreciation; and in this case it helped many a metaphysical dose down the voracious throat of the public, without its being aware of the nauseating potion, or experiencing any uncomfortable consequences. The flood of popularity produced by the Opium Confessions among that large intellectual class of readers who, notwithstanding their mental capacity, yet insist upon the graces of composition and upon a subject of immediate and moving interest, was sufficient to float into a popular haven many a ship of heavier freightage, which might else have fallen short of port.

The general interest which is manifested in De Quincey personally is also very much due to the fact that he was an opium-eater, and an opium-eater willing to breathe into the public ear the peculiarities of his situation and its hidden mysteries, or suspicio de profundis. This interest is partly of that vulgar sort which connects itself with all mysterious or abnormal phenomena in Nature or in the human mind, with a "What is it?" or a spiritual medium, and which is satisfied with a palpable exhibition of the novelty; and partly it is of a philosophic order, inquiring into the causes and modes of the abnormal development. Judged by this interest, considered in its vulgar aspects, De Quincey would suffer gross injustice. Externally, and at one period of his life, I am certain that he had all the requisite qualifications for collecting a mob about him, and that, had he appeared in the streets of London after one of his long sojourns amongst the mountains, no unearthly wight of whatever description, no tattered lunatic or Botany-Bay convict, would have been able to vie with him in the picturesque déshabillé of the whole "turnout." Picture to yourself the scene. This "king of shreds and patches"—for, to the outward sense, he seems that now—has been "at large" for days, perhaps for two or three weeks; he has been un kennelled, and, among the lawless mountains, he felt no restraint upon his own lawlessness, however Cyclopean. Doubtless he has met with panthers and wolves, each one of whom will to its dying day retain impressive recollections of the wee monster, from which they fled as a trifle too uncanny even for them. As to his subsistence, during these rambles, it would be very difficult to say how he managed that affair, at these, or indeed at any other times; and it may be that the prophetic limitation of a fast to forty days is now the urgent occasion of his return from vagabondism. One thing we may be sure of—that he has made plentiful use of a certain magical drug hid away in his waistcoat-pocket. Like Words-
Thomás De Quincey.

worth's brook, he has been wandering purposely and at his own sweet will, or rather where his feet have taken him; and he has laid him down to sleep wherever sleep may have chanced to find him. The result we have here, in this uncouth specimen of humanity, in the matted hair, the soiled garments, and the straggling gait; and what gives the finishing touch to this grotesque picture is his utter uncon- consciousness of the ludicrous features of his situation, as they appear to other eyes. Soon, it is true, he will go through an Aesop-like rejuvenation; for, in a certain cottage, there are hearts that anxiously await his return, and hands ready to fulfil their oft-repeated duties in the way of refitting him out for another tramp. But, before this transformation is effected, let us suppose the case of his being set down in the streets of London, somewhere in the vicinity of Cheapside. What an eddying of stragglers about this new-found focus of attraction! what amusement, and curiosity to find him out, if, indeed, he be find-out-able, and not, as the unmistakable paperraven odour suggests, some Stygian bird, hailing from the farther side of Letha. But, Stygian or not, neither Hermes nor Pan (nor Panic, his namesake) could much surprise such a rabble at his heels, supposing him to ap- pear on Cheapside!

In his innermost sensibilities he would have shrunk from this vulgar notice as from pollution itself. It would be monstrous to conceive of him in such situations, except for the purpose of showing that he had very much in his outward habit that would readily attract such a notice. In the same light we are to regard some illustrations which J. Hill Burton has given in "The Book-Hunter" of similar features in his character, and which I take the liberty of introducing here; for, although they have ap- peared in "Blackwood," and more lately in a book-form, they are still unpublished to many of my readers.

Thus, we have him pictured to us as he appeared at a dinner, "wherebo he was seduced by the false pretence that he would there meet with one who entertained novel and anarchical views regarding the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius. The festivities of the afternoon are far on, when a commotion is heard in the hall, as if some dog or other stray animal had forced its way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival; he opens the door, and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? A street-boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffel great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a party-coloured belcher handkerchief; on his feet are felt shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter night; and the trousers—some one suggests that they are inner-lined garments blackened with writing-ink, but that Papaverius never would have been at the trouble so to disguise them." De Quincey, led on by the current of his own thoughts (though he was always too courteous to absorb the entire conversation), talks on "till it is far into the night, and slight hints and suggestions are propagated about separation and home-going. The topic starts new ideas on the progress of civilization, the effect of habit on men in all ages, and the power of the domestic affections. Descending from generals to the specials, he could testify to the inconvenience of late hours: for was it not the other night, that, coming to what was, or what he believed to be, his own door, he knocked and knockked, but the old woman within either could not or would not hear him, so he scrambled over a wall, and, having taken his repose in a furrow, was able to testify to the extreme unpleasantness of such a couch?"

"Shall I try another sketch of him, when, travel-stained and foot-sore, he gazed in on us one night like a shadow, the child by the fire gazing on him with round eyes of astonishment, and suggesting that he should get a penny and go home—a proposal which he subjected to some philosophical criticism very far wide of its practical tenor. How far he had wandered since he had last refreshed himself, or even whether he had eaten food that day, were matters on which there was no getting articulate utterance from him. How that weary, worn little body was to be refreshed was a difficult problem; soft food disagreed with him; the hard he could not eat. Suggestions pointed at length to the solution of that vegetable unguent to which he had given a sort of lustre, and it might be sup- posed that there were some fifty cases of acute toothache to be treated in the house that night. How many drops? Drops! nonsense! If the wine-glasses of the establishment were not be- yond the ordinary normal size, there was no risk—and so the weary is at rest for a time."

"At early morn, a triumphant cry of 'Eureka!' calls me to his place of rest. With his unfailing instinct he has got at the books, and lugged a considerable heap of them around him. That one which specially claims his at- tention (my best-bound quarto) is spread upon a piece of bedroom-furniture readily at hand, and of sufficient height to let him pore over it as he lies recumbent on the floor, with only one article of attire to separate him from the con- dition in which Archimedes, according to the popular story, shouted the same triumphant cry. He had discovered a very remarkable anachronism in the commonly received histories of a very important period. As he expounded it, turning up his unearthly face from the book with an almost painful expression of grave eagerness, it occurred to me that I had seen something like the scene in Dutch paintings of the Temptation of St. Anthony."

I cannot refrain from quoting from Mr. Burton one more example, illustrative of the fact that De Quincey, in money-matters, considered merely the immediate and pressing exigencies of the present. "He arrives very late at a friend's door, and on gaining admission (a pro- cess in which he often endured impediments) he represents, with his usual silver voice and measured rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his
being then and there invested with a sum of money in the current coin of the realm—the amount limited, from the nature of his necessities, which he very freely states, to seven shillings and sixpence. Discovering, by fancying he discovers, that his eloquence is likely to prove unproductive, he is fortunately reminded, that, should there be any difficulty in connection with security for the repayment of the loan, he is at that moment in possession of a document which he is prepared to deposit with the lender—a document calculated, he cannot doubt, to remove any feeling of anxiety which the most prudent person could experience in the circumstances. After a rummage in his pockets, which develops miscellaneous and varied, but as yet by no means valuable, possessions, he at last comes to the object of his search, a crumpled bit of paper, and spreads it out—a fifty-pound banknote. All sums of money were measured by him through the common standard of immediate use; and, with more solemn pomp of diction than he applied to the bank-note, might he inform you, that, with the gentle-rank opposite, to whom he had hitherto been entirely a stranger, but who happened to be the nearest to him at the time when the exigency occurred to him, he had just succeeded in negotiating a loan of twopence.

These pictures, though true to certain phases of De Quincy’s outward life, are yet far from personally representing him, even to the eye. They satisfy curiosity, and that is about all. As to the real character of the man, they are negative and unessential; they represent, indeed, his utter carelessness as to all that, like dress, may at pleasure be put on or off, but “the human child incarnate” is not thus brought before us. For, could we but once look upon his face in rest, then should we forget these inferior attributes; just as, looking upon the Memnonian statues, one forgets the horrid nicknames of “Shandy” and “Andy” which they have received from casual travellers, observing merely their grotesque features. Features of this latter sort “dismm” and yield, as the writing on palmseats, to the regal majesty of the divine countenance, which none can look upon and smile. Let me paint De Quincey’s face as at this moment I seem to see it. It is wrinkled as with an Homeric antiquity; arid it is, and soal as parchment. Through a certain Bedouin-like conformation (which, however, is idealized by the lofty, massive forehead, and by the prevailing subtlety of the general expression), it seems fitted to desert solitude; and in this respect it is truly Memnonian. In another respect, also, is it Memnonian, that, whereupon its features the morning sunlight, we should surely await its responsive requiem or its trembling jubilate. By a sort of instinctive palmistry (applied, not to the hands, but to the face) we interpret symbols of ineffable sorrow and of ineffable peace. These, too, are Memnonian, as is also that infinite distance which seems to interpose between its subtle meanings and the very possibility of interpretation. This air of remoteness, baffling the impertinent crowd not less effectually than the dust which has gathered for centuries about the heads of Sphinxes, is due partly to the deeply sunken eyes beneath the wrinkled, overarching forehead; partly it arises from that childlike simplicity and sweetness which lurk in gentle undulations of the features—undulations as of happy waves set in motion ages since, and that cannot cease for ever; but chiefly it is born of a dream-like, brooding eternity of speculation, which we can trace neither to the eye alone, nor to the mouth, but rather to the effect which both together produce in the countenance.

This is the face which for more than half a century opium veiled to mortal eyes, and which refuses to reveal itself save through hints the most fugitive and impalpable. Here are draperies and involutions of mystery from which mere curiosity stands aloof. This is the head which we have loved, and which in our eyes wears a triple wreath of glory: the laurel for his Apollo-like art, the loto-s-leaf for his impassioned dreams, and roses for his most gentle and loving nature.

How much of that which glorified De Quincey was due to opium? Very little as to quality, but very much as to the degree and the peculiar manner in which original qualities and dispositions are developed, for here it is that the only field of influence open to abnormal agencies lies. Coleridge, as an opium-eater, is the only individual worthy of notice in the same connection. Had he also confessed, it is uncertain what new revelations might have been made. It is certain that opium exercised a very potent effect upon him; for it was generally after his dose that his remarkable intellectual displays occurred. These displays were mostly confined to his conversations, which were usually long-winded metaphysical epics, evolving a continued series of abstractions and analyses, and, for their movement, depending upon a sort of poetic construction. A pity it is that we must content ourselves with empty descriptions of this nature. Here, doubtless, if anywhere, opium was an auxiliary to Coleridge. For a laudanum negus, whatever there may be about it that is pernicious, will, to a mind that is metaphysically predisposed, open up thoroughfares of thought which are raised above the level of the gross material, and which lead into the region of the shadowy. Show us the man who habitually carries pills of any sort in his waistcoat-pocket, be they opium or whatever else, and we can assure you that that man is an aerobut—that somehow, in one sense or another, he walks in the air above other men’s heads. Whatever disturbs the healthful isolation of the nervous system is prosperous to metaphysics, because it attracts the mental attention to the organism through which thought is carried on. Numerous are the instances of men who would never have been heard of as thinkers or as reflective poets, if they had had sufficient muscular balance to pull against their teeming brains. The consequence of the disproportion has been that the super-
Thomop De Quinsey.

The prodigious mental activity so early awakened in him counteracted the narcotic despotism of the drug, and made it a sort of ally. The reader sees from this how much depends upon predispositions as to the effect of opium. De Quinsey himself says that the man whose daily talk is of opium will pursue his bovine speculations into dreams. Opium originates nothing; but, given activity of a certain type and moving in a certain direction, and there will be perhaps through opium a multiplication of energies and velocities. What was De Quinsey without opium? is, therefore the question preliminary to any proper estimate as to what in him was due to opium. This question has already been answered in the remarks made concerning his childhood. His meditative tendencies were especially noticed as most characteristic. There was besides this a natural leaning toward the mysterious—the mysterious, I mean, as depending, not upon the terrible or ghostly, or upon anything which excites gloom or fear, but upon operations that are simply inscrutable as moving in darkness. Take for example, the idea of a grand combination of human energies mustered together in secret, and operating through invisible agencies for the downfall of Christianity—an idea which was conveyed to De Quinsey in his childhood through the Abbé Maury, exposing such a general conspiracy as existing throughout Europe: this was the sort of mystery which arrested and engrossed his thoughts. Similar elements invested all secret societies with an awful grandeur in his conception. So, too, the complicated operations of great cities, such as London, which he calls the "Nation of London," where even Nature is mimicked, both in her strict regularity of results, and in the seeming unconsciousness of all her outward phases, hiding all meaning under enigmas that defy solution. In order to this effect it was absolutely necessary that there should be not simply one mystery standing alone by itself, and striking in its portentous significance; there must have been more than this—namely, a network of occult influences, a vast organization, wheeling in and out upon itself, gyrating in mystic cycles and epicyles, repeating over and over again its dark omens, and displaying its insignia in a never-ending variety of shapes. To him intrigue was the most inviting. It was this which lent an overwhelming interest to certain problems of history that presented the most labyrinthian mazes to be disentangled: for the demon that was in him sought after hieroglyphics that by all others had been pronounced indecipherable; and not unfrequently it was to his eye that for the first time there seemed to be an unknown element that must be supplied. Such a problem was presented by the religious sect among the Hebrews entitled the "Essenes." Admitting the character and functions of this sect to have been those generally ascribed to it, there would have been attached to it no special importance. But the idea once having occurred to De Quinsey that the general assumption was the fairest re-
moved from the truth—that there was an unknown x in the problem, which could be satisfied by no such meagre hypothesis—that, to meet the urgent demands of the case, there must be substituted for this Jewish sect an organization of no less importance than the Christian Church itself—that this organization, thus suddenly brought to light, was one, moreover, that, from the most imperative necessity, veiled itself from all eyes, uttering its sublime articles of faith, and even its very name, to itself only in secret recesses of silence; from the moment that all this was revealed to De Quincey, there was thenceforth no limit to his profound interest. Two separate essays he wrote on this subject, * of which he seemed never to tire.

"Klosterheim" is, from beginning to end, only the development through regular stages of an intricately involved mystery of this subtle nature. Ofttimes De Quincey deals with the horrid tragedy of murder; but the mere fact of a murder, however shocking, was not sufficient to arrest him. With the celebrated Williams murders, on the contrary, he was entirely taken up, since these proceeded in accordance with designs not traceable to the cursory glance, but which tasked the skill of a decipherer to interpret and reduce to harmony. Here were murders that revolted musically, that modulated themselves to master-principals, and that at every stage of progress sought alliance with the hidden mysteries of universal human nature. I know of no writer but De Quincey who invests mysteries of this tragic order with their appropriate drapery, so that they shall, to our imaginations, unfold the full measure of their capacities for striking awe into our hearts.

This sort of mystery is always connected with dreams. They own their very existence to darkness, which withdraws them from the material limitations of everyday life; they are shifted to an ideal proscecinum; their dramatis personae, however familiar nominally, and however much derived from material suggestions, are yet in all their motions obedient to an alien centre as opposite as is possible to the ordinary centre about which the mere mechanism of life revolves. We should therefore expect beforehand in De Quincey an overrunning tendency towards this remote architecture of dreams. The careful reader of his "Auto-Biographic Sketches" will remember, that, at the early age of seven, and before he knew of even the existence of opium, the least material hint which bordered on the shadowy was sufficient to lift him up into aerial structures, and to lead his infant footsteps amongst the clouds. Such hints, after his little sister's death, were furnished by certain expressions of the Litany, by pictures in the stained windows of the church, and by the tumult of the organ. Nor were the dreams thus introduced mere fantasies, irregular and inconsistent. Throughout they were self-sustained and majestic.

The natural effects of opium were concurrent with pre-existing tendencies of De Quincey's mind. If, instead of having his restless intellect, he had been indolent—if, instead of loving the mysterious, because it invited a Titanic energy to reduce its anarchy to order, he had loved it as simply dark or obscure—if his natural subtlety of reflection had been less, or if he had been endowed with inferior powers in the subtle architecture of impassioned expression—then might he as well have smoked a meerschaum, taken snuff or any other stimulant, as to have gone out of his way for the more refined pleasures of opium.

The reader will indulge us in a single philosophical distinction, at this point, by which we mean to classify the effects of opium under two heads: first, the external, and, secondly, the internal. Properly speaking, all the positive effects of opium must be internal; for all its movements are inward in their direction, being refuted upon the focal centres of life. Thus, one of the most noticeable phenomena connected with opium-eating is the burden of life resting back upon the heart, which deliberately pulsates the moments of existence, as if the most momentous issues depended upon each separate throb. But this very reflux of sensibility will produce great effects at the surface, which are purely negative. This latter class of effects Homer has indicated with considerable accuracy, in the ninth Odyssey (82-105), where he notices particularly an air of carelessness regarding external things—carelessness as to the mutual interchange of conversation by question and answer, and as to the ordinary pursuits of life as disturbing an inward peace. The same characteristics are more fully developed in Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters": —

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem, Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave To each; but whoso did receive of them. And taste, to him the gushing of the wave. Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave. On alien shores; and if his fellows spake. His voice was thin, as voices from the grave; And deaf asleep he seemed, yet all awake, As music in his ears his beating heart made."

By causing the life to flow inward upon a more ideal centre, opium deepens the consciousness, and compels it to give testimony to processes and connections that in ordinary moments escape unrecorded. It is as if new materials were found for a history of the individual life—materials which, like freshly-discovered records, sound the deepest meanings of the present and measure the abysses of the past. Thus it is that the fugitive imagery of sense is interpreted as a scroll which hides infinite truths.

* Yet, marvellous as it may seem, he wrote the second without being distinctly conscious of having written the previous one. It was no uncommon thing for him to forget his own writings. In one case it is known that for a long time he persisted in disowning his production,
under the most fleeting of symbols—symbols
which are not sufficiently enduring to call them
words, or even syllables of words, since the
most trivial hint or whisper of them has hardly
reached us ere they have perished. Thus it is
that even the still more intangible record of
memory, where are preserved only images and
echoes of that which undeniably has perished,
is revivified and enlarged.
There is, then, in the opium-eater, a most
marked, a polar antithesis between his every-
day life and the central manifestations of his
genius. In the latter there is beautiful order, as
in a symphony of Beethoven’s; but in the for-
erm, looked upon from without, all seems con-
fusion. There is the same antithesis in every
meditative mind; but here opium has height-
ened each part of the contrast. The more we
admire the euscent harmonies of inwapt
power, the more do we find to draw forth laug-
gher in the eccentricities of outward habit. The
very same agencies which undisguised and un-
veiled the deep, divine heaven, masked the earth
with desert sands; and De Quincy’s outward
life was thus masked and rendered abnormal,
that the blue heaven in which he revelled might
be infinitely exalted.
Thus is it possible for the seemingly ludicrous
to harmonize with transcendent sublimity. We
smile at De Quincy’s giving in “copy” on the
generous margins of a splendid “Somnium
Scipionis”; but the precious words, that might,
perhaps, have found some more fit vehicle to
the composer’s eye, could have found no deeper
place in our hearts. We look at the hatless
sleeper among the mountains: his face seems
utterly blank and meaningless, and to all in-
tents and purposes he seems as good as dead;
but let us ascend with him in his dreams, and
we shall soon forget that under God’s heavens
there exists mortality or the commonplace uses
of mortality.
As we ascend from grotesque features to such
as are more intellectual, that peculiarity of his
character which most strikes us is his inimi-
table courtesy. Mr. F., to whom I am in-
depted for the most novel and interesting por-
tions of this memorial—from his own personal
interviews with the man, among many other
things, retains this chiefly in remembrance—
that De Quincy was the perfectest gentleman
he had ever seen.
I take the liberty here of particularizing
somewhat in regard to one visit which this
friend of De Quincy’s paid him, particularly as
it introduces us to the man towards the last of
his life (1851). Mr. F., curious as it may
seem, found but one person in Edinburgh who
could inform him definitely as to De Quincy’s
whereabouts. In return to a note, giving De
Quincey information of his arrival, &c., the lat-
ter replies in a letter which is very character-
stic, and which may well be highly prized, so
rarely was it that any friend was able to obtain
from him such a memento; the style, perhaps,
is as familiar as it was ever his habit to indulge
in; and it shows how impossible it was for him,
even on the most temporary summons, to dis-
pense with his usual regularity of expression or
with any logical nicety of method. The letter
runs thus:

“Thursday evening, Aug. 26, 1851.

“My dear Sir,—The accompanying bil-
let from my daughter, short at any rate under
the pressure of instant engagements, has been cut
shorter by a sudden and very distressing head-
ache; I, therefore, who (from a peculiar nervous-
ness connected with the act of writing) so
rarely attempt to discharge my own debts in the
letter-writing department of life, find myself
unaccountably, I might say mysteriously, engaged
in the knight-errantry of undertaking for other
people’s. Wretched bankrupt that I am, with
an absolute refusal on the part of the Commis-
sioner to grant me a certificate of the lowest class,
then, suddenly, and by a necessity not to be evaded,
I am affecting the large bounties of supereroga-
tion. I appear to be vaporizing in a spirit of vain-
glory; and yet it is under the mere coercion of
’salvia necessities’ that I am surprised into this
unparalleled instance of activity. Do you walk?
That is, do you like walking for hours on end
(which is our archaic expression for continuously)?
If I knew that, I would arrange accordingly for
meeting you. The case as to distance is this:
the Dalkeith railway, from the Waverley station
brings you to Esk Bank. That is its nearest
approach—its peribol, in relation to our-
selves; and it is precisely two-and-three-
quarter miles distant from Maria Bush—the
name of our cottage. Close to us, and the most
noticeable object for guiding your inquiries, is
Mr. Annandale’s paper-mills.

“Now, then, accordingly as you direct my
motions, I will—rain being supposed absent—
join you at your hotel in Edinburgh any time
after 11 A.M., and walk out the whole distance
(seven miles from the Scott monument), or else
I will meet you at Esk Bank; or, if you prefer
coming out in a carriage, I will await your com-
ing here in that state of motionless repose which
best befits a philosopher. Excuse my levity,
and believe that with sincere pleasure we shall
receive your obliging visit.—Ever your faithful
servant,”

“Thomas De Quincey.”

In order to appreciate the physical powers of
him who proposed a walk of the distance indi-
cated in the letter, we must remember he was
then just sixty-six years plus ten days old.
He was now living with his daughters, in the ut-
most simplicity. On his arrival, Mr. F. found
De Quincey awaiting him at the door of his
cottage—a short man, with small head, and
eyes that were absolutely indescribable as human
features, with a certain boyish awkwardness
of manner, but with the most urban-like
courtesy and affability. From noon till
dark, the time is spent in conversation, con-
tinued, various, and eloquent. What a presence
is there in this humble, unpretending cottage!
And as the stream of Olympian sweetness moves
on, now in laughing ripples, and again in a
solemn majestic flood, what a past do we bring before ourselves! what a present! for this is he that talked with Coleridge, that was the friend of Wilson, and---what furnishes a more sublime suggestion---this is he that knows by heart the mountain-fells and the mysterious recesses of hidden valleys for miles around; and we think, if he could convey us forth on this out-flourished old age to those which glorified the Grasmere of his youth, what new chords he might touch of human love, for there it was that the sweetness of his wedded love had been buried and embalmed in a thousand outward memorials of happy hours long gone by; and of human sadness, for there it was that he had experienced the reversal of every outward fortune, and the alienations of friendships which he most highly valued. But the remembrances of Grasmere and of youth seem now to have been removed as into some other life: the man of a past generation walks alone, and amid other scenes. And yonder is the study in which he spends hours that he holds the key to what his specific employments is known to none, since across its threshold no feet save his have passed for years. Now and then some grand intellectual effort proceeds forth from its sacred precincts; but that only happens when pecuniary necessities compel the exertion. How is it that the time not thus occupied is spent?---in what remembrances, in what hidden thoughts, what passing dreams?

As it grows dark, De Quincey's guest, having spent most precious moments which he feels ought never to cease, signifies the necessity of his taking his departure. To take leave of this strange man, however, is not so easy a matter as one might rashly suppose. There is a genius of procrastination about him. Was he ever known to make his appearance at any dinner in season, or indeed at any entertainment? Yes, he did once, at the recital of a Greek tragedy on the Edinburgh stage; but that happened through a trick played on him by an acquaintance, who, to secure some remote chance of his seeing the performance, told him that the doors opened at half-past six, whereas, in fact, they opened at seven. How preposterous to suppose, then, that he would let an opportunity pass for procrastinating other people, and putting all manner of snare about their feet! It is dangerous with such a man to hint of late hours; for just that hintness is to him the very jewel of the thing. In mentioning the circumstance, you only suggest to him the infinite pleasure connected with the circumstance. Perhaps he will deliberately set to work to prove that candle-light is the one absolutely indispensable condition to genial intercourse—which would doubtless suggest a great contrast, in that respect, between the ancient and modern economy—and where, then, is there to be an end? All attempts to extricate yourself by unravelling the net which is being woven about you are hopelessly vain: you cannot keep pace with him. The thought of delay enchants him, and he dally with it, as a child with a pet delicacy. Thus he is at the house of a friend; it storms, and a reasonable excuse is furnished for his favourite experiment. The consequence is, that, once started in this direction, the delay is continued for a year. Late hours were particularly potent to "draw out" De Quincey; and, understanding this, Professor Wilson used to prostitute his dinners almost into the morning, a tribute which De Quincey doubtless appreciated.

So it is better to be on the sly about saying "Good-bye" to this host of yours. When, however, it was absolutely necessary to be gone, De Quincey forthwith insisted on accompanying his guest. What next, then, was to be done? Ominously the sky looked down upon them, momentarily threatening a storm. No resource was there but to give the man his way, and accept his offer of companionship for a short distance, painfully conscious though you are of the fact that every step taken forwards must, during this same August, be retraced by the weary-looking old man by your side, who lacks barely four years of life's average allotment. Thus you move on: and the heavens move on their hurricanes by nearer approaches, warnings of which propagate themselves all around you in every sound of the wind and every rustle of the forest-leaves. Meanwhile, there is no rest to the slivery vocal utterances of your companion: every object by the way furnishes a ready topic for conversation. Just now you are passing an antiquated mansion, and your guide stops to tell you that in this house may have been committed most strange and horrible murders, that, in spite of the tempestuous mutterings heard on every side, ought now and here to be specially and solemnly memorialized by human relations. A woman passes by, a perfect stranger, but De Quincey steps entirely out of the road to one side, takes off his hat, and in the most reverent attitude awaits her passage—and you, poor astonished mortal that you are, lest you should yourself seem scandalously uncourteous, are compelled to do likewise. In this incident we see what infinite majesty invested the very semblance of humanity in De Quincey's thoughts.

Onward you proceed—one, two, three miles—and you can endure no longer the thought that your friend shall go on farther, increasing thus at every step the burden of his journey back. You have reached the Esk bank and the bridge which spans the stream; the storm so long threatened begins now to let loose its rage against all unsheltered mortals. Here De Quincey consents to bid you goodbye—to you his last good-bye; and as here you leave him, so is he for ever enshrined in your thoughts, together with the primal mysteries of night and of storm, of the most pathetic of human tragedies and human tenderness.

But this paper, already sufficiently prolonged, should draw to a close. It is a source of great mortification to me that I cannot find some very disagreeable thing to say of De Quincey,
merely as a matter of poetic justice; for assuredly he was in the habit of saying all the malicious things he could about his friends. If there was anything in a man's face or shape particularly uncomely, you might trust De Quincey for noticing that. Even Wordsworth he could not let off without a Parthian shot at his awkward legs and round shoulders; Dr. Parr he rated soundly on his mean proportions; and one of the most unfortunate things which ever happened to the Russian Emperor Alexander was to have been seen in London by De Quincey, who, even amid the festivities of national and international congratulation on the fall of Napoleon, could not forget that this imperial ally was a very commonplace-looking fellow, after all. But, in regard to physical superiority, De Quincey lived in a glass house too fragile to admit of his throwing many stones at his neighbours. The very fact that he valued personal appearance at so low an estimate takes away the sting from his remarks on the deformities of other people: he could not have meant any detection, but simply wished to present a perfect picture to the eye, preserving the ugly features with the faultless, just as we all insist on doing in regard to those we love. De Quincey and myself, therefore, are likely to part good friends. Surely, if there was anything which vexed the tender heart of this man, it was, "the little love and the infinite hate" which went to make up the sum of life. If morbid in any direction, it was not in that of spite, but of love; and as an instance of almost unnatural intensity of affection, witness his insane grief over little Kate Wordsworth's grave, a grief which satisfied itself only by reasonless prostrations, for whole nights, over the dark mould which covered her from his sight.

It only remains for us to look in upon De Quincey's last hours. We are enabled to take almost the position of those who were permitted really to watch at his bedside, through a slight unpublished sketch, from the hand of his daughter, in a letter to a friend. I tremble almost to use materials that personally are so sacred; but sympathy, and the tender interest which is awakened in our hearts by such a life, are also sacred, and in privilege stand nearest to grief.

During the last few days of his life De Quincey wandered much, mixing up "real and imaginary, or apparently imaginary things." He complained, one night, that his feet were hot and tired. His daughter arranged the blankets around them, saying, "Is that better, papa?" when he answered, "Yes, my love, I think it is; you know my dear girl, these are the feet that Christ washed."

Everything seemed to connect itself in his mind with little children.

"Of my brothers he often spoke, both those that are dead and those that are alive, as if they were his own brothers. One night he said, when I entered the room—"

"Is that you, Horace?"

"No, papa."

"Oh, I see! I thought you were Horace; for he was talking to me just now, and I suppose has just left the room."

Speaking of his father, one day, suddenly, and without introduction, he exclaimed—"There is one thing I deeply regret, that I did not know my dear father better; for I am sure a better, kinder, or juster man could never have existed."

When death seemed approaching, the physician recommended that a telegram should be sent to the eldest daughter, who resided in Ireland, but he forbade any mention of this fact to the patient. De Quincey seemed to have a prophetic feeling that she was on her way to him, saying, "Has M. got to that town yet, that we stopped at when we went to Ireland? How many hours will it be before she can be here? Let me see—there are eight hours before I can see her, and three added to that!"

His daughter came sooner than the family expected; but the time tallied very nearly with the computation he had made. On the morning his daughter arrived, occurred the first intimation his family had seen that the hand of death was laid upon him. He had passed a quiet, but rather sleepless night, appearing "much the same, yet more than ordinarily loving." After greeting his child, he said, "And how does mamma's little girl like her leaving her?" "Oh, they were very glad for me to come to grandpapa, and they sent you this kiss—which they did on their own accord." He seemed much pleased. It was evident that M. presented herself to him as the mother of children, the constant theme of his wanderings. Once when his daughter quitted the room, he said, "They are all leaving me but my dear little children." "I heard him call, one day, distinctly, 'Florence, Florence, Florence!'-again, 'My dear, dear mother!'—and to the last he called us 'My love,' and it sounded like no other sound ever uttered. I never heard such pathos as there was in it, and in every tone of his voice. It gave me an idea of love that passeth all understanding."

During the next night he was thought dying, "but he lingered on and on till half-past nine the next morning. He told me something about to-morrow morning,' and something about sunshine; but the thought that he was talking about what he would never see drove the exact idea out of my head, though I am sure it was morning in another world he was talking of."

"There was an extraordinary appearance of youth about him, both for some time before and after death. He looked more like a boy of

* De Quincey, at his death, had two sons and three daughters. The eldest of the daughters became the wife of Robert Craig, of Ireland. It was this one, and the youngest, who were present during his last hours. The second daughter, Florence, was with her husband (a colonel of the British army) in India. The two sons were both absent: one in India, a captain in the army; the other, a physician, in Brazil.
fourteen, and very beautiful. We did not like to let in the morning light, and the candle was burning at nine o'clock, when the post brought the following letter, which my sister and myself glanced over by candle light, just as we were listening to his decreasing breath. At the moment it did not strike me with the astonishment, at such an extraordinary coincidence, that when we came to read it afterwards it did.

" 'Brighton, Dec. 7th, 1859.

"'My dear De Quincey,—Before I quit this world, I most ardently desire to see your handwriting. In early life, that is, more than sixty years ago, we were school-fellows together, and mutually attached; nay, I remember a boyish paper ("The Observer") in which we were engaged. Yours has been a brilliant literary career, mine fair from brilliant, but I hope not useless as a theological student. It seems a pity we should not once more recognize one another before quitting the stage. I have often read your works, and never without remembering the promise of your talents at Winkfield. My life has been almost a domestic tragedy. I have four children in lunatic-asylums. Thank God, it is now drawing to a close; but it would cheer the evening of my days to receive a line from you, for I am, with much sincerity,

"'Your old and attached friend,

"'E. H. G.'"

"I do not remember the name of G., but the name of Edward constantly recurred in his wanderings.

"'Half an hour after the reading of that letter we heard those last pathetic sighs, so terrible from their very softness, and saw the poor, worn-out garment laid aside.' Just before he died, he looked round the room, and said very tenderly to the nurse, the physician, and his daughters, who were present, "Thank you—thank you all!" Sensible thus to the very last of kindness, he breathed out his life in simple thanks, swayed even in death by the spirit of profound courtesy that had ruled his life.

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**CAMP SONG.**

Pass the flowing bowl along,
Christen it with merry song;
He that quaffs it with a sigh,
With the dead men let him lie.

We are wearied, comrades mine;
Quaff the glass of sparkling wine
Till with fire the pulses thrill,
Pass along the goblet still.

Let us live while yet we may;
Drink the midnight into day;
Fill the bowl with blushing wine;
Drink to days of "Auld Lang Syne."

---

Drink to lips that ours have pressed,
Pledge the maidens we love best;
Sing the songs that loved ones sung
In the days when we were young.

Raise the merry song on high
As the swift-winged moments fly.
Drink the mid-night into day;
Let us live while yet we may.

J. S.

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**THE MILL-STREAM.**

BY ADA TREVANION.

Half-way the running waters slept,
'Neath leaflets on the streamlet's face;
The willow's boughs hung down and wept
Where woven green had left a space.

And further on I found the bridge,
With wooden flooring brown and grey;
And round the piles the grass and sedge
Swept in as on a bygone day.

While, oh my heart! as the wind fell,
And twilight spread o'er tower and tree,
The one bright star remembered well,
Looked out across the purple lea.

The red sun sank down in the west,
The withered leaves went whispering by;
The wild hope would not be repressed
We should meet 'neath the evening sky.

Poor heart! the tranquil vesper hour
On thee no healing balm bestowed;
But now how oft, when dreams have power,
I wander down the lonely road.

Oceans divide us, yet methinks
I hear the mill-stream's rippling flow;
Come to me, love, for the sun sinks!
Come, ere 'tis night; ah no! ah no!

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**KIND words produce their own image on men's souls:** and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.
IGNEOUS ACTION IN THE EARTH.

No. III.

We will now put the question, where were these supplies not wanted? A will of the Creator had to be carried out: the earth had brought forth grass, herb, and tree, and as we find in the "Circle of Light," p. 33: "Every rock that grew above the waves was clothed, and from that time forth, each point as it grew upwards contributed its mite to the making of the law." Vegetation had more than one duty to perform, but our history refers chiefly to its burial and its rising again. There was a luxuriant growth, and a plentiful residue: over all, the winds of heaven blew in olden times as they blow to-day—we will not say that they raged with greater violence, for of this we should have no proof: we cannot say that climates varied then from what they are at present, because we should then be wandering into the regions of imagination, and it is our desire not only to avoid so great a temptation on this imaginative subject, but to adhere to the world, its climates, and its temperatures, as we find them now—to be guided in our little tale by what is before us, around us, and to accept nothing for granted. There are sign-posts in the earth, the ocean, and the air, and we must endeavour to find our way through nature's labyrinths by these simple means. The winds blow now with strength sufficient for our purpose: they destroy our English roofs, our thatches, our trees, and our ships; we hear of the destruction by cyclones in the west; imagination could scarcely picture to itself a greater force than has been displayed in some of these tempests; we require none greater for the duty they perform to-day, or for the labours they performed of old, when, in their yearly currents, they fell upon the plentiful herbage of the earth, and dashed, as they do now, the weakest members to the ground. We look out of our glazed windows upon our neatly planted woods, our carefully fenced corn fields, and upon our beautiful gardens full of delicate and of charming flowers: in the days we go back to, this was not; all was waste (as we call it now when not applied to man's use) and natural luxuriance—but there is not, and there was not a waste, every place has its use in nature. Of all the tangled mass thrown yearly on the earth by old age, natural decay, or violence, some stain where it fell, and contributed its decaying substances to the soil, for various purposes into which we cannot now inquire. There is, however, a change in nature, which we may touch on here, to enable us to bring before our readers a force of which the inhabitants of these islands are comparatively ignorant. There are on the face of this earth large barren tracts upon which no rain falls; there are others upon which it falls in exceptional large quantities. It has been found that, on denuding a district of its timber, its rainfall decreases, while a growth of timber increases the supply of water: thus, then, when our great productive portions of the earth had nothing else to do but to furnish their vegetation, we may imagine that such tracts were thickly clothed, that in consequence the rain fell, not as it does here, scarcely as it does at present times even within the tropics, but in great and regular torrents, washing off the sloping surfaces of the soil, and everything movable upon it. Great rocks were loosened from the hill-tops, and rolled headlong down; great prostrate trees were washed away by the once modest rivulets, now a turbid and a heaving torrent; and even as these torrents rolled along, there were quiet spots behind some great rock, some angle, or some deep hole, where the water-carried materials sloped. In some rivers great natural dams are formed, by the debris and timber, which turn aside the currents of the water never to come back again. In some these stoppages are only temporary. We see in our river-courses, boulders, and great pebbles, fine gravel, and finer sand, and everything finds its own resting-place. Page tells us, at p. 308: "The farther we descend the river towards its mouth, the finer becomes the texture of the sediment." All these things are wanted where we find them, and every atom which is left behind aids in the building, and in the shaping of this earth. There is no builder but nature; the sands lay together, the gravels work with a beautiful method into their beds, the silt forms the Delta, and in its very softness gradually expeles the sea; this receives the yearly tribute of floating vegetation in tangled masses from every river, which has at any time run into it, and it then wafts it onward to its destination.

Our geologists have told us that we are very ignorant regarding the currents of the ocean; and this ignorance has hitherto prevented their giving that credit to ocean labours, which we now propose to do. We are not ignorant of its older actions; they are proved all over the earth, in Central Asia, down the entire line of North and South America, in Africa, in Europe, and here at home, in England. There is, as we have before said, a regular formation of earth due to the currents of wind and water, and we will refer to Page (p. 292-3) to explain fully what we mean: "Most of the hills, as in Britain, present a bare, bold, craggy face, to the west and southwest, as if worn and denuded by water, while their slopes to the east and southeast are usually masked with thick accumulations of
Igneous Action in the Earth.

clay, sand, and gravel." This character of country is, he tells us, "known by the name of crag and tail," and after a description of the working of these currents, he tells us, "It is evident that in Britain the transporting currents passed from north and west to south and east." Without consenting to this doctrine as bearing upon the whole formation of our islands, we will use the partial fact as a proof, that the present aspect of the earth offers evidence of the forces used in its building, and that wherever we find one side of a mountain almost scarped and broken, while the other extends in a more gradual slope, we may feel assured that the same agencies of wind and water produced and shaped them, as produced or shaped the hills alluded to by Page.

There are other proofs of the directions of currents, perhaps more conspicuous than these, and leading more direct to the point we are considering. We cannot exempt this agency better than by referring to the maps of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea. Taking the Isthmus of Panama as a land formed from the wash of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, we find that the great rivers Mississippi and Oronoco empty themselves into the space between them. The promontory of Yucatan, Cuba, and other islands, represent the meetings of the northern with the southern currents on the west. The Balauma islands tell us where the Mississippi waters met the tides and currents of the Atlantic. While from Jamaica to Trinidad we can trace the effects of eddies and whirls between the currents from south and north. Accepting these agencies as the constructors of these islands—not as we now see them, clothed in beautiful herbage, and rich in cultivation, but as burying beneath their lying was a vast yearly burdens, we come at once to the great cause of the deposition of igneous or gaseous matter within the earth, as shown in the island of Jamaica.

We have had a picture of the extent of these supplies, our own coal-fields have exhibited their continuous nature, there is nothing beyond our most common ideas in the transaction, there were constant growths, constant deaths, and constant burials; and now we have, and have had from undated time, a frequent resurrection. No place upon earth that we know of has been more notorious for its igneous phenomena than Jamaica; it has no volcano, but there are many evidences of igneous action, and Page tells us (p. 56): "Its harbours have been sunk, towns destroyed, and rivers changed from their former courses." These visitations have come at intervals, each testifying to the fact of an outburst of a powerful force through the envelope of some particular stratum, or deposit of vegetable matter. This is the point at issue: is an earthquake, or is any other phenomenon of like nature caused by the escape of gaseous matter from the buried productions of the earth, or from the causes assigned by our great geologists? At the risk of some repetition, we will endeavour to place before our readers the very latest and the best authorities on the subject, and will then continue our history, leaving the reader to judge the case. We refer first to Page, as embracing the opinions of the most eminent men up to 1859, and as the authority now placed in the hands of the students of geology at our royal military college. He tells us that the surface temperature of the earth "is mainly derived from the sun;" that "the temperature of the crust, as depending on extreme heat, is also variable to the depth of from 60 to 90 feet;" that downwards "the temperature increases at the rate of one degree for every 50 or 55 feet, and that at this rate" . . . . "a temperature of 2,400 Fahrenheit would be reached at a depth of 25 miles or thereby, sufficient to keep in fusion such rocks as basalt, &c.;" p. 29 he tells us that "this high internal temperature is apparently the cause of hot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes, and other igneous phenomena which make themselves known at the surface." Going on to page 117, "Theories of volcanic action," we find that lava is ejected from the volcano by the contraction of the rock crust within the earth as it cools, as shown by Page in our first paper.

The next authority that bears upon the subject may be found in the Chemical News, of 23rd October, 1868, where we are told that the direct evidence of the "molten liquidity of the interior is "afforded by the frequent and great outbursts of molten lava, which, in every quarter of our globe, are met with, breaking through the surface of the land and disturbing the bottom of the sea"—leading to "the very natural inference that these eruptions must proceed from some vast accumulation of molten matter, situated at comparatively no very great distance below the surface." And then the author (Mr. David Forbes), after many careful and well-reasoned arguments, concludes that "the hypothesis of the internal fluidity of the earth" may be regarded as "posted up to date." In the Athenæum of the 3rd of April, 1869, the same author tells Mr. Malet that he is "not prepared to attribute the issuing of molten matter from volcanoes solely to this cause," (viz., contraction of the crust), and as he refers Mr. M. to Vesuvius, we may suppose that he (Mr. Forbes) endorses the conclusions arrived at by Professor J. Phillips in that book. This is the latest and the most authoritative work that we have: it gives a careful and a well-digested history of the Italian volcano, and the 12th chapter places before us in elaborate reasoning his "general views leading to a theory of volcanic excitement."

We all know that there are many conditions of this, that the conditions of no two localities are similar, and, further than this, we know that the conditions of the same locality vary in the character of their excitaments. The author puts the question: "What are the general conditions? What are the causes of particular diversity?" In these questions he includes the past and present phenomena of "any particular volcano," and "the general terrestrial or osmotic conditions of such phenomena." He then
Leaves from my Mediterranean Journal.

Chap. XII.

The Sphinx, the Caves, Pompey’s Pillar, Cleopatra’s Needle.

After we had completed the inspection of the greater and more important Pyramid, we next turned our attention to the colossal figure of the Sphinx. Abdullah duly directed our wanderings in the proper direction, by pointing and repeating the word “Sphinx;” so that we had but to follow his guidance to reach the locale of this, no smaller wonder in its own way than its more gigantic neighbours the Pyramids. A distant view of the Sphinx gives the impression that the figure is composed of five masses of stone; nearer inspection, however, corrects this, and dissolves what appeared to be joinings of stones into lines or marks in the general mass. Our Arab guides were utterly ignorant of the history of this wonderful figure, and the mere repetition of the word “Sphinx,” and readiness to assist those who were most adventurous in mounting on to the back of it, were but poor substitutes for any item of information as to the construction, &c., of the figure. Subsequent research on this subject was to me most disappointing. In vain I searched in public libraries, encyclopaedias, &c., for some particulars as to this statue, and could only find accounts of the sphinx of classical fable. I turned to the word “Sphinx” in more than one encyclopaedia, and found only “A monster with the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a lion or dog, paws of a lion, tail of a serpent, wings of a
bird, and with human voice." Then followed a pedigree: "It sprang from the union of Orthos with the Chimaera, or of Typhon with Echidna, or of Typhon with Chimera; that it was sent by Juno into the neighbourhood of Thebes to punish the family of Cadmus, which she persecuted with great hatred;" that the Sphinx proposed riddles, bewailing the inhabitants in default of guessing them; that the most famous riddle was, "What animal is it that first walks on four feet, then on two, and finally on three?" That Creon, King of Thebes, was so distressed at the wholesale devouring of his people consequent on the non-discovery of these riddles, that he promised his crown, and his sister Jocasta in marriage, to anyone who could answer the enigma. The people of Thebes meanwhile had in their dire need consulted the oracle, and learned, not the answer to the riddle, but the very comforting information that, "should the answer be discovered, the Sphinx would destroy herself." Here, then, was a most favourable chance for adventurers: a man of spirit, his wife praying for the victor, and certain destruction to the Sphinx as a consequence of success. Ædipus was equal to the emergency, and solved the riddle by declaring that it was man who walked first on all fours in childhood, then on two feet in full age, and finally on three feet, two being supplemented by a staff in old age. No doubt Ædipus gained his crown and wife, and history further adds that the Sphinx at once dashed out her brains against a rock. Another authority informed me that there were several statues of the Sphinx in Egypt; and that "the Sphinx was a symbol of religion." Research, however, as to the history of the particular Sphinx situated in close proximity to the Pyramids, utterly failed me till I allighted on an old work on "The Process of Embalming," by Thomas Greenhill, chirurgus, proposing a better method of embalming, and published in 1705, A.D. From this learned work I beg leave to extract the following before resuming the thread of my personal narrative: "At some distance south-east of the biggest Pyramid stands the Sphinx, so famous among the ancients. Too a statue or image cut out of the main rock, representing the head of a woman with half her breast, but is at present sunk or buried in the sand to the very neck. It is an extraordinary great mass, but withal proportionable, although the head of itself be 26 foot high, and from the ear to the chin 15 foot, according to the measure the Sieur Thevenot took of it. At a distance it seems five stones joined together, but coming nearer one may discover what was taken for the joinings of the stones was properly nothing but the veins in the rock. Pliny says that this served for a tomb to King Amasis* * * Some will have it a certain Egyptian king caused the Sphinx to be made in memory of Rhodope of Corinth, with whom he was passionately in love." My only apology for inserting the above lies in the probability that, from the difficulty I experienced in learning even so much of the history of this wonderful figure, little as the information be, it may yet be not universally known. To return, however, to the thread of my personal narrative: we duly inspected as much of the Sphinx as is visible above ground, and, although a great part is still hidden by sand, a much greater portion of the body is now visible than was the case at the time described in the rare and curious work of Mr. Greenhill, from which I have quoted. The features, which are of course colossal in size, have been much injured by time and the action of the weather, if not by some more insensate and mischiefive action. The face, however, still retains enough of its original expression to vouch for its having been a pleasant one. Besides the Pyramids and the Sphinx, there is in their locality a further object of interest presented by the famous rock-cut caves. These caves, or as Abdallah called them, "Colonel Campbell's Tombs," were evidently intended for the purposes of sepulture, and in some cases were ornamented with hieroglyphics. Our first impression on hearing Abdallah's invitation, "Come see Colonel Campbell tombs," was that we were about to visit the last resting-place of some distinguished compatriot who had perhaps met his death in the vicinity. A moment's inspection, however, served to remove our first impression, and to substitute for it the conclusion that this Colonel Campbell must have been the most recent excavator.

Having at length completed our examination of the wonders in this locality, it was resolved to begin our homeward journey. Little occurred in the way of incident such as to distinguish our return journey to Cairo from that of the early morning's ride. The day was still young when we reached Shepherd's Hotel, and, as the sun was at its greatest heat, we resolved to have luncheon and remain within doors for a couple of hours. Our drogman, meanwhile, applied at the office of the Consul for the permission in writing required for admission to the country palace of the Pacha. The "Pacha's Gardens," as this luxurious retreat is called, lie but a short way from the city, and furnish an object for a pleasant carriage-drive. As soon as the fierce heat of the sun had abated, we found the drogman in waiting, and we were soon seated in comfortable open carriages, and enroute to the country palace. We had scarcely got over the first half-mile or so of our drive ere the cavalcade was broken, by the refusal of one pair of horses to draw their carriage any further. Now, as the road was level, and a good one, this interruption was most unexpected and annoying. We had no time to waste in prolonging the fruitless endeavours of the driver to coax his horses into obedience; so, unharassing them, we caused him to ride back "post haste" for another pair. These latter at length arrived, heralded by the usual cloud of dust, and were soon hurrying us after our more fortunate companions in advance. Finally, after a very dusty drive, we reached
the beautiful gardens, the extent and magnificence of which might well cause the visitor to envy the lucky possessor. Subsequent history, however, could we have had a knowledge by anticipation of its plots, &c., might have tempered that feeling.

After traversing the tastefully-laid-out grounds we were conducted into the palace itself. This consists of a quadrangular range of buildings, enclosing in the centre an extensive marble fish-pond. We passed through several magnificently-furnished saloons and chambers, and spent considerable time in examining the rich and costly Parian meubles they contained.

On returning to our hotel, we found that one carriage-load of our companions had failed altogether in reaching the palace; and had, through the obstinacy of their horses, to return ingloriously to Cairo. Next morning we began our return journey to Alexandria; as the scenes however, through which we steamed along, were similar in the chance groupings of the wandering Arabs to those I have already described, I shall not weary the reader by any reiterating description of them. Instead of any such course, I shall take the liberty of transporting him at once to the sites of Pompey’s Pillar and Cleopatra’s Needle in succession. The pillar, so much associated with the name of Pompey, is said by modern seers to have been dedicated, if not originally at all events eventually, to the Emperor Dioclesian. In proof of this, an inscription interpreted in modern days is adduced. Be the origin or first purpose what it may, the existence of a pillar of upwards of one hundred feet in height is in itself an object of great interest, and presents perhaps the most ornamental record of antiquity. The base of Pompey’s Pillar measures 12 feet; the shaft, which is of one unbroken stone, measures 90 feet in length and is 9 feet in diameter. The stone of which the shaft is composed is porphyry, and not granite, as is sometimes stated. The capital adds 10 feet to the general height. This latter is said to be of sufficient area to have once accommodated a dinner-party of twelve persons. Without pausing to remark upon the trite saying “there is no accounting for taste,” one can scarcely believe in any dozen diners being so hardy as to venture on a banquet there. We were told that a British sailor did on one occasion ascend this pillar to hoist a Union-Jack upon it; but the feat, however flattering to the national hardihood of the “tax,” led to an interdict upon any subsequent feat of the same sort. Some writers have suggested that Pompey’s Pillar was originally one of four, constituting part of a temple. For this opinion, however, so far as corroborative evidence is concerned, there is little ground, inasmuch as there are no remains of any of the pillars, and history is silent as to the existence of any such temple.

On the base of the pillar were, at the time of my visit, and perchance yet remain, painted the characters “G. Bulton,” in black. Some snob of the first water had, undoubtedly, by thus adscribing his illustrious name, sought to achieve imperishable fame. The unavoidable feeling, however, produced by sight of this signature of a Goth, is one of unmixed disgust. G. Bulton, however, would not, I am certain, either understand why this should be or appreciate the feeling, so I gladly leave him to his notoriety, such as it is, without inquiring further as to who he may have been. The only remaining lion now to be described, is the far-famed obelisk known as Cleopatra’s Needle. This really wonderful shaft is covered with hieroglyphics, and stands in the middle of a slate and timber yard. Its shape is quadrangular, and slightly larger at the base than at top. It seems merely to rest upon the earth, without any counter-sinking, or foundation. Near to the site of the needle lies another similar but recumbent pillar, said to be the property of the Crystal Palace Company. The juxta-position of slates and rubbish exercises, it must be admitted, a depressing influence upon these stone-book vouchers of a by-gone age. The neglected state in which the fallen pillar is left, being, as we were told, the gift of the Pacha to the British people, contrasts unfavourably with the care taken of its sister, the third of this trio, now set up in the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

The Needle was the last of our sights, so without making any bad puns on the eye, I may go on to say that we now at once returned to our carriages and drove to the transit wharf. Boats were here easily obtained, and our party was soon duly embarked. An hour’s pull, however, was rather damping to our enthusiasm, and we were not sorry to perceive signs of approaching the ship. Our boatmen pulled lustily to their own songs’ time. Of the song I cannot say much in commendation, seeing that it was a mere repetition of the words “Allah Anabin.” The translation of these words I am not, I regret to say, able to subjoin; and the reiteration of them lasted till we got alongside. Thus ends the account of an excursion, pleasant at the time, and living still greenly in the minds of all who took part in it.

AN IDEA—TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.—“I cannot believe that the earth is man’s abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the aspirations which heap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.”
SHAKESPEARE'S BRUTUS.

BY HENRY T. LEE.

"THIS WAS A MAN."

We often hear of grand old picture-galleries, through which the gothic windows the mellow light of an Italian sun comes streaming in upon many an ancient picture, wrought by the skilful hands of the great masters. Thither throng the art-pilgrims from every land; and as they wander through the silent corridors, within, the soul-entrancing presence of an ideal humanity, and study with reverential zeal each creation of the painter's imagination, they forget the many weary miles of their pilgrimage; and, drinking full draughts of inspiration from the very fountain of art, yield themselves to the absorbing pleasures of an art-student's life. Thus would we enter through the majestic portals into the grand temple of Shakspeare's genius, wherein are gathered all those wondrous portraits which the great master painted in living, burning words of "English undefiled." Here, in the sparkling sunlight, we see the laughing, loving Juliet; there, in the gloomy shadow, the incarnate fiend Lady Macbeth; here the "jolly fun of flesh;" that mocking riddle, Sir John Falstaff, with his capon and his quart of sack; there the noble-hearted Brutus, soul-sick and weary, surely working out his mournful destiny.

Christian, Pagan, Greek, and Roman, kings and jesters, knaves and nobles, "queenly souls," of noble women, mobs of "the twenty night-cap," airy sprites and "tricky frogs," witches, ghosts, and sea-nymphs lovely—all humanity, and the spirits to boot, find we in this magic world of Shakspeare.

From the motley crowd that throngs around us, we select for notice and development Marcus Brutus, the hero of the tragedy of Julius Caesar.

It is as the hero of a tragedy that Brutus claims our notice, and that a Christian tragedy; for Shakspeare is by pre-eminence the Christian poet. His tragic idea is not that of heathenish fatalism, that represents the strong man relentlessly pursued by inexorable fate, and struggling with all the energy of despair against its invincible decrees; for with him, in the words of Ulrici, "the tragic element consists in the sufferings and final ruin of the humanly great, noble, and beautiful which have fallen a prey to human weakness." The simple story of the "young man whom Jesus loved," around whose unspoken fate hangs such an air of ineffable sadness, contains the essence of the Christian tragedy. Sophocles, master of the heathen art, plunges his Oedipus Tyrannus into the blackest gulf of torment and despair, because, in obedience to the inevitable decree of the gods, he unwittingly kills his father, and dishonours his bed. But Shakspeare, the great creator, as well as the unrivalled master of the Christian art, makes his "noble Brutus," endowed with an almost perfect manhood, bring upon himself, by his own moral and intellectual weakness, the awful punishment of outraged justice.

The development of the central character of a play must of necessity be the development of the plot. So it was that Shakspeare wrote. One grand central thought expressed in the plot, and every other thought and feeling centering in that. One character, the incarnation of his grand idea, and every other character tributary and subservient to its development. Thus it was that he reared those mighty monuments to the lasting glory of his name, and the increasing wonder of humanity: not a part superfluous, not a stone wanting; stupendous as the Pyramids, beautiful as the palace of the "Faerie Queen." His genius was the architect. His characters are the outgrowth of his soul. And if it were permitted us to deify genius, most aptly would Emerson's exquisite lines develop our meaning:

"These temples grew as grew the grass;
   Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
   To the vast soul that o'er him planned.
   And out of thought's interior sphere,
   These wonders rose to upper air;
   And Nature gladly gave them place,
   Adopted them into her race;
   And granted them an equal date
   With Andes and with Aurora,
   The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
   And groined the isles of Christian Rome,
   Wrought in a sad sincerity;
   Himself from God he could not free;
   He builded better than he knew,
   The conscious stone to beauty grew."

When we speak, then, of Shakspeare's art we speak of it so far as he himself is concerned, objectively. As we follow in his giant strides, there is revealed to us at every step an unconscious skill, of which, as he strode onward to his one grand thought, he knew not. When we look at the consummate art of Antony's oration to the people, it is Antony's skill that commands
itself to us, not Shakespeare's, for when he wrote that speech he was Antony. We hold it then to be treason against the high prerogative of genius, which is to play and not to work, to represent Shakespeare, as a writer in a well-known magazine has done, as working out the acts of his plays: artfully striving "to catch the fancy," "to beguile and attract" his audience; thus making him write at the people, rather than from himself. It is the mirrored image of his own littleness which this writer sees, when he brings the great master-builder down to the level of a skilful joiner. And his heresy is all the more heretical by reason of his constant leaps into orthodoxy, and the force and beauty of thought and style with which he places truth and error side by side. But of this more, perhaps, hereafter.

To every careful reader, the tragedy of "Julius Caesar" reveals itself as the triumphant vindicator and expositor of the Divine principle, Retributive Justice. Accordingly the grand thought or idea expressed is: Assassination and conspiracy are self-destructive. So the plot or story is: Brutus and his associates conspire against Caesar, assassinate him, and reap the reward of their acts in violent deaths; while the tragic movement, as before enunciated, demands that our interest should be excited in Brutus as the possessor of high intellectual and moral endowments, yet fallen into sin.

This then is the problem which the creative genius of Shakespeare so grandly solves; to obtain for Brutus our deepest love and sympathy, as a high-souled and honourable man, at the very moment when he plunges his thirsty dagger into the bosom of his friend, his "best lover," who had not only given him life at the battle of Pharsalia, but had crowned it with honour and distinction. Clothed in the enchanting drapery of Shakespeare's genius, the midnight conspirator and noon-day assassin, the destroyer of his own God-given life, wins a high place in our interest and esteem. Let us mark how it comes about.

So far we have found Brutus only what every other hero of the Christian tragedy must needs be, one claiming interest and sympathy on the ground of certain qualities of mental and moral excellence; yet, trusting only in his own strength, fallen into grievous sin. But that does not make him Brutus; so we proceed to a more particular development of his character by portraying those traits that excite our interest, as well as those failings that led to his downfall. And if our ideal be the true one, there belong to him three distinguishing characteristics that give tone and colour to his whole character; and which, under the circumstances in which he was placed, inevitably made him the man he was; caused him to live the life that he lived, and to die the death that he died. These we conceive to be: an honest desire to do right, with a conscience susceptible even to morbidity: a deep and burning love of liberty, with the earnest longing that once again his country might enjoy its blessings; and that peculiar reflective temperament that led him to seek enjoyment and occupation in his own inner life rather than in the outward world; that fitted him to be the quiet student absorbed in the earnest pursuit of truth and in philosophical investigation, rather than the active, energetic public man; that made of him, in a word, the thoughtful, earnest philosopher, rather than the scheming, far-sighted, sharp-witted politician and conspirator. To these we might add a fourth, though it would seem to follow as a direct inference from the third, the lack of that powerful, energetic, persevering will, so indispensable to the public man, who would guide successfully the ship of state over the surging billows of revolution.

Brutus was upright, honest, and conscientious: a devoted patriot, a reflecting philosopher; much given to brooding meditation; totally unfitted by his temperament and life to take a comprehensive and searching view of political affairs; not much versed in human nature, and consequently easily imposed on; and not at all the man to be the head and front of a band of conspirators, whose avowed purpose was to overthrow the existing tyranny, and establish the freedom of the people.

Such is a rough sketch of our conception of Brutus, as Shakespeare represents him. True, it is softened down and filled out in detail by a thousand delicate touches from the master's hand; but these three or four general characteristics we hold to have been the ruling powers of his life. We shall now attempt to prove this, in a comprehensive view of the action of the play, by showing that such a man as we conceive Brutus to have been must of necessity have thought and acted as Shakespeare makes him think and act.

But while we make this our principal object, let us also note the wonderful skill by which we are forced to love and sympathize with the erring Brutus, while we abhor and detest his crimes, and assent to the mournful fate that outraged justice metes out to him.

The play begins by introducing to us the Roman populace, but yesterday so zealous in the cause of Pompey "that Tiber trembled underneath her banks," at their "universal shout" of loyalty and admiration; now eager in their new-found zeal to

--- "Strew flowers in his way
That came in triumph over Pompey's blood."

The mob is evidently no favourite with Shakespeare, and for two reasons it is expedient that it should be represented in an unfavourable light. First, because Caesar's great ambition to win the fickle favour of such a people tends to lower him in our estimation, the more so since the odium of his assassination; and again, because being totally devoid of all true appreciation or love of liberty, they do not second the conspirators in their vain attempt to throw off the
yoke, and thus ensure the final ruin of the cause, so imperatively demanded by the whole design of the play.

Then we see Brutus watching in the bitterness of his heart the mad procession of the Lupercalsians, with Cæsar at their head, and the servile mob with fickle seal following at his heels. The wily, fox-like Cassius takes advantage of his mood, and stealthily inflames his mind, already excited against Cæsar. Note now the exquisite skill and tact of Cassius in this interview. He pretends to feel aggrieved at what he chooses to consider Brutus’ late estrangement from him, which in a noble, generous mind like Brutus’ would naturally create the desire of disproving the insinuation by more than usual kindness, and would remove any suspicion he might have entertained against Cassius, and convince him of the latter’s devotion and friendship. Cassius then assaults his love of popular favour by assuring him that

“Many of the best respect in Rome,
Groaning underneath this age’s yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.”

The shout of the populace at Cæsar’s refusal to accept the crown, is improved by Cassius to obtain from Brutus an expression of his sentiments and purposes. And how marked the contrast between the two men as exhibited in their uses of the same word “honour!” Brutus, using it to denote that nobleness of mind springing from inward principle, “loves the name of honour more than he fears death.” While Cassius, in the spirit of the modern duellist, exclaims:

“I had as lief be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.”

To the one it is a subjective quality, to the other an objective appearance.

After Cæsar has quelled Cassius by the recital of his want of physical endurance and firmness of spirit, Cassius finally appeals to Brutus’ ancestral pride in these suggestive lines:

“Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brooked The eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome, As easily as a King.”

The blunt Casca then, whose “rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,” still farther brings Cæsar into disrepute, by his characteristic account of his triple refusal of the crown, and the subject and loathsome applause of the people.

Brutus leaves them, engaging to meet and speak with Cassius on the morrow. So the first wrong step is taken, and Brutus’s doom is sealed: he listens and falls. From this his course is downward, and the tragic shadows thicken over him till they are lost in the gloom of black and endless night.

Cassius, the author of all his woe; Cassius, whose soul just now over-flowed with tenderness and wounded feeling because Brutus gave him not “that gentleness and show of love as he was wont;” Cassius, type of the serpent fiend, watches his victim as he hastens away, and exclaims:

“Smiling in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself.”

“Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed.”

And so the plot goes on. Brutus is easily persuaded that he is the chosen instrument of the gods to free his country from her chains; and after many an hour of soul-anguish he sets to work to form his plan. He feels that he has been deprived of his high office and that his life has been snatched away without cause, and he determines to “slay his best lover for the good of Rome.”

But there is no rest for him; the “still small voice of his better nature is never silent; and this subjective conflict of right and wrong is in itself far more fearfully tragic than the most desperate struggle with objective fate. Most masterly does Shakespeare describe this conflict when he makes him say:

“Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept;
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim
Is like to a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an inscription.”

Then comes the midnight meeting of the conspirators, at which the plan of action is arranged, and the time for the deed appointed. And a fitting night it was. They came with faces buried in their cloaks, “through a tempest dropping fire, and the cross-blue lightning.” The lion glared upon them in the Capitol, and “gliding ghosts” and “men all in fire” walked with them up and down the streets. Even the complexion of the elements was favoured like to the work they had in hand: most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.” As they came, so they went into the “cold raw morning,” their reeking hearts as black as the night from which they came.

Scarce had their retreating footsteps died upon the ear, when as an angel of light after spirits of darkness, the “gentle Portia” stood beside her lord. The introduction of Portia here is most exquisitely timed. Brutus has just identified himself with the faction, and assumed their leadership. The odium of treachery, ingratitude, and murder is clinging to his skirts; and this garden scene with Portia is needed to restore him to our good “apprehension.” The very fact of his being so loved by such an one as she, as well as his own noble language to her, excite our deepest esteem and sympathy.

Of Portia’s character we cannot speak as fully as we would. Beautiful and pure, she stands before her humbled husband with the
Shakspeare's Brutus.

true dignity of wounded love, an ideal Roman woman, "Cato's daughter," "well reputed," and worthy of her lord. But her eulogy is best pronounced by Brutus himself:

"You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
... O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife."

Great and all-absorbing indeed must have been the struggle that could have made him fail in his wrounted courtesy to such a wife. But her wisely bosom will take no repulse, and soon she wins him to his former self by the touching earnestness with which she pleads to share his burden:

"And upon my bended knees,
I charge you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me yourself, your half,
Why you are so heavy."

The Ides of March, the mysterious time appointed by the soothsayer at the feast of the Lupercal, has come. The great Caesar, soldier and philosopher though he be, is deterred from going to the Capitol by the portentous dream of his anxious wife. But when Decius tells him that

"The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar;"

his love of power and fear of ridicule induce him to change his mind.

The conspirators met him there, and with the words of arrogance and pride upon his lips, pierced by friendly daggers,

"Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell!"

So was Pompey's fate avenged, and so

"Ambition's debt was paid."

And now, when Brutus is called to the management of affairs, his unfitness becomes most manifestly evident. He is too honest, and consequently too trustful in others, to deal with such men as Antony and theickle mob. In the kindness of his soul he lets Antony "speak in Caesar's funeral," and as a consequence, the conspirators are forced to flee for their lives.

Of the speeches of Brutus and Antony, volumes almost might be written. Considered in themselves as representative ideals of eloquence and oratory, or in their perfect contrast with each other, they claim our most exalted admiration, as well as our patient and scrutinizing study. The speech of Brutus, written in prose—a most noteworthy fact, by the way, for Shakspeare evidently wrote with greater ease and fluency in blank verse—is the out-gushing of his inmost life, the expression of its ruling powers. He stands before the people for whose liberty he has shed the life-blood of his best friend, and is now ready to shed his own; and they despise the heavenly boon he proffers. His defence is calm, deliberate, and weighty, as becomes a Roman senator; but withal, it has the resistless energy of an honest, life-absorbing purpose. It is a great speech, for it is the concentrated utterance of a great life.

The populace, in their reception of his speech, are evidently more influenced by their goodwill to Brutus and respect for his character, than by its exalted sentiments; for in total disregard of its whole spirit, they cry out to Brutus

"Let him be Caesar."

Antony finds them strongly prejudiced in favour of the conspirators by the speech, but more by the character of Brutus, and consequently extremely jealous of any attempt to disparage him. But as clay is moulded in the hands of the skilful potter, so he moulds their minds to the pattern of his own choosing. Soon those who before were ready to "bring Brutus with triumph home unto his own house," "to give him a statue with his ancestors," and "make him Caesar," now join their willing voices to raise the cry: "We will be revenged! Revenge! about! seek! burn! fire! kill! slay! let not a traitor live!"

Admirably fitted was Antony to move the popular mind. A man of the world, a soldier of fortune; accustomed to deal with the lower order of mind; engaging in his address; a polished, speaker of consummate art; wonderful in his knowledge of human nature; having, doubtless, much affection for Caesar, but knowing well how to turn it to the best account to give zest and life to the part he was acting. As an exquisite work of art, his speech is without an equal, and it is probably the finest example of rhetorical climax known. To enter here upon a full analysis of it, were foreign to the scope of this article. No more profitable study for the English scholar could be found. Every sentence is replete with interest, every word has its hidden store of wealth and beauty, revealed only to him who labours in the love of it.

But we turn to follow Brutus to his speedy and mournful end. The fatal deed is done, and Caesar's blood cries from the ground for vengeance.

Now new actors are needed on the stage, and Octavius, Lepidus and Antony the soldier, with their followers, the avengers of Caesar's fate, come forward to act their parts.

Brutus, the chief conspirator, for whose development all the others have their dramatic life. Cassius, his fellow-conspirator, bringing out in bold relief the sterling worth of Brutus's character, playing the part of temper and false friend. Caesar, the noble victim, by his own tragic fate enforcing, in episode, the grand moral of the play. Antony, the "golden-mouthed
orator" and revelling soldier; with Octavius, the clever, weak, and unprincipled demagogue; all proclaim, though they know it not, the grand law of retributive justice: "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Where is the lack of unity, or which of these, the leading characters, is superfluous or overdrawn?

The same disastrous results still follow the course of Brutus, and mark him still more plainly as unfitted for his part. To make the matter worse, his mind evidently becomes diseased by brooding, as was his wont, over his troubles; and the raging conflict in his breast is fast corroding the energies of his soul. When we add to this the distracting news of the suicide of his wife, we cannot admire too highly his forbearance and forgiveness in that justly noted tent-scene, in which he comes to words with Cassius. This link completes the chain that binds our sympathies to his fate. He is shown possessed of so much manly independence, and yet of so frank and generous a nature—confessing his hasty spirit, even when his inmost soul is wrung with agony—that if aught was needed to finish his conquest of our hearts, this completes it.

There is also now a peculiar significance in the conduct of Cassius. The two have become identified by a common sin and a common doom. Cassius, the instigator of the whole affair, has played his part, and failed of his object. There is no necessity, then, for the further development of the low cunning in his nature. On the other hand, it adds greatly to the effect of the plot that his better traits are now shown us; our interest is excited to this heretofore hidden phase of his character, and so another element is added to the tragic end.

This softening of the character of Cassius is with Shakspere a labour of love. So far in the play, there is scarcely a word he has uttered, a trait he has developed, that claims in the least degree our sympathies. The cold, calculating, deceitful conspirator; the embodiment of perverted intellect, or rather of sly cunning, he seems totally lacking in moral and social qualities. Such an one was demanded by the action of the play. But now his mission is fulfilled; and before he disappears from the stage, it seems as if Shakspere hastens to throw the mantle of a kindly humanity over his cold, repulsive character.

And this trait of Shakspere is evident in all his creations. It was this that put the touching words "Et tu Brute?" into the mouth of the dying tyrant; and that represents Antony as eulogising Brutus over the dead body of Caesar.

He seems to see in every fallen brother and sister of his race only what he himself might have been; and while he holds up to our disapprobation sin and error, he engages our pity and compassion for the sinning and the erring. None of his characters are either perfectly pure or perfectly depraved; in the best and the noblest are the traces of one common sin, and in the lowest and the most abandoned gleam here and there some lingering lineaments of their God. In all we are reminded of one common humanity, fallen, yet magnificent in its ruins!

This view of the scene is abundantly borne out by the language of Cassius. It is evidently heart-felt; and, when compared with that of his first interview with Brutus, shows an unmistakable change of motive. In the first he speaks the language of the head; in the last, the kindly speech of a full heart.

After this exciting scene, Brutus seeks the soothing influence of music to calm his troubled breast; and herein develops another engaging trait, very prominent in Shakspere's characters. His treatment of the tired Lucius, who from sheer fatigue drops asleep as he plays the lute to him, most beautifully brings out his kind consideration for the feelings and comfort of his inferiors, at a time when he himself is bowed to the earth with his mighty load of sorrow. The music ceasing, he betakes himself to reading; when suddenly the ghost of Caesar, the phantom of his diseased brain, appears before him. The memory of Caesar, in very truth, is his "evil spirit," never leaving him, and continually asserting its growing influence over his fevered mind. He acknowledges this himself when, at the death of Titinius, he says:

"O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet: Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails."

And again, the last utterance of his life is:

"Cesar, now be still: I killed thee with half so good a will."

It is observable that as the tragic end draws near, its retributive nature is constantly alluded to by the avengers as well as their victim. In the meeting of the hostile generals it forms the burden of the burning reproaches which Octavius and Antony heap upon Brutus and Cassius. Cassius, as he dies, proclaims it:

"Cesar, thou art revenged
Even with the sword that killed thee."

Thus the leading, ruling thought intensifies itself as it nears its perfect fulfillment.

The manner of the death of Brutus, so apparently contradictory to our conception of his character and to his own express declaration, claims our lingering notice. It will be remembered that on the eve of that disastrous battle, Cassius says:

"If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?"

Buc.: Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself! I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fail, so to prevent
The time of life—earning myself with patience
To stay the providence of some higher powers
That govern us below."
Leaves for the Little Ones.

THE TWO DUCKS.

(A Legend).

Amidst green and pleasant meadows, one glorious summer, there ran a stream, whose course lay among the water-lilies and through green fairy foresta of bulrushes. On its clear breast there was often to be seen a brood of ducks headed by an old drake: they were happy and very fat; they were also beautiful, and gems of radiant colours glanced in the sunlight on their crested heads.

But two of them were white. These two were ever to be seen side by side. At noon they rested upon the green banks or amidst the rushes, and rejoiced in the sunshine. At evening-tide they swam to and fro on the large golden mirrors which the setting sun flung on that stream, pluming their wings and arching their necks, then sailed among the water-lilies till the moon came out. Many a night they would fain have lingered in its gentle light, but the old drake had issued a decree that a certain time by the evening star every duck should be on shore. It was one summer's day that, being

however honest, however patriotic, can ever do it. Liberty is too precious a boon to be won by proxy. He erred also, in that he comprehended not the signs of the times. Rome was degenerate; she had "lost the breed of noble bloods." He was above the age in which he lived, and yet he saw it not. For these errors, these "sins against history," he was doomed to see the ruin of his cause, and his last fond hopes of his country's liberty extinguished forever on the bloody field of Philippi.

Here must leave this fruitful subject, its beauties half-developed, its treasures all untold. As to the pale student of the heavens, through patient labour and unwearied vision, are revealed worlds above worlds and systems above systems reaching far off into inmeasurable space: so to the earnest student of Shakspeare, who step by step, with pleasurable toil, gains his way into the universe of the master's mind, are revealed fresh worlds of thought and beauty, teeming with priceless jewels of knowledge and delight.

We have endeavoured to confine ourselves to the unfolding of the character of Brutus, noticing only those points which mark most directly its development. Striving to shut our eyes to the myriad beauties that crowd our pathway, we have tried to "keep boldly on" in the course we marked out. Of the philology of the play, an almost inexhaustible subject, we have said nothing, nor of the minor characters, nor of the up-growth of the plot in the mind of Shakspeare.

But we forbear, and leave our hero to the eulogistic eloquence of the "noble Antony," his honourable adversary:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; He only, in general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up And say to all the world This was a man."
overcome with heat, he forgot his usual energy, and left these two giddy sentimental ducks to themselves.

The stream sailed on, and with it the snow-white ducks.

"Pearl," said the younger of the two, "I do so hate going to bed at the same time every night, just when the moon is brightest, the water coolest, and the flowers are sweetest. So I'm quite resolved to enjoy myself to-night: and I'll tell you a secret, as we always have shared each other's joys and sorrows, dearest Pearl."

"Ah, Snowflake," said the elder, "what a wild, and I fear, wicked little duck you are. Go on, however, you know I shall stand by you to the last."

"Well, Pearl," said Snowflake, playfully fanning Pearl with her white wing, and perhaps casting a glance at its beauty with a pardonable pride, "do listen before you say anything, and don't be quite so prudish, or I shall shock your sensibility. Last night I vowed I would go out; the air was so refreshing, and such a delicious breeze rang the little flower-bells, and made sweet music among the stems of the tall burrushes, that I could bear it no longer, and as you slept at some little distance I durst not call you. I went, and determined to sail slowly by the cope where the honeysuckle blows. Ah! how sweet it was, and how often I wished for you, Pearl, dear. I had just reached the little islet where we so often sit under the shade of our own favourite willow-tree, and was about to turn, resolving to run all risks and fetch you, when I heard a faint quack, converted into a sighing groan, close to me. I was startled, and on looking round perceived a young drake, the handsomest I ever beheld; so different from Swallow-Frog and Lovelly, our old companions. He told me his name was Emerald-Crest. He persuaded me with soft words to sail with him round the far islet where in spring-time the violets grow on the old ash-root. At first I would not; but, when he talked to me, as I thought none but ourselves could talk, Pearl, I could not resist; and he told me of strange and beautiful things; of other lands where he said our wings might carry us, where storms never come, and where birds with jewelled wings sleep amongst flowers sweeter than roses and fairer than the water-lilies we love. He whiled away the time thus till we came to the Hazel Copse, where the blackbirds build; and as we sailed by such a flood of sweet melody burst from thence, that when it ceased methought the blackbird had waked from its sleep in the still night-watch to greet this new friend amongst us. I told him so. He quacked softly, and I could see in the moon-light that the feathers on his breast rose as if the wind had ruffled them. But there was no wind. By this time the evening star began to pale, and I feared to stay. He said to me as we parted, 'The days of young life are short at best, 'tis fitting we should enjoy them. My life has begun to-night; these waters seem to me like those of another land, and a better. Farewell. To-day I murmured at the quiet that reigns here, to-night I think it Paradise. We have met but once, let it not be the last time. I shall wait you again to-morrow night.' As I turned away a feather flew from my wing as I flapped it in token of adieu. He seized it. He stayed no longer; but as I turned to look at him in the distance, I saw the long silver track upon the water, and he was gone."

And that was not the last time Snowflake and Emerald-Crest met near the wild rose-bower, whose branches cast shadow upon the stream from beneath the willow-tree on the banks of their favourite islet.

Their dream of happiness was fair, but, like the roseate tints the sunset leaves, it was too fair to last.

Pearl was sent on a visit to a neighbouring brook with an elderly duck named Gobble-all, as it was thought expedient by the old drake that she should see a little of the world. Sad was the parting between the friends; and when Pearl went, and her restraining presence and advice were lost for a time to her less thoughtful friend, Snowflake sought consolation, and found it in communion with the kindred soul of the young and handsome Emerald-Crest. None as yet knew their love—it burnt so much the brighter in secret. Earth was nothing to them; of its trials they recked not, and its pleasures they loathed; for the evening brought joys which none could share, whilst the world's cold heart lay sleeping away the hours which to them were life's existence.

Summer waned. The time was coming, too, when their rosy dream must become a chilly drear reality. It is ever so.

As Snowflake's beauty became the pride of the old drake, and the ducks her companions, it came to pass that, one of their number, an ugly young drake with a sandy head and a very imperinent way of swimming, thought it expedient to fall in love with her. His name was Swallow-Frog.

He was rather favoured by the old gentleman, who had it strongly in his mind that Snowflake should not marry out of the family, and constantly got into a passion when anyone mentioned the ducks of the neighbouring farms and ponds, declaring they were common, vulgar birds, and priding himself immensely on the Muscovite breed of his own family. He had once caught three daring intruders who, hearing of Snowflake's beauty, had come to look at her whilst diving for frogs. He flew at them in person, bodily, and worried the head of one of them almost to a mummy before he would let him go.

As may be supposed, the society of Swallow-Frog was very distasteful to Snowflake. His conversation too was mostly upon the number of fat frogs and toads he caught in the season, and of the delicacy of a water-newt as compared with a land one, with other details of the kind. He was ignorant as well as idle, and knew no
more where the violets grew on the Ash-tree root or the Hazel Copse where the blackbirds sang, than he did of that glorious land which Emerald-Crest talked of. At length his attentions were followed by Sheldrake, a pert young bird with a black top-knot, and young Lovely, who boasted relationship with the King Rider, and had a cynical way of standing on his head in the water and splashing into the faces of those behind, for which little act of mischief he was cordially hated by his companions.

Poor Snowflake! her fate was fast being accomplished.

Of all these suitors none was so favoured as Swallow-Frog; his exultation consequently exceeded all bounds. Wherever Snowflake swam Swallow-Frog was sure to follow. Her days were miserable; and it was only the calm soft evening hours that brought Emerald-Crest, and with him transient happiness, that made life to her endurable.

She had not told him of her sorrow, she dared not think of his despair. But he saw that a blight had fallen upon her, and his gentle words and tender kindness made her lean more than ever on him for hope to cheer her through the trials that daylight brought.

Yes, their trial hour was coming, and their sad fate on the eve of being accomplished.

It was one of those delicious dreamy evenings in July, when the moon looks down on earth as if in reverie, when the winds are hushed and the world is still, that Snowflake stole forth upon the water to meet her lover. He was awaiting her at the straying-place, and there he won from her the sad avowal of her miseries.

The effect was electrical. His eyes gleamed, his jewelled crest stood upright with anger, his feathers rose and fell, and the waters were troubled with his restless movements.

It was some moments ere he spoke; at length, in a tone hoarse with emotion, he said:

"And I, too, have had my troubles, but I bore them for your sake. I will bear them no longer, neither shall you. This very night shall we seek that 'better land' of which I told you. Ah! Snowflake, it is a glorious land! Orange and citron trees wave their blossoms over what shall be our home; and the waters play with amber and make precious stones their toys."

"And do any of our own race live there?" asked Snowflake.

"Yes," said Emerald-Crest; "there dwell the Gargany ducks, of whom I told you that, as the rainbow so is their plumage for its glorious tints. And the flowers. Ah! the flowers are of heaven's own painting. It is a fair and beautiful country, Snowflake; come away, dearest, come away!"

"Emerald Crest," said Snowflake, "it is beautiful if you say so, for a desert would be fair to me if you were there; but, ah me! what shall I do? If I go with you I can never come back any more, or see Pearl again; Emerald-Crest, do not tempt me, leave me to myself; I will stay at home."

"And be the bride of the odious and senseless Swallow-Frog. Be it so then. See me depart. Give myself up forever to him. I go to perish in a foreign land. My hopes blighted, and my very life a sacrifice to the caprices of one whom I once fondly believed had loved me. Farewell, then!"

"Stay, stay a moment, (ah! Pearl, for thy wiser counsel), I yield. Adieu, friends. Adieu, home. Adieu, scenes of my happy childhood, I leave ye forever! Emerald-Crest into thy hands I give myself, my life, my happiness, my all; and will go with thee even to the world's end."

And thus did Snowflake leave her home under the influence of excitement. And because of pride in the first instance and want of courage in the next she neglect to advise with her natural guardians, and fall a victim in the end to her own indiscretion.

When morning dawned over the meadows and sunlight broke upon the stream, Snowflake had left those familiar scenes, once the little world where all she knew or thought of, or loved, were centred.

They sailed on through the clear soft air, Snowflake and Emerald-Crest. The feeling of elasticity and the happiness of being together gave them new strength and life, and for a time they forgot their woes.

Before night again veiled the earth in shadows they had reached the domains of the "King Rider," who received his cousin and the beautiful companion of his wanderings with a royal welcome. She was the admiration of that gorgeous and magnificent court. Her spotless plumage, compared with the resplendent beauty of their richer hues, seemed the more lovely from the contrast. And when Emerald-Crest saw it he was proud of her and loved her the more.

The next day Snowflake said to him:

"Let us away, dearest, this is no home for us; we were not made for courtly fêtes, and we love not homage nor adulation." Little recked she of her beauty, or knew all the pride which Emerald-Crest felt when he beheld her; she thought only of that distant land with its orange-groves and citron bowers, where she and Emerald-Crest would be always together, and never be separated more. Ere the evening came they had bid the Rider-ducks farewell.

It was late in the day when they set out for the shores of the Mediterranean, and it was with a boding heart that Emerald-Crest watched the sunset. He saw the orb fold its bright face in the glorious mantle of crimson and gold which spread over the western heavens. But when it dipped beneath the wide ocean as they came in sight of it, and withdrew its brightness; that regal robe became a pall of black night and it held the storm which the rising winds blew fiercely along. Thunder now rolled in the distance, and lightning glanced before the eyes
Concerning Rings and Precious Stones.

of the affrighted birds, whose strength, amidst
the now raging storm, grew feeble, till, spent
with fatigue and terror, they could hardly make
their way through the air. The black rocks
stood terribly out into the water, and the crested
heads of the fearful waves gleamed fire as the
red lightning shot over them; and the wind
moaned and howled up and down, as if it sought
a victim, and tore the waters and dashed them
into foam, then flung them frothed and gurgling
upon the rocks.

In a faint and feeble voice, almost drowned in
the storm, Snowflake said:

"I am sinking fast. Farewell, my beloved,
fly on... Do not stay for me, but live yet to be
happy."

"No, no!" answered a voice, in which she
could hardly recognize the tones of Emerald-
Crest. "We will die together. I will never
survive thee, my love, my bride!" And they
sank down in death.

"And this is my doing," groaned Emerald-
Crest, as, almost without life he nestled by the
side of his beautiful Snowflake.

"We shall die at least together. Death is
very near; nothing shall separate us now!" she
answered.

And as she spoke the red lightning again lit
that awful scene, and Snowflake and Emerald-
Crest lay dead upon the beach!

Concerning Rings and Precious Stones.

Chains and necklaces have been worn as
feminine ornaments since the remotest period; thus Homer describes to us the amber
and gold necklace, set with precious stones, presented
to Penelope by one of her suitors. Wealthy
Roman ladies wore them of gold and silver,
those of the lower classes of copper. It was the
custom to wind them round the waist as well
as the neck, and to hang from them pearls and
trinkets of various sizes. In France necklaces
were first worn by ladies in the reign of Charles
VII., who presented one of precious stones to
Agnes Sorel. The gems were probably uncut,
for the lady complained of them hurting her
neck; but as the king admired it, she continued
to wear it, saying that women might surely bear
a little pain to please those they loved. The
fashion, of course, was at once adopted by
the ladies of the court, and soon became general.
During the reign of Henri II. pearls were greatly
in vogue for necklaces, as we find from the
portraits of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Queen
of Scots. The Queen Dowager of Prussia
possesses a very beautiful pearl necklace, formed
in a remarkable way. On the day of her
marriage the king gave her a splendid pearl,
and added one on each anniversary. An
interesting anecdote about necklaces is connected
with the Empress Eugénie. When the
ruler of France marries, it is the custom for the
city of Paris to present the bride with some
costly gift. In 1853 the city of Paris voted the
sum of 600,000 francs to purchase a diamond
necklace for the Empress. But the young
empress expressed a wish that the money
should be wisely expended in founding a
school for poor young girls in the Faubourg
St. Antoine. This school, called Maison
Eugénie Napoleon, was opened in 1857, and
now shelters 400 girls, who are instructed by
those excellent teachers the Sisters of St.
Vincent de Paul.

The fashion of wearing gold crosses can be
traced to the beginning of the sixteenth century.
A portrait of Anne of Cleves shows her adorned
with three necklaces, to one of which a jewelled
cross is attached. The priests vehemently
assailed this custom from the pulpit, but the
ladies held fast, and now and then added a
heart of precious stones. Eventually an anchor
was placed with the other two, and hence we
have the now ordinary symbols of Faith, Hope,
and Charity.

Clasps were first worn by the military to
fasten their cloaks, but the fashion gradually
became general with both sexes during the
third and fourth centuries. These clasps be-
came with time excessively large, and repre-
sented the more modern fashion of brooches.

Girdles are of very great antiquity, and were
used in lieu of a purse or pocket. The belt of
the Roman ladies during the empire was formed
in front like a stomacher, and set with precious
stones. Hence we probably have the first idea
of a corset. In the middle ages bankrupts
used to surrender their girdles in open court.
The reason was that, as they carried all articles
of daily use in them, it was typical of a surren-
der of their estate. Taking off the belt was also
a sign of doing homage. Although not
fashionable now-a-days, jewelled girdles have
their uses, as was proved when an attempt was
made to assassinate the present Queen of Spain
by the curate Merino. The point of the dagger,
striking on the diamond belt, slipped aside, and
only inflicted a harmless flesh-wound.

We have not space to describe in extenso all
the ornaments of male and female use to which
gems have been applied. For a time valuable
snuff-boxes were considered indispensable by
men, while ladies imitated the fashion by
carrying a bonbontière. Shoe-buckles, too
(which are reappearing), in the reign of Louis
XVI. were so large as to cover the instep.
Gold-headed canes, once the distinguishing signs of physicians, who had a species of smelling-box in the top to protect the wearer from infection, are now rarely seen, except at sea-side French watering-places, where the Empress of France has brought them into fashion again, and in the hands of state men.

Rings have in all ages been regarded as the most important of all ornaments. As a symbol of spiritual alliance and insignia of eternal dignity they date back to the fourth century, when we find a ring used in the consecration of bishops. In conformity with the ancient usage recorded in scripture, the primitive Christian Church early adopted the ceremony of the ring of betrothal as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household, and over the earthly goods with which he endowed her.

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by natural joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchange of your rings."

In the ancient marriage ritual, the husband placed the ring on the first joint of the bride's thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger with the words, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally the ring was left on the fourth finger, with the word "Amen!" About a century ago it was the custom to wear the marriage ring on the thumb, although at the nuptial ceremony it was placed on the fourth finger.

The coronation ring of the kings of England is plain gold, with a large violet table ruby, wherein a plain cross of St. George is curiously engraved. The queen's ring is also of gold, with a large table ruby and sixteen small diamonds round the ring. Nor must we omit the curious Venetian fashion of the Doge of Venice weddng the Adriatic. Annually for six hundred years, the magnificently-appointed Bucentaur bore the Doge to the shores of the Lido, near the mouth of the harbour. Here, letting a ring fall into the bosom of his bride, the bridegroom uttered the words, "We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." Napoleon I. dissolved the marriage, and the couple never came together again.

Among ring curiosities we may mention the gimnall, often alluded to in old writers. It is composed of twin or double hoops, fitting exactly into each other that, when united, they form but one circle. Each hoop is generally surmounted by a band, the two being clasped when the rings are brought together. One hoop was sometimes of gold, and the other of silver. The custom of wearing mourning-rings is ancient: thus we find Shakespeare bequeathing to John Henninge, H. Burbage, and Henry Condell "twenty-six shillings eightpence a piece to buy them rings." Rings were also given away to attendants on the day of their master's marriage. The fashion of wearing thumb-rings is very ancient in England. When the tomb of the Venerable Bede was opened in 1831, a large thumb-ring of iron, covered with a thick coating of gold, was found in the place which the right hand had occupied before it fell into dust.

THE THEATRES, &c.

NEW DRAMAS AND BURLESIQUES.—REVIVAL OF LORD LTSYON’S "MONEY."

The theatrical barometer during the month of May has marked to frequent "change," and indicated fluctuations in the aura-popularis of the most erratic kinds. The production of new pieces has been attended with stormy results, and attested that there was danger in agitating the Lethe in which the theatrical deities have so long luxuriously dispored. Half-a-dozen new dramas and as many burlesques have seen the light—albeit without very strong constitutions in any case.

As we shall hardly be called upon to trouble the readers of this page with the details of the burlesque literature, we shall dismiss the latest novelties of this description briefly.

The most remarkable feature of the new extravaganza or opera-buffa "Columbus," produced at the GAIETY theatre, is the superb scenery; the dresses, too are very rich and gaudy; also there is a grand ballet, with a new dressure from Madrid (Mdlle. Rosseri), a lady of rare salutory abilities a gymnastic capabilities of leg. Miss E. Farren made a very
glance at the characters of M. Sardou's curious piece. Seraphine has become a French dévotee, and is entirely in the hands of her priestly director, Chapelard; while her drawing-room is haunted by numberless varieties of pseudo-benevolent and unctuously religious classes. Seraphine, to save herself from detection as regards an early liaison, implores her daughter Yeonne (who is beloved by the seducer of Seraphine) to enter a convent. It is in this scene between mother and daughter that the most powerful situation occurs. We cannot follow the piece further through its intricacies; suffice it to say that the seducer of Seraphine (Colonel de Montignac) is made to point the moral—that to expiate sin a mother should not force a daughter to a vicarious sacrifice! Miss Herbert acted with much pathos as Seraphine, being well supported by Miss Patty Josephs (late of the Holborn) in the ingénue part of the daughter Yeonne. Mr. Herman Vezin was impressive in the part of De Montignac. The character of Chapelard, the sleek director of the convent Seraphine, was allotted to Mr. Emery. The comedy is remarkably well put upon the stage.

A new melodrama has been produced at the Princess's, with the imprimitur of Mr. Dion Boucicault, entitled "Presumptive Evidence." A new three-act comic drama, entitled "Fox and Goose," the characters and incidents of which belong rather to the domain of farce, has been produced at the Strand. The plot turns upon the expedients of a gentlemanly windbag adventurer, once Fox Fowler—well played by Mr. Belford—to possess himself of a young lady betrothed to Young Gosling a stupid fellow of provincial proclivities, of course played by Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian. Mr. Clarke is a pronounced grumace actor. The piece met with moderate success, the audience all the while impatiently awaiting the advent of "Joan of Arc," the vulgar burlesque.

In producing "Money" at the Holborn, Mr. Barry Sullivan, in a venerating spirit, goes back to the time of the original production of the comedy to ascertain, apparently, the intention of the author in composing it. In the preface to the published play (original edition) Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote that the notion of writing a comedy of manners, in which the use and abuse of money should form the theme to be moralized and philosophized upon and satirised, was suggested by the apothegm conveyed in a homely versicle:

"Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or get a man's own,
Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

But to proceed with our impressions of the performance of "Money." As the reels (so to speak) of tars and polished dialogue supplied by the dramatist were wound off, we more and more appreciated the true philosophy, the genuine humour, and sparkling wit manifested in every scene. Next, the construction of the play struck us for its perfection in all its parts, and its general compactness. The well-known characters, as one after the other they appeared before us once again, delighted us with their reality, as living portraits and humourists. "Money" was produced thirty years ago at the Haymarket, and Macready was the first and the best Eevlyn. Mr. Barry Sullivan played Eevlyn on the present occasion with great care and spirit; in the portrayal of the deeper and subtler emotions leaving nothing to be desired. He was ably supported by Mrs. Herman Vezin, who gave us a graceful picture of the heroine, Clara Douglas. The gallery of portraits, which includes such fine old faces and expressive features as those of Capt. Dudley Smooth, Graves, and Mr. Stout, was done fair justice to by the Holborn representatives. Mr. J. Cowper played Wrench's famous part, Capt. Dudley Smooth, satisfactorily; but Mr. Cowper probably never saw Wrench. Mr. George Honey, may not have seen Mr. Ben Webster play Graves; but, without being like the unctuous Graves of Mr. Webster, Mr. Honey impersonated the half-cynical widower, resigned to his fate (but being much taken with the full-blown charms of Lady Franklin) with great gusto and humour. The comedy has been played nightly for several weeks to large audiences, without appearing to abate in attraction; but we hear that a new five-act poetical play of the, so called, "legitimate" stamp, by a dramatist of repute, (Mr. Buchanan) is in rehearsal.

The Oratorio Concerts reached their penultimate performance on the 12th ult., with those classical works, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." These fine works were executed under the excellent conductorship of Mr. Joseph Barnby, who has had almost a generation's experience of choir management. The solo and choral executants of the Oratorio Concerts at the St. James's Hall, in the noble music they last performed, did every justice to each other; and the eminent vocalists and powerful chorus were both ably seconded by a band of brilliant instrumentalists. We have been requested to correct a mis-statement we fell into through our admiration of the perfect time kept by Mr. Barnby's choir. We said, in a previous notice, that the choral performers were "professional" singers, but Mr. Stedman for Mr. Barnby politely writes thus: "The choir is not a professional one, being the least so of any of the principal choirs in London, but all the members are carefully chosen, and only admitted when found to have good voices and musical ability; constant practice and training have brought the choir to its present state."

The "Christy Minstrels," St. James's Hall.—This talented and popular company, frequently varying their very attractive entertainment, and being en permission at St. James's Hall, continues to draw large and fashionable audiences,
and deservedly, for we do not know a more agreeable programme of light ballad and comic music than that provided by the "Christy Minstrels." They need "fear no rival near their throne," so long as they remain such admirable caterers for the amusement of the public.

The Polytechnic Institution.—The enterprise of the directors of this invaluable institution, and the activity of Professor Pepper, have been manifested lately by the production of a scientific novelty in the shape of a powerful voltaic battery, whereby the lightning and the thunder, the natural grandeur of the elements, are imitated by means of the resources of science. Such effects in electricity have never before been accomplished on so grand a scale. Professor Pepper is a valuable scientific instructor of the public; and we recommend all our young friends particularly to go and see him, also to read his book, which is instructive and inexpensive.

The Alhambra Palace, Leicester-Square.—Visitors to this well-conducted establishment will find it devoted more than ever to the arts of music and the dance, without any of that pruriency or meretriciousness which are said to be associated with the usual "music-hall" entertainment. The performances are thoroughly artistic in character, and the musical programme is varied by the feats of Blondin on the high rope, which the public well know are elegant and gracefully performed. The musico-farettic entertainment of the Vokes Family is very comical, and the characters well sustained by the half-dozen members, male and female, of this eminently Protean family.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition has added to its large gallery of characters and costumes an effigy painful to contemplate, namely, that of Sheward, the Norfolk murderer. This magnificent collection at Baker-Street is a resort of unflagging attraction.

E. H. M.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

5, Pall-Mall East.

Perhaps the growing interest of the public in works of art may be best seen in the crowded condition of the art-galleries on the private-view days, when the first choice of their beauties may be made, and envious purchasers possess themselves of works as yet sealed to the gaze of outsiders. Never in our experience of the pleasant gallery of this society did a more numerous company assert this interest than on the occasion of this season's opening; and the addition of green tickets to the frames till the very close of the day afforded the best proof that the visitors were not mere sight-seers.

H. Gastineau exhibits great industry, and its fruits, in some very charming pictures. (4), "On the Rhine: Moonlight," has much poetic feeling. Mountains in the background, a grim old castle lowering from its rocky eminence upon the moonlit river. We have seen the subject many times, but there is a tenderness in the artist's treatment of it, an expression in the lights and shadows about the formidable ruin and the moonlit river, which seems to lighten and tremble as we look on it, that is as true to nature as to art.

Mr. Collingwood Smith has an old acquaintance with the high places of the earth, and shows it in his knowledge of mountain forms, and his treatment of cloud-mists—see "Sunrise at Chatillon, Val d'Aosta" (8).

"Starlight" also (9), Jos. J. Jenkins, a barge beside a river bank, with a fire glowing on the deck, and the darkness of growing night above, with one star shining through it, is a pleasing composition.

Mr. George A. Frip's "Scene in the Forest of Glenorchy, Argylshire" (18), a mountain side, with stunted pines, scudding mists, and moorland in the foreground, is carefully rendered.

Mr. Fred. W. Burton's "Cassandra Fedele" (20) represents a beautiful woman crowned with laurel. The head is painted with the power which this artist exhibits in such subjects; but the picture is less pleasing, as a whole, than others we have seen by the same hand.

"A Mountain Lake near Capel Curig" (24), (J. W. Whittaker), shows careful study of forms and clever rendering of rock texture.

We may say the same of Mr. T. M. Richardson's fine picture (32), with its mountain-lake, and masses of crag, and boulders.

Mr. George Dalglish's "Timber Waggon" (37), is a natural object in the woodland scenery so truly and charmingly depicts: the cleared space it occupies in the wood, and its sylvan surroundings, are carefully depicted.

We can but indicate "At Luveno Maggiori" (40), a charming picture by T. M. Richardson, one of several, by-the-way, by the same hand.

There is a hardness in the appearance of Mr. Joseph Nash's "Drawing-Room, Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire" (42), which is otherwise carefully painted.

Mr. J. Burgess, who is most at home amongst old-world crumbling architecture, has made a striking picture of the "Slate Belfry and Corn Exchange, Honfleur, Normandy" (48), a district which has afforded him many comparatively little-used but highly picturesque subjects.

C. Davidson's "Moonlight from the Bridge at Betws-y-Coed" (57), is a delicious transcript of an interesting scene.

"Ben-Nevis" (60), by Francis Powell, a boldly-conceived and beautifully executed picture.

"In a Doorway Rouen" (61), represents a woman and child, by Miss Margaret Gilles, with less mannerism than is generally seen in the productions of the artist.

By the way, the recollections of the last two pictures have thrown out of place our notes of Mr. C. Branwhite's "Christmas-time" (49); snow on the ground, the soft stillness of which makes itself felt; children in the hedge gathering scarlet-berried holly branches, while close
by a bit of ivy garnishes a leafless tree; the red sun sinking towards evening-time, and the church and distant village.

Paul J. Naftel has visited the Channel Islands in search of pictorial subjects, and has found them in the bays, fantastic rocks, and deep, tree-shaded lanes of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark.

"Houges des Pommieres, Guernsey" (67), an apple orchard in full blossom, is a wonderful bit of floral beauty copied with curious fidelity.

We should like to turn back to the "Street and Church of Montevillier, Normandy" (72), with Mr. J. Burgess; but must needs pass on to "The Meet" (75), by Birket Foster, with its groups of vivid children watching, half in wonder, half in fear, the long array of scarlet-coated horsemen who are gathering to the meet. The children, not too pretty, are full of vitality; the grouping is well managed, and the leafless trees painted with the well-known faithfulness of the artist. A few primroses peep through the sere last-year's leaves, and the furze blossoms on the skirts of the wood, within which the eager, yet timid spectators, are ensconced.

Mr. C. Davidson has returned to his old love for Knowle Park, and has found new beauty there: his beeches (79), in their autumn foliage, are as beautiful as his beeches of two years since in full leaf.

A pretty bit of realism is Mr. F. W. Topham's picture (83), "Two Rustic Children," with sun-shaded, upturned faces, following the course of a singing lark to what seems to them, as to the poet, "heaven's gate." The faces, dress, and pose of the children are unaffectedly simple and natural, and this may be said to be the charm of the picture.

"A Street in Frankfort" (93), by William Callow, is one of many noteworthy pictures by this well-known artist.

"Early Morning on the Snowdon Range" (112), H. Brittan Willis, is good. In the background, mountains with breaking mists about them, and cattle drinking at the river.

John Gilbert has chosen unusually sentimental subjects. His "Burial of Ophelia" (113), and "Lear and Cordelia" (121), have all his usual richness of colouring, and trenched on other fields than those of battle and street brawls, with which his pencil has been so often associated; but the soul requisite to represent sympathetically the pathos of our great poet has not yet entered into the painter.

C. Branswhite's "Old Mill—twilight" (115), a weird, wild-looking, half-wrecked mill, with a lurid sunset sky in the background; is an effective bit of form and colouring.

"Midford, near Bath," (118), G. Rosenberg, green trees, and a still pool full of depth and serenity, is a charming picture; and so is (119) Mr. Paul J. Naftel's "Capetel Cover, Devonshire."

Near at hand we perceive the "Porch of the Cathedral at Lisieux, Normandy," and "Cattle Market and Church of St. Jacques, Lisieux, Normandy," by J. Burgess, a noteworthy and interesting picture.

Mr. James Holland's "Genova, looking South-east" (126) has all this artist's characteristic brightness of style and facility of drawing.

Passing admiringly "The Quiet Mill-stream" of Jos. J. Jenkins (127), we find ourselves in front of Carl Haag's grand picture (131), "Kleen Amran, the High Priest of the Samaritan Community at Nablous, reading the Pentateuch." A solitary figure, finely posed, the boldly simple folds of whose white drapery, the texture of the hangings, and the gorgeous richness of their colouring are marvels in water-colour painting.

A little landscape (149), "Overtaken," by Jos. J. Jenkins, with figures of market-girls on ass-back, and two armed Zouaves striding up to them, is full of vitality.

Mr. Alfred W. Hunt's "Loch Coruisk" is worthy of more than a passing notice; and the same may be said of Mr. John Callow's "Beating up Channel" (160).

For colour and costume we refer our readers to Mr. J. D. Watson's "Carrying in the Peacock" (161), a picture of many women's faces, all apparently drawn from one model, and that not a handsome one.

Thomas Danby's "Lake of Geneva" (162), John Callow's "Scarborough, Yorkshire, low water," and Collingwood Smith's "Queen's View Lake of Lucerne" (160), are all worthy of the walls on which they hang, which is no small praise for them.

"Glasgerion" (170) is a strange story strangely told. The beautiful face of the young princess is lit up, as is also the colouring of her robes, by the firelight, which falls wildly on the face of the seated king and the sleeping forms around, and makes strange shadows amongst them.

"Leaving the Highlands" (180), Margaret Gillies, is carefully painted, and with much feeling, the old man's face full of expression, and the colouring excellent.

"The Rugged Path in the Mountains" (203) is a pretty bit of colouring and expression by H. P. Riviere.

"The Banks of the Avon, Wiltshire" (204), G. Rosenberg, a charming study of a charming scene—a tree-shaded river, with shadowy clouds reflected in its depth, and rich, fresh meadows margining it.

"Winter" (206), Wm. Callow, is represented by a snow-covered village churchyard, across which totters the bent form of a solitary figure, who may soon, it is suggested, tenant a place in it.

"Near Whitby" (225), C. Davidson, steps leading to a pathway through a wood, to which a figure gives vitality.

Upon the first screen we have a glowing picture of an Italian "Mid-day" (229), by James Holland.
Paul J. Naftel's "Southern Guernsey" (231) exhibits rocks, and the many-hued sea. G. P. Boyce has here a pleasant view "At Arisaig Coast of Inverness-shire" (235)—heathland, and mountains. "A Saturday Half Holiday" (239), by Alfred D. Fripp, has some quiet humour and much character: it represents a crowded group of boys fishing.

"A Breakwater" (240), by Birket Foster, is also a pretty bit of nature, and exhibits children at a fence, with a broken sea on the shore. But it would occupy much larger space than that at our command to enumerate a tenth of the noticeable pictures in this highly interesting exhibition.

Upon the second screen are pictures by F. Smallfield, Brittan Willis, Holman Hunt, and the veteran Valentine Bartholomew, who has, in his seventieth year, contributed two or three pictures. One of "Berries of the wild Guelder Rose, from Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire" (257), is remarkable for the newness of the subject, and the elegant simplicity of its treatment, as well as for its excellence of colouring and manipulation. It is but a gathered branch of leaves and ripe berries, but the rich colour of these in contrast with the soft underlining of the handsome leaves makes an effective picture, and a bit of hedge with a trail of wood ivy on it is a natural accessory. There is also a spray of gooseberries, by the same artist (265), real enough to make one desire to taste them.

Upon this screen we find one of the pictures of an artist new to us, "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" (260), by G. J. Pinwell, a picture rich in good qualities, though very singular and subdued in colouring. The wrap happy face of the piper, with the women and maidsen, and specially the little boys and girls, are crowding, some dancing as they go, while the birds hover above him, drawn from the roofs and dove-cotes by his melody, is wonderfully depicted, and surely no more lovely children ever lived in the brain of the poet—

"With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls"—

than those which the painter has created. His women's faces, whether old or young, are touching in their sweetness or their shadows, and we turn from the crowd of ideas the various faces suggest to us with almost a sigh to the still "Mill-pool" (266) of Birket Foster, with its green trees and deepening shadows—a sweet little picture, by the way.

Upon the third screen we notice Collingwood Smith's "Hayfield, Tooting Common" (269), "The Cigarette" (272), E. Lundgren, a Spaniard smoking, has considerable force, but the heavy folds of the linen sleeve are objectionable. Birket Foster appears to revel in the study of "Village Children," and paints them naturally and without any attempt to idealize his models.

Alfred D. Fripp's "Forget-me-nots" (281), children with sweet innocent faces, and eyes blue as the bright flowers, gathering forget-me-nots from the brink of a watery shallow, is not perhaps free from this poetic weakness, but the result is an exquisite picture. Here again we come to another scene in the story of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" (282), as full of character as the first, in which he charms the rats from their haunts; but these are less agreeable adjuncts to a picture than the birds in the former one.

There is another picture by Mr. Pinwell on the fourth screen, which shows that he can depict realities as powerfully as he has illustrated Browning's poetry.

"A Seat in St. James's Park" (297) is full of story, and not without considerable pathos. E. Burne Jones is well represented in his "Autumn" (184), and "Spring" (207)—a woman in a green robe with apple blossom—and the weird picture of the "Wine of Circus" (197). The witch in her yellow robe leans forward in an attitude which only an enchantress could retain so long as she could count the sluggish drops that make the charm; her beauty is deathly and her surroundings supernatural; two beasts, unknown to modern menageries, appear before her; great sunflowers loom their sultry heads within the place she inhabits, through the open front of which we see the ships of Ulysses with their strange sails and double banks of rowers on the sea. A picture that we smile at, and yet go back to look at, a picture full of weird symbolism, of awful power, and gorgeous colouring, but of which we try to lose the recollection in a "River Scene" of Birket Foster's (291), or the prettiness of Maria Harrison's "Early Spring" (303).—C. A. W.

R A Y M O N D .

(Translated from the French.)

The adventure which I am going to relate happened to a well-known literary man, whom I shall call by the name of Raymond, though no doubt his friends will not fail to recognize him by the absence of mind which formed one of his principal characteristics.

One morning as Raymond was much engaged with his pen, the porter of the hotel entered. He came for the quarter's rent, according to the custom of Paris, which four times in a year elevates the porter to the dignity of receivers of rent. Now Raymond was not one of those starving poets who live in a garret, with little furniture beside a bed, a table, and a chair; on the contrary, he possessed an independent fortune, but, devoted to literature, and simple in his habits, he contented himself with a parlour, and bedroom opening into it, both plainly furnished. He paid his rent, gave the porter the usual gratuity, and returned to his writing.
In a minute or two he looked up, and was amazed to see the porter still standing there, and gazing around with a bewildered air.

"What is the matter?" said he. "Have I not paid enough?"

"Yes, sir; but I see no preparations for moving, and the new tenant has come with his furniture. You know he has a right to enter at half past twelve, and it is now more than half past eleven."

Then it flashed upon Raymond's mind that he had given notice to his landlord some weeks ago that he should change his lodgings when the quarter was out, and he had never thought of it since. He rushed into the street like a crazy man; but when there he recollected that it was too late to seek a lodging and remove to it in less than an hour, and that what pressed most was to get his furniture out of the way. He was on the point of going back to the house to ask if he could not put it into some garret, when, by one of those chances which often come to the aid of those who cannot help themselves, an empty furniture waggon happened to pass at that moment. A bright idea struck Raymond; he hailed the waggoner, engaged him by the hour, and soon had his furniture placed on the waggon.

"Where shall I go?" said the man.

"Go on till I stop you. Drive slowly."

So the march proceeded; the driver went slowly, and Raymond walked along examining every house, to see if there was a notice to let on it. It was not an easy search; most of the best apartments had been taken, and of those that remained there was none that suited Raymond. One was too near the top of the house; the staircase leading to another was too narrow; in another the ceilings were too low; in another the rooms were too small; every one that he visited had some fault. Weary and dispirited, he yet continued his search till the sun was low in the west. He was tired and hungry; he was the driver; so were the horses; indeed the latter began to show signs of giving out, and the temper of the driver was not improved by the condition of his horses, and his own privations. He was put out of patience by Raymond's frequent hesitations, and Raymond himself thought he had little more time to lose; so he took the next lodging he came to, which combined most of the disadvantages of those he had rejected. The furniture was hastily put in, and Raymond sat down in the midst of the confusion to consider what was first to be done; but he came to the conclusion that he must go and refresh himself first; he therefore put the key in his pocket, inquired the way to the nearest restaurant, and went to get his supper.

After he had supper, he sat some time, not feeling inclined to renew his labours, preparatory for a night's rest, for he had not thought of engaging any assistance before he came out. But the urgency of the case soon drove him out, especially as he would not be sorry to get to bed and to sleep soon. Such, however, was not his good fortune; for on his way to his lodging he turned into a wrong street, and was soon entirely lost. What added to his confusion was that in the numerous streets through which he had passed he had completely lost the name of the one where he had taken rooms. In vain he tried to remember it: he could not betray his ignorance, and indeed what could he ask? He wandered about till a late hour, and then found himself in a part of the town he knew, not far from the residence of a friend, and he determined to cast himself on his hospitality for a night, and renew his search in the daylight, when he hoped to be more successful.

He spent nearly the whole day in search of the street where he had deposited his furniture. He remembered, indeed, the quarter of Paris towards which he had gone, but nothing further; houses and streets danced before his sight in confusion. "I am in a pretty predicament," said he to himself; "if I should make my difficulty known to my friends, they would laugh at me, and, moreover, how could they help me? My furniture would be no great loss, but my books and papers would, and I should not like to have them fall into anybody's hands; but I have no means of discovering them. Really this would make a good episode in a novel." That idea took possession of his imagination, and he began to think over the various denouements which were familiar to his mind till the idea occurred to him that the police could assist his search. Accordingly, the next morning he went to the chief of the police, and said to him:

"There is an individual named Raymond, who leads a very retired life, and writes a great deal. He professes to be only a literary man, and I do not know that he is a dangerous character; but the day before yesterday he left his lodgings without telling any person where he was going, and his most intimate friends have not been able to discover where he has hid himself, though they have spared no pains to find out. Such a departure is at least very suspicious, and I confess I am particularly interested in finding out where he is."

"He must have some sinister intentions," said the chief of police, "or else something must have happened to him. You may return in two days, by which time I will have discovered what is the matter."

The chief of police asked Raymond his name, but he did not choose to hear the question, and, saying he would call in two days, he left the office.

At the time specified, he returned, and the chief said to him:

"We have found the residence of Raymond. It is in such a street and such a number"—naming it. "We found his apartment in great confusion, as if he had just moved his things. We examined his papers, but found nothing to implicate him. He must either have absconded on account of his debts, or something has happened to him; we will know in a few days."

"You need not," said Raymond, "for I am he,"
"You!" said the chief. "Why, then, have you given all this trouble?"

Raymond told his story in so amusing a manner that the anger of the chief turned into laughter. It got about, and was a jest against him for some time.

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**THE LADIES' PAGE.**

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**CRAVAT OR NECK-TIE.**

**MATERIALS.** — Boar's-head Crochet-cotton, No. 10, of Walter Evans & Co., and Tatting Pin No. 3 will make an effective and extremely quickly-worked Neck-tie; but if wished finer, then use Cotton No. 14 and Pin No. 3; if worked still finer, then No. 2 Pin should be used.

**THE FIRST SIDE.**

Commence by working three quarters of a yard of the Trefoil Edging (in the December number, 1868), which will make a cravat of the usual size, but is can be worked any length wished. If the course cotton is used for the Edging, the space of thread between the Dots and Rosettes should be a quarter of an inch in length.

**THE POINTED END.** — The Edging being left off at the Rosette, tie a piece of coloured cotton into the 1st pearl loop of the last Dot, so as to mark it for a guide in joining, then leave the Edging for the present.

**CENTRE ROSETTE.** — Fill another shuttle, and leaving an end of a few inches of cotton commence a loop, work 2 double, (make an extra pearl and work 2 double alternately 4 times); then (work an extra pearl and 2 double four times); then (an extra pearl and 2 double 4 times); draw close, and instead of fastening off leave a few inches of cotton.

Return to the Edging and continue working as follows:—

**THE DOT.** — Commence a loop, work 3 double, take the Centre Rosette and join to the 1st pearl of it, keeping the ends to the left; then work 3 double; draw close. Reverse.

Work the Rosette as before, and repeat this Dot and the Rosette until 12 Dots are made, ending with the Rosette. Reverse.

Then for the next Dot—Commence, work 2 double, 1 extra pearl, 2 double. Miss the last Dot of the first side and join to the next pearl to the right of the one marked. Work 2 double; draw close, and reverse.

**THE SECOND SIDE.**

**THE ROSETTE.** — Work the second Rosette as before, and reverse.

**THE DOT.** — Commence, work 2 double; put the pin into the extra pearl last joined and which connects the two Dots together, then drawing the pearl which was marked through it, make a joining to the pearl marked, so that the two pearls form a cross; work 2 double, then join to the extra pearl of the next Dot to the right, so as to leave one pearl between unattached; work 2 double. Draw close and reverse. Repeat the Rosette and last Dot, until the 1st side is joined. In working the last Dot make an extra pearl instead of the second joining. Repeat the Centre Rosette, etc., for the other Pointed End.

Then with the threads left at the Centre Rosettes join the two pearls unattached, and knotting the ends together cut them off.

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**DESSERT DOYLEY—OPEN-WORK ON LINEN.**

**MATERIALS.** — Boar's-head Sewing Cotton, of Measures. Walter Evans & Co., and sufficient Irish Linen for the number of squares desired. The linen must not be very fine.

This is a new style of work. Procure some Irish linen of a coarse quality, and cut it into squares of the size desired. To produce thick and open-work stripes, it is necessary to draw threads out of the linen. To commence with, draw out forty threads for the fringe, then leave twenty threads undrawn for the border; draw out four threads, and after that leave and draw twenty threads alternately until the top border is arrived at. To form an ornamental design in the thick stripes, take ingrain black coarse sewing silk, and work cross-stitches, taking up six threads on the needle at once. Work in the same manner all the thick stripes of the linen, and then commence with the open-work stripes. These are done on the wrong side. White cotton, and not black sewing silk, is used for the open-work stripes, taking up six threads as before, but tying them with a knot in the centre, which forms the open work.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

First Figure.—Dress of green sultans, with petticoat and train superposed. The waistband, of the same, has a wide bow, ornamented like the dress, and instead of long ends, two wide loops hanging down. The tight sleeve is encircled by two cross-strips at the wrist. In front, the corsage may be open or closed; it has lappets ornamented with cross-strips and frills.

Rice-straw hat, trimmed with black velvet cross-strips, a large bow behind; and a cluster of tea-roses, with a trail.

Black lace bars behind, rather short, and not brought forward to the front.

Second Figure.—Dress of straw-coloured grenadine, trimmed with five plaited flounces having a head formed of a narrow black guipure, or, which is still better, a row of lace supported by a narrow cross-strip. Jacket of the same, tight in the corsage and describing behind undulations ornamented in the same way as the flounce. An ample puff is formed out of the fullness of the jacket. Plain body, on which is placed a small mantelet in the pelerine form behind and with rounded ends in front, trimmed like the rest of the jacket.

English straw hat of a flat shape, with narrow brims encircled by a wreath of wheat-ears, with a brown velvet band presenting a large bow and long ends hanging down behind. Plain cambric collar and cuffs.

Girl's Toilet.—Frock of poplin, with a narrow flounce at bottom, ornamented at intervals with black velvet. Corsege plain, low, and square, across both in front and behind, shoulder straps crenellated and edged with black velvet. Small English apron of unbleached linen, cut shorter than the frock, and having braces festooned with red worsted. Pockets to match, rather large and surrounded with festoons. Russia leather boots, buttoned.

The courses of the earth are assuredly those which fashion follows, and at this season the manifestations of the mode are all renewed. We have not, however, the simplicity with which the period has often been inaugurated. The crepons broc'd, the changeable silks, the confections of guipure and of lace, the return to flounces and of lace trimmings, all denote a tendency to great luxury, and augmentation of expense on the part of les femmes riches.

We see, however, that very pretty toilets can be made with less extravagant materials: black guaze and grenadine are very much worn, without being in mourning, and, beside being economical, are in excellent taste; also an envelope, very ample, of black grenadine, garnished with little frills, that may be worn with all dresses, to which it adjusts itself with remarkable elegance. The form that predominates is the Watteau, with square plaits in the back very much raised at the side, and décolleté in front en coeur or with large Syrian or Pagoda sleeves which permit that of the robe underneath to be seen.

The elegant fashion of wearing light confections of lace and embroidered muslin is revived, and will predominate with either black or coloured robes. The costumes décolletés carrés recall great luxury in lingerie, but do not impose it; nothing is more graceful than an embroidered or lace guipure, but the simple fichu a la paysanne of muslin or tarselante has an elegance of its own. We see again manchettes of lace or plaited tarselante as deep as those of Louis XIII. It is a good style for aristocratic ladies who desire to air their heirloom laces.

Narrow flounces are much worn at the bottom of the robe, so also are plaited ones; they are placed in series with a heading of lace above, or rather between them. The races have brought to light delicious little hats in the style Trianon, with the brim raised at the back, on which a great bow is placed. It quite poetizes the visages of the Parisians, and gives them a charming originality.

A N S W E R S T O C O R R E S P O N D E N T S.


Declined, with thanks: "A Pastoral for the Times, after the manner of Virgil's 'Pollio';" "The Artist's Dream;" "A Doubt.

"Ballymone."—We regret that we cannot meet this correspondent's views.

"C. J. B." will please to accept this answer.

Prose received, with thanks: "Lord Byron's Letters;" "The Second City in the Land" not yet decided on. "T. P. S." is thanked; but we have no space for the translation.

"Cork."—Miss M. shall hear from us shortly.

"Longhalls."—We have replied to this correspondent's inquiry by post.

Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in our next number.

To Correspondents.—Private communications for the Editor may be addressed, till further notice.

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INDEX.

NOVELS, ROMANCES, TALES, &c.

Are you Honest? 250
Bohemians, A new Theory of: By Carl Benson: 289
Correspondents, Answers to: 56, 113, 168, 224, 280, 336
Danish Capital, A Glimpse of the: 176
Darliston: 1, 57, 118
Daughter, The Purser’s: By Lady S——: 282
Dawn, The Promise of the: 293
Double Love; or, the Twin Sisters: By Wilmot Buxton: 218
Edgeworth’s, Miss, Life and Letters: 326
Elizabeth Elstob, the Saxonist: By Mrs. Caroline A. White: 180, 245, 304
Equestrian Recreations for the Ladies: 97
Fragment, A: 152
Fredrika Bremer: 134
Heroine of To-day, A: By T. S. Arthur: 271
How the First Cutter was Swamped, and what Bevel: By a Naval Chaplain: 131
Hours in a Country Library: 80
Igneous Action in the Earth: 33

Jewels, Genealogy of: 191
John Biggs: 191

LADY'S PAGE—
Clarendon Lace: 55
Crochet Antimacassar: 279
Crochet Tassel: 167
Doyley: 284
Flora Lace: 111
Garter in Wool and Elastic Cord: 279
Knitted Sleeping Sock: 111
Lady’s Petticoat: 283
Navra Lace: 111
Quilt or Couvre Pied in Stripes: 223

Rustic Ornaments: 55
Shells for a Knitted Counterpane: 223
The Yew and its Berries: 167
Ladoga, A Cruise on: 231
Letters, &c., of Lord Byron: 14
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES—
Christmas Morning: By Virginia P. Townsend: 333
Jack the Giant-Killer: 215
King Golden-hair: 155
My First Debt: By Cousin Ada: 264
Prince Tinykin: 98
Rory Cheeks and the Fairies: By L. M. Brooks: 45
Santa Claus: 335

LIBRARY TABLE—
A Pastoral for the Times, after the Manner of Pollio: By a Cambridge Undergraduate: 49
Aunt’s Friendly Nursery Keepsake: 326
Hardwicke’s Manual: 213
My Little Scholar: By M. W.: 50
Nekrosozoic, &c.: 515
Quarterly Magazine of Oddfellows: 214, 268
The Life-Boat: 267
Warne’s Picture Books: 325
Nursery Tales and Stories: 826
Lima and Peruvian Society: 241

Madame de Tenein, Notice of the Life of: By the late Countess of Blessington: 84, 147
Madam Waldorough’s Carriage: 160, 209
Mormons, Among the, in 1864: 29
Motherhood: 88
New Music: 323
One of my Clients: 195
Paris Correspondent, Our: 42, 153 207, 262, 319
Past Fashions, A Page of: 107
Racan, Anecdotes of: 59
INDEX.

Second City in the Land, The: 203
Story, A Waiting-Maid's: By Elizabeth Townbridge: 311
St. Valentine's Day: 103
Theatres, The, 53, 104, 158, 221, 269, 321
There's many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip: 25
“The Salted Claim”: By Edward Branthwayt: 247
Toilet, The (specially from Paris): 56, 112, 167, 224, 277, 336
Ursule Athoy: 92

POETRY.

Adieu: By J. P. Shorthouse: 242
Anacreontic, A Temperate (though not a Temperance):
   By the late Emmeline Stuart Wortley: 24
Beauty: 159
Contented Farmer, The: 109
Dawning Light: By Ada Trevanian: 69
Death of the Dove: 166
Epitaphs: By Lord Byron: 318
Exiled: 303
Falling Rain: 105
Gathered Home: 104
Good Old Man, The: 154
Gone: 109
Gipsies, The Three: 292
Hope: 83
“In te Speravi”: By Lily Shorthouse: 16
Irish Peasant Maiden, An: 23
Jack and Maggie: 157
Lament of the Celtic Chief: 129
Left Behind: By Ada Trevanian: 310
Light of To-day, The: 69
Lines: 110
Lines: By Ada Trevanian: 230
Lines to the Mother of a Dead Infant: 129
Love and Pride: By S. Kenyon: 278
Mary Dyer's Martyrdom: 178
Merry Christmas, A: 288
Mother's Visit, The: 13
Mysterious Visitor, The: 79
Old Song, The: 110
Overshadowed Face, The: 194
Packet of Letters, A: By Ada Trevanian: 130
Peach, The: 69
Persevere: 44
Planting of the Apple-tree, The: 123
Seaward: 83
Snow: 303
Stormy Night, A: 303
To Georgiana Leigh: By Anne Isabella Byron: 261
True Love: By Elizabeth Townbridge: 73
Waiting: 110
White Cliffs of Albion, The: 130
Window Plants: By Ada Trevanian: 16
Winter Time, My: 310
Wizard's Spring, The: By Ada Trevanian: 190

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DARLISTON.


dic. 8.

IRON IN THE FURNACE.

Following on the track of a man who was searching for a place that never existed, Mr. Merton Brown's pursuit had been attended with many difficulties; and, when at last he felt tolerably sure of coming up with Grant, he found they had crossed on the road. He had arrived at Darliston just as the doctor was leaving, and heard from him how critical was the state of the unhappy young man. I narrated the circumstances attending his return. Alice disclaimed merit in encountering him, saying it was a chance, but we both agreed that her presence and firm regard had restrained him in his evident purpose.

Requiring the assistance of Mrs. Barncliffe, who for the last two nights had been sleeping at my house, I asked Mr. Brown if he would object to taking up his quarters at Fairelough while it was expedient I remained at Darliston. He was quite willing while no better way of usefulness appeared; and, as I told him at parting, it was great comfort to us to know he was at hand, and would give us all the information that could be had from the police. So far we only knew that Witham was evidently doing his best to elude pursuit in Dublin.

The only door to the room in which Grant lay opened from Mrs. Cargill's little room; and, bringing an arm-chair from the parlour I there took up my post for the night. Will Harper, also, was in attendance, but I did not think it needful for him to keep awake. He took possession of the settle in the "house," or servants' hall, adjoining, and I only had need to disturb him once. Grant slept till near midnight, when he awoke moaning from pain. At first he seemed scarce sensible as to what evil had befallen him. Then memory came back; weak, ailing, and still scarcely free from the effects of the narcotic, he seemed sinking under the heavy burden of sorrow, self-reproach, and shame. I did my best then to soothe and comfort him. There was little I could think to say likely to have much effect, but perhaps merely having some one near him who had the will to cheer his oppressed spirit, had some tendency to allay his misery. He again slept.

Towards six in the morning I had difficulty in keeping awake. He lay still, so that I did not at once perceive that he was again conscious, when I looked at his face I could tell his mind had been busy, and he began questioning me about many things: What had been done when we discovered Helen was gone? How far suspicion had fallen upon him? I told him the truth about these matters; mentioned how he had been watched, and who had gone in pursuit of him. I did not feel certain how far I might with safety speak of Mr. Mainwaring; and when he adverted to my mention of his servant, and questioned why I suspected he could be concerned, I only said he was absent from the Rood Farm. I was talking still with him when Dr. Crutchley came—at about seven o'clock. He expressed himself better satisfied with the state of his patient; and, Grant consenting to the attendance of Mrs. Barncliffe, I went to my bed-room to take rest.

I slept, and might have slept longer, but about noon was roused by a light touch, and saw Alice bending over me. "Wake up, nurse," she said; "I am sorry to disturb you, but I think you are wanted in your patient's room."

"Is he worse?" I said, starting up.

"I am afraid he is likely to be, if he is not already: his father is here; of course we did not think of opposing his desire to be shown into his son's room; but Mrs Cargill is frightned about it."

"Did you tell him how dangerous Dr. Crutchley thinks his son's state is?"

"Yes, but Nanny says she is sure he will not forbear blaming him. She is very desirous you should take command of the sick-room, and turn him out if necessary!"

"Turn him out! I should think so, if he has not judgment and temper enough to forbear reproaches towards one in so critical a condition!"

I made a very hasty arrangement of my
disordered toilette, and ran down. Already I could hear a loud-raised voice from the direction of Grant's room. Oh, how angry I felt; the man was actually storming!

Grant had half raised himself on his left arm, and was facing his father with knitted brow and down-cast eyes. The bitter words of accusation spoken were true enough; it would not be said at first that they were exaggerated. Grant had brought disgrace on his own house, had re- quited kindness with ingratitude, turned ruffian where he was most bound to guard from outrage.

I tried to stem the torrent; to make myself heard; but taking me probably for some hired nurse—I have seen many look far more lady-like than it is probable I did at the time—he seemed to resent my interference as if I were counsel for the defendant; and proceeded with renewed violence to taunt Grant with his connexion with the Black Band; almost intimating that he might have had a hand in the burglary. In fact, I had now a specimen of what a Wainwright could be in a towering passion.

I could not stop him. I took a chair and placed myself at the bedside between the two, and spoke to Grant. “Bear it patiently,” I said, “it is part of your punishment.” He raised his eyes to mine and sank back on the pillow.

What a relief it was to see Merton Brown at the door! His appearance had more power with the visitor than mine: he stopped.

“Do you know what you are doing?” Merton asked him, in a tone of displeased astonishment.

“I can’t help it: he must hear what he has done.”

“In the right time; but now he is not in a condition to offer vindication.”

“Vindication! Who can vindicate such scoundrelism?”

“It is neither time nor place for speaking of what has occurred. Mrs. Gainsborough, we will leave you to your charge. Come into the parlour, sir.”

Mr. George Wainwright did not dispute the tone of authority in which he spoke: he turned abruptly on his heel and closed the door—as no invalid’s door should be closed.

I drew the coverlet from Grant’s face. I found he was shivering and convulsed. He partly raised himself again. “Did you hear what he said?” he asked. “It was very true, was it not? only what did he mean about the Black Band? He don’t think—you don’t think what she once said had anything in it? You don’t suspect Witham was that sort of villain? He is a gentleman in some sort, is he not? He behaved like a knave to me, but he must—why don’t you speak, Mrs. Gainsborough?”

“You know, I suppose,” I said, “that Witham was arrested on suspicion of connection with this affair. No case was found against him, and he was liberated next day. My hopes for Helen do not rest on any idea of his forbearance, or sense of what is expected from a gentleman; they rest on this: that one who is a gentleman, one who has said she never shall want protection that he can give, is at the villain’s heels!”

“Who do you mean?”

“Arden Mainwaring; Helen’s husband.”

“Mainwaring! Has he that much in him? Does he care to save her from Witham?”

“Care? Oh, you have done him injustice. You do not know how truly he loves her.”

“He married her for her money—for that only. He took the money before he was allowed to take her. That did not look much like love.”

“No; Mr. Wainwright proposed the marriage to him, and circumstances for which he was not entirely responsible made him accept the offer. But he was not insensible to what was due to Helen from the first, and now he loves her—he loves her well, nobly, as she deserves to be loved!”

“Leave me; leave me by myself awhile.”

“No, Grant; I should not feel happy in leaving you; I will sit with you till Dr. Crutchley comes, he will not be long.”

“Mrs. Gainsborough, I loved Helen as truly, as strongly, as any man could love her. I never loved any but her. There is nothing I would not have attempted to win her love. The very depth of wickedness to which I have fallen should prove to you that I love her—no man ever loved as I have loved her!”

“Oh, Grant, according as a man is, so is he capable of loving. You loved her with all the headlong force of a strong untutored nature; but such love could not in itself have sufficed to make Helen happy, even if she had never seen, never loved, another. You thought of yourself rather than her throughout. You would have sacrificed all the world to win her love: you would not sacrifice your own wishes to preserve her happiness. Knowing that her heart was given to another—knowing even that she was married, you yet were deaf to her prayers.”

He groaned aloud. “Yes,” he said, “I know I was deaf to her prayers; I curse myself for it, and now, he—villain he must be, but not so bad as is thought; you do not think it?”

He watched my face with intense eagerness, as I sat silent before him. I could not deny my conviction of what Witham was; but, desiring to soothe him, I presently said “Whatever he is I have no doubt he will not be suffered to move a step unwatched: a London detective accompanies Mr. Mainwaring in the pursuit, and the police in Ireland are on the alert.”

“You would not wish me to believe that the matter is worse than it is? No; you said nothing to me about the Black Band until my father did. It is so. I believe it. I have given her over to a pack of felons!”

He started up, but pain and weakness forced him back upon his bed, and, turning his face on the pillow, he wept convulsively. It was fearful to me to witness a suffering I had so little
power to alleviate: but out of it came the first hopeful sign that Grant’s iron will could give way; that he could feel not merely remorse, but repentance. “If,” he said, “Mainwaring saves her; if he undoes what I have done, he may come and put his foot on my neck!”

—

CHAP. LII.

LOOKING FOR THE DAWN.

Dr. Crutchley arrived; and, after revisiting my room to remedy the defects of my hasty toilet, I joined Alice in a walk in the orchard. Our assistant nurses being on duty she wished me to go with her across the fields to the embankment; but I waited for the doctor’s report; and it proved, as I feared, an unfavourable one. He was evidently anxious about his patient’s state, and said he should return in an hour.

Merton was out, but had followed into the front garden, and the doctor being gone, requested I would tell Grant that his father was in some degree appeared. At all events he was fully persuaded he had no willing connection with the Black Band. “The poor man,” Merton said; “is really in the greatest trouble; but his want of self-control makes him say now one thing, now another; and it is not at all fitting with all you have on your hands, that he should be at Darliston. He will not go to the Good Farm, so I have persuaded him to occupy my quarters with Mrs. Peters. Although a gossip, she is a kind-hearted woman, and he will do as well there as anywhere else. You look harassed, Mrs. Gainsborough,” he concluded, “and Miss Alice is pale.”

“I am tired and very anxious,” I replied.

“Although inclined to be hopeful about poor Helen, it is a terrible uncertainty. And I feel the condition of my charge yonder entails a heavy responsibility. Mr. Gray, I have no doubt, will come to us when his afternoon duties in church are over. I hope Grant will listen to him.”

“Do what you can and you may be hopeful of a good result; but avoid the thought that all depends upon yourself. You know it cannot be.”

“Dr. Crutchley, I have no doubt, is a skilful surgeon,” I said; “but in other matters he is distressingly wavering. He quite acquiesced in the propriety of Mr. Gray being requested to see Grant; admitting that he might not live till tomorrow; and then again he deprecates any matter being stirred that could distress him, for depression, he said, of all things must be avoided. He will sink if his spirits are not kept up.”

“Then the nurse must not despond. Will you let me come and look after you now and then?”

“Oh, do; it would cheer me, and do me good, too, I believe. But here’s this dear girl Alice wants looking after too. I wish you would take her for a walk on the cop. The sea air would brace her for her work.”

“Come, then, Miss Alice; we had better go at once, for we shall have rain before the day is over. I have not seen the place where poor Grant was captured; shall we go there?”

Merton was right about rain; only he had not expected it to come so soon. A heavy thunder-shower fell; in the midst of which Dr. Crutchley again arrived, this time accompanied by Mr. Gray. Grant had lain in an uneasy slumber induced by medicine since the doctor’s last visit, and was scarcely free from the stupor-attendant when the good minister had his interview with him. Mr. Gray told me he had given a sort of civil attention and general assent to what he had said to him, but expressed neither feeling nor opinion.

In accordance with Dr. Crutchley’s view of what was likely to result from an interview with the clergyman, some medicine having a tendency to revive the spirits was administered to his patient, and I found him in a state of some excitement when I entered the room.

“I think you are not likely to be troubled with me long, Mrs. Gainsborough,” so he spoke. “Dr. Crutchley has thought it fit to hand me over to the parson.”

“Mr. Gray wished to come,” I said; “it is his duty to try and help you. Dr. Crutchley thinks your hurts will do well if you will be patient, and endeavour to keep your mind quiet and hopeful.”

“You hope still for Helen, do you not?”

“Yes.”

“I want to live to hear that she is safe; I should like to live to hear that cunning villain Witham is unmasked. If I had not been mad enough to disable myself I might have helped in the hunt; but now, the hand that should have gripped him, is powerless.”

He sighed; and after a little silence, resumed: “There is one thing Mr. Gray said I could do, and it seems right I should. I must clear poor Helen of the lies that have appeared in the papers. He said people may think, even now, that though I have been baulked by Witham, she was willing to break her marriage vows for my sake. I wish she had been!”

“Oh, Grant, what are you saying?”

“Well—I was not thinking. I do not wish Helen to be a sinner like myself; but it is not easy to get over the feeling of wishing that she loved me. I thought once she did; but I took it too matter of course. She must hate me now, and I hope the husband she has chosen, though he comes of a bad, proud lot, may be good to her when I am lying quiet in Dingleton churchyard. I don’t want him to throw in her teeth what she don’t deserve; so, as I cannot write, perhaps you, Mrs. Gainsborough, will be good enough to do it for me. It had better be done at once while I have strength, and you can have in some one afterwards to attest it.”

Of course I readily complied; and, at his dictation, wrote thus:—“Seeing it has been reported that my cousin, Miss Dalziel, was once engaged to me, I think it right to state that although such a thing was talked of between Mr. Wainwright and myself, she was no party to the matter, and refused when asked to marry me. I
did not choose to give her up, and learning that Mr. Mainwaring had authority to claim her on the death of my uncle, I, by advice of a person known as Carlton Witham, whom I supposed was disinterested, lured her out of Dilston Hall on Thursday evening last under pretence of requiring her candal, and throwing a cloak over her head, lifted her on to my horse. I rode for the west cop, where a boat from the Chafling was to take her on board; and, as I understood, she was to be carried to a house on the coast of Ayre, in Scotland. I purposed going there by land and marrying her. A I carried her, she, after praying me in vain to take her back, told me she was already married. I had had no encouragement from her. She was always true to her word and I believed what she said, but I did not choose to go back with her. I gave her into the hands of John Malone and two of his crew. There was a woman also whom Witham had recommended should attend her. I did not stop to see them go on board."

"Will that do," he questioned.

"I should think it would," I replied; "but will you tell me how it was you did not accompany Helen?"

"Witham suggested that by remaining I could turn the pursuit in some other direction, and I left Marshall by the up train, just going far enough to catch the express northward. Besides it seemed that since we could not be married until we reached Scotland it would look better. Perhaps you will hardly believe it, seeing I could act so recklessly towards her afterwards, but when the matter was planned, I was anxious to spare poor Helen’s proud heart as much as possible. When I found she was married it did not occur to me in the confusion of my mind that the last reason was no longer to be considered, since I had resolved to rob Mainwaring of her. Give me more of that stuff—the cordial; I am very faint. How one may be driven from one bad thing to another! I almost feel when speaking as if it were some other man had done and thought to do all this—this rascality. I was a ruffian to resist her entreaties; it was base, it was unmanly, to act as I did. I could not stop myself. If Mainwaring had been in the way I should have killed him before her eyes, I hated him so."

"You will not hate him now?"

"No; he may be a rascal and a spendthrift, but I have no right to hate him."

"Who told you he was one or the other?"

"Well, I believe the worst I heard of him was from Witham; but he took Helen from me because he wanted her money to pay his debts; you can’t deny that. And I loved her; I had every right to love her."

"I do not say your love for Helen was wrong, Grant. What you are to blame for is that you never acknowledged that the good you craved for—Helen’s love—was, like any other good thing, for God to give or withhold. Is there good of any kind, is there a lovable thing, that does not proceed from Him?"

"I know that, of course. Helen is as God made her; and so am I, am I not? Love is a natural feeling, and of course you may say it comes from God. But where does hate come from? Show me a man who cannot hate and you show me a niny!"

"Grant, it is true in one sense that God made evil as well as good, hatred as well as love. He made good to be loved, evil to be hated. He has done all things well."

"Love for good, hatred for evil. There does seem some sense about that."

Grant lay still for some while, and then, in a quieter tone, asked:

"Why don’t you hate me, Mrs. Gainsborough? I have treated you badly enough before now, and have done all this?"

"I hate the evil you have done; I have been very angry and indignant with you at times; perhaps more than that when I have thought of Helen’s betrayal. Yes, I have felt I could hardly bear to look upon you. Still it is possible to hate very heartily the evil we find in a person and not to hate himself. All human beings have so much to suffer in common, that I do not think I could hate anyone. Certainly I could not wish worse evil to them than the course of their destiny even in this world is likely to bring. I do not suppose my fate on earth has been worse than that of most others, and I know I could not witness that my worst enemy suffered as I have suffered, and not feel grief. You are in the hands of a wiser Judge of what is fitting that you should endure than I could be. Certainly I do not hate you, Grant, or I should not be here now. I am not so cruel as to feel pleasure in witnessing that you suffer."

"I have suffered—I do suffer. I have been in great pain to day, almost more than I could bear in silence. But the worst is thinking of Helen. Mrs. Gainsborough, I am glad you do not hate me. Does your friend Brown hate anybody do you think?"

"He has a good will towards you and I hope towards all mankind, as a Christian man should have."

"Do you mean he would not shoot Witham dead? I would.

"You would? What, out of vengeance?"

"I don’t know about that; but to save Helen I would."

"Yes, and I suppose he would; indeed, if it were the only means I am sure he would. I do not assert that Christian charity always involves non-resistance to wrong, or even that it often allows crime to go unpunished; only that it forbids personal feeling of enmity."

"Mr. Gray has been hammering at me that I must forgive if I would hope to be forgiven. It looks fair, that; but when I think of Witham it does not seem possible—it does not seem right."

"You can, I hope, think of Mr. Mainwaring without enmity?"

"Yes; I feel the balance is against me there. If, as you say, he really has a regard for Helen, he has had already worse from my hands than in justice he deserves."

"You said yesterday, when you thought Wit-
ham was in some sort a gentleman, that the part you had played was even worse than his. Do you now think you are fitted to judge him?"
"You mean it's like Satan correcting sin? that I have no right to cry shame upon him?"
Grant seemed so agitated that I feared I had ventured too much.
"To think it should come to this!" he proceeded; "and six months ago I thought I was a decent sort of fellow. I hated cant, but I could sit through a sermon and not feel I was worse than my neighbours. I knew I was better than a great many of them. You said just now good was made to be loved; was not Helen good? And yet all this has come upon me through loving her. I meant to be fair and aboveboard, and I scorned lying; but I've lied through thick and thin, and acted lies as well as spoken them. I've talked at for an hour by the parson as if I had broken every one of the ten commandments, and I have not a word to say in defence. I suppose I should have broken them all if they had stood between me and Helen!"
"But could this have been so if you had served God as a man should by acknowledging that His will had a right to come before your own?"
He was silent.
"Oh, if you had only borne in mind that He who made you cared for you!"
"I used as a boy to think there was a Providence watching over me, I had so many narrow escapes. But it has not come natural to think much about such things of late. When we get among men the world seems different. We must take things as they come; and help ourselves pretty sharply too, to what we want; or others will be before us. While we are stopping to think if this is right or that is proper, it may be gone."
"I know men talk so; but I think that those who have been long in the world commonly arrive at the conclusion that the men who do stop to consider right and wrong, though they may lose this and that by it, are not in the long run worse off than the unscrupulous, even in regard to this world's good."
"Well, I have known some of the sharp ones come to grief, that is certain; and if I had had more of the fear of God I need not have hated myself as I do when I think of her. You think Providence is watching over her, Mrs. Gainsborough? Such a good brave girl as she is. I should go mad altogether if I did not think she would be protected from that devil Witham, for he is a devil. Give me more of that stuff, it revives me."
I saw that it excited him; that the strength given was factitious, and told him I dared give no more so soon again.
Soon after the door opened gently, and I saw Merton Brown. His general aspect has a something that tends to quicken cheerfulness, but in continual expectation of news I fancied it more than usually encouraging. I suppose I looked a question, for his language took the form of an answer.

"At least," he said, "all is going on well in the pursuit. The Chaldean has been traced and is being enclosed in a cordon. Witham has evidently been seeking to make his way towards the same part of the coast he is known to be lurking in. He has doubled on the track several times, but has failed to escape."
"Why do they not arrest him?" asked Grant Wainwright.
"It will be done now on the next opportunity. Collins was up with him at noon to-day at a place called Manor Hamilton; but the Chaldean, not having then been heard of, it seemed still expedient to use him as a guide. He changed clothes with a person who arrived at one of the inns on the previous evening, but this person was known to the police, and Witham was recognized when leaving the town by the Sligo Road."
I had risen from my chair and stood by the open window inhaling the fresh air from the garden. Merton took my place beside Grant, and, after asking concerning his arm, said:
"I wish you to tell me some particulars respecting your servant Maclean, for whom we have a warrant out as concerned in this unhappy affair. But I must warn you that but for certain circumstances you would yourself, before this time, have been in custody; indeed virtually are so."
Grant's pale face flushed.
"I suppose I am," he said. "Dr. Cruickshay may safely go bail for me; or in any case there is no need for handcuffs. What is to be done with me if I live it out? Am I to be sent in company with Witham and his set to the hulks— or where?"
"I cannot answer your question. I only surmise that it is possible if all goes well, and you make a free confession, Mainwaring may forbear to prosecute."
"I will not owe anything to Mr. Mainwaring's mercy."
"But Grant," I said; "you have confessed, not from wish to escape but from regard to Helen's welfare. And you said you no longer felt enmity against Mr. Mainwaring."
"I do not think I shall need his mercy. But if I only hear what I want to hear, whether I live or die, they may do as they please with me. They had better not chain me together with Witham—that's all."
"Why give way thus to your ill-fortune?" said Merton. "It is foolish pride which forbids you to stoop to receive favour from a man whom you have sought to wrong. It may be painful to you, but you should consider the other course would bring far worse humiliation. Say as you will, Mr. Wainwright, it will make a vast difference to you if you are tried and convicted. Is it nothing that you may be free to redeem the past, to show men you yet can earn a worthy place among them?"
"Such as you may talk of the future; but for me, I see a night before me. I shall wake till I hear what next comes from Ireland. If it is not—if—"
The sentence was not completed, Grant had fainted.

An hour later I entered the drawing-room where Alice was sitting, and with a full heart and overflowing eyes cried, as I threw myself on the sofa:

"How do I love that Merton Brown!"

Alice came to my side, and with her little white hand stroking my arm, said:

"What a shocking speech. I shall tell the Captain when he comes, Mrs. Gainsborough!"

"I don't care if you do; he would love him too; and so would you if you heard him talk to poor Grant. He fainted awhile ago, and has since seemed so completely exhausted in spirit, that it is the most melancholy thing in the world to look at him. Hitherto his great spirit and courage have held their ground against the pain and misery of mind he has had to endure. Even now he struggles to bear up. But it is pitiable; it seems as if for the first time real dread of death had fallen upon him. I have tried, dear Alice, while nursing him, to speak as I ought to one in so hazardous a situation; but I feel a weakness in dealing with him. His answers on some subjects have been so outspoken, he has so little veneration, that it is only timidly I could speak of sacred things. I know it is of no use talking in a manner he cannot understand, and it is so difficult. But Merton has greater power than I have. He is more fearless and thorough; and yet so full of kindness, of tenderness. And there is a way with him which I think would be hard for anyone to withstand. Grant feels it."

I said well that I could not have done without Merton Brown. Dr. Crutchley indeed stayed with us until eleven, and it was before that hour that Grant had a fit of raving. I believe the case was so; that the doctor found it needful to administer stimulants, and that they tended to induce it. On hearing he said he could do no more. A little brandy might be given at intervals, but very sparingly. It was a question, Dr. Crutchley said, if his constitution were strong enough to carry him through the night. If so, and his mind was relieved, he should augur well for his recovery; as the state of the arm was not so bad as might have been expected.

Sometimes when I found myself dwelling on the importance of the expected news as regarded our unhappy patient, I started in a sort of wonderment that I could look upon it in any other light than respected Helen.

Oh, the night was long; the news was long in coming. If I had had all to bear without the support given by the kindness, the courage, and the steadfast faith of my young friend, it would have overpowered my strength and I must have sunk under my duties; I fear I must, for those sad black eyes so constantly on my face seemed wearing my heart out, asking again and again "Any news yet?" when the voice was silent from weakness.

I think even Merton had begun to think good news would never come; when, there was a sound of many footsteps; not coming—going.

I passed through Nanny's room to the servants' hall. It was vacant and I knew had been tenanted five minutes before by nearly all the servants in the house; for they were aware important intelligence was expected, and had sat up. The steps were coming back now. Foremost I saw Nanny Cargill's worn face. Shivering with anxiety, she cried:

"Oh, look at it, it's for you."

They all came round me as with trembling fingers I opened the enclosure; and, catching the reflection of its contents in my face, Will Harper's voice, in a subdued tone, proclaimed "It's good," before I read out—"

"Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring send their love to Mrs. Gainsborough."

That was all.

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CHAP. LIII.

MR. WITHAM PLAYS THE HERO.

It was hard work with him, Grant afterwards owned to me, to act as he did towards Helen, in beguiling her from the hall; the mere act of her laying her hand carelessly on Gray Randal's neck, while he tightened the saddle girth, had nearly overthrown his resolution; but, from the moment he had snatched her, the rest of the part laid out for him had seemed, in his own words, "dreadfully easy."

He says, and I believe him, that if he had had time for reflection after the knowledge gained of Helen's marriage, he would not have proceeded. Unhappily, that knowledge brought with it such a rush of fierce feeling towards the rival who was at hand to claim her for his own, that for the moment he had room for no other consideration. Helen was given up, and thenceforward he had gone on from no inclination for the course before him, but mainly because to proceed was less difficult to him than to reveal the treachery he had already been guilty of. Falsehood was new to him, but self-abasement, as yet, undreamed of; and a hardness that dared all things in Heaven or on earth was in consonance with his nature.

In the excitement of action the voice of conscience was silent, and he was scarcely aware of any injury when the mare threw him; only when relieved from immediate probability of detection, when station after station on the line to Ayr was being passed by, a sensation of slight pain reminded him of his accident; and then, too, came thought with the question "What of the morrow? What had he done? He was going on—whither?"

Conscience he could still put off. It was useless now to think what had been done, it could not be undone: so he argued. But he must face the coming time, and his mind was all confusion. He had no place; he had had, but Helen's marriage had altered all. Another station passed; would he had not stirred from the first train he had entered, and were then half way to London! What! to sneak out of it that fashion, and leave those who had engaged
to befriend him to bear the blunt? no; he must go on; he must decide on what he meant should be further done. Decide? but decision involved reflection. Conscience might be avoided, but he felt also that it must be avoided; he dared not reflect; he could decide nothing; he could only drift, whither he knew not.

Witham had not reckoned on this new fact of the marriage. How would he take it? He certainly was no scrupulous moralist, but some persons had already fixed suspicion on him as one concerned; that was awkward; considerations for his own safety might induce him to turn against him. He did not yet dream of pre-conceived treachery; he had yet before him hours of hurried, anxious, search for the house on the sea-coast so particularly described to him: the house to be so cautiously inquired for, lest suspicion should be excited; the house he at the first looked upon entering with a sort of dread, and afterwards sought for with over-powering eagerness; for the fear at last had possessed of him, could Witham have acted for himself in the matter?

Afloat near Helen?

Cooped in the dark hole of a small and wretchedly dirty craft, the poor girl's physical condition was wretched in the extreme, but her mind was in an agony from which present physical suffering was a positive relief.

A woman came frequently to her, but she felt no hope of sympathy or help, for in her she recognized the before-suspected fortune-teller. Only when the hatchway was raised to admit this woman, could day be distinguished from night. Once when that was done she plainly discerned the voice of Maclean, and this tended to contradict the idea that Witham had engaged in this matter for his own purpose.

Above the hammock on which she lay a lantern shed some dim rays; but there was no resource to beguile the hours, had she been capable of availing herself of any. Time, however, brought something of calmness to her mind, something of returning energy. There was no present possibility of escape; but neither Grant nor Witham were in the vessel—of that she was well assured; and she roused herself from the state of nervous weakness into which she had at first fallen, and prepared to take advantage of every chance in her favour. She made an endeavour to interest the capcity of the woman by speaking of liberal reward to any one who would aid her in escaping, but received in answer that she could do nothing without her husband. The same day Helen believed they had touched land, but many hours passed over, and, saving that there was more than usual quietness on board, no difference appeared.

This quiet was suddenly disturbed by shouts, and a rush of feet overhead. The hatchway was opened, showing glimmers of an evening sky, the ladder was flung down as usual, the woman hastily descended, and it was again closed. Helen's hopes were raised by an appearance of alarm in her companion and by the sort of appeal she made to her.

"You'll not have had any cause to complain of me, ma'am, I'm sure, let what will happen, I've done my duty to him that paid me, and I knew nothing further about the matter than that you had used Mr. Grant Wainwright cruelly, and jilted him, and what not. Oh, giminy, how are they fighting! don't you hear them, miss?"

There was indeed a sound of scuffling and shouting: the hatchway opened, Helen sprang to her feet, and the woman threw an old shawl around her with an air of civil care.

The light fell on a descending figure; to Helen's horror it was that of Witham. A drawn sword was in his hand, and pistols in his belt. She heard him exclaim as if in delight at finding her, but a strange faintness overcame her senses and she fell backwards into the arms of the woman. Everything was confused to her: she was aware of being carried on deck and treated as with great consideration, and was able to recognize Grant's servant, who, with two other men appeared to be bound. Reproaches were hurled upon them by Witham and another man, and the woman seemed to come in for her share.

Still helpless and speechless, Helen was lifted into a small boat by Witham and his assistant, and rowed a short distance, towards what appeared to be a ruined building of stone. They carried her across a small courtyard and up a staircase, and laid her on a sofa in a furnished chamber. Witham offered her wine, but she refused to take it; and, leaving the glass on the table, he hastily quitted the room, together with the man.

Helen was under the impression that something more than long confinement in the choking atmosphere of the hold had induced her faintness. Suspecting the shawl that had been thrown around her she flung it off; and, with giddy head, supporting herself by the furniture and walls, began to consider the place to which she had been brought. There was another door near the sofa; she passed through it and found a small bed-room. Eagerly she sought for water and laved her face and hands: this brought her partial refreshment, but her senses were not yet fully awakened, and she scarce yet could stand without support. Finding no other outlet from the bed-room, she returned to the adjoining apartment to ascertain whether or not she was imprisoned. The door was not closed but beyond it, down a few stone steps, another, strong oak door, fast locked, proved to her that she was indeed a prisoner. The window was next examined. It was made to open on a small terrace or balcony of stone, which extended also in front of the bed-room window, but this one was securely fastened, and the other was latticed with only sufficient opening to admit air. Beyond, nothing appeared but a boundless sea, with the fading tints of sunset sinking below it.

Helen removed the glass from the toilette
table, and kneeling there inhaled the pure sea-breeze with a sense of luxury she had hardly before experienced. It seemed to bring life and strength and hope to her. Hope indeed that did not look far beyond the being mistress of her own energies; and every breath seemed to bring them back.

Refreshed, she sprang down to the floor. Again approaching the shawl she felt a sense of extreme repugnance to its odour; an odour which in the filthy hold she had been unable to distinguish, but which was now plainly perceptible. She rolled it together and was about throwing it through the aperture of the bedroom window, when it occurred to her that if she attached it to the hinge of the casement there was a possibility of its attracting notice from some other than Witham and his assistants. Poor as the chance seemed she would not neglect it.

A chest of drawers stood in the room, and one of these being open, disclosed articles of a lady's wardrobe and several in fabric, and some adorned with costly lace. The dressing table, too, was fully furnished, and Helen gladlv availed herself of the means afforded for combining her long brown tresses and braiding them afresh: it brought something of the feeling of having awoken from a long nightmare, and her refreshing toilette completed, she knelt at the bedside and earnestly sought for strength and help in her necessity. Never had day dawned upon her with greater need for the help she craved; but she arose self-possessed and calm.

Escape; she would think of that alone. She would set aside all the painful thoughts that thronged about her heart; thoughts of the one that had begun to love her, and whom she might never perhaps meet again as she had met; the probability of her grandfather's death; the grief of friends who loved her; all must be put aside; she must think of this one thing only, escape from the power of Witham.

Had the means of bursting the window open? She was still considering the question when the door on the staircase was unlocked, and a man, the same who had assisted to bear her from the vessel, came in with a lighted candle and some refreshments.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, "for letting you be in the dark so long. I was obliged to go with Mr. Witham to those rascals in the ship. We had left only one man in charge, and though they were tied, they were not so safe as if they were under batches. They're bundled in now, and the lad has gone for the police."

"Where am I?" questioned Helen.

"Sure, miss, don't you know? This is Clon Castle. It's a bit of a place, but my master is fond of it, for he was born here, and so was his ancestors hundreds of years ago."

"Is this Ireland?" she next asked.

He was pouring her out some tea and paused a moment to glance at her before he answered "Sure, miss."

"How did Mr. Witham come here by accident?"

"Dear, no, miss; he'll tell you all about it when he comes. He got information from me that that old villain of a Malone had brought his dirty vessel here—but he'll tell you all about it: do take some tea."

"Leave it, and I will try; but tell me, why is that door on the staircase locked? I have been fastened in so long I quite hate anything of the sort."

"Oh, sure miss, that was only for your safety. We were obliged to leave you alone while we went ever so far; and there might be more of that rogue's crew in the neighbourhood."

"Then you will not fasten it now?"

"Sure, my master said you would be breaking your neck if you got lower, for there's no railings to the stairs, and its only those that are accustomed as can get up and down safe."

"Whose clothes are those in the drawers in the next room?"

"They was Mr. Witham's mother's, ma'am: she lived here awhile because Squire Witham would not let his marriage be known on account of his relations being at feud with hers. He was the young squire then."

"I heard that Mr. Witham was the son of a laundress," Helen observed.

"Oh, sure miss," the man answered, with a sort of grave astonishment, "who could have told you such a big lie? It's maybe little Tim Witham the people was meanin'. Truth to say the squire was a sad wild fellow. Yes, its little Tim they meant: my master's mother was daughter of the great O'Donaghue, of Rassmore; and though when she died the Squire would not let his marriage be known out of fear of his uncle, who was at feud with the O'Donaghue, my master, which was his real eldest son, has got his rights, and a noble master he is!"

"Things seemed to have been kept in good order here," Helen next remarked; "I could almost have ventured to put on some of the pretty things in the drawers; they looked so fresh and clean."

"Yes, miss, and to be sure you might: my sister, as is housekeeper here, had them out and aired them only two days ago—as is master's wish should be done now and then, for he likes to think of his mother."

"Mr. Witham would have thought it a great liberty if I had."

"Oh, sure, miss; and I'm certain you would be welcome to the best thing he had; for he's an open handed, open hearted, gentleman; and to see how he did fight for you this day! Oh, miss, I'm sure it's yourself might do anything with him."

"I hope he means to be a good friend. Will you send your sister to me?"

"Sure, miss, and it's the greatest misfortune in the world that she should not be to the fore, but my brother Dennis's children are down..."
with the fever, and she went yesterday to nurse them.”

“Will you open the window for me? I like the freshness of the air after being so long confined in a close hold.”

“Surely, miss.”

He went up to the window and appeared to try at the fastening. “There’s somethin’ got rusty about it I’m thinkin’,” he said; “I’ll bring a little oil in the mornin’: see, miss, if I leave the door open, you can have the air?”

There was a small slit in the thick stone wall near the head of the staircase: it had once been glazed, but was now certainly in a condition to admit air, though giving no possibility of egress, and affording only a view of an opposite wall.

Helen’s last request was, that, since the housekeeper was absent, some other woman might be sent to her. “I thank you very much for your civility,” she said, “but I have always been accustomed to have some woman near me, and cannot feel at ease without.”

The answer was that he would do his best to make her comfortable, but he could not leave to look for a woman until his master returned.

Although so plausibly attentive and civil, there was an evil look about the man which made her feel his departure a relief. She would have preferred, however, that he had left less suddenly, since his so doing had frustrated her intention of following him in time to see what the opened door might reveal.

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CHAP. LIV.

MR. WITHAM’S GALLANTRY BEGINS TO MEET ITS REWARD; AND SO DOES ARDEN MAINWARING’S.

Helen conjectured that the apartments occupied a floor in a small square tower. About a third of the space was given to the bedroom, which was long and narrow; that remaining would have made a moderate sized sitting-room, but was encroached upon by the stair-head and a projecting chimney-piece opposite. The table in the centre left scarcely more than enough room to pass to the door, standing as it did more than half within these two projections; but a clear space for walking up and down from the window to the opposite wall was by this arrangement available.

It was no mere rust that hindered the opening of the window, which was of the French form, opening down the centre; a strong lock held it together. Helen noticed, however, that the hinges were old and frail; she could not but think it possible to burst it open, though her own unaided strength would certainly not suffice. She must be secure from interruption before anything like that could be attempted; and now she knew too well that Witham was at hand.

She sat down at the table, not to sink into despair, but to ponder with all the coolness she could command what would be the most hopeful course in dealing with her gaoler. That he had long purposed this captivity she believed: Grant had been but a tool in his hands. He was the man she had all along suspected, the principal of the band who had entered Darlston Hall. He had then obtained knowledge of her prospects of fortune, and had watched for an opportunity and stolen her with a view to the possession of that fortune. He was base enough for any evil; but her money, not herself, was his aim. How should she deal with him? Should she tell of her marriage?

She had thought this would be final in regard to Grant’s pursuit; experience had shown her it could be vain. She had heard that divorced wives could be married. Was her marriage then no protection from the daring and the vile? If Grant, who had been hitherto truthful, honest, even accounted honourable, could set aside consideration of it, what had she to hope for from Witham?

She had not much time for thought; but she had framed some resolutions, formed some idea of what her course should be, when the key again turned in the heavy door, turned after as well as before it opened, and the same moment Witham entered the room; entered smiling, and expressing most hospitable delight at being enabled to afford shelter to her distress.

She did not take his offered hand, but bowed her acknowledgment of his fervent declaration of welcome, and said:

“You have been the means of relieving me from a most odious imprisonment, Mr. Witham, and I thank you much. My first anxiety must be now to return to my grandfather.”

“Alas! my dear Miss Dalziel,” was the reply; “I regret to tell you, that although Mr. Wainwright lives, his reason is completely unsettled. He has had, I understand, no consciousness of your absence, having taken up the strange idea that some young lady—a Miss Ainslie, is it?”

“Miss Alice Ainslie?” Helen suggested.

“Yes; that she is the daughter he lost; your mother in fact. See, here is a newspaper speaking of it, and he drew one from his pocket.

It was the Marsham Advertiser. Helen longed for its possession, but at first he held it back.

“You had better not, indeed, my dear Miss Dalziel,” he said, “it would only distress you to read the uncharitable comments—This is the passage.”

He read a few lines descriptive of the scene at the Hall on occasion of Miss Alice Ainslie’s arrival.

“Let me see the rest, Mr. Witham,” Helen asked. “It is easy for me to surmise that evil has been said of my disappearance.”

With a show of reluctance he let her take the newspaper out of his hands.

The writer had taken up fully the first popular idea of her elopement, and commented pretty severely upon the time chosen for “such
Darliston.

an escape."

Allusion was made to her engagement to a gentleman having connections among the highest in the county, to whom this "esclandre" must bring great annoyance, although no doubt efforts would be made to suppress the fact that any such affair had been "on the top." It must in any case, but for certain involvements on the part of the intended bridegroom, have been regarded as a gross "mesalliance." The whole paragraph was worded with the fullest force of a country newspaper revering in a local scandal; and, if Helen had not braced her resolution to the utmost and read it in the full consciousness whose eyes were upon her, she must have suffered bitterly. But she was looking for facts; this did no more than authenticate what had been said in regard to her grandfather; and that, sad as it was, brought a portion of comfort to her heart; she had not thought she could so forsake him.

She handed the newspaper across the table, saying:

"Thank you, sir, I anticipated what would be said by the wonder-loving people of Marston. And now, as I do not wish to give them any real occasion for blaming my conduct, I must thank you for the kind hospitality with which you have received me, and request your further assistance in enabling me immediately to commence my journey homewards."

My dear Miss Dalziel, I place myself most devoutly at your feet and assure you that there is nothing within the bounds of possibility I would not willingly undertake to serve you. The police will probably be here shortly, and under their escort you can travel with some safety. This is a wild country; there are, I fear, more of those bad men about besides the three we captured, and until the police arrive I can offer no safety for you beyond these walls. My servant has gone in search of a woman to attend upon you. Meanwhile, though only ourselves are in the place, I am certain you feel every assurance you are in the presence of a gentleman, of one who would sooner perish than cause you to regret you are under the protection of his honour. Oh, my dear Miss Dalziel, had circumstances been more favourable to me, had the last remaining mystery connected with my parents' marriage been dispelled but a few days earlier, Grant Wainwright should never have been permitted either to have shocked your sensibilities by tearing you so roughly from your grandfather, or, which doubtless is even worse to you, have made your reputation the sport of a scandal-loving world. Long have I watched over you with humble devotion, eagerly desiring the time when I could come forward in my true character as heir to the earldom of Clonacoe. Certain that the time was close at hand when every proof would be clearly adduced and admitted, I have refrained from reminding you of my existence, save by such language as flowers can speak; or, when abroad, by responding in photographs to your precious, though puzzling favour. Of Grant Wainwright I am avenged; and if, alas! I have failed to save you from the evil that has come upon your fair fame, I offer you all the reparation in my power—my hand. Miss Dalziel you shall be my wife! I will shield you from every contumely, I will let the world know that one who has watched you well knows how rightly to estimate your worth. Those glorious eyes shall look disdain on your contemplations when shadowed by the coronet of a countess! Fear nothing my beloved, my long adored idol!"

He had knelt, seeking to take her hand; she drew back with a cold demeanour, saying:

"Pray stand on your feet, Mr Witham, I think we shall understand each other all the better if you keep to the fact that I am the heiress of Darliston, and no divinity."

"My charming girl, do you think—"

"I think you know enough of me to be assured I am no coward, and am not likely to let the fear of wicked tongues drive me to a wicked act. Mr. Witham, you need not be offended when I tell you that marriage with you is out of the question, impossible to me. My affections are given past recall to another."

"Distraction! Do you tell me that to my face?"

"I tell it as a simple matter of fact. Were you the very perfection of humanity I could not accede to your proposal. My love is already bestowed."

"On whom?"

"On one whom I must still love, let him think what evil he may of me."

"You mean that worthless wretch, young Mainwaring!" he said, and burst into such a string of scandalous accusation, as, though totally disbelieved by Helen, from its coarseness nearly passed her endurance to bear with any show of calmness. She did, however, keep silence till he had come to an end, then answered:

"It seems to me, that considering how his own reputation appears to have suffered, Mr. Mainwaring may be more inclined to think lightly of the world's scandal than I had considered probable."

"Think lightly of the blemish on your reputation this has brought? Oh, Miss Dalziel, you know little of the world to suppose that! Men, who are dissolute themselves, are the last to extenuate such matters in their wives. The world can, and does, wink at vicious courses in the gentleman who has talent to be useful and can put on a fair appearance on proper occasions, but the world would never countenance Arden Mainwaring in marrying one whose reputation has suffered, has been so broadly commented upon as yours has been in that lying paper. He does not dream of it, or he would have come forward before this."

Poor Helen's heart sank under the bitter sense that his expressed opinion was one too likely to be well grounded; but she had counted the cost before. She took a few minutes to rally her heart's strength and then spoke again:

"Mr. Witham, it appears we have all suffered
in our turn in the world's estimation, but this cannot alter present circumstances. I would return to my grandfather, you promise me assistance to that end. Leave me then until the police arrive, but do not lock the door after you. It seems too much as if you were one of those who have taken part against me; as if I were your prisoner."

"My prisoner? Ha, ha!" he laughed. "A very good idea! Really, now I think it, you are my prisoner. What a delightful office to be in charge of such a captive. I declare I never was so happily situated before. I am shut up, sole companion with lovely Helen Dalziel, and may be shut up here, it is impossible to say for how long!"

"For no longer, I conclude," said Helen, in the same cold tone, "than you please to remain. If I may not leave here you can when you please."

"No, indeed, Miss Dalziel, I can't. I should not be safe sitting alone downstairs, I should not be needed. And there is no comfort there. This is positively the only habitable room for a gentleman. You won't turn me out of my own room, fair lady?"

"Mr. Witham, I am wearied and distressed; your mirth is very unwelcome to me. Let me depart; I am willing to take what risk there may be beyond your dwelling."

"Now really, Miss Dalziel, can you be so cruel, so barbarous, as to talk that way! I thought you trusted me. Now do just sit down and listen to reason. You know, my sweetest girl, I love you to madness—to adoration—"

Helen interrupted. "Let me put an end to this. I have given you my reasons for not listening to talk of love from you. I am a plain, matter-of-fact person" (she was trying to be so; crushing her heart and its sensibilities under a strong necessity). "Let me know if any money arrangement can be made whereby I can be freed from an importunity so distasteful to me, and set at liberty. I see I am in fact a prisoner. I mean to infer nothing beyond that fact. I plainly tell you, knowing it was at one time a practice to steal heiresses, that no power on earth, no compulsion you can use, will avail to make me your wife. I swear it: and you cannot touch my fortune unless I am brought to accept you as my husband. Some arrangements, however, I think can be made. Tell me what terms you are willing to accept. You can trust to my honourably fulfilling what I undertake."

Had Witham been able to form an adequate idea of the value of Helen's word or Helen's oath, he might have hesitated here. But he knew that promises made under such compulsory circumstances could not stand good in law, and he held but lightly her declared resolution.

"Miss Dalziel," he said; "is it wise of you to insult me by talking of money as if that were my object? I scorn the idea! You dare to insult my feelings when I lay my heart at your feet. Let me remind you that while completely in my power I have treated you with all deference and respect; you have not treated me as I deserve to be treated. I have willingly offered to reinstate you in your position in society, nay, to raise you much higher, by uniting your fate with mine. It is not many gentlemen would make you that sort of offer now. And in return, how am I treated? Really you do not know rightly how to appreciate the consideration I evinced towards you. What if it occurred to me to play the sultan instead of the slave? Miss Dalziel, what trite is that you are in the habit of wearing near your heart? I saw you take it out once on the rocks at Darlstorn, and I thought you kissed it. Allow me to look at it."

"Mr. Witham," Helen said, with all the calmness she could command; "you have said you are a gentleman; I am in some sort your guest; or if a prisoner, still a woman, and worthy of your forbearance."

"I am only asking a trifle, but I mean that you should grant it; I may prove to you that what I have said is fact, that you have no power to deny what I choose to ask. Give me—"

A clatter on the roof interrupted him: something sounding like a falling tile struck against the edge of the terrace. Witham rushed to the window, and as he turned, Helen remarked that he put his hand on something shining in his breast pocket, she thought it the silver mounting of a pistol. A number of birds flew against the panes and winged their way about the tower.

"Oh, the pigeons," Witham said; "I had quite forgotten them."

He took out a key, and unlocking the window, stepped on to the terrace; rather hastily re-entering when he saw Helen following.

"No getting down there with the cords of a bed," he remarked, as he closed and relocked the window. Helen returned to her place at the further side of the table, and he placed himself as before, opposite to her.

"Now, Miss Dalziel," he said, "are you going to oblige me with a sight of your little miniature, or whatever it may be? The sun is burning down; we shall be in the dark presently."

"If," said Helen, "I prove to you that it is impossible that I should marry you, will you be content to take money and set me free?"

"Oh, if you prove to me that it is impossible."

That which you have desired to see is my wedding ring. I am already married!"

"Whew!" he gave a long whistle. "You are married? What, to young Mainwaring?"

"Yes, I am his wife."

"Here's a pretty state of a case for young Mainwaring's wife to be in; what would my lady, his mother, say to seeing us now? What will young Mainwaring say? Only he's done with you already on account of your going off with Grant Wainwright. Faith then, if you are really married, we must have a divorce."

"Mr. Mainwaring will doubtless obtain a divorce, then alone would it be possible for me
to marry. So, at least now, leave me in peace."

He seemed considering as he leaned back in his chair. Helen stood looking upon him, her dark eyes, so mournfully resolute, exercising in spite of himself a certain power over him. He presently looked up, and said:

"You have not yet shown me the ring."

He thought at least she quailed at his gaze. Certainly her steady look was disturbed, her colour rose and paled; her voice was raised as with excitement while she said:

"You have a pistol in your breast; do you require that to encounter such as I?"

"It's not what I have in my breast but what you have in yours, that's the question. You are just putting off my request. If you do not give me what you have there in one minute I will help myself to it."

"In one minute? Take out your watch then and count the seconds."

He was about to obey her when a sound caught his ear, and turning round to the window, he saw the figure of a man clearly defined against the still gleaming sky. His hand went to his pistol, but Helen sprang forwards, and baffled by her movements he fired with uncertain aim. The same moment the window was burst in, his adversary was upon him, and the struggle, though sharp, was soon decided. The pistol wrenched from his grasp, Witham was lying prostrate, with Arden Mainwaring's knee on his chest, his grip at his throat.

"Helen, darling," he said; "something to bind his hands!"

She hastily entered the next room and brought a bundle of linen from the wardrobe. She took up the pistol from the floor, then sat down and watched her husband bind his captive. Steadily he went to work, his eyes narrowly watching his enemy, for he was quite able to renew the combat had an opportunity offered. Soon, however, Witham was in as powerless a condition either to free himself or to call for assistance as could be desired, and as Arden swathèd him in the last cloth and knotted it about his ankles, he turned with a laugh, half of triumph, towards Helen.

"See, Helen," he said, "how pretty a fellow the rascal looks under my management: I think that is what may be fairly called a fix; one not easy to get out of!"

It was done effectually. He rose and took Helen in his arms. "My queen, my noble girl," he said, and gazed in her face. "You are so pale. Do not sink now all is over; you who have sustained courage so nobly, and saved my life from that villain's aim. Dear love, you have no more to fear. He felt her sinking and supported her the more firmly in his arms."

"Arden," she said, faintly. "He did not forget it was the first time he had called him so. "What, 'Arden' at last, my own Helen?"

"Arden, dear Arden, I am very happy, so happy, but—I do not think it is very serious—he shot me."

"Shot you? Good Heaven!"

He saw then that her left arm was hanging powerless; her hand bathed in the blood streaming down her sleeve.

Perhaps it was well for Witham that he looked so helpless and absurd an object when the glance of the gentleman turned in wrath upon him. He rested Helen upon the sofa, and placing the candle, of which but half an inch remained, on a chair near, sought with a beating heart to discover and bind the wound. There was little time for investigation, but before the candle went out he had bound a handkerchief tightly around her arm. The pain made poor Helen shudder, but when Arden expressed a fear that he was an awkward surgeon, she answered, "Do not mind, I am happy, very happy. I thought I could be content to die when you had overcome him, and you called me 'darling.' Mr. Mainwaring, Arden, do you know what people have said of me? He told me you dare not call me your wife; that you would divorce me."

"He is a liar; my wife, my loved, my honoured wife!"

"Oh, Arden, I have suffered terribly. He showed me what had appeared in the newspaper, and it was hardly more than I feared would be said. Did you too think it?"

"At first they forced the idea upon me. Yes, Helen, until I knew from Mrs. Gainsborough how it occurred I thought you false, worthless. Forgive me that I could think so; my fault brought its own punishment, for I had trusted my happiness to you, darling."

"Oh, I hoped you would believe I never could have gone willingly: I hoped that even if you annulled our marriage, it would give you to give up your poor girl."

"Hush, hush, Helen; do not talk of that. Believe that I never would have forsaken you; never, while you kept your vows, have sought to be released from mine. I have already announced our marriage to some dozen gentlemen of your neighbourhood. You are c leftovers, Helen; henceforth the world knows me for your husband. Oh, my darling, I am grateful to Heaven! I may not take praise to myself for your deliverance, for it seems, when I recall the way I came to that window, as if Providence had guided and guarded every step. You recognised me?"

"Not at once—not positively; I thought if it could be you; but your dress looked so different."

"Yes, my love; I have changed my dress many times during my pursuit, and last wore that of a sailor. Having to climb perpendiculars and walk along shelving edges in order to ascend to my lady's bower, I left all encumbrances below, and mounted in much the same guise that I have appeared in at a boat-race. You saw me, however, and gave me warning of the reception I was to expect from your civil companion."

"It was you disturbed the birds?"

"Yes, a tile came down as I was crossing the
The other clasps the dimpled hand
Of the infant by his side:
Like Lily of the Vale she shows
Beside the Rose’s prite.
And still, and full of worthless love,
The Spirit-mother stands;
In blessings o’er each cherub head
She lifts her shadowy hands;
And o’er each lovely sleeping face
A holy light seems thrown;
Then, like a star that shines and falls,
The dreamlike form is gone!

Not yet! not yet to that bright land
Beyond the eastern skies.
She clasps her hands, she lingers still,
Even from Paradise!
She passes on through light and shade;
And ever, as she goes,
Each sleeper in that silent house
Sinks deeper in repose.
But o’er is there, on whose sad eyes
No slumberous spell is cast:
Calm, fearless in his mute despair,
He muses on the past.
His arms are folded o’er his heart—
That heart so lonely now,
Which late in joy had throbbed beneath
The presence of her brow.
The tender words of early love
Sound sadly in his ears:
He gazes on her loving eyes
Ere their mirth was dimm’d by tears.
Many a tender memory,
Fraught now with deepest pain,
Comes stealing o’er his withered heart,
And burning in his brain.
But lo! in that deep agony,
With which his soul is riven
When his despairing heart forgets
Her joy and rest in heaven,
A soft, pure light gleams on his brow:
He lifts his tearless eyes;
But never yet so glad a ray
Beamed from the midnight skies!
He looks, and, beaming on his own,
Those soft eyes meet his gaze;
Within their cloudless depths he reads
The love of other days!

The same, but holier, deeper now,
Eternal in its might!
It draws him from his lonely grief,
It gilds the solemn night.
It makes him feel how short the hour
That parts them for awhile,
And o’er that face, so pale and sad,
There lightens now a smile.
Soft murmuring wings around him wave,
Faint music soothes his ear;
He calmly sleeps; but in his dreams
He thinks she still is near.

And far above the rosy clouds
Which glow in eastern skies,
The Spirit-mother wings her flight
To distant Paradise!

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The Mother’s Visit.

Silence-shrouded was the room;
No wakeful eye was there:
Only through the flower-veil
Stole the moonbeams fair.

And on a snowy couch they fell
(As though they loved the sight),
Where two fair children slumbering lay,
On that still summer night.

Lo! gliding in, through light and shade,
A form stands by the bed;
A light more pure than aught on earth
Is o’er her features shed.

A mild, soft radiance fills the room,
Soft music stirs the air,
Yet doth but lull to sweeter rest
Those sleeping children there.

The boy lies with his soft cheek flushed
Beneath his golden hair;
And upwards flung, in happy rest,
One rounded arm lies bare;
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

Venice, Feb. 1817.

F. has requested me to remind you that one of his boys was to be a candidate for the Blue-coat school, and as you know the ——’s (who are governors), he begs by me that you will use your interest to obtain theirs. He has spoken to you (he says) on the subject already, and Easter is the time, so that you will not forget his request he hopes. The carnival closed last night, and I have been up all night at the masked ball of the——, and I am rather tired or so. It was a fine sight—the theatre illuminated, and all the world buffooning. I had my box full of visitors—masks of all kinds—and afterwards, as is the custom, went down to promenade the pit, which was boarded over with level with the stage. All the virtue and vice of Venice was there. There has been the same sort of thing every night these six weeks, besides operas, Riddota parties, and the Devil knows what. I went out now and then, but was less dissipated than you would expect . . . I have hardly time for a word more, but will write again soon.

P.S. I am not “P.P.,” I assure you, upon my honour,* and do not understand to what book you allude, so that all your compliments are quite thrown away.

Venice, Feb. 25th, 1817.

I believe you have received all my letters. I sent you no description of Venice beyond a slight sketch in a letter, which I perceive has arrived, because you mention the “canal,” &c., &c.: that was the longest letter I have written you from the city of the seventy islands. Instead of a description of the lady, whom—— wants to have described, I will show you her picture, which is just finished for me, some of these days or other . . . . . . The carnival is over, but I am not in a descriptive mood, and will reserve all my wonders for word of mouth, when I see you again. I know nothing which would make you laugh much, except a battle some weeks ago in my apartments, between two of the fair “sect”† (sisters-in-law), which ended in the flight of one and fits of the other, and a great deal of confusion and Eau-de-Cologne, and “asterisks,”‡ and all that. The cause was one paying me an evening visit; the other was gone out on a conversation, as was supposed, for the evening; but lo and behold, in about half-an-hour she returned, and entering my room without a word, administered (before I could prevent her) about sixteen such slaps to her relation as would have made your ear ache only to hear them. The assaulted lady screamed and ran away; the assailant attempted pursuit, but being prevented by me, fairly went into “asterisks,” which cost a world of water of all sorts, besides fine speeches, to appease, and even then she declared herself a very injured person, although victorious over a much taller woman than herself; besides she enraged my innocence, for nothing could be more innocent than my colloquy with the other. You may tell this to—— if she wants amusement. I repeat, as in my former letter, that I really and truly know nothing of P.P. I have published nothing but what you know already . . . . I am too sensitive not to feel injuries, but far too proud to be vindictive . . . .

Venice, March 25th, 1817.

I have had a fever, which prevented me from writing. It was first slow and then quick, and then it went away. I got well without physician. You will think it odd for me who am so fond of quacking, but on this occasion, though bad enough, I would see none, and refused to see one who was sent for by Madame Sogati, on purpose, and so I got well. I had the slow one upon me some time ago, but I thought it better to say nothing to you till I recovered altogether . . . . So you have seen Holmes. By the way, owing to some foolery of——’s, he has cut my hair in his picture (not quite so well as Blake). I desired him to restore it. Pray make him do so. He may send his print in a letter if he likes, unless you see it and don’t like it. I have been sitting for two miniatures for you: one view of the face which you like, and the other different, but both in my usual dress, and, as they are the only ones so done, I hope you will like them. The painter is an Italian named Pressiani, reckoned very good. He made some fine ones of the Viceroy Eugène. I will send for them . . . . You amuse me with——’s marquis’s message. A pretty compliment, to set a sick man asleep; however, I am glad I have done the old gentleman any good. Believe me (in total ignorance of P.P., of which I know nothing), &c., &c.

Rome, May 10, 1817.

I have taken a flight down here (see the map), but shall return to Venice in fifteen days, so address all answers to my usual head (or, rather heart) quarters, that is to Venice. I am very well—quite recovered; and, as is always the case after all illness, particularly fever, got large, ruddy, and robust to a degree, which would

* “I am not ‘P. P.’ I assure you, upon my honour.”

† “Sect” and “asterisks.” Lord Byron, who was a great mimic, is amusing himself at the expense of some ignorant person.
please you and shocks me. I have been on horseback several hours a day for these last two days, besides now and then on my journey—proof positive of high health and curiosity and exercise. Love me, and don’t be afraid—I mean of my sicknesses. I got well, and shall always get so, and have luck enough still to beat most things; and, whether I win or not, depend on it, I will fight to the last.

Will you tell—— he is brewing a catarrat for himself? ——. People who detest me——, who never forgave me for saying that Mrs.—— was a d——d fool (by the way I did not then know he was in love with her), and a former savage note in my foolish satire——. I never wish to hate or plague anyone, however wrath circumstances at times may make me in words, and in temporary gusts, or rather disgusts of feeling——. Of Rome I say nothing. You can read the guide-book, which is very accurate. I found here an old letter of yours, dated November, 1816, to which the best answer I can make is none. You are sadly timid, my child——. P.S.—H. is here——. I travelled from V. quite alone, so do not fuss about——. I am not so rash as I have been.

Florence, May 27th, 1817.

I am thus far on my return from Rome to Venice. From Rome I wrote to you at some length—— is gone to Naples for a short time. I received a letter or two from you during my stay—one old and one new. My health is re-established, and has continued so through some very warm weather, and a good deal of horse and mountain exercise, and scrambling, for I have lived out of doors ever since my arrival. I shall be glad to hear from or of you, and of your——. I am a little puzzled how to dispose of this——. but I shall probably send for it, and place it in a Venetian convent, to become a good Catholic, and, it may be, a nun.——. They tell me it is very pretty, with blue eyes and dark hair.——. It may be as well to have something to repose a hope upon. I must love something in my old age; and probably circumstances will make this poor little creature a great (and perhaps my only) comfort.——. I am as much an object of proscription as any political plot would have rendered me; and exactly the same as if I had been condemned for some capital offence. You would hardly believe this; but a little inquiry would show you that it is not exaggerated. To suppose that this has no effect upon a character like mine would be absurd; but I bear it, although it is unabated, and may be unabating.——. I saw a live Pope, and a dead Cardinal (lying in state); they both looked very well.——. I have one word more to say of Mr.— (and a great many to him, when and if I meet, which we shall if I live)——. I was too far distant to be told in time. However, that which is deferred is not lost. I live to think on!

Ravenna, July 26th, 1819.

——— address, as usual, to Venice. My house is not in St. Mark’s, but on the Grand Canal, within sight of the Rialto Bridge.——. I write from Ravenna. I have my saddle-horses here, and there is good riding in the forest: with these and my carriage, which is here also, and the sea, and my books, the time passes. I am very fond of riding, and always was, out of England; but I hate your Hyde Park and your turnpike-roads, and must have forest downs or deserts to expatiate in. I detest knowing the road one is to go, and being interrupted by your d——d finger-posts, or a blackguard roaring for two-pence at a turnpike——. Venice, Nov. 28th, 1819.

Yours of the 11th came to-day. Many thanks. I may be wrong, and, right or wrong, I have lived long enough not to offend opinions. I know nothing of England but through—— and——, who are alarming reformers, and the Paris papers, which are full of bank perplexities. The Stoke concerns you——. I merely suggest. It is all your affair as much as mine. Since I wrote to you last, I have had, with all my household family, a sharp Tertian ague. I have got well, but—— is still laid up, though convalescent, and her nurse, and half my ragamuffins, gondoliers, cooks, footmen, &c. I cured myself without bark, but all the others are taking it by trees.——. I have also had another hot water, in the shape of a scene with Count——, who quarrelled with his wife, who refused to go back to him and wanted to stay with me andelope.——. At last they made it up, but there was a dreadful scene.——. I had not resisted her wish, but at thirty-one years, as I have, and such years as they have been, you may be sure, knowing the world, that I would rather sacrifice myfifteen times over than——, who did not know the extent of the step she was so eager to take. He behaved well enough, saying “take your lover or retain me, but you shan’t have both.” The lady would have taken the lover, as in duty bound not to do, but on representing to her the destruction it would bring on her family (unmarried sisters), and all the probable consequences, she had the reluctant good grace to acquiesce, and return with him to——. But this business has rendered Italy hateful to me——. You need not be frightened. There was no fighting; nobody fights here. They sometimes assassinate, but generally by proxy, and as to intrigue, it is the only employment; but elopements are more serious than with us, being so uncommon, and indeed needless, as, excepting an occasional jealous old gentleman, everybody lets their spouses have an attachment or two. But—— was romantic, and had read “Corinne;” in short she was a kind of Italian——, but very pretty and gentle—at least to me. I never knew so docile a creature, as far as we all lived in the same house, except that she had a great desire to leave her husband, who is sixty years
old, and not pleasant. There was the deuce, for her father’s family (a very noble one of —)—were furious against the husband (not against me) for his unreasonable ways. . . . You must not dislike her. . . . and she was a very amiable accomplished woman, with, however, some of the drawbacks of the Italian character now corrupted for ages. All this and my fever have made me low and ill; but the moment A— is better, we shall set off over the Tyrolese Alps, and find our way to England as we can, to the great solace of Mr. ——, who may perhaps find his family not less increased than his fortune during his absence. I cannot fix any day for departure or arrival, so much depending on circumstances, but we are en voyage as soon as it can be undertaken with safety to the child’s health. . . . Though ——— was as

“‘All for love, and the world well lost,’”

I, who know what “love” and the “world” both are, persuaded her to keep her station in society. Excuse this scrawl; think that within this month I have had a fever, an Italian husband and wife quarrelling, a sick family, and the preparation for a December journey over the mountains of the Tyrol, all brewing at once in my cold brain. I enclose you ———’s last letter to me, by which you may judge for yourself that it was a serious business. I felt it such; but it was my duty to do as I did. . . . I will tell you of my American scheme when I see you.

Bologna, Dec. 23rd, 1819.

The health of A——, the cold season, and the length of the journey, induce me to postpone for some time a purpose (never very willing on my part) to revisit Great Britain. You can address to me at Venice as usual; wherever I may be in Italy the letter will be forwarded. I enclose to you all that long hair on account of which you would not go to see my picture. You will see that it is not very long. I curtailed it yesterday, my head and hair being weak after my Tertian. I wrote to you not very long ago, and as I do not know that I could add anything satisfactory to that letter, I may as well finish this. In a letter to ——— I requested him to apprise you that my journey was postponed; but here, there, and everywhere know me, &c.

Ancient Use of Buttons.—In the fourteenth century buttons of gold and silver were worn, not for use, but for mere ornament, as in all the paintings of the time they are depicted on garments without button-holes. In the reign of William and Mary a protective duty of 40s. per dozen was imposed upon imported "covered" buttons, the manufacture of which in this country had just been acknowledged as a branch of national industry. In the succeeding generation the fashions of attire greatly favoured the button-makers. "Tradesmen," we are told, in an old copy of the St. James’s Chronicle, "aped their betters in the wearing of myriads of gold buttons, and loops, high garters, shoes, overgrown hats, &c."

"IN TE SPERAVI."

—

"I have prayed for thee."

—

BY LILY SHORTHOUSE.

In Te Speravi.

Dark falls the night;
Into the ocean sadeth the light,
Thou who wast wont to keep
Watch on the mountain steep
Through the still hours of sleep,

Ora pro me.

In Te Speravi.

Twilight hath flown;
Far on the waters I am alone;
Round me the tempests race,
Thou who hast power to save,
Lord of the wind and wave,

Ora pro me.

Salve me Domine.

Over the sea,
Wearily watching, wait I for Thee.
Lord of the earth and sky,
King of the worlds on high,
For me content to die,

Ora pro me.

Shrewsbury.

WINDOW PLANTS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

’Twas golden summer in the land,
And sunshine: in the room
A delicately-tinted band
Of flowers was in bloom.

A lovely head—the brown hair lit
With glancing lines of gold—
Bent o’er those blossoms, seemed most fit
To be with them enrolled.

The blue eyes beamed, the dewy mouth
Curved with a happy smile,
Like ripenings of the sunny south,
Fresh fancies poured the while.

For one upon the couch of pain
Her every look had grace:
Her presence, like the breeze or rain,
Brightened the weary face.

I know not why my fancy holds
That mother, wan and mild,
Nor why each shape of beauty molds
The earnest, radiant child;

But still, when in their loveliness
Fair window-plants I view,
Some feeling prompts my soul to bless
The twain I never knew.
JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CORFU TO TRIESTE,
AND FROM THAT PORT TO VENICE, THROUGH
THE NORTH OF ITALY, MILAN, SWITZERLAND,
GERMANY, THE RHINE, AND BELGIUM HOMWARDS.

I embarked on the morning of 1st September,
1850, on board of the Austrian steamer, Arcduca,
to sail from Corfu to Trieste. The scene in the
bay of Corfu on a fine summer morning, is as
lovely as any which one can have an opportunity
of viewing throughout Europe. The lofty
mountains of Albania, contrasted with the
rich scenery of the island from which they are
severed by a channel not more than five miles
in width, and in some places only a mile and a
half; the calmness of the azure surface of the
waters; the small island of Vido in the centre of
the roadstead, bristling with all the apparatus
which belongs to a strongly fortified port, which
is indeed the guardian outwork to the garrison;
the Greek crafts of different sorts and sizes
moving gaily along from creek to creek; the
mild serenity of the Grecian sky so often noticed
by Homer and other ancient writers—all these
make the scene as charming as any to be met
with in any part of the world. At 12 we passed
the fort of Cassopo, one of those Venetian
fortresses of which one sees so many throughout
the Ionian Islands. The sway which the
Venetians exercised over the whole of Corfu,
and the manner in which they have ingrafted
their language, manners, and laws upon its popu-
lation, are observable everywhere. Every pro-
jecting bush or salient point of the bastions,
both in this fort and throughout the works of
the Corfu Citadel, is stamped with the lion of
St. Mark, "Il Leon di Adria Altiera," which
insignia has of late years been so completely
humiliated, as to make its existence a matter of
history. Soon afterwards we came in sight of
the islands of Morleena and Fanno. We passed
these at 3 o'clock. The latter of these islands
rises very high indeed, and is situated in the
centre of the Adriatic. It is a place of all others
best calculated for a look-out station. From
its signal station one could, with much ease,
telegraph the approach of any craft. In these
two islands were stationed some British
soldiers who were detached from the garrison
at Corfu. In the first (Morleena), two soldiers;
in the second, one sergeant and five soldiers.

During our sail this day, we kept the Alba-
nian coast at the distance of three miles from us.
This presented continuously to our view a
series of rugged mountainous heights, black,
barren, and wild. There was great boldness
and diversity in their outline, but a total want
of cheerfulness and an absence of cultivation.
The rude rugged bleak mountains are still as
unknown and as uninviting as when Gibbon,
the historian, wrote of them, saying that a "land
which was a short sail from Europe, was as little
known as the back woods of America." It
certainly required some of the imaginative
power with which a poet's eye
to enable Byron to realize the feeling which he
expresses when he talks of "bending his eyes
upon their rugged beauties." Towards the
close of the day we came to the Dalmatian
coast, and passed some of the numerous islands
which lie to the east of the Adriatic. This day
we dined, as the Italian phrase terms it, "Al
fresco pranzo," that is, having a table on deck.

The dinner was arranged after the fashion of
the foreign dinners, and with all their numerous
dishes, I certainly did not think any of them
peculiarly choice. However, as the Persian
proverb has it, "What is not food to the man
who is hungry?" so what with the sea air and
the appetite of health, we enjoyed our fare.
The breakfast was in exactly the same style
the next morning. When we first went on deck
early the next day, the Captain told us that we
were in Austrian waters.

Little need be said more of our voyage for the
next three days, which was anything but
remarkable, except for our having a contrary
wind, and, being in an extremely slow vessel,
not reaching Trieste until 11 a.m. on the morn-
ing of the 3rd September.

On our arrival at the port of Trieste, the
health officer came alongside the steamer to
inquire whether there were any sick on board.
Unluckily, there was one unfortunate who was
suffering from a fever, and we were obliged to
mention the circumstance. We were then in-
formed that we should have to wait until the
return of the health officer from the town
whither he went, to report the state of the case.
He returned in about an hour and a half, and
when he came on deck he obliged us to march
past him from the poop to the forecastle, and
narrowly watched the eyes, countenance, and
gait, of each of us. The reason of his great
care on this occasion was, that the cholera had
just broken out in Cephalonia, and he was
apprehensive of some of our party bringing it to
Trieste. However, at last we passed through
the ordeal, and were allowed to land.

The town of Trieste, which is a modern one,
is clean and well built. The houses are large,
roomy, and built of stone. The fountains, so
ornamental and refreshing, are a great boon to
a large town. Lloyd’s rooms I remarked particularly. These, with their spacious arcades in front, their large chambers and reading rooms (where one gets intelligence in the way of newspapers from all the countries in Europe), and their spacious accommodation, are quite perfect. The surrounding scenery of the town I will leave to the guide-book to describe. At night we had an opportunity of hearing the Austrian bands belonging to the regiments of Austrians quartered here. They played in the square before the hotel we were staying in, in honour of the two young princes, brothers of the Emperor, who had come in during the day from the country. These two young men were dressed in shooting jackets and country costume. They were engaging and pleasing in their looks, but I noticed the peculiarly thick lips which characterize the Austrian royal family. The costume of the men was, in one regiment, blue cloth, coats with red trousers, and, in another, white coats and dark trousers: their music was certainly delightful. I observed numerous groups of soldiers who passed and repassed during the early part of the evening: they seemed very short, and did not walk upright and stately as our men do. The appearance of the officers, however, was soldier-like, and their dress serviceable; their short white coats are adapted for taking exercise; their forage caps are so very small as to be quite a caricature, and are not becoming. Their grey great coats are like ours, heavy and homely looking, and are very plain. We took our places the next morning in the steamer for Venice, distant from this place seventy miles. This boat was most gorgeously ornamented; the panels are pictured with the most remarkable scenes in Venice and Switzerland, varnished in the most costly manner. The number of priests and dignitaries of the church, as well as military in their regimentals, composed a motley group upon the deck.

We arrived at Venice at 12 o’clock. The appearance of the city is certainly most striking, and renders “Venetia Bella” well worthy of the glowing descriptions she has obtained from so many—

"Rising with her tides of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers."

It was not until we got into the grand canal that we observed the grandeur of the buildings; then, indeed, the eye is struck with astonishment at the height of the houses rising straight from the water’s edge. The rooms of every large house in this city, up to the top storeys, are floored with mosaics; the palace of St. Mark, the Cathedral of St. Mark, the Chiesa di Salute and San Georgia, are all most prominent objects. On the evening of our arrival we went to the church of St. Mark. This is certainly very fine, and resembles much the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The mosaics in the interior are most elaborate, but some of them are preposterous; such as the representation of the partition of the Red Sea for the passage of the Israelites, where the waves, being represented in stone, have a very ludicrous effect. The sacristy is most sumptuously worked; the baldacchino, which stands over the tomb of St. Mark, reminds one of that of St. Peter’s at Rome; the columns are taken from the church (now a mosque) of St. Sophia; the alabaster columns, which stand behind this, beside the altar, are most superb: the statues of the apostles stand between the two cupolas. Over the fretwork of stone, which stands in front of this, they have placed thirteen figures. The building altogether is massive and grand, and the stones being of a dark hue, give it a gloomy and sombre effect. We went afterwards to the Ducal Palace, and were led through its lofty and spacious rooms and corridors. Of the large paintings, those by Tintoretto and Bassano are the most remarkable. They do not, however, seem to me to give the character to each figure, which a painting is usually prized for. They are enormous, vast, and contain numerous groups, but the individuality of the grouping is not at all preserved. Those of Tintoretto are mostly illustrative of sea-fights and combats in which the Venetians in former times were so frequently engaged; the paintings by Titian are beautiful. One of Paul Veronese, of the “Rape of Europa,” is very fine. These grand halls have been gone over by so many, and so frequently commented on, that I suppose their description is familiar to the world in general. We saw what was called the “Boca di leone,” where any person who wished to make an anonymous charge against another person could do so by putting a letter in a box, which was placed in the interior of one of the palace walls; and the exterior, or “bocca,” was open to the street. This was during the dynasty of the Dogaress, the last of whom was buried in the Chiesa di Jesuita. We then saw the Scale dei Quattro Porti, and after this went through the famous Bridge of Sighs to the several prisons. The “Ponte dei Sasperi” is dark, gloomy, damp, and horrid; but even it is lively when contrasted with the dreadful cells where the victims of secret tyranny were immured. In the ducal halls, where the pictures of Tintoretto form the principal objects of attraction, the largest picture on canvas is exhibited. It is a representation of Paradise by Titian. I am quite unable to find beauty in these large pictures. I admired a picture of Fede by Titian, and amongst the halls of statues, a Rape of Ganymede attributed to Phidias, which I thought the most striking of all the figures. We saw the hall called the Hall of the Scudo, where their shield has been supplanted by the Austrian arms, which are now to be seen figuring over so many buildings here. We went through several halls where were maps of the different countries, which the literary Museums of Constantinople had traced out, and which had been taken as trophies by the Venetians. They were lettered in the Arabic characters. With refer-
ence to the information they gave of the different countries on the face of the earth, they were inconceivably absurd.

We returned to our hotel, and at four in the afternoon we sat down to a table, where about thirty other persons formed the party assembled, and wine was placed on the table for which nothing was charged. The dishes consisted of every sort of fish, and fowl, roast and boiled meat, soups, tarts, &c.; the company were almost all foreigners. I sat next a Belgian lady, who conversed in French with pleasing and agreeable fluency; and who was eloquent in her descriptions of the beauty which marks the churches and pictures in the different galleries. The greatest number of the guests were either Austrians or Prussians. An old Prussian officer came up to me after dinner, and began descanting upon the tactics of the different countries in Europe, and gave his opinions upon the different modes of life in the various capitals. This man, as well as nearly all the others, after the cloth was moved, smoked incessantly. The hotel, which had formerly been a palace, is in Murray's handbook accurately described: the staircases, front and back, are most spacious; the landing-places, stairs, corridors, and every chamber, worked in mosaics. The front of the hotel opened to the canal, and the back entrance to a narrow street, only fit for pedestrians. The whole of this extraordinary city is threaded by these narrow lanes which are never trodden by horses' feet. They are flagged, having large stones evenly laid down, and all of them, through their several turns and windings, eventually open by numerous inlets to the great square called the Piazza di San Marco. The front entrance of each large house, or palace, has a broad flight of stairs, leading down to the water's edge; and on each side of these steps stand, to which there are attached numerous gondolas. We went along with the tide of people who lounge at sunset in the Piazza di San Marco, and on entering it were struck with the fairy-like appearance of the arcades, which front the houses, at its sides lining the vast "Terre plein." Throughout the whole range of the square were numerous groups of musicians, some in instrumental bands, some with guitars accompanying their voices, and some playing duets, or trios to all sorts of instruments. These commenced their playing just at sunset, and proceeded with it until it was time for the visitors to wander in search of amusements of other kinds at the theatres mostly. The way in which the musicians managed, was to play before some of the parties who were seated inside the arcades or on the chairs outside, and having finished a few bars, one of the females of the itinerant band went round to each individual with a small box for contributions, and as soon as the audience had contributed according to fancy, the musicians resumed their playing. In the different coffee-houses of the Piazza all kinds of refreshment were at hand for the groups of loungers, and it seemed as if all classes young and old, high and low, were solely intent upon amusement.

The next day we determined upon making a visit to the Manfrini palace, which is open only two days in the week. This palace is situated very far up the grand canal. The exterior of the building was not very striking, but the interior contained numerous pictures which pleased us extremely. Those particularly by Giorgione, oneLucretia by Titian, and another by Guido; the famed Ariosto, of which Byron speaks in such rapturous terms. Also a beautiful one by Giorgione, said to be his wife and son:

"That picture, howsoever fine the rest,
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show:
The face recalls some face as 'twere with pain
You once have seen, but never will see again."

There were also some fine ones of Rembrandt's. We next proceeded to the Academia. This is a collection that ought frequently to be visited. Here Titian, that paragon of painters, whose ingenuity in depicting attitude is so preeminent, and who painted to the last year of his age, and died 99 years old; Giorgione, the great pourtrayer of female loveliness; and Paul Veroneze, bore away the palm. The last artist has excelled in illustrating subjects taken from the New Testament. I noticed one of his: "The salutation of the Virgin." The Assumption of the Virgin by Titian is also here, wherein her loveliness of the face stands unrivalled by any which is exhibited as the portraiture of any other artist. I remarked "The Fishermen presenting a ring to the Doge;" "The dispute of the doctors with our Saviour at the house of a Pharisee;" "The Feast given by Matthew to our Saviour;" and a remarkable one of St. Mark giving a ring to some fisherman who had just ferried him to the shore. This picture of Giorgione is one of great character, and the figures of the fiends coming down in a boat, are drawn with great spirit. I also remarked that splendid, but horrifying picture of the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, and also a beautiful Holy Family. In Padovani's picture of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, the women-guests are drawn as most beautiful. In this there is nothing unscriptural; but the Salutation of the Virgin, by Paul Veroneze, quite gives you the idea of the coyness of a modern belle in the figure of his madonna. Titian's picture of the visit which our Saviour made first to the temple, and his conference with the doctors, is a most interesting and charming production. The last painting of Titian. The burial of our Saviour, is a fine work. The four Evangelists are also very fine. The several scripture pieces of Paul Veroneze take up more of the space in the collection than any others. I should call this gallery together with the Patti and the Uffizi at Florence, the three most attractive exhibitions of paintings in Italy. We proceeded from thence in a gondola, that peculiarly Venetian mode of conveyance, which I cannot think is like a "coffin in the
middle of a canoe;" but the canopy in the centre is black, though some of the gondoliers cover it with a white cloth; it is always arched and fitted admirably for two persons to sit in comfortably. The row blocks, in which the gondoliers pull, or rather shove, have each of them four or five stalls; sometimes there are two, and sometimes only one gondolier; but whether one or two, the swiftness with which they ply their oars is admirable. When they arrive at the short turns in the canals, they call out in their peculiar dialect some words, which I could not make out, to give warning to parties who are coming in an opposite direction, and they always manage to get clear of one another. The prows are sharp and have a steel front for their figurehead, which is divided at the bottom with three or four teeth very large. The gondoliers use very long oars; and the gondolas, with the exception of their prow and the central arched canopy, or small tent, covered with cloth, exactly resemble a canoe. We heard from one of the steersmen at the tables d'Hôtê, that when Malibran, the famous songstress, was here, she determined to have her gondola covered with red cloth; that the officers of police then intimated to her that such was contrary to law; that she told them she could not consent to sing unless her fancy was favoured; that some of the priests and a bishop waited upon her with a request that she would conform to the usage of the city, but still she said that she was obliged to sail in a black gondola she would not sing; that at last the authorities finding the queen of song inexorable, complied with her request, and she was allowed to travel in a gondola covered with red cloth.

We next visited the church of Santa Maria della Salute, a building most prominent and of most finished architecture, situated on the banks of the grand canal. 'Tis true that the external architecture is condemned, but it appears to me to have a grand and imposing appearance; although, perhaps, from its number of domes, the chasteness of the keeping may be supposed to suffer. The interior is larger than any I have seen here, except that of St. Marco. I shall leave it to others to decide whether it be improved or not, by its having such a number of lateral chapels. The paintings and frescoes are very numerous. We then went to the church of San Giorgio, another superb specimen. There are in Venice 130 churches, all of them costly; and any single one of them in any other city but an Italian one would be thought a gem of architecture, but in all the towns of Italy the number of churches are quite bewildering to an Englishman, and their great costliness also an enigma which one is unable to solve until one becomes acquainted with the slavery of mind with which priestcraft has bound her victims in this head-quarters of Catholicism. Superstition, the chief instrument of her sway, has enabled them to collect the vast sums which have been required to complete these fabrics.

The next day we went to the Piazza di San Marco, and it being a fine clear morning, we were determined to go up the Campanile, which is a large high building like a column, at the top of which is a belfry, from which the custodian sounds the hours. This building stands nearly in front of the cathedral of St. Mark. The ascent is easy and gradual by a winding staircase round the building. On arriving at the top, one has a perfect view of the city. Stretched around one like a map and clearly defined, as it were a model placed immediately under one's sight. The islands which are contiguous to the city. The Lido, whither the equestrians who wish to take their favourite exercise, have first to sail to: this is the place so often spoken of in Lord Byron's life. The Cimiterio, where for every person who dies in Venice, is found a burial place. The Morano, where the famous glass works are carried on. We were anxious to see these, but were told, that during the summer, owing to the heat of the weather, they were not at work. The islands of Santa Grazia, Santa Eremita, Santo Spirito, and Poveria, on all of which formerly stood convents. The Torcello, on which the old city of Venice stood, which is to the present Venice by comparison what the island in the centre of the Seine is to the surrounding city of Paris; the great changes of time have swept over them both and left them ruinous and deserted. There is also the Borromio. The precision with which one can trace the different boundaries and the islets, and the just appreciation with which one can survey the features of the prospect which the city presents, as viewed from such a height, give one a most complete idea of a place whose confined and circumscribed limits are bounded by surrounding water. In this it resembles no other place that I know. The lines of the poet struck me forcibly in viewing this vast concourse of buildings:

"Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone, but beauty still is here.
States fall and fade, but nature does not die;
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear;
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the Masque of Italy."

We then descended from the Campanele and embarked in our gondola, and trusting to the guidance of the gondolier without encumbering ourselves with a valet de place, we told him to row us to the Chiessa degli Scalzi. This church is thought very much of by the Venetians. Here the gorgeousness of the different columns of marble is very striking. The whole of the interior is composed of marbles, verde antico, and giallo antico. The pictures are not so remarkable. The columns which support the roof of either green or yellow colour, are what the eye rests upon chiefly in this beautiful structure. The coup d'œil, which first meets one on entering, is certainly very magnificent. There is not a spot on which the eye can rest that is not composed of choice or precious stones, or of gilding or painting. After this we went to the church of St. Jesuite, which is also a superb building, and most remarkable for the mosaics of the columns which support the interior. These are composed
of marble, inlaid with verde antico figuring, flowers, and festoons, in all sort of ornamental ways. There is one picture of the Madonna over the back of the grand altar which is much prized. We visited the Council on our return. The churches, the galleries, and the buildings, are certainly the grand attractions here.

The exorbitant manner in which the ciceroni, sacristians, and guides prey upon the English and other novices has often been commented on, and was as remarkable here as in other places on the Continent. I did not suffer from this myself, for I addressed them in Italian, so they did not set me down as a novice, but I was witness to an instance of a young Englishman having offered a guide a dollar, which was about four times his usual fare for his escort through the ducal palace, and the man, after receiving it, begged him, in the most suppliant tone, to give him a further gratuity to buy coffee, as he had not had his breakfast that morning.

We took our places in the railway conveyance which plies between Venice and Verona. This must be an inestimable advantage to the Venetians, as by its means they are enabled to change the atmosphere of a town, where not a vestige of greenward is to be met with, with the atmosphere of the garden which surrounds the adobe alone near the entrance of the grand canal, and reach in a few minutes the country and the fields. The whole face of the country, from Venice to Verona and on to Milan, exhibits the most fertile, prolific, and well cultivated soil which I ever met with; I saw no tract untilled, not a field lying waste. Just as I heard the last whistle of the engine, on our first starting, I recollected to look for the keys of my portmanteaux, and could not find them in any of my pockets, so I had only time to write a few brief hurried lines, in Italian, on a card, and send it by a policeman belonging to the station to the hotel keeper of the inn which we had just left, requesting him to send them to Milan, whither we determined to go. We had certainly a very beautiful country on each side of the road—such abundant cultivation in the fields—

"Vines on every tree
Festooned like the back scenes of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see."

Clusters of grapes hanging in rich profusion, Nature teeming with luxuriant promise of a most inviting vintage. Not a single beggar or poor person did we see, not a sign of poverty or of discontent. If one were to use the common language of the East, and call it, in speaking of such occasions, "the paradise of nations," it would not, in my own opinion, be the least exaggeration. When we reached Verona it was about 10 o'clock at night, and we entered a small albergo, from the yard of which the diligence was to start for Treviso at 3 o'clock in the morning. Here Italians of different professions and ages, came in at intervals and seated themselves at the various tables which were laid out at the sides of the large apartment which formed the public room. They conversed, played, drank coffee, and smoked; but there was no Englishman in all the groups except my fellow-travelers and myself. In a remote country, and where around us there are scenes which we care not to mingle in, or, indeed, could not, if they ever so much interested us, the society of a person of the same pursuits is very much prized and appreciated. I had no opportunity at Verona of seeing Juliet's tomb, as we were to leave the albergo at 3, in a most uncomfortable and unwieldy vehicle, which had been travelled at the rate of about four miles an hour. The diligenza of Italy has been described by many, but I cannot at all account for their curious custom of harnessing their horses in teams so far apart from their work. The watching for the time of departure and the cold morning's ride were very wearisome, but the next day the same beautiful sort of country met our view. All the peasantry were dressed in their finest costume, the day being a holiday. It seems but a small distance on the map, the rise of country between Verona and Treviso, but it occupied us from three in the morning until six in the afternoon. At Treviso I experienced the benefit of travelling the best way that had been given me by an old traveller at Corfu, which was to have a regimental cap strapped outside your portmanteau or your cloak: I had one tied to my cloak, and when the officer of police came to open our different articles of baggage he was shown my cap, and, concluding that I was a military man, he let me pass without further delay or search. The porters were troublesome, but when we reached the office for the railway from Treviso to Milan we found that they managed the matter of disposing of the baggage much better than such a matter is arranged in England: it was given over to the charge of an official, who was solely accountable for it. When all the passports had been seen, signed, and a passport given, we took our places in the train from Treviso to Milan and reached the latter city at 7½ p.m. We were certainly much fatigued, and the comfort of this hotel was very great. It was fully as pleasant as the generality of English ones, and I believe the best in Milan. Its name and recommendation and description all appear in Murray. That paragon of guide-books saves travellers no end of trouble, and when they are at a loss for description it is generally safe to advert to it as the sade mecum of intelligence. The next day, I first went out in search of the office at which the coach stopped, in order that I might get some intelligence relative to the keys which I had left at Venice. I found that we had been there the night before, but it was dark, and the coach that took us from the railway-station only stopped there for a short time. They told me to come there the next day, which I did, and the official handed me the keys: they had been duly sent by the hotel-keeper. We were much pleased with this
beautiful city, the most like an English town of any in Italy that I have seen. The streets were full of people, especially the people well dressed, and the numerous walks and rides in the suburbs were agreeable. First we went to the Brera. I place down the pictures which struck me as the most pleasing. Raphael's picture of Joseph's marriage with Mary; Titian's St. John; Guerino's St. Clara and St. Catherine, also his Madonna, and St. Joseph and St. Theresa. The perspective and colouring of this master seem to be always good. A Holy Family, by Campi; St. Mark preaching at Alexandria, a very large picture; two beautiful pictures by Salvator Rosa, Il primo eremito and La visita del Angelo al Purgatorio; St. Peter, St. Michael, and St. Agostino, with an Angel, by Coreggio; Our Saviour in the house of the Pharisees, by Paul Veronese; a Virgin and a Child, by Correggio: Abraham dismissing Hagar. Here the face of the patriarch and the weeping suppliant air of the woman, are such expressive traits that I wonder at its being called by the critic whom Murray quotes from "a vulgar picture," and a Nun, by Titian, which is excellent. The one which is underneath this is a fancy scene by Raphael, which if it did not contain in its label his handwriting I should not have looked at. It may be full of fine traits recognizable by a connoisseur, but the colours are nearly obliterated. The masterpiece of Gaggiolone, a figure of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian. I also remarked a head of our Saviour, by Annibale Caracci. Many others are of doubt beautiful, and would well repay one to devote many hours' attention to, so we resolved to make a second visit. I think that with great galleries in Italy this will be found the best plan. Many pictures which are passed over at a first visit elicit the greatest praise on the second.

After this we went to the Duomo. I had seen it before, and it always has recurred to my memory as the Gothic pile whose great beauty and sublimity stand pre-eminent. But I was still struck with astonishment at again viewing its grandeur. I saw also the sacristy, with the very valuable gold and silver presents of altars, crosses, and images, also the tomb of San Carlo. This is most costly. The whole history of the saint's career is worked in bronze, in imitation of St. Peter's. The monument is under the principal cupola, and lamps are continually kept burning. We ascended the staircases of marble which lead to the highest part of the roof, and had a splendid view of the city. I heard before that the cathedral was not wholly finished, and when we got to the summit I perceived that this was the case, as many slabs of marble have not been pinioned and pointed, and also many statues are wanting to complete the number required in the building. This, however, one cannot see from the ground. One is amazed to learn that in this vast pile the number of 4,000 are each of them surmounted with a statue. After this we went to the church of Santa Maria della Grazia. We saw the much celebrated picture, in fresco, of Leonardo da Vinci. We know and deplore the history of its decay, and the reasons for it, but still one can form an idea of the beautiful perspective, and the traits of the several countenances. The neighbouring offices were turned into stables for the Austrian cavalry.

We proceeded to the Arca della Pace, where the columns of marble, in the Corinthian order, and the beauty of the arches, form a beautiful gem of architecture. The bronze horses, six in number, carrying the figure of Peace in a chariot, seemed to me to be in magnificent taste. Those at Venice are said to be most symmetrically sculptured, and are certainly more prized as equestrian statues than any which are to be met with elsewhere. But from their not standing out in such striking attitudes, they did not attract my attention nearly so much as these. The Piazza d'Armi is here most extensive, I think as large as the Champs de Mars at Paris. The arena for exhibiting the combats is modern.

The evenings at Milan seem to be passed by the gentry and the officers at the cafes: until the time for going to the opera all lounge there. Here the street music was a novelty. At times a man, who drove a large vehicle like a wagon, the sides lined with transparency, stopped before the cafe, and having opened one side, presented a mimic lilliputian theatre to us, which reminded me forcibly of the Fookie nautchies of the Hindoos. The figures of every kind, when he commenced his organ, began their various movements, young men bowing, old men shaking their sticks, girls dancing, and all in time to the music. When one of the airs was finished, a graceful girl, with her hair beautifully braided and her dress and toilet complete, came in with a silver box, and, bowing with much more grace than I ever saw shown by anyone in England, presented us the box with a smile. After she had gone round and gathered the contributions, which were altogether voluntary, the music commenced again.

The next day we saw, and went all over the town, a beautiful one with nice streets. The arcade in the centre of the main street put me very much in mind of the Burlington Arcade. It is not so useful in the way of providing staple goods as it is showy in the way of exhibiting fancy articles. We then proceeded to the Brera again: I stopped before two pictures of Salvator Rosa. The first, of "St. Paolo in the desert," is quite in character with his genius in exhibiting the wild and savage forest scenery, which formed mostly the theatre for his contemplations. The next one, of the angel's visit to Purgatory, is very much darkened by time, and seems a very obscure subject. There was also a remarkably good one of Murillo, an old woman, in which the face seemed very cleverly executed, but the expression of cunning in it was rather a caricature. A Virgin and child, by Guido Reni. To the face of the Madonna he had given his usual beatific
An Irish Peasant-Maiden.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIIDGE.

One summer, on a walking tour,
My wayward will my only law,
Crossing a meadow-path, at eve;
I saw—I'll tell you what I saw—
A fair, soft-smiling Irish face,
With deep-grey eyes and lashes long,
And rich brown hair all streaked with gold,
And ripe lips bursting into song—

One of those songs they ever sing,
Those Irish maidens, when evening falls—
Some wild verse, passionate and strong
Their country's woes or pride recalls;
Or some gay legend of their chiefs
By fairy held in glittering thrall;
Or gentle tale of love and youth—
The sweetest and the best of all!

Upon a woodbine-tangled hedge
One sun-kissed arm upheld her pall,
The milk within it foaming high
'To match her whiter throat would fail.
Beneath my gaze her song was hush'd,
Her brows, pure arch, drawn slowly down;
But soon her smile sweet sunshine burst
Again, and chased away the frown;

And roguish dimples peeped once more,
In baby-play, from cheek and chin.
The rosy mouth, half-opened, and showed
The lovely, glinting pearls within.
"Good evening, pretty girl," I cried;
"Well met at close of salty day;"
A draught of milk, from your kind hand,
Refreshed will send me on my way."

enchanting expression. A Vandyke, a portrait of
a lady, seemed to me most excellent, the face
exquisite. The Woman of Samaria talking to our
Saviour very fine, by A. Caracci. I also admired
the Head of our Saviour, by Guercino.
The next day we fixed upon for our departure
from Milan, and we met a very nice family at
the hotel, who had just returned from Switzerland,
and with whom we had some conversation. They
were in great joy at finding the comfort of a good
hotel after all the roughing they had gone
through in the mountain inns. We went by the
railroad to Monza, which is a small village a short
distance from the lake of Como. The railroad
took us through a beautiful country, like that
which surrounds Milan; then the fresh and
delightful air, and the beautiful verdure, and
pleasing scenery, and woody appearance of the
mountains, and the sunny sky of Italy, made the
drive to Como very charming. Here we took a
steamer across the lake. This piece of water I
think more lovely than any which I have seen
in Switzerland. The heights and sides of the
mountains surrounding it were dotted and lined
with villas, plantations, and every sign of culti-
vated life. On the margin of the lake were so
many houses and villas at such short intervals,
that it seemed one large city strewed round the
romantic grounds. Higher up, the faces of the
different mountain sides were one verdant mass
of foliage. The boatmen in numbers ply their
different crafts about, and when the steamer
stops, they throw a rope, and the person coming
up or descending, finishes his transit in two or
three minutes. The boatmen, in place of pulling
their oars as we do, show them, as they do in
most foreign countries. After passing the village
of Torno the scenery becomes much more wild
and romantic; the villages, houses, and villas be-
come less numerous. I thought that Laglio was
one of the prettiest spots I ever saw. Then we
next reached Correno. I had for a compagnon de
voyage a German young lady, who was going into
Switzerland with her mother. She explained all
the names of the villages to me, and talked
French very nicely. Certainly the manners of the
foreign ladies, attractive, easy, and amiable to
strangers, make the travelling in their society
quite pleasing. Correno is a wild romantic spot.
Here, a woman who reminded me very much of
the Plymouth Bomboat women, came up to the
steamer plying her oars most lustily, and having
rather a large boat to pull. She threw a rope to
a man who stood on the hatchway with a large
packet in his hand, and he, stepping into the boat,
was shoved on shore by the "lady of the lake," in
just as short a time as the general run of amateur
boatmen would have done it. We continued our
sail through this beautiful scenery to Campo,
opposite to which place is a fine dark glen. I
remarked among many beautiful villas, one which
had an entrance similar to a grotto, and an ex-
tensive range of plantations round it. In each
direction, at every point amidst the natural
boundaries of the rocks, fine colossal statues
were situated, and the whole had the air of a
fairy palace. Such a lovely lake I have never
seen in any country as this gem of Swiss lakes.
Leman is too large, and like an inland sea; the
Lago Maggiore is too straggling, and owes its
principal beauties to the three islands in its
centre, Zurich is tame and Walenstein confined.
I have not, however, visited Lucerne. After
passing this villa, the lake assumed a much more
cultivated appearance, and the villages are
studded along it. Then we stopped again at
Tomaszins, opposite to Bellaggio; then some
frowning and wild scenery, but never devoid of
houses and plantations, and those in great num-
bers scattered promiscuously and exquisitely
over the sides of the mountains.

(To be continued.)
"And welcome, sir," was her reply,
A quick blush veiling all her face;
Then bent the vessel to my lips
With ready, unpretending grace.
My thirst allayed I lingered still
Beside her, 'neath the sunset sky,
And giving many a merry word,
Received as many an arch reply.

Yet ever an expectant glance
Across the fields her bright eyes cast,
Until a stout young peasant-led
Came hastening up the path at last.
Then with good eve, I slyly said.
"I see of me you have no need."
She flung me back a laughing look,
And nodded me a gay God speed.

'Twas scarcely fair, I freely own,
Yet one short glance I cast behind—
Pursing as if to lift my hat,
And bare my hot brow to the wind—
In time to catch the eager kiss
Which claimed the shy, young, promised wife.
Well, well; the pair are fitly matched:
God speed them on their way through life!

A TEMPERATE (THOUGH NOT A TEMPERANCE) ANACREONTIC.

BY THE LATE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Great Neptune and Phoebus were boasting, one day,
Of their might, and their glory, and power—
Of that Sea and that Sun over which they hold sway,
Through each fast-rolling year, day, and hour.

Thinks Bacchus, "I'll beat ye, ye haughty ones, still!
O'er a rich sea of sun will I reign;
From the grape I'll extract a bright ocean, and fill
All the world with joy, never to wane."

Full soon forth his waves richly ran, richly rolled,
Waves all shining, all flushing, and bright;
Waves of fire, waves of ruby and crystal and gold,
Enchanting to thought and to sight.

"Nor Apollo nor Neptune can loftily boast
That their empire's more radiant or vast;
Mine shall shine o'er each land, mine shall bathe every coast!"

Cried Bacchus, triumphant at last.

Bacchanalians, who drink the proud high-mantling stream,
Who drain off melted sun-heats sublime—
Which mortals call wine, in a rapture and dream—
Yes, ye, too, reign with him for a time.

But beware! Reign, indeed, o'er the fire-glowing flood,
O'er that ripe-gushing, Sun-beaming sea—
Reign, like Bacchus, o'er that, in brave, jubilant mood;
But beware that it reigns not o'er ye!

"SUNSHINE UNDER CLOUDS."

(An Answer to "Writing from Life," in this Magazine of April 1, 1869.)

BY MARIA WHEELER.

There is a kindly sympathy
Life's storm-toss'd have;
For strangers clasp hands lovingly
Beneath the wave.

Not overwhelm'd, though tempest-toss'd,
We gain the land;
Our feet—when cold hearts count us lost—
On golden sand.

Oft, in the stillness of my room,
I think or write
Of pass'd-by griefs, which leave no gloom,
Till dark grows light.

Dear Mother Nature counsels me,
From her book;
And shows me, ever tenderly,
Her way to look.

When sun-scorched flowers abate their heads,
Soft falls the dew,
And evening a dark curtain spreads
To make day new.

If ev'ry bird through air which moves,
Wing-wearied, rests,
Shall not the cloud of flying doves,*
With bleeding breasts?

Each pilgrim, and each wanderer
Has wounded feet:
Heaven sends the promised Comforter
When time is meet.

The traveller drinks the wayside brooks,
And lifts his head:
Refresh'd by them, he farther looks
For life indeed.

The corn and grapes of autumn-time
Yield sacrament;
So may we find in waning time
Some rich content.

For soon the reaper comes again
To end all cares;
May we be found amongst the grain—
Not with the tares!

Not shut are yet the vineyard doors,
Though late—aye, late;
Yet open till the midnight hours
They wait, they wait.

The vineyard's Lord, He stands within,
Who shall gainst?
His words, "Enter who toil'd herein,
One hour, one day."

* Isai. ix. 8.
There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

By Edward Branthwait, Author of the "Wayward Heart," &c.

Westwich was quite gay; the dull old county and Cathedral town had positively roused itself from its normal state of trance. The Royal East Wessfolk Militia were out for their annual training, and they had brought a little life with them. The culminating point of excitement was the principal room of the Wessfolk Hotel, where the regiment had established its mess. They were a pleasing, gentlemanly party, who sat there, passing round the wine after dinner; representatives of some of the best families in the county, which is not invariably the case in Militia regiments. Many of them were old soldiers, and all, at least, fair officers: their colonel took good care of that. The old Duke of Wessfolk was still a fine soldier-like man, though there remained a slight limp as a memento of that terrible but glorious day, when he added another brilliant page to the annals of his house.

It was the first day of their meeting, and the talk was fast and eager, a confused medley of sentences surging up above the accompanying murmur.

Colonel loquiter—"As the regiment marched past, Colonel Spencer paid us a very handsome compliment: he is a good judge. I am quite satisfied with both officers and men."

"Where have you been, Mackenzie, that we saw nothing of you in town?"

"I went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Kilross for moose-hunting, and we stayed for some salmon-fishing."

"Then you might have written. I thought you must have been in Central Africa, or somewhere out of the reach of mails."

"Now, Delacourt, be reasonable; how could I write? Is not Lord Fairchild Postmaster General?"

"I believe so, but what of it?"

"Why, of course I can't accept a service from him, or those under him. Clan Kenneth and Clan Colm have been at feud for centuries."

"Ha, ha, ha! a very pretty excuse. Come, Mac, did you ever write a letter in your life?"

"I'll give you seven pounds over the New Course for a pony. I'm sure there's nothing in the regiment that can hold its own with my Lightning."

"Done! To-morrow after parade. We'll make it fifty if you like!"

"Come to the theatre presently, Danvers? Bianca is glorious; I never saw dancing more graceful and brilliant at the same time. And as for her figure—"
Tears were in her eyes and in her voice, and Hethel at once remembered hearing of the death of his old brother officer. He could even trace the family likeness to the boyish, fair-haired cornet, he remembered so well.

In a low tone they exchanged reminiscences; if a sad theme it was one to cause a speedy advance in intimacy; indeed, when he quitted her (not very soon) she held out her hand to him as if she 'already reckoned him among her friends.

The performance was over, and Marchwood, with one or two others, adjourned for supper to Hethel's rooms.

Sir Henry Hethel had distinguished himself as a light cavalry officer in India, where he had received a severe wound. Being quite unfitted for active service, and succeeding at that time to the family title and estates, he sold out. After a year or two a sound constitution triumphed over the effect of his injuries, and, having a horror of inaction, he obtained a company in his county militia. Here he was a great favourite, and deservedly; a better companion there could not be, and as an officer he was a valuable acquisition.

"Well, Hethel, so distance did not lend enchantment to the view in this case; you evidently found Miss Warwick quite as attractive at close quarters!" said Fred Marchwood. He was Hethel's nearest neighbour in the county, his subaltern and chief companion in the regiment.

"Is she not exquisite?" asked Lord George Delacourt, the Duke's youngest son. "How the black dress sets off her fair skin and sunny hair! I never saw such lovely hands and arms; she is a little fairy."

"What glorious eyes she has too; soft and melting, yet beaming with light!" returned Hethel. "She reminded me vividly of poor Arthur Warwick, who rode by my side through some rather warm work in the Punjab, and taught us not to laugh at his girl's face."

"So that was what you were discoursing about so confidently," said Delacourt, "I thought you were making rapid progress!"

"Hethel knows how to make love à la militaire," remarked Captain Mackenzie, a tall, handsome Highlander, with dark eyes and a splendid black beard. He had been no distinguished member of the old Black Watch, but had sent in his papers in a huff one day, because a junior was promoted over his head. Of course, he immediately regretted his overhasty step, and he had gladly accepted the commission offered him by his father's old friend the Duke of Wessfolk.

"How savage the major was when she shook hands with you! he had looked grim enough when you were introduced even," said Marchwood. "What can the man want for her; a prince of the blood?"

"Freddy, you're not so sharp as usual," observed Mackenzie, quietly. "Don't you know she's an heiress, and can't you guess he wants her money bags for his son?"

"But he's a greater scarecrow and fool than even his father, if that's possible. He has dipt the estate terribly too, they say, with his passion for gambling!" returned Marchwood.

"Well, all the more reason for not letting a good thing out of the family. You will see I am right," said Mackenzie confidently.

"But why is he not with her, if that's the case?" asked Hethel.

"So you think he could not bear himself away; eh, Hethel?" said the Highlander. "He's at Homburg. He can't marry her while she is in such deep mourning, and play is more to his taste than love-making."

"It would be a sin to let her be tied to such a fellow: cut him out, Hethel, and disturb their pleasant little family arrangement," said Delacourt.

The others echoed the advice.

Hethel protested that he had no wish for a wife, but his conduct was more in accordance with their recommendation than with his words. While the regiment remained at Westwich he had abundant opportunities of meeting Miss Warwick, and he did not neglect them. Mr. Warwick might dare, but he could do little to keep them apart. Quiet as she was, she evidently had "a will of her own," and, as a guest of the Duchess, she was less under control: so when they separated, Charles Warwick's chance was completely at an end, if, indeed, there had ever been any for him.

"There was a stir at the clubs; there was an unusual assembly, and a very unusual interest. M.P.'s were especially busy, and especially plentiful. Busy because there was a prospect of a close division, which government had accepted as a test of confidence; plentiful because the subject of debate was India, so they had no inclination to be in the House till they were required.

At the Poco Curante a member for a pocket borough and the Household Brigade, just arrived from the scene of action, was holding forth to a group of listeners. Among them were Fred Marchwood, of the East Wessfolk, and his brother Charles, a barrister nominally, but in reality a novelist, the writer of several farces, and the writer of "spicy articles," as he himself called them.

"Old Benson was on his legs, when I came away," said the guardeman, "and really was speaking devilish well."

"The man himself is sensible enough; it's his wife who is so supremely ridiculous. I have a very rich story about her," said Frank Dynevor, a young artist, who was fonder of hitting off a caricature or comic scene for the graver than working steadily at his easel. He was a great crony of Charles Marchwood, and his rival in perpetrating constant witticisms in and out of season.

"Give it to us, then!" "Out with it!" was exclaimed in chorus.

"Last Autumn," said Dynevor, quite ready to oblige them, "I was staying with the Mostyn's
There's many Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip.

of Llwdw, who live near that fine place Benson bought of Evan Llewellyn. The Llewellyn crest, a lion rampant, is conspicuous about the house, and Mrs. Benson thinking the animal not quite the thing, had actually dressed it in trews!"

"I wonder how a herald would describe the blazon?" asked Charles Marchwood.

"Why, as a lion proper to be sure," replied Dynevor, unhesitatingly.

"Bravo Frank; capital!" exclaimed Charles Marchwood, amid a peel of laughter, for the friends never showed any jealousy of each other's hits, notwithstanding their competition for the cap and bells.

"I can't believe anyone would be so absurd," said the guardman.

"I tell you my dear fellow, I saw it with my own eyes," replied Dynevor.

"There's a little surplusage in that, Dynevor, is there not? You could not see it with anyone else's eyes," sneered a cynical Q.C.

"Could I not? You are a pretty specimen, Barker, of a counsel, learned in the law, not to remember 'quis facit per alium facit per se,'" retorted Dynevor. "Some men see with the Premier's eyes, for instance."

"Well, I can give you another anecdote of her," said Charles Marchwood. "I went with my sister the other day to Le Roy, the ladies' boot-maker, and we found Mrs. Benson there trying on the whole stock—by the bye, her foot's much the same shape as an elephant's. At last they brought her something she could get on, so she took up the left shoe, and when she had looked at it, she said, 'Ah, Mossoo Gauche, I see; he's a capital maker, his boots always fit me.'"

The due amount of applause was cut rather short by the arrival of a kind of amateur assistant whip, who was ordinarily charged with the no light duty of looking up the younger members, and inveigling them when wanted from their balls, their billiards, cards, or the smoking-room.

"Well, Brabazon, what is the news?" asked the guardman.

"Windbag is speaking, and Wordy is to reply to him. You may make your minds easy for to-night about the division; we have arranged with the other side to have another night's debate, and Sir Robert Major is to move the adjournment."

"He's a clever fellow, Bob Major, but terribly inconsistent," said Dynevor.

"His mind is just like a kaleidoscope," observed Charles Marchwood, "full of fragmentary ideas, which are always forming new and brilliant combinations."

"What majority shall we have, Brabzon?" asked the Q.C., who also wrote M.P. after his name, and, though an independent member, had a keen eye for the loaves and fishes.

"Well, it will be rather close," replied Brabzon; "we have just lost one vote. You know Paynter, the member for Westwich, was thrown against the rails in Rotton Row this morning? and the news has come that he died an hour ago."

"An opposition member now came in. "Wordy is up, so I bolted," he said. "I really can't stand him."

"How many do you give us, Broadlands?" asked Barker.

"I'm afraid you will get it," replied Broadlands, "but only by one."

"Oh, much more than that," rejoined Brabzon, hastily.

"Remember you have lost two votes by this morning's accident."

"Two! How is that?" asked Brabzon.

"Why, Warwick left with his son for Westwich by the last train to canvass the city," said Broadlands.

"The traitor!" exclaimed the official, "and I dare say he has not even paired."

"I only wish he had gone for ever," said Broadlands, "but the son is even worse. Such an insufferable bore ought not to be allowed to walk over the course. Come, Marchwood, you are a Welford man; won't you stand up for the honour of your county?"

"I can't afford the luxury of a contested election," replied Fred Marchwood, shaking his head, "but stay; here is the very man for it!"

Sir Henry Hethel just entered the room. He hesitated when they drew him aside, and urged him to stand for Westwich. He started when they informed him who would be his opponent, and looked determined when Fred Marchwood whispered in his ear, "Remember you are rivals in love as well as politics."

"I will try it," he said. "Fred, you will come down and help us to canvass, and you too Charlie. We will start by the early train, and they will not be many hours before us."

During the winter he had called several times on the Warwicks', but they had always been out to him. As he had on more than one occasion caught a glimpse of some member of the family, he had naturally been much settled. It was even worse when the season began, for when he asked after Miss Warwick, her uncle replied, coldly, that, as she was in mourning, she would not come to London that Spring. Yet her father had been dead more than a year, her brother nearly eighteen months; evidently they were excluding her from the world, and especially from him. He was delighted to have this vent for his irritation.

They immediately set to work to compose his address to the electors. It is not necessary to give it, as such documents bear a strong family resemblance, and they are not very light reading.

Hethel and his friends were in Westwich, and hard at work at an early hour the next day. He met with a very satisfactory welcome when his intention of becoming a candidate for the seat was made public. His family stood well in the city, and he had some warm and influ-
ential backers. An important meeting asked him a few formal questions and then pledged itself to support him.

While Hethel and Fred Marchwood canvassed steadily, Charles Marchwood and Dynevor, who had accompanied his friend, were equally hard at work in their way. They wrote squibs for the local papers, drew caricatures, concocted placards, and did the light comic business generally.

A saturnalia reigned at Westwich; like many very quiet towns, when it had any cause for excitement, it made up for its past tranquillity.

The contest was eager and acrimonious. Black looks passed between the antagonistic parties; blacker insinuations were suggested on either side, but there was no breach of the peace till one afternoon, when Dynevor could not resist a tempting opportunity of mischief.

The Woffolk Hotel, the head-quarters of Hethel’s party, was in a street just out of the market-place. Dynevor had established himself in a lodging exactly opposite; and from his windows he caught sight of Warwick approaching with some of his followers. The street was not very wide, and the Hethelites, crowding before the hotel, messengers, standard-bearers, musicians, and other hangers-on, did not display much alacrity in making way for their opponents, who had to padding.

“Look, Charlie!” shouted Dynevor to his friend, who had just come out into a balcony of the hotel; “here is the great Guy of Warwick come to life again!”

“Yes, but instead of overcoming the dun cow, I suspect his duns will cow him,” replied Charles Marchwood, in the same loud tone.

“Now I think of it, he is more like the later Earl of Warwick. Don’t you see the bear with the ragged staff?” cried Dynevor, pointing as he spoke, first to their opponent, and then to some ruffian at his heels.

The “ragged staff,” would not endure this, even if they could not quite understand it. A few stones crashed through the windows on either side, and instantly there was a confused fight, in which Warwick came in for some stray blows. From that time he always made a circuit of half-a-mile, rather than pass that way. Hethel re-monstrated with his too eager partisans, and begged them not to compromise him by introducing personalities, or causing disturbances.

“Why should we mince matters?” replied Dynevor, “with a cowardly fellow, who is taking advantage of his position to persecute a woman he ought to protect. He hasn’t even the excuse of loving her, but is only after her money-bags?”

Hethel was silenced. The mischief-loving pair set to work with fresh zest, flooding the place with rough, but racy, wood-cuts of duns and cows, bears and ragged staffs, with appropriate letter-presses. It was a rich mine of ridicule, and they worked it well.

The Woffolk's took the opportunity of the unusual assemblage at Westwich to give a ball.

Old Mr. Warwick would gladly have left his niece at home, but he was afraid of offending the Duchess, who had insisted with friendly pertinacity upon her accepting the invitation. She entered the room leaning on her cousin’s arm.

“Here come Beauty and the Beast,” said Dynevor.

“Titania and Bottom, rather. Isn’t she the queen of fairies, and he a snub with an ass’s head?” returned Charles Marchwood.

“Hush! he will hear you,” said Lord George Delacourt, who, however, did not suppress a smile of amusement.

“Tant mieux,” replied Charles Marchwood, “any stick’s good enough to beat a hound.”

With the laudable intention of annoying the enemy, he made his brother introduce him presently to Miss Warwick. He was walking round the room with her after the dance, when Hethel came up and asked her for the next.

“I am engaged to my cousin,” she replied, blushing and hesitating.

“They are beginning to play a valse,” said Marchwood, “if he does not come soon, I suppose you will be free to dance with Hethel?”

“Yes,” she replied, doubtfully; looking both embarrassed and puzzled.

“May I leave you with him, then, till your partner claims you? I must find my own,” he said, hurrying off, without waiting for an answer.

He had caught sight of Warwick coming down a corridor leading from the refreshment room. Brushing past him, he trod on his foot, as if by accident.

“Dash your confounded awkwardness!” screamed Warwick, who was brutal in his manner when irritated, and not choice in his language.

“You are not speaking to your valet, Mr. Warwick,” (he had appeared at a police court shortly before, for breaking his servant’s head with a boot-jack); “I insist upon an apology for such language,” said Marchwood.

“What, apologize to you for treading on my toes? I’ll see you at Jericho, first,” exclaimed Warwick, who had not yet recovered from his passion.

Dynevor seeing his friend quit the ball-room so hastily, and scenting mischief, had quickly followed, so he was now close at hand.

“Then I must have satisfaction. Mr. Dynevor here will act for me; be so good as to name a friend to arrange with him on your behalf,” said Marchwood.

“Pahaw! men don’t fight duels now-a-days,” replied Warwick, who, though fond of blustering when he could indulge in it with safety, had no fancy for fighting.

“Nor do they swear at each other,” retorted Marchwood, “you must either retract those words, or—”

“Oh, I retract them then,” interrupted Warwick.

“And apologise for using them,” added Marchwood.
Among the Mormons, in 1864.

"Yes, I apologize," he muttered, and, as Marchwood no longer barred his passage, he darted off to the ball-room.

He was too late. His cousin was dancing with Hethel, and it would be vain to try to stop them. Presently they paused to take breath, and Charles Marchwood, approaching them, whispered to Hethel, "If you want that, pass out through the end window into the grounds to the right; I will take care you are not followed too closely."

Directly the dance was over, Hethel followed his advice. Warwick, not liking again to face Marchwood, who was standing in the window, had to make a circuit, and lost the track irretrievably. There was little chance of finding anyone in those thick shubberies on that moonless night, though the myriad stars gave light enough to reveal a tall-tale glance, or smile, or blush.

Two dances passed before Hethel came in, and, having placed his companion under the Duchess's care, crossed the room to Marchwood.

"Thanks, Charlie, you have done me good service," he said, pressing his hand.

"What success?" inquired Marchwood.

"She has promised to be my wife," replied Hethel; "the way that scoundrel has persecuted her is atrocious. He would not let her come this evening unless she promised to say she was engaged to him, if I asked her to dance."

"Why don't you get her toelope?" asked Marchwood.

"I did propose it," said Hethel, "but I could not press it. She will be of age, and her own mistresst in ten months. We must wait till then."

Two days later the nomination took place. During the proceedings there was an indescribable clamour round the hustings, a scene of the wildest tumult. The non-electors of Westwich are without doubt terribly unruly: hardly a word of either proposers or candidates could be heard. This was of little consequence, however, for Charles Marchwood and Dynevor furnished the Woffolk Gazette with a full report of all that was said on both sides. According to them, Hethel's speech was decidedly more eloquent than his rival's, but that was only what would have been expected by any impartial man who knew them both.

The show of hands was in favour of Warwick, but a poll was demanded for Hethel.

The contest was vigorous, the excitement intense. The official declaration gave Warwick the majority of eight. A petition was at once lodged against the return. An election committee struck off fourteen votes for bribery, or intimidation, which last had been largely employed upon the unfortunate tenants of the Warwick's.

The seat was Hethel's. Immediately, Charles Marchwood, who had somehow procured a dis-honoured bill of Warwick's, had him served with a writ. He evidently kept to his opinion that any weapon was lawful with such an enemy. The next day le membre manqué was at Brussels.

Old Mr. Warwick proposed to join him, with his niece. Hitherto she had endured it with as much patience as she could, but this was too much, and, leaving the house, she took refuge with the Woffolks.

Warwick claimed his ward, but the duke expressed his opinion so plainly, and stated so distinctly what steps he would take if Miss Warwick had any further reason to complain, that she was allowed to remain with the Duchess. A welcome visitor at Westwich Castle, Hethel found the ten months pass even more quickly than he had anticipated.

Miss Warwick kept her promise without pleading for further delay, and her uncle, yielding to the stern decrees of fate, gave away the bride. Her cousin was not able to be present, as he still found the climate of England unsuited for him.

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AMONG THE MORMONS, IN 1864.

The approach to Salt Lake City from the east is surprisingly harmonious with the genius of Mormonism. Nature, usually so unplant to the spirit of people who live with her, showing a bleak and rugged face, which poetically should indicate the abode of savages and ogres, to Hans Christian Andersen and his hospitable countrymen, but lavishing the eternal summer of her tropic sea upon barbarians who eat baked enemy under her palms, or throw their babies to her crocodiles—this stiff, unaccommodating Nature relents into a little expressiveness in the neighbourhood of the Mormons, and you feel that the grim, tremendous canons through which your overland stage rolls down to the City of the Saints are strangely fit avenues to an anomalous civilization.

We speak of crossing the Rocky Mountains from Denver to Salt Lake; but, in reality, they reach all the way between those places. They are not a chain, as most people imagine them, but a giant ocean caught by petrification at the moment of maddest tempest. For six hundred miles the overland stage winds over, between, and around the tremendous billows, lying as much as may be in the trough, and reaching
the crest at Bridger’s Pass (a sinuous gallery, walled by absolutely bare yellow mountains between two and three thousand feet in height at the road-side), but never getting entirely out of the Rocky-Mountain system till it reaches the Desert beyond Salt Lake. Even there it runs constantly among mountains: in fact, it never loses sight of lofty ranges from the moment it makes Pike’s Peak till its wheels (metaphorically) are washed by the Pacific Ocean; but the mountains of the Desert may legitimately set up for themselves, belonging, as I believe, to a system independent of the Rocky Mountains on the one side and the Sierra Nevada on the other. At a little plateau among snowy ridges a few miles east of Bridger’s Pass, the driver leans over and tells his insiders, in a matter-of-fact manner, through the window, that they have reached the summit-level. Then, if you have a particle of true cosmopolitanism in you, it is sure to come out. There is something inscrutably sublime, a conception of universality, in the sense of one of the water-shed of a hemisphere. You have reached the secret spot where the world claps her girdle; your feet are on its granite buckle; perhaps there sparkles in your eyes that fairest gem of her cincture, a crystal fountain, from which her belt of rivers flows in two opposite ways. Yesterday you crossed the North Platte, almost at its source; today the water-shed of Mount Markagunt—its base. Most of these are exceedingly tortuous, and the descending winds, during their passage through them, acquire a spiral motion as irresistible as the fiercest hurricane of the Antilles, which, moreover, they preserve for miles after they have issued from the mouth of the canyon. Every little cold gust that I observed in the Canyons whose historic history carries a screw character. The moment the spiral reaches a loose sand-bed, it sweeps into its vortex all the particles of grit which it can hold. The result is an auger, of diameter varying from an inch to a thousand feet, capable of altering its direction so as to bore curved holes, revolving with incalculable rapidity, and armed with a cutting edge of silicon. Is it possible to conceive an instrument more powerful, more versatile? I have repeatedly seen it in operation. One day, while riding from Denver to Pike’s Peak, I saw it (in this instance, one of the smaller diameters) burrow its way six or seven feet into a sand-bluff, making as smooth a hole as I could cut in cheese with a borer, of the equal diameter of six inches throughout, all in less time than I have taken to describe it. Repeatedly, on the same trip, I saw it gouge out a circular groove around portions of a similar bluff, and leave them standing as isolated columns, with heavy base and capital, presently to be solidified into just such rock pillars as throng the cemeteries or ruins in composing the strange architectural piles mentioned above. Surveyor-General Pierce of Colorado (a man whose fine scientific genius and culture have already done yeoman’s service in the study of that most interesting territory), on a certain occasion, saw one of these wind- and silex augers meet at right angles a window-pane in a settler’s cabin, which came out from the process, after a few seconds, a perfect opaque shade, having been converted into ground-glass as neatly and evenly as could have been effected by the manufacturer’s wheel. It is not a very rare thing in Colorado to be able to trace the spiral and geologists had been guilty of in their failure to give the wind a place in the dynamics of their science. Depending for a year at a time, as that territory sometimes does, upon dews and melting from the snow-peaks for its water, it is nevertheless fuller than any other district in the world of marvellous architectural simulacra, vast columns, cromlechs, monuments, obelisks, castles, fortresses, and natural colossi from two to five hundred feet high, done in argillaceous sandstone or a singular species of conglomerate, all of which owe their existence almost entirely to the agency of wind. The arid plains from which the conglomerate crops out rarely the superincumbent air-stratum to such a degree that the intensely chilled layers resting on the closely adjoining snow-peaks pour down to re-establish equilibrium, with the wrathful force of an invisible catactar, eight, ten, even seventeen thousand feet in height. These floods of cold wind find their appropriate channels in the characteristic canyons which everywhere hold the water-shed of the basaltic to its very base. Most of these are exceedingly tortuous, and the descending winds, during their passage through them, acquire a spiral motion as irresistible as the fiercest hurricane of the Antilles, which, moreover, they preserve for miles after they have issued from the mouth of the canyons. Every little cold gust that I observed in the Canyons whose historic history carries a screw character. The moment the spiral reaches a loose sand-bed, it sweeps into its vortex all the particles of grit which it can hold. The result is an auger, of diameter varying from an inch to a thousand feet, capable of altering its direction so as to bore curved holes, revolving with incalculable rapidity, and armed with a cutting edge of silicon. Is it possible to conceive an instrument more powerful, more versatile? I have repeatedly seen it in operation. 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measure the diameter of the sugar by rocks of fifty pounds’ weight and tree-trunks half as thick as an average man’s waist, torn up from their sites, and sent revolving overhead for miles before the windy turbine loses its impetus. The efficiency of an instrument like this I need not dwell upon. After some protracted examination and study of many of the most interesting architectural and sculpturaisc structures of the Rocky-Mountain system, I am convinced that they are mainly explicable on the hypothesis of the wind-siblex instrument operating upon material in the earthy conditions, which petrified after receiving its form. Indeed, this same instrument is at present nowhere restricted by that condition in Colorado, and is not only, year by year, altering the comformation of all sand and clay bluffs on the plains, but is tearing down, rebuilding, and fashioning on its facile lathe many rock-strata of the solidity of the more friable grits, wherever exposed to its agency. The east does hardly more than wind at the west.

Before we enter the city of the saints, let me briefly describe the greatest, not merely of the architectural curiosities, but in my opinion, the greatest natural curiosity of any kind which I have ever seen or heard of. Mind, too, that I remember Niagara, Cedar-Creek Bridge, and the Mormon Cave, when I speak thus of the Church Buttes.

They are situated a short distance from Fort Bridger; the overland road passes by their side. They consist of a sandstone bluff, reddish-brown in colour, rising with the abruptness of a pile of masonry from the perfectly level plain, carved along its perpendicular face into a series of partially connected religious edifices, the most remarkable of which is a cathedral as colossal as St. Peter’s, and completely relieved from the bluff on all sides save the rear, where a portico joins it with the main precipice. The perfect symmetry of this marvellous structure would ravish Michel Angelo. So far from requiring an effort of imagination to recognize the propriety of its name, this church, almost staggered belief in the unassisted naturalness of its architecture. It belongs to a style entirely its own. Its main and lower portion is not divided into nave and transept, but seems like a system of huge semi-cylinders erected on their bases, and united with re-entrant angles, their convex surfaces towards us, so that the ground-plan might be called a species of quadrifoil. In each of the convex faces is an admirably proportioned doorway, a Gothic arch with deep-carved and elaborately fretted mouldings, so wonderfully perfect in its imitation that you almost feel like knocking for admittance, secure of an entrance, did you only know the “Open sesame.” Between and behind the doors, alternating with flying-buttresses, are a series of deep-nitched windows, set with grotesque statues, varying from the pigmy to the colossal size, representing demons rather than saints, though some of the figures are costumed in the

style of religious art, with flowing sacerdotal garments.

The structure terminates above in a double dome, whose figure may be imagined by supposing a small acorn set on the truncated top of a large one, (the horizontal diameter of both being considerably longer in proportion to the perpendicular than is common with that fruit), and each of these domes is surrounded by a row of prism-shaped pillars, half column, half buttress in their effect, somewhat similar to the exquisite columnar entourage of the central cylinder of the leaning tower of Pisa. The result of this arrangement is an aerial, yet massive beauty, without parallel in the architecture of the world. I have not conveyed to any mind an idea of the grandeur of this pile, nor could I, even with the assistance of a diagram. I can only say that the Cathedral Buttes are a lesson for the architects of all Christendom, a purely novel and original creation, of such marvellous beauty that Bierstadt and I simultaneously exclaimed:

“Oh, that the master-builders of the world could come here even for a single day! The result would be an entirely new style of architecture, an American school, as distinct from all the rest as the Ionic from the Gothic or Byzantine.” If they could come, the art of building would have a regeneration. “Amazing” is the only word for this glorious work of Nature, and I could have bowed down with awe and prayed at one of its vast, innitable doorways, but that the mystery of its creation, and the grotesqueness of even its most glorious statues, made one half dread lest it were some temple built by demon hands for the worship of the Lord of Hell, and sealed in the stone-dream of petrifaction, with its priests stricken dumb for ever by the hand of God, to wait the judgment of Eblis and the earthquakes of the last day.

After leaving Church Buttes and passing Fort Bridger, our attention slept upon what it had seen until we entered the region of the canons. These are defiles, channelled across the whole breadth of the Wasatch Mountains almost to the level of their base, walled by precipices of red sandstone or sugar-loaf granite, compared with which the palisades of the Hudson become insignificant as a garden fence. The least poetical man who traverses these giant fissures cannot help feeling their fitness as the avenues to a paradoxical region, an anomalous civilization, and a people whose psychological problem is the most unsolvable of the nineteenth century. During the Mormon war, Brigham Young made some rude attempts at a fortification of the great Echo Canon, half a day’s journey from his city, and this work still remains in tact. He need not have done it, a hundred men, ambushed among the ledges at the top of the canyons walls, and well provided with loose rocks and Minie rifles, could convert the defile into a new Thermopylae, without exposure to themselves. In an older and more superstitious age, the unassisted horrors of Nature herself would have repelled an invading host from the
Among the Mormons, in 1864.

passage of this grizzly *canon*, as the profane might have been driven from the galleries of Isis or Eleusis.

About forty miles from Salt Lake city we began to find Nature's barrenness succumbing to the truly marvellous industry of the Mormon people. To understand the exquisite beauty of simple green grass, you must travel through eight hundred miles of sage brush and greasewood, the former, the homely grey-leaved plant of our home goose-stuffing, grown into a dwarf tree six feet high, with a twisted trunk sometimes as thick as a man's body; the latter, a stunted species of herbage, growing in ash-tinted spirals, only two inches from the ground, and giving the plains an appearance of being tainted with curdled hair or grey corkscrews. Its other name is "buffalo-grass:" and in spite of its dinginess, with the assistance of the sage, converting all the plains west of Fort Kearney into a model quaker landscape, it is one of the most nutritious varieties of cattle fodder, and for hundreds of miles the emigrant drover's only dependence.

By incredible labour, bringing down rivulets from the snow-peaks of the Wasatch range and distributing them over the levels by every ingenious device known to artificial irrigation, the Mormon farmers have converted the bottoms of the canons through which we approached to Salt Lake into fertile fields and pasture lands, whose emerald sweep soothed our eyes wearied with so many leagues of ashen monotony, as an old home-strain mollifies the ear irritated by the protracted rhythmic clash, or the dull steady buzz of iron machinery. Contrasting the Mormon settlements with their surrounding desolation, we could not wonder that their success has fortified this people in their delusion. The superficial student of rewards and punishments might well believe that none but God's chosen people could cause this horrible desert, after such triumphant fashion, to blossom like the rose.

The close observer soon notices a painful deficiency in these green and smiling Mormon settlements. Everything has been done for the farm, nothing for the home. That blessed old Anglo-Saxon idea seems everywhere quite extinct. The fields are billowing over with dense golden grain, the cattle are wallowing in emerald lakes of juicy grass, the barns are substantial, the family-windmill buzzes merrily on its well-oiled pivot, drawing water or grinding feed, the fruit trees are thrifty, but the house is desolate. Even where its owner is particularly well off, and its architecture somewhat more ambitious than the average (though, as yet, this superiority is measured by little more than the difference between logs and clapboards), there is still no air about it of being the abode of happy people, fond of each other, and longing after it in absence. It looks like a mere inclosure to eat and sleep in. Nobody seems to have taken any pride in it, to feel any ambition for it. Woman's tender little final touches, which make a dear refuge out of a mud cabin, and without which palatial stone is only a home in the moulding clay, those dexterousornamentations which make so little mean so much, the briar-rose slip by the doorstep, growing into the fragrant welcome of many Junes, the trellised vines, the sunny spot of chrysanthemums, charming summer on to the very brink of frost, all these things are utterly and everywhere lacking to the Mormon enclosure. Sometimes we passed a fence which guarded three houses instead of one. Abundant progeny played at their doors, or rolled in their yard, watched by several unkempt, bedraggled mothers owning a common husband, and we could easily understand how neither of these should feel much interest in the looks of a demesne held by them in such unhappy partnership. The humblest English cottage has its climbing flowers at the door-post, or its garden bed in front; but how quickly would these wither, if the nest, brisk housemistress owned her husband in common with Mrs. Pratt next door!

The first Mormon household I ever visited belonged to a son of the famous Heber Kimball, Brigham Young's most devoted follower, and next to him in the presidency; and as it looked like the residence of a well-to-do farmer, I went in, and asked for a bowl of bread and milk, the greatest possible luxury after a life of bacon and salt-spring water, such as we had been leading in the mountains. A fine looking, motherly woman, with a face full of character, grey-haired, and about sixty years old, rose promptly to grant my request, and while the horses were changing I had ample time to make the acquaintance of two pretty young girls, hardly over twenty, holding two infants, of ages not more than three months apart. Green as I was to saintly manners, I supposed that one of these two young mothers had run in from a neighbour's to compare babies with the mistress of the house, after our fashion; universal with the owners of juvenile phenomena... When the old lady came back with the bread and milk, and both of the young girls addressed her as "mother," I was emboldened to tell her that her daughters had a pretty pair of children.

"They are pretty," said the old lady, demurely; "but they are the children of my son;" then, as if resolved to duck a Gentile head and heels into Mormon realities at once, she added: "Those young ladies are the wives of my son, who is now gone on a mission to Liverpool, young Mr. Kimball, the son of Heber Kimball; and I am Heber Kimball's wife."

A cosmopolitan, especially one knowing beforehand that Utah was not distinguished for monogamy, might well be ashamed to be so taken off his feet as I was by my first view of Mormonism in its practical workings. I stared, I believe I blushed a little, I tried to stutter a reply; and the one dreadful thought which persistently kept uppermost, so that I felt they must read it in my face, was: "How can these young women sit looking at each other's babies without flying into each other's faces with their finger nails, and tearing out each other's hair?"

Heber Kimball afterwards solved the question
Among the Mormons, in 1864.

33

for me, by saying that it was a triumph of grace.
Such another triumph was Mrs. Heber Kimball herself. She was a woman of remarkable presence, in youth must have been very handsome, would have been the oracle of tea fights, the ruling spirit of doreas meetings in any English village where she might have lived, and, had her home been the metropolis, would have fallen by her own gravity into the chief director's chair of half a dozen Woman's Aid Societies and Associations for Moral Reform. Yet here was this strong-minded woman, as her husband afterward acknowledged to me, his best counsellor and right hand helper through a married life reaching into middle age, witnessing her property in that husband's affections subdivided and parcelled out until she owned but a one-thirtieth share, not only without a pang, but with the acquiescence of her conscience and the approbation of her intellect. Though few first wives in Utah had learned to look concubinage in the face so late in life as this emphatic and vigorous-natured woman, I certainly met none whose partisanship of polygamy was so unquestioning and eloquent. She was one of the strongest psychological problems I ever met. Indeed, I am half inclined to think that she embraced Mormonism earlier than her husband, and, by taking the initiative, secured for herself the only true wisely place in the harem, the marital afterthoughts of brother Heber being her servants rather than hers. She was most unmistakably his favourite.

One day in the Opera House at Salt Lake, when the carpenters were laying the floor for the Fourth of July Eve Ball, Heber and I got talking of the pot-pourri of nationalities assembled in Utah. Heber waxed unctuously benevolent, and expressed his affection for each succeeding race as fast as mentioned.

"I love the Danes dearly! I've got a Danish wife." Then turning to a rough-looking carpenter, hammering near him: "You know Christiny, eh, Brother Spudge?"

"Oh, yes! know her very well!"

A moment after, "The Irish are a dear people. My Irish wife is among the best I've got."

Again, "I love the Germans! Got a Dutch wife, too! Know Katrine, Brother Spudge? Remember she couldn't scarcely talk a word o' English when she come—eh, Brother Spudge?"

Brother Spudge remembered, and Brother Heber continued to trot out the members of his marital stud for discussion of their points with his more humble fellow-polygamist of the hammer; but when I happened to touch upon the earliest Mrs. Heber, whom I naturally thought he would by this time regard as a forgotten fossil in the Lower Silurian strata of his connubial life, and referred to the interview I had enjoyed with her on the afternoon before entering the city, his whole manner changed to a proper husbandly dignity, and, without seeking corroboration from the carpenter, he replied, gravely:

"Yes! that is my first wife, and the best woman God ever made!"

The ball to which I have referred was such an opportunity for studying Mormon sociology as three months' ordinary stay in Salt Lake might not have given me. Though Mormondom is disloyal to the core, it patronizes the national fête of July, at least in its phase of festivity. All the saints within half a day's ride of the city came flocking into it to spend the Fourth. A well-to-do Mormon at the head of his wives and children, all of whom are probably eating candy as they march through the metropolitan streets in solid column, looks to the uninitiated like the principal of a female seminary, weak in its deportment, taking out his charge for an airing.

This Fourth of July fell on a Saturday. In their ambition to reproduce ancient Judaism (and this ambition is the key to their whole puzzle) the Mormons are Sabbatarians of a strictness which would delight Lord Shaftesbury. Accordingly, in order that their festivities might not encroach on the early hours of the Sabbath, they had the ball on Fourth-of-July eve, instead of the night of the Fourth. I could not realize the risk of such an encroachment when I read the following sentence printed on my billet of invitation:

"Dancing to commence at 4 P.M."

Bierstadt, myself, and three gentlemen of our party were the only Gentiles whom I found invited by President Young to meet in the neighbourhood of three thousand saints. Under these circumstances I felt like the three-thousandth homoeopathic dilution of monogamy. Morality in this world is so mainly a matter of convention that I dreaded to appear in decent polygamic society, lest respectable women, owning their orthodox tenth of a husband, should shrink from the pollution of my presence, whispering, with a shudder, "Ugh! Well, I never! How that one-wived reprobate can dare to show his face!" But they were very polite, and received me with as skilfully veiled disapprobation as is shown by fashionable belles to brilliant seducers immoral in our sense. Had I been a woman, I suppose there would have been no mercy for me!

I sought out our entertainer, Brigham Young, to thank him for the flattering exception made in our Gentile favour. He was standing in the dress-circle of the theatre, looking down on the dancers with an air of mingled hearty kindness and feudal ownership. I could excuse the latter, for Utah belongs to him by right. He may justly say of it, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" His sole executive tact and personal fascination are the key-stone of the entire arch of Mormon society. While he remains, eighty thousand (and increasing) of the most heterogeneous souls that could be swept together from the by-ways of Christendom will continue builded up into a coherent nationality. The instant he crumbles, Mormondom and
Mormonism will fall to pieces at once, irreparably. His individual magnetism, his executive tact, his native benevolence, are all immense; I regard him as Louis Napoleon, plus a heart; but these advantages would avail him little with the fanatics who rule Utah under him, and the entirely persuaded fanatics whom they rule, were not his qualities all co-ordinated in this one—absolute sincerity of belief and motive. Brigham Young is the farthest remove on earth from a hypocrite; he is that grand, yet awful sight in human nature, a man who has brought the loftiest Christian self-devotion to the altar of the Devil—who is ready to suffer crucifixion for Barabba, supposing him Christ. When he dies, at least four hostile factions, which find their only common ground in defalcation of his person, will snatch his mantle at opposite corners. Then will come such a rending as the world has not seen since the Macedonian generals fought over the coffin of Alexander—and then Mormonism will go out of geography into the history of popular delusions. There is not a single chief, apostle, or bishop, except Brigham, who possesses any catholicity of influence. I found this tacitly acknowledged in every quarter. The people seem like citizens of a beleaguered town, who know they have but a definite amount of bread, yet have made up their minds to act while it lasts as if there were no such thing as starvation. The greatest comfort you can afford a Mormon is to tell him how young Brigham looks; for the quick, unconscious sequence is, “Then Brigham may last out my time. Those who think at all have no conjecture of any Mormon future beyond him, and I know that many Mormons (Heber Kimball included) would gladly die today rather than survive him and encounter that judgment-day and final perdition of their faith which must dawn on his new-made grave.

Let us return to where he stands gazing down on the parquet. Like any other party-goer, his habiliments are a customary suit of solemn black, and looks very distinguished in this dress, though his daily homespun detractions nothing from the feeling, when in his presence, that you are beholding a most remarkable man. He is nearly seventy years old, but appears very little over forty. His height is about five feet ten inches; his figure very well made, and slightly inclined to portliness. His hair is a rich curly chestnut, formerly worn long, in supposed imitation of the apostolic coiffure, but now cut as accords with the man of business, whose métier he has added to apostleship with the growing temporal prosperity of Zion. Indeed, he is the greatest business-man on the continent—the cashier of a firm of eighty thousand silent partners, and the only auditor of that cashier, besides. If I to-day signify my conversion to Mormonism, to-morrow I should be baptized by Brigham’s hands. The next day I should be invited to appear at the Church-Office (Brigham’s) and exhibit to the Church (Brigham) a faithful inventory of my entire estate. I am a cabinet-maker, let us say, and have brought to Salt Lake the entire earnings of my former shop. The Church (Brigham sole and simple) examines and approves my inventory. It (Brigham alone) has the absolute decision of the question whether any more cabinet-makers are needed in Utah. If the Church (Brigham) says “No,” it (Brigham again) has the right to tell me where labour is wanted, and set me going in my new occupation. If the Church (Brigham) says “Yes,” it further goes on to inform me, without appeal, exactly what proportion of the hundreds of pounds on my inventory can be properly turned into the channels of the new cabinet-shop. I am making no extraordinary or disproportionate supposition when I say that the Church (Brigham) permits me to retain just one half of my property. The remaining half goes into the Church-Fund, (Brigham’s safe) and from that portion of my life’s savings I never hear again, in the form either of capital, interest, bequeathable estate, or dowry to my widow. Except for the purposes of the Church, (Brigham’s unquestionable will,) my wealth is as though it had not been. I am a sincere believer, however, and go home light-hearted, with a certified check written by the Recording Angel on my conscience for that amount, passed to my credit in the bank where thieves break not through nor steal—it being no more accessible to them than to the depositor, which is a comfort to the latter. The first year I net from my chairs and tables two thousand dollars. The Church (Brigham) sends me another invitation to visit it, make a solemn avowment of the sum, and pay over to that ecclesiastical edifice, the safe, two hundred dollars. Or suppose I have not sold any of my wares as yet, but have only imported, to be sold by-and-by, five hundred rocking-chairs. On learning this fact, the Church (Brigham) graciously accepts fifty for its own purposes. Being founded upon a rock, it does not care, in its collective capacity, to sit upon rockers, but has an immense warehouse, omnivorous and euphetic, which swallow all manner of tithes, from grain and horse-shoes to the less stable commodities of fresh fish and melons, assimilating them by admirable processes into coin of the realm. These warehouses are in the Church (Brigham’s own private) inclosure. If success in my cabinet-making has moved me to give a feast, and I therewith drink more healths than are consistent with my own, the Church surely knows that fact the very next day; and as Utah recognizes no inquisitiveness “getting drunk in the bosom of one’s family,” I am again sent for on this occasion to pay a fine, probably exceeding the expenses of my feast. A second offence is punished with imprisonment as well as fine; for no imprisonment avoids fine: this comes in every case. The hand of the Church holds the souls of the saints by inevitable purse-strings. But I cannot waste time by enumerating the multitudinous lapses and offences which all bring revenue to the safe.

Over all these matters Brigham Young has
supreme control. His power is the most despotic known to mankind. Here, by the way, is the constitutionally vulnerable point of Mormonism. The mountain-stream that irrigates the city, flowing to all the streets through open ditches on each side of the street, passes through Brigham's inclosure; if the saintly needed drought to humble them, he could set back the waters to their source. The road to the only canal where firewood is attainable runs through the same close, and is barred by a gate of which he holds the sole key. A family-man, wishing to cut fuel, must ask his leave, which is generally granted on condition that every third or fourth load be deposited in the inclosure, for Church purposes. Thus everything vital, save the air he breathes, reaches the Mormon only through Brigham's sieve. What more absolute despotism is conceivable? At the same time, this power, wonderful as it may seem, is practically wielded for the common good. I never heard Brigham's worst enemies accuse him of peculation, though such immense interests are controlled by his one pair of hands. His life is all one great theoretical mistake, yet he makes fewer practical mistakes than any other man, so situated, whom the world ever saw. Those he does make are not on the side of self. He merges his whole personality in the Church, with a self-abnegation which would establish in business a whole century of martyrs having a worthy cause. The cut of Brigham's hair led me away from his personal description. To return to it: his eyes are a clear blue-gray, frank and straightforward in their look; his nose a finely chiselled aquiline; his mouth exceedingly firm, and fortified in that expression by a chin almost as protrusive beyond the rest of the profile as Charlotte Cushman's, though less noticeably so, being longer than hers; and he wears a narrow ribbon of brown beard, meeting under the chin. I think I have heard say that he had irregular teeth, which made his manner unpleasant. I detected a touch of the benevolent President, Mr. Lincoln, altered all that, by sending out as Territorial Secretary a Mr. Fuller, who, besides being a successful politician, was an excellent dentist. He secured Brigham's everlasting gratitude by making him a very handsome false set, and performing the same service for all of his favourites, but edentulous wives. Several other apostles of the Lord owe to Mr. Fuller their ability to gnash their teeth against the Gentiles. The result was that he became the most popular Federal officer (who didn't turn Mormon) ever sent to Utah. The man who obtains ascendancy over the mouths of the authorities cannot fail ere long to get their ears. Brigham's manners astonish any one who knows that his only education was a few quarters of such common-school experience as could be had in Ontario County, Central New York, during the early part of the century. There are few courtier men living. His address is a fine combination of dignity with the desire to confer happiness—of perfect deference to the feelings of others with absolute certainty of himself and his own opinions. He is a remarkable example of the educating influence of tactful perception, combined with entire singleness of aim, considered quite apart from its moral character. His early life was passed among the uncouth and illiterate; his daily associations, since he embraced Mormonism, have been with the least cultivated grades of human society—a heterogeneous peasant-borde, looking to him for erection into a nation; yet he has so clearly seen what is requisite in the man who would be respected in the Presidency, and has so unrestrainedly devoted his life to its attainment, that in protracted conversations with him I heard only a single soliloquy ("a'n't you"), and saw not one instance of breeding which would be inconsistent with noble lineage. I say this all good of him frankly, disregarding any slur that may be cast on me as his defender by those broad-effect artists who always paint the devil black.

Brigham began our conversation at the theatre by telling me I was late—it was after nine o'clock. I replied, that this was the time we usually set about dressing for an evening party. "Yes," said he, "you find us an old-fashioned people; we are trying to return to the healthy habits of patriarchal times." "Need you go back so far as that for your parallel?" I suggested. "It strikes me that we might have found four o'clock balls among the early Christians." He smiled, without that offensive affectation of some great men, the air of taking another's joke under their gracious patronage. "You find us" said he, "trying to live peaceably. A sojourn with people thus minded must be a great relief to you, who come from a land where brother hath lifted hand against brother, and you hear the confused noise of the warrior perpetually ringing in your ears." Despite the courtly deference and scriptural dignity of this speech, I detected in it a latent crow over that "perished Union" which was the favourite theme of every saint I met in Utah, and hastened to assure the President that I had no desire for relief from sympathy with the country's struggle for honour and existence. "Ah!" he replied, in a voice slightly tinged with sarcasm. "You differ greatly, then, from multitudes of your countrymen, who, since the draft began to be talked of, have passed through Salt Lake, flying westward from the crime of their brothers' blood." "I do indeed." "Still, they are excellent men. Brother Heber Kimball and myself are every week invited to address a train of them down at Emigrant Square. They are honest, peaceful people. We find them very truth-seeking, remarkably open to conviction. Many of them have had to us. Thus the Lord makes the wrath of man to praise him. The Abolitionists—the same people who interfered with our institutions, and drove us out into the wilderness—interfered with the southern institutions till
Among the Mormons, in 1864.

they broke up the Union. But it's all coming out right—a good deal better than we could have arranged it for ourselves."

Before I left Utah I discovered that, without a single exception, all the saints were inoculated with a prodigious craze, to the effect that the United States was to become a blighted chaos, and its inhabitants Mormon proselytes and citizens of Utah within the next two years—the more sanguine said "next summer."

At first sight one point puzzled me. Where were they to get the orthodox number of wives for this sudden accession of converts? My gentlemen-readers will feel highly flattered by a solution of this problem, which I received from no lesser light of the Latter-Day Church than that jolly apostle Heber Kimball."

"Why," said the old man, twinkling his little black eyes like a godly Silenus, and nursing one of his fat legs with a lickerish smile, "I'm a missionary. I've been in England, and I've seen the heathen, and I've seen the Gentiles, and I've seen the world, and I know what's what and how it all turns out."

This war's going on till the biggest part of you male Gentiles is killed each other off, then the leetle handful that's left and comes a-feelin' it, our asylum'll bring all the women o' the nation along with 'em, so we shall hev women enough to give every one on 'em all they want, and hev a large balance left over to distribute round among the saints, and then we'll be set up in business."

To resume Brigham for the last time. After a conversation about the Indians, he tactfully changed the subject to the beauty of the Opera-house.

As to the Indians, let me remark, by-the-bye, bestial and cruel as are the Gooshoots, Pi-Uteas, and other Desert tribes, still they have never planned any extensive raid since the Mormons entered Utah. In every settlement of the saints you will find from two to a dozen young men who wear their black hair cut in the Indian fashion, and speak all the surrounding dialects with native fluency. Whenever a fatly-provided waggon-train is to be attacked, a fine herd of emigrant's beaver-stamped, the mail to be stopped, or the Gentiles in any way harassed, these desperadoes stain their skin, exchange their clothes for a breech-clout, and rally a horde of the savages, whose favour they have always propitiated, for the ambush and massacre, which, in all but the element of brute force, is their work in plan, leadership, and execution. I have multitudes of most interesting facts to back this assertion, but am already in danger of outstripping my allowed limits.

The Opera-house was a subject we could agree upon. I was greatly astonished to find in the desert heart of the continent a place of public amusement which, for capacity, beauty, and comfort has no superior in America. I have visited the opera-houses of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. It seats twenty-five hundred people, and commodiously receives five hundred more, when, as in the present instance, the stage is thrown into the parquet, and the latter boarded up to the level of the former for dancing. Ex-}

ternally the building is a plain, but not ungraceful structure, of stone, brick, and stucco. My greatest surprise was excited by the really exquisite artistic beauty of the gilt and painted decorations of the great arch over the stage, the cornices, and the moulding about the proscenium-boxes. President Young, with a proper pride, assured me that every particle of the ornamental work was by indigenously and sainthy hands. "But you don't know yet," he added, "how independent we are of the East. Where do you think we got that central chandelier, and what d'ye suppose we paid for it?"

It was a piece of workmanship which would have been creditable to any New York firm, apparently a richly-carved circle, twined with gilt vines, leaves, and tendrils, blossoming all over with flaming wax-lights, and suspended by a massive chain of golden lustre. So I replied that he probably paid a thousand dollars for it in New York.

"Capital!" exclaimed Brigham. "I made it myself! That circle is a cart-wheel which I washed and gilded; it hangs by a pair of gilt ox-chains; and the ornaments of the candlesticks were all cut after my patterns out of sheet-tin!"

I talked with the President till a party of young girls, who seemed to regard him with idolatry, and whom, for the moment, he treated with a sage mixture of gallantry and fatherliness, came to him with an invitation to join in some old-fashioned contra-dance long forgotten at the East. I was curious to see how he would acquit himself in this supreme ordeal of dignity; so I descended to the parquet, and was much impressed by the aristocratic grace with which he went through his figures.

After that I excused myself from numerous kind invitations by the ball-committee to be introduced to a partner and join in the dances. The fact was that I greatly wished to make a thorough physiognomical study of the ball-room, and I know that my readers will applaud my self-denial in not dancing, since it enables me to tell them how Utah good society looks.

There was very little ostentation in dress at the ball, but there was also very little taste in dressing. Patrician broadcloth and silk were the rare exceptions, generally ill-made and ill-worn, but they cordially associated with the great mass of plebeian tweed and calico. Few ladies wore jewelry or feathers. There were some pretty girls swimming about in tasteful whip-syl-labub of puffed tatarian. Where saintly gentlemen came with several wives, the oldest generally seemed the most elaborately dressed, and acted much like a chaperon toward her younger sisters. (Wives of the same man habitually bear each other in Utah. Another triumph of grace?) Among the men I saw some very strong and capable faces; but the majority had not much character in their looks—indeed, differed little in that regard from any average crowd of men anywhere. Among the women, to my surprise, I found no really degraded faces, though many stolid ones—only one deeply dejected, (this
Among the Mormons, in 1864.

belonged to the wife of a hitherto monogamic husband, who had left her alone in the dress-circle, while he was dancing with a chubby young Mormoness, likely to be added to the family in a month or two, but many impassive ones; and though I saw multitudes of kindly, good-tempered countenances, and a score which would have been called pretty anywhere, I was obliged to confess, after a most impartial and anxious search, that I had not met a single woman who looked high-touched, first-class, capable of poetic enthusiasm or heroic self-devotion, not a single woman whom an artist would dream of and ask to sit for a study, not one to whom a finely constituted intellectual man could come for companionship in his pursuits or sympathy in his yearnings. Because I knew that this verdict would be received with a "Just as you might have expected!" I cast aside everything like prejudice, and forget that I was in Utah, as I threaded the great throng.

I must condense greatly what I have to say about two other typical men besides Brigham Young, or I shall have no room to speak of the Lake and the Desert. Heber Kimball, second President, (proximus longo interrallato!) Brigham's most devoted worshipper, and in all respects the next most important man, although utterly incapable of keeping coherent the vast tissue of discordant Mormon elements, in case he should survive Brigham, is the latter's equal in years, but in all things else his antipodes. His height is over six feet, his form of aldermanic rotundity, his face large, plethoric, and lustrous with the stable red of stewed cranberries, while his small, twinkling black beads of eyes and a Satyric sensualism about the mouth would indicate a temperament fatally in the way of any apostleship save that of polyglomy, even without the aid of an induction from his favourite topics of discourse and his patriarchially unvarnished style of handling them.

Heber took a vivid interest in Bierstadt's and my own paternal welfare. He quite lifted himself out for our conversation, coming to sit with us at breakfast in our Mormon hotel, dressed in a black swallow-tail, buff vest, and a stupendous truncate cone of Leithorn, which made him look like an Italian mountebank physician of the seventeenth century. I have heard men who could misquote scripture for their own ends, and talk a long while without saying anything; but he so far surpassed in these particulars the loftiest efforts within my former experience, that I could think of no comparison for him but Jack Bunsby taken to exhorting. Witness a sample:

'Seven women shall take a hold o' one man! There!' (with a slap on the back of the nearest subject for recovery). "What do ye think o' that? Shall! Shall take a hold on him! That don't mean they sha'n't, does it? No. God's word means what it says. And therefore means no otherwise, not in no way, shape, or manner. Not in no way, for He saith, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.' Not in no shape, for a man beheth his natural shape in a glass; nor in no manner, for he straightway forgettest what manner o' man he was. Seven women shall catch a hold on him. And of they shall, then they will! For everything shall come to pass, and not one good word shall fall to the ground. You who try to explain away the scripture would make it fig'rateive. But don't come to me with none o' your spiritooalizers! Not one good word shall fall. Therefore seven shall not fall. And of seven shall catch a hold on him, and, as I jest proved, seven will catch a hold on him, then seven ought and in the Latter-Day Glory, seven, yes, as our Lord said un-tew Peter, "Verily I say un-tew you, not seven, but seventy times seven." These seventy times seven shall catch a hold and cleave. Blessed day! For the end shall be even as the beginnin', and seventy-fold more abundantly. Come over into my garden." This invitation would wind up the homily. We gladly accepted it, and I must confess, that, if there ever could be any hope of our conversion, it was just about the time we stood in Brother Heber's fine orchard, eating apples and apricots between exhortations, and having sound doctrine poked down our throats with gooseberries as big as plums, to take the taste out of our mouths, like jam after castor-oil.

Porter Rockwell is a man whom some of my readers must have heard of in every account of fearlessly executed massacre committed in Utah during the last thirteen years. He is the chief of the Danites, a band of saints who possess the monopoly of vengeance upon a Gentiles and apostates. If a Mormon tries to sneak off to California by night, after converting his property into cash, their knives have the inevitable duty of changing his destination to another state, and bringing back his goods into the Lord's treasury. Their bullets are the ones which find their unerring way through the brains of external enemies. They are the Heaven-elected assassins of Mormonism, the butchers by divine right. Porter Rockwell has slain his forty men. This is historical. His probable private victims amount to as many more. He wears his hair braided behind, and done up in a knot with a back comb, like a Cingalese or a woman's. He has a face full of bull-dog courage, but vastly good-natured, and without a bad trait in it. I went out riding with him on the fourth of July, and enjoyed his society greatly, though I knew that at a word from Brigham he would cut my throat in as matter-of-fact a style as if I had been a calf instead of an author. But he would have felt no unkindness toward me on that account. I understood his anomaly perfectly, and found him one of the pleasantest murderers I ever met. He was mere executive force, from which the lever, consequence, had suffered entire disjunction, being in the hand of Brigham. He was everywhere known as the Destroying Angel, but he seemed to have little disagreement with his tody, and took his meals regularly. He has two very comely and pleasant wives. Brigham has about seventy, Heber about thirty. The seventy of Brigham do not include those spiritually married, or "sealed" to him, who may never see him again after the ceremony is performed in his back office. These often have
temporal husbands, and marry Brigham only for the sake of belonging to his lordly establishment in heaven.

Salt Lake City, Brigham told me, he believed to contain sixteen thousand inhabitants. Its houses are built generally of adobe or wood, a few of stone, and though none of them are architecturally ambitious, almost all have delightful gardens. Both fruit and shade trees are plenty and thrifty. Indeed, from the roof of the Opera-House the city looks fairly embowered in green. It lies very picturesquely on a plain, quite imbedded among mountains, and the beauty of its appearance is much heightened by the streams which run on both sides of all the broad streets, brought down from the snow-peaks for purposes of irrigation. The Mormons worship at present in a plain, low building. I think, of adobe, called the tabernacle, save during the intensely hot weather, when an immense booth of green branches, filled with benches, accommodates them more comfortably. Brigham is erecting a temple of magnificent granite, about two hundred feet long by one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. If this edifice be ever finished, it will rank among the most spacious religious structures of the continent.

The lake, from which the city takes its name, is about twenty miles distant from the latter, by a good road across the level valley-bottom. Artistically viewed, it is one of the loveliest sheets of water I ever saw—bluer than the tintest blue of the ocean, and practically as impressive, since, looking from the southern shore, you see only a water-horizon. This view, however, is broken by a magnificent mountainous island, rising, I should think, seven or eight hundred feet from the water, half-a-dozen miles from the shore, and, apparently, as many miles in circuit. The density of the lake-brine has been under instead of over-stated. I swam out into it for a considerable distance, then lay upon my back on, rather than in, the water, and suffered the breeze to waft me landward again. I was blown to a spot where the lake was only four inches deep, without grazing my back, and did not know I had got within my depth again until I depressed my hand a trifle and touched the bottom! It is a mistake to call this lake azotic. It has no fish, but breeds myriads of strange little larvas, which presently turn into troublesome gnats. The rocks near the lake are grandly castellated and cavernous crags of limestone, some of it finely crystalline, but most of it like the closer Trenton and Black-River groups. There is a large cave in this formation, ten minutes' climb from the shore.

I must abruptly leap to the overland stage again.

From Salt-Lake City to Washoe and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the road lies through the most horrible desert conceivable by the mind of man. For the sand of the Sahara we find substituted an impalpable powder of alkali, white as the driven snow, stretching for ninety miles at a time in one uninterrupted dazzling sheet, which supports not even that last ob- stinate sideite of vegetation, the wild-sage bush. Its springs are far between, and, without a single exception, mere receptacles of a salt, potash, and sulphur hell-broth, which no man would drink, save in extremis. A few days of this beverage within, and of wind-drifted alkali invading every pore of the body without, often serve to cover the miserable passenger with an erysipelas-like eruption which presently becomes confluent and irritates him to madness. Meanwhile he jolts through alkali-ruts, unable to sleep for six days and nights together, until frenzy sets in, or actual delirium comes to his relief. I look back on that desert as the most frightful nightmare of my existence.

As if Nature had done her worst, we were doomed, on the second day out from Salt Lake, to hear, at one station where we stopped, horrid rumours of Goshoots on the war path, and, ere the day reached its noon, to find their proofs irrefragable. Every now and then we saw in the potash-dust moccasin-tracks, with the toes turned in, and presently my field glass revealed a hideous devil skulking in the mile-off hedges, who was none other than a Goshoot. How far off were the scalpers and burners?

The first afternoon-stage that day was a long and terrible one. The poor horses could hardly drag our crazy waggons on, up to its hubs in potash; and yet we knew our only safety, in case of attack, was a running fight. We must fire from our windows as the horses flew.

About four o'clock we entered a terrible defile, which seemed planned by Nature for treachery and ambush. The great, black, barren rocks of porphryth and trachyte rose three hundred feet above our heads, their lower and nearer ledges being all so many natural parapets to fire over, loop-holed with chinks to fire through. There were ten rifles in our party. We ran them out, five on a side, ready to send the first red villain who peeped over the breastworks to quick perdition. Our six shooters lay across our laps, our bowie-knives were at our sides, our cartouch-boxes, crammed with ready vengeance, awing open on our breast-straps. We sat with tight-shut teeth, only muttering now and then to each other in an undertone, "Don't get nervous; don't throw a single shot away; take aim—remember it's for home!" Something of that sort, or a silent squeeze of the hand, was all that passed, as we sat with one eye glued to the ledges and our guns unsawing. None of us, I think, were cowards, but the agony of sitting there, tugging along two miles an hour, expecting to hear a volley of yells and musketry ring over the next ledge, drinking the cup of thought to its microscopic dregs—that was worse than fear.

Only one consolation was left us. In the middle of the defile stood an overland station, where we were to get fresh horses. The next stage was twenty miles long. If we were attacked in force, we might manage to run for
Igneous Action in the Earth.

Before answering the question with which we began our last paper on this subject in the number for June, we find that a point of great importance has just been placed before the world in "Vesuvius," by John Phillips, Esq., Professor of Geology, &c., at Oxford; it is given to us on the best authority, and the arguments leading to it are conducted with such skill, and are so completely exhaustive, that the conclusion he comes to seems like truth; but when we come to examine it with the eye accustomed to the workings of earth and water, we find difficulties in the way of accepting that conclusion.

To enable our readers to comprehend the case, we must give the sentence to which we allude in full. Writing of springs, he says: "If they come from a considerable depth, as from a deep well, they are warmer than the average of the air, and if from a great depth, much warmer. By frequent trials it is found, in many parts of Europe, that the temperature of water issuing under these circumstances, rises 1 deg. Fahr. for every 50 feet of descent, sometimes 1 deg. in 45 feet, and again 1 deg. in 60. Apply this scale to the water of Bath, which issues in abundance at 110 degrs., the mean annual temperature of the city being 50 degrs., we have $60^\circ \times 50 = 3,000$ feet for the depth in the earth represented by the temperature of the spring."

We are told that summer heat and winter cold are felt within the earth to a depth of 60 or 80 feet, and below such points it is insensible, and
Igneous Action in the Earth.

therefore, “whatever be the temperature of the earth below that point, it must be due entirely to circumstances peculiar to the origin of the earth, or to some conical conditions distinct from what are now occurring in our daily rotation and annual revolution;” and, talking of the supposed interior fluids of the earth, be says “that this fluidity is due to the inherent heat of the globe, may be regarded as a settled point.” We here touch upon the same topic as we did in our first chapter. We have doubted the fact of this inherent heat, and though we do not rely upon this argument, to prove that the Bath waters are not heated at a depth of 3,000 feet, we will for a moment consider the subject in reference to hot springs.

These hot waters bubble up here and there all over the earth: they are found in volcanic regions and in regions not volcanic; in some places they issue at a boiling heat, in others only tepid; they are found by the seaside and far inland; there are springs which give out their waters regularly, and some with an irregular action; the causes of heat must then, according to the above theory, come from varied depths, and the action of the water is also owing to different causes. There is only one instance which I shall here bring forward to prove the depth, and this shall be the geysers of Iceland; they are intermittent in their action, apparently depending on the tides. We shall presently show that the heat partly depends on water, consequently, in these geyser interruptions of hot water are due to the tides, their source of heat must be above the level of low water; yet these springs are boiling hot, they do not then rise from the depth of about one and a half mile, the depth of boiling water according to the above calculation; for if they did, the sea would always rest upon them, and cause a regular spring. And now about the experiments as to the gradation of heat within the earth. We believe that water in a well at 200 feet depth will be found of the same heat at an elevation of 500 feet above the sea, as it would be on a level with the sea; if, therefore, the heat follows the sinuosities of the external surface, the internal mass of molten liquid which Mr. Forbes (Chemical News, 23 October, 1865), makes to revolve “along with its retaining envelope” as if it actually formed one “solid body,” must perform some very strange evolutions, for its retaining envelope would be full of irregularities, and all places on the surface, of whatever elevation, would be equally distant from hot water; but our own well, 316 feet in depth, on an elevation of about 800 feet above the sea, though its contents are warmer than the atmosphere when first drawn up, gives out cooler water on continued demand, thus proving that the air compressed into the cavity is the heating cause, and that there is no “inherent heat in the earth.”

We will now shortly consider the chemical, mechanical, and geological conditions in reference to these hot springs of Bath, and upon these we propose to prove that their heat is gained from local causes, and not from a supposed inherent heat within the globe. The external character of the country is hill and vale, the strata consist of great oolite, Fuller’s earth, inferior oolite, oolitic sand, marlstone, and alluvial soil. Upon all these, Falconer tells us, portions of Bath are built; on the right side of the river the buildings are upon lias, below the lias are found upper red sandstones, marls, and coal measures. In examining how these formations affect the rain supply, we find that the upper soil conducts it to the hard rocks, upon the face of which it finds and wears its own channels; here and there these rocks, cropping up to the surface, conduct the waters to what are called surface springs on the hill sides; from these Bath is chiefly supplied with a very constant and beautiful supply of water. Looking at the condition of the country, we find that the hills, as we see them, constitute the hard part of the district, and that the valleys, which are the result of denudation, were, when level with the present hilltops, the softer parts of the district; these have all been excavated and washed away by the action of water through thousands of years. As then there were soft and destructible portions of the district in olden days, so are there now, and the waters trickling down the faces of the hard rocks, find their way into these soft places and wear them through. Falconer tells us that they have “forced their way through the upper red sandstone, mazes and all.” That hot springs frequently occur near the line of junction of two geological formations, and these of Bath arise near the junction of the lias with the oolite.” Anyone acquainted with the action of water in reference to its deposits, will understand that, when two currents are depositing different substances near one another, there is an eddy on a back-water between them, and that while the heavier materials sink and subside in the main streams, these backwaters and eddies wash the lighter materials into the space they occupy. Now, as the whole district is of water formation, some hard, and some soft, we can understand that this being the character of the deposits, the result was a series of hard banks, and softer fillings up, that these latter places were the recipients of the vegetable deposits, which now form the coal fields over a very extensive district in this vicinity. There is an example of this action on land patent to anyone who will take the trouble to look at it. On the macadamised road in front of your house, you will find here and there hard projections upon which the passing wheels make no impression, but as they pass on there are a series of bumps and hollows gradually decreasing in size for a yard or so. When the rolling water has once formed a bank, it continues to do so according to its force, exactly as the wheels do on the road. Continuing the picture, we find that in dusty or muddy weather, the mud or the dust accumulates in the little hollows made by the wheels on the road, and in the same way the light particles subside from the seas into the hollows between the banks. We will now consider briefly the chemical actions which this geological formation brings before us. We are
Igneous Action in the Earth.

told by Page p. 196, "during the whole of the
carboniferous epoch we have ample evidence of
igneous activity." As there are coal fields in the
Bath district we may suppose that they were
liable to the same influences. We are told by
Falconer that fragments of coal, decomposing
carbonaceous matter, and other vegetable
matters, with fossilized fruits, are found in the
waters of the hot springs, and that they contain
carbonate and sulphate of lime, sulphate of
potassa, sulphate of soda, chloride of sodium,
chloride of magnesium, and "the metallic basis
of the alkalies, stroncia, and lithia." Turning
Page p. 115, we find "the metallic basis
of the alkalies earth as potassium, sodium,
calcium, &c., the moment they come in contact
with water, are decomposed with an evolution
of intense heat." Page allows the chemical hypo-
thesis of the heating cause to be more philo-
sophical than the mechanical, but declines to
accept it as the true cause of heat, as being
inadequate "to account for the magnitude of the
heating cause." We will now look at other materials
retained in the Bath waters: Carbonic acid, nitrogen, oxygen, and marsh gas,
have been discovered. Falconer tells us that
"marsh gas proves the presence of decomposing
carbonaceous matter in contact with the water
of the spring;" and our Encyclopedia tells us that
carbonic acid gas is produced "by combustion,
whether of oil, wax, tallow, vegetable matter, or
coal." We have then proved a large and regular
supply of water; we have found within the
issuing streams causes of and results of local
heat; and we will now examine the mechanical
conditions that must necessarily act upon this
supply.
The hot water issues from four springs, in
composite streams, through all seasons. These
streams were interrupted once by the sinking of a
coal shaft at Batheston, and once by "a well,
170 feet deep, at a distance, on the west, of 250
and 200 yards from the springs." Falconer
tells us, "The stream of hot water burst
into, and overflowed the well, and the supply
to all the baths except the Kingston baths,
was materially diminished, as also the tem-
perature of the water." Now if these springs
are supplied by hydrostatic pressure from a
general heating depth of 3,000 feet, there is no
reason why the temperature of the supply
should decrease, though there is a strong reason
why it should do so if the source of heat is
local and near the surface. By the opening of
the well a hot basin was tapped at a depth of
170 feet; by the rapid flowing off of the water
it did not remain in contact with the heating
substances sufficiently long, and from this
cause the temperature in the baths decreased.
As all the springs were not affected by this well,
we find that the same basin does not supply
them, and as the Kingston bath is always about
10 or 12° cooler than the others, it follows that
the source of heat is in separate basins. If then
the source of heat is 3,000 feet in depth, by
what arrangements are the waters kept separate,
and by what force are they sent up? There is
no head of water that we know of, or any level
above the springs, which could force up such
copious supplies from such a depth; and as the
basin of alluvial soil runs over the whole space
upon which the springs are situated, there is no
mechanical arrangement which could separate
them if they came up from one great heating
system; but the little local system which we
exemplified above, satisfactorily explains the
difficulty. The springs affected by the well-
digging were in the same dip of soft material,
while the Kingston spring, which was not
affected, is separated from that dip by an em-
bankment of firm material. There can, we be-
lieve, be no other method of accounting for the
phenomena. Hence we find that these springs
are mechanically supplied from different sources.
We have sufficiently proved the causes of heat
within these sources, as well as the supply of
water that must run into them before it comes
out again; and we have no hesitation in saying
that the hot springs of Bath, and those of Clifton,
lower down the same hill, are all owing to the
original action of the coal-fields and ve-
getable collections, which prepared minerals
and metallic substances ready to give heat to water
when it found them out, and that having these
sources of heat at hand, with a perpetual supply
of little trickles that pour into the basin in vast
numbers from the surrounding hills, we can
find no reason to look for a problematical cause
of general heat at a distance of 3,000 feet below
the surface of the earth.

At page 331, "Vesuvius," Mr. Phillips asks,
"Can anyone believe that lava is pressed up
through channels of that length," viz., 600 or
800 miles? We will ask the same question re-
garding the water in reference to the depth given
by himself, when we have a chemical reason for
its hand; leaving us, in Mr. Phillips's own words,
quite free to adopt any suitable depth for lava
(or hot water), without fear of the mathemati-
cian." However much the central-inherent
heat hypothesis may militate against natural or
mathematical rules, the system which we are
advocating, being the system of nature, has
nothing to do with those rules, except as proving
the correctness of Mr. Hopkins's problem, and
leaving us free to reply to the question, "Where
were they not wanted?" They were wanted all
round the world, as sources of heat, sources of
medicine, sources of comfort to the human race.

Who can calculate the blessings which our
creator supplies us with in the natural order of
things? Our air and our space are too
limited even to touch on this wonderful and
beautiful field, and our long, but interesting
digression, has left us but scant space to show
how Nature has acted upon her warming system
all round the globe. Coal, metal, gas, minerals,
hot waters, lava, metamorphic rocks, and many
phenomena, all owe their origin to Nature's
births, and Nature's deaths. The rivers that
flow all around the globe minister to the growth
of their own lands, and send their surplus
supplies to the ocean. The currents of the
ocean waft these supplies to all regions, the pro-
duce of the tropics has been carried to the arctic, and arctarctic seas; we find them buried in our own drift coal fields. These tell of the spontaneous combustions, and outbreakings of gas to which they have been subjected, and the metamorphic rocks tell of the vast heat generated on the spot. Who can estimate the supplies of vegetable matter brought on the great Gulf stream to lay the foundation of Iceland, where the winds and currents from the Polar sea said, "hither shalt thou come, and no further?" for millions of years these gatherings were yearly left till the troubled seas dropped their lime sediments to hide and imprison them, with all their accumulated gases; who shall say that they were not equal to the "magnitude of the phenomena in question?" Volcano, and earthquake, and heated spring, with mud eruptions, ejected lava, and spouting gas flowing far and wide, not from any general supply within the globe heated by inherent causes, but all sent forth to amazed humanity by the evolving gases of olden vegetation. Vouvius and Etna may look back with gratitude to the bountiful supplies brought upon the ocean currents from the mouths of the fruitful Rhone. Lisbon may thank its own beautiful river for sending down its burdens to be heaped up in its estuary by the contending tides and winds. The extinct volcanoes of Arrar may tell tales of the meetings of strange waters from the mountains of the moon and the Caucasian rivers. The Ullah-Bund has silently told us of the vast power buried beneath its elastic soil by the Indus water; while the perpetual earthquakes of Jamaica and central America complain of the obdurate rocks through which the buried gases of the Mississippi and Oronoco are sure to find their way. There are volcanoes and earthquakes in the wide Pacific, which owe their origin to the growths of central Asia, wafted over and within the bosom of the ocean till the resting-place was found; there are igneous forces at work in the distant Aleutian Islands, and in the promontory of Alaska, which, in all probability, derive their origin from central Asia and Tartary, the northern rivers carrying down the produce, and ocean currents carrying them through the Behring's straits. All round the world these supplies were wanted, and all round the world we can trace their water-carriage. We have traced the causes of heat, and the laws of outbreak; we have outraged no rule of nature in doing so, and we believe that we have given a natural and a true interpretation of the great phenomena upon which our naturalists and geologists are "by no means" agreed. "And we owe this explanation of one of the most interesting phenomena in nature, to the examination of a few simple words at page 209, of the "Circle of Light or Dhawalegeri." "I do not think volcanic action existed till the water had buried masses of inflammable matter." Will anyone prove to the contrary? Or shall we now consider that the author of this book has placed before the world an interpretation of a natural phenomenon, regarding which all science is in doubt? Much more might be said, but we shall conclude the subject here, remarking, that whereas all other volcanic theories have within them causes of uncertainty, we can, in the system we have endeavoured to explain, find nothing at variance with the beautiful uniformity of natural operations.

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Our Paris Correspondent.

My Dear C——,

June has been a month of emotion for us Parisians. For a moment we thought ourselves at the eve of another revolution; but, happily, we have been more alarmed than hurt, and we now laugh at our panic, at the report that the Faubourg St. Antoine (the workmen's quarter) was up in arms. This has been one of the strangest riots possible to conceive, and few allow it to be a serious one, except the Government party. The elections were over, and that quietly enough, if one excepts a few "thumps" exchanged between the soi-disant democrats and clericals in honour of their respective candidates—that is a necessary politeness in elections everywhere when there is a contest, and one pays no attention to that way of settling the question: it is a vent for too great an exuberance of political sentiments amongst the plebeians, and does them good. We were, therefore, far from suspecting that, after several days' peace, there would be an outbreak. Apropos of Rochefort, no one in his senses could desire to see him take the place of one of the greatest orators France possesses—Jules Favre. This Rochefort was condemned last Summer for the publication of the Lantarne, a weekly résumé of attacks on the Imperial Government, and his admirers wished to revenge him by vexing the Emperor, as naming him deputy would have rendered his person inviolable; but common sense predominated. Many pretend that the rioters were paid by Government to frighten us by the thoughts of the red spectre, and to rally all peaceable citizens under the imperial standard, as the only one where safety can be
Our Paris Correspondent.

found from what we most dread—a revolution. The editors of two newspapers, the Koppel and the Réveil, are in prison for expressing this opinion. What is certain is, that the Paris elections have deeply irritated Napoleon, particularly that of M. Thiers, to oppose whom, they say, Government spent two millions of francs, and yet he carried off the palm. It is his quality of Orleansist that annoys. Say what one will, the émeute was a very fantastical one; a comedy, a kind of show, where the Parisians in open carriages paraded the boulevards half the night, as on Mardi-gras, ladies as well as gentlemen; and the turbulent party amused themselves in breaking lamps and kiosques, and in singing the “Marseillaise,” or in vocifering “Vive Rochefort!” the police never being there when these intelligent amusements were going on, but arrived in time to arrest the innocent spectators, who, if they protested, received a blow with the fist or the foot to bring them to reason. Thieves profited by the uproar on the boulevards: one was seen helping himself to his neighbour’s watch. Seeing that he was caught, and the sergents de ville (policemen) approach, he cried, “Vive la République!” preferring the prospect of a few days’ imprisonment for seditionary cries, to a few months for theft. They say that half those who are arrested are known frequenter of prisons, and all had money on them. One man had eighteen thousand francs; one party says given him by the Government to pay the rioters, others by a conspiracy formed against the Emperor, but then one cannot believe half that is said at such a time, and few believe in a conspiracy, although there have been several domiciliary arrests. Paris offered a very singular aspect during the three days of alarm. Thousands of people flocked to see what had been done during the night, and to listen to the on dit, more or less exaggerated; and, as soon as night approached, on the boulevards, and all that part of Paris to Belleville and La Vilette (faubourgs), the shops were closed, the upaters’ windows opened ready for the spectacle. Groups assembled in the streets: on their faces might be read anxiety, fear, and a great amount of curiosity. Mischievous boys now and then ran past, crying “The Cavalry! the Cavalry!” Away rushed in every direction the frightened groups, in the midst of the expression of their opinions. Then by degrees they reformed again, only to be dispersed in the same way. But at last the cavalry did arrive. A guard of Paris who was there told your correspondent that, poor as he was, he would have given a hundred francs not to be there. Police and soldiers had been placed in every issue in the main road where the rioters were, and then they (the Guards) were ordered to gallop at full speed, and thus push them into the hands of the police: backed by the infantry this was soon done, and the officers then summoned the foe at bay to surrender. The scene at that moment was indescribable; some seized the horses’ bridles, others climbed the trees, vociferating with rage and excitement, but escape was impossible.

On their refusing to descend or let go the horses, orders were given to cut them down. Then followed cries of pain, and soon all were reduced to obedience; more than a thousand were led to prison that night, amongst whom were many harmless citizens there from curiosity: amongst others, two prefets who received several blows from the police, and are now very ill. The Baron Rothschild was for a moment arrested. One of our chief magistrates was near being taken; he was recognized by one of the police, or he might have had the pleasure of interrogating himself as to what he was doing at that hour of the night amongst the rebels. One man had his little boy with him; another hung himself from despair. More than fifteen hundred have been taken in all, and are most of them at the fort of Bicêtre, where there was nothing ready for their reception—a very distressing position for those who are innocent of all but a little curiosity, and who are there pell-mell with the scum of the city. A gentleman who visited the fort the day after the capture describes the scene as heartrending; respectable married men separated from their families, elegant young men protesting their innocence, many in tears—one lost his senses, and has been locked up alone—all asking to be judged immediately, longing to prove their innocence and to escape from such a horrible position. How much wiser, if really the rioters were not paid by government, to have let them sung the Marseillaise and cry “Vive la République, vive Rochefort!” or vive anyone else until they were tired without the interference of the police, as they did in a town in Normandy, at St. Lo, where an official candidate was elected, after which his partisans armed, carrying torches, went in bands in the middle of the night after the election, and cried, down with “les rouges, à bas le Progrès!” before the houses of the partisans of the liberal candidate, without any interference of the police. Well, let us hope that the effervescence is over, and that the innocent will be able to prove their non-culpability. Their majesties drove in the daytime through the places of tumult to prove that they were not afraid, and were, says the official paper, greeted on every side with sympathetic acclamations. The Viceroy of Egypt arrived at the Elysée Palace on a visit. The Empress has promised to go to the inauguration of the Canal de Sues in November. We have also had the Queen of Holland, but these visits have been quite left in the back ground by the agitation of the elections and the émeute. The theatres even were empty, and those who were there seemed to have one ear in the house and the other on the boulevards.

At the last races, where you English were so beaten by French horses, it was remarked by an observer, that fresh butter-coloured hair, which threatened to supplant the red, has not succeeded, nor has the simplicity of dress we anticipated been more fortunate, though with such changeable weather as we have had all this summer, nothing light and airy can be worn;
for we have one sunny day, we have at least a week of rain and cold after in compensation, and the fashionable world loiter longer in the capital this year than usual. Thus the Princess de Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, continues her fêtes. She had the "sans gêne" to invite the Emperor to one of the other days, which caused almost as great an agitation in her world as the "émeute" in the public. All the evening was spent by her guests in expectation, but his Majesty did not go. What little leisure we have to think of our neighbours is given to your bill on the Irish Church. Will it pass? or will it not pass? Many here see the fall of the lords if they refuse to confirm the commons' judgment, but then they judge after their own sympathies, and all would like to see the separation of Church and State in England; even the catholics, who would not wish to see the same separation in France. Methinks these are critical times in both nations, and it requires a clear head and a steady hand at the helm to get us through the breakers on all sides around us. But God is great!

During the riots, the Countess d'Assaulx was forced to alight from her carriage by the rioters, and she was obliged to return home on foot, almost frightened to death, particularly when she saw that her dress was covered with blood, though how it got there no one knows. The Duchess of Doudeaville also went out with her powdered lackeys, and was greeted with shouts and dirt thrown at her carriage. That reminds one of the mot of the Duchess de la Force at the first revolution, when the mob had just bedaubed the coat-of-arms on her carriage with dirt: "que voulez-vous," said the Duchess; "c'est la canaille qui substitut son blason au mien!"

Just before the elections, a "préfet" in Touraine, not long arrived in that country, went round to visit the different villages in his "préfecture," to see if he could not warm the enthusiasm of the electors for the official candidate. Everywhere he was received by the municipality (every village has its mayor in France), and the "pompiers," (firemen, a village authority also), with great respect and favour, but in the village of Allou he noticed that the "pompiers," headed with their band, were absent: he immediately guessed that something was wrong. "Why, Monsieur le Maire," said he, "your reception charms me, but where are our faithful pompiers?"

"Ah, Monsieur, they would not come because they are not pleased." "Not pleased! and why? Do they want a new flag? here is a bank note to buy one." "No, no sir, it is not that, but they are not pleased," "Come tell me what is the matter." "Oh, I do not know, but they are not pleased." "Well, send for them that I may speak to them." The pompiers were sent for. They came to the préfet, but in "blouse," without their uniform or music, in a word sans cérémonie. "Why, my friends," ex-
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ROSY-CHEEKS AND THE FAIRIES.

BY L. M. BROOKS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, but all through the house there were creatures stirring, besides several mice. In fact, there was a most unusual amount of "stirring" going on. All in busy preparation for the morrow, the "merry Christmas."

Outside you saw but a small brown house—homely, and with the marks of many storms upon its honest old face—set in the midst of a large, rambling yard, after the fashion of farm-houses generally, as if, having so much ground to dispose of, they did not know exactly how to arrange it, and so just let the fences wander around as they pleased, without any especial directions as to where they should go or what they should enclose. Around the house were crowded apple and pear, cherry and plum trees, in the greatest irregularity, but most delightful abundance, giving to the place a comfortable, homely look. Howbeit, it was now winter, and their scraggy, wide-spread branches were bare and ungainly enough, yet were they pleasantly suggestive of bud and fragrant blossom, and luscious summer fruits.

Inside you saw—where the lights, and fire, and hum of voices, and "stirring" were—a low, square room, with a huge fireplace at one side, red and warm, with a great glowing fire, before which sundry Christmas "goodies" were being finished off for to-morrow's dinner. A little to one side sat a man, placidly smoking, now dreamily gazing into the coals, and now turning to admire the busy little woman, his wife, who was evidently the originator of, and active agent in all this stir, and warmth, and home-comfort.

Near the centre of the room sat a young girl preparing fruit, also for to-morrow's dinner. While at the farther side, but where the warmth and light still reached, lay eight-year-old Charlie, or Rosy-cheeks, as he was oftener called, stretched at full length upon the lounge.

Charlie had gone there, in the first place, as much to get out of the way as for any other reason. For sitting or standing near the fire he had found rather tiresome, not to say vexations, to be kept continually moving first to one side and then to the other, in order to be out of the way.

"Now, Rosy-cheeks," his mother would say "move a little; I am really afraid I shall fall over you, or knock you into the fire pretty soon."

"And I am in constant danger of slicing you up for one of these large red apples," Janie would add.

"Oh, dear!" said Charlie at last, "I wish I was away somewhere, and it wasn't winter, and to-morrow wasn't Christmas, nor anything!" and walking disconsolately over to the lounge, he had lain down, resting his cheek upon his soft, fat little hand, and feeling that he was at least out of the way.

Indeed, men and boys are always sadly in the way on such occasions as this. They do very well when the cooking is all done, the table set, and the chairs drawn up; for then, what is wanted is some one to do the eating. Ah! they are very useful then.

Rosy-cheeks watched his mother and sister for a time, and then his eyes rested on the fire. He felt so exceedingly comfortable now, with the winter wind whistling shrilly outside around the corner of the house, and the glowing fire in front of him, the soft cushioned lounge beneath him, and his chubby hand for a pillow. "Oh, hum!" gaped Charlie, and thought how easily he could go to sleep just then and there, but that it was against all rules for him to go to sleep on the lounge, and so, of course, he must try and keep awake until some one was ready to put him to bed. Meanwhile his eyelids grew, oh! so heavy, it seemed as if weights were hanging to them. Then suddenly he remembered about Santa Claus, and jumping up he ran to the fireplace and fastened securely on the nail the little red stocking, which his mother had laid out for the purpose.

"I do hope, mother, you'll go to bed in time to let Santa Claus come!" said he, and went back to the lounge.

From thinking of Christmas gifts and sports, his mind wandered off to the gay summer, just past. He tried to recall how it all looked then, out in the fields and woods, where, now, was but deep snow and bare trees, and he wished so much that it could be summer now, instead of dreary, biting winter. So natural is it for both young and old to long for that which they have not, and to delight in dwelling upon the past or future, instead of contenting themselves with present joys. He remembered with special delight his charming rambles in the woods, where the squirrels played at racing, and the merry birds sang all the day long, as if there were nothing but mirth and jollity in the whole world.

"Oh, dear! how I wish it could be summer now," said he to himself. "I wish I was a fairy, and lived in Fairyland. There it is summer all the time."

As Rosy-cheeks wished this, he suddenly found himself in the midst of the loveliest garden, all fragrant with "lily-buds and roses." The trees were green with heavy summer foliage, and some were loaded with the richest fruits. The birds were singing, and the branches waving, while all about floated the warm air of summer-time. The grass was thick, close shaven, and of the loveliest green. White-sanded walks wandered off here and there among the trees and flowering shrubs. Back, where the shade of the trees was darkest, mounds of mossy rocks could be seen with crystal waters gushing from their sides, and flow-
ing down among the stones and roots with a soft
tinkling sound, most musical to hear. At the
end of the broad walk which led from the centre
of the garden, and up which the ground rose
gradually, a marble palace glittered in the sun-
shine. Turret and dome, tower and pinnacle, each
was of snowy whiteness.

While Rosy-checks stood entranced—breathless,
there issued from the palace door, a troop of
beau-ti-ous beings, dainty in form, and gorgeous in
attire. They danced gaily down the grassy lawn
which encircled the palace, singing in sweet,
flute-like voices, a merry little ditty. Rosy-
checks caught the words now and then, as their
song rose in louder strains.

We dance, we sing,
Gaily, gaily,
In our fairy ring,
Gaily, gaily.
We’re a joyous band,
For in mirth always
We pass our days,
Nor cold or rain,
Nor care or pain,
Disturb our land.

Alike to us day’s golden light,
Alike to us the stormy night,
While we dance, we sing,
In our fairy ring,
Gaily, gaily.

The last words were repeated softly at Rosy-
check’s side. He turned and beheld one of the glit-
ering little fairies, almost loaded with roses,
pansies, and lilies, which she held in her arms
and gracefully offered to Rosy-checks.

“Oh, you delicious little mortal!” said she,
laughing merrily. “We all know you well.
You are Rosy-checks. And so you wish you
were a fairy and lived in Fairy-land? A fairy
you cannot be, but you shall stay with us for
ever, if you like. Is it not all very lovely? But
come, now, and I will show you more closely
the palace yonder. But first take a sip of dew
from this fragrant lily-cup.” As she said this,she
held out to Rosy-checks a snow-white lily.

Rosy-checks thought that it was indeed a sip,
as he saw but one or two drops of dew in the
lily. However, being in Fairy-land, he deter-
mined to do as fairies did. So, seizing the lily,
he endeavoured to lift it to his lips; but, alas!
the grasp of those fat little fingers was too much
for the delicate lily, and it fell in fragments to
the ground. Rosy-checks, quiet mortified, began
picking up the petals.

“Ah, well, never mind!” said the pleasant
little fairy; “we have thousands more just like it.
Follow me, and we will go to the palace.”

Then away she flitted, now floating like thistle-
down in the air, and now skipping lightly among
the flowers. Rosy-checks followed, tripping as
gently as he could after the fairy, and as he was
anxious to be as fairy-like as possible, he tried to
float in the air too; but, instead of float-
ing, he suddenly found himself lying on the
ground, among the pansies and mosses. This
was too comical for even the little fairy’s polite-
ness, and she laughed so immoderately that she
was obliged to lean against a lily-stalk until she
could recover herself.

“Oh, Rosy-checks!” said she, catching her
breath, “Don’t try floating yet awhile; you are
altogether too fat for that. You look as if you
had been fed on plum pudding all your life.”

Poor Rosy-checks! He began to feel as if he
wouldn’t object to a small dish of plum-pudding
just then, and secretly hoped they would offer
him something a little more substantial
than dew to eat when he reached the palace.

Fairy Daisy, being at length composed, and
Rosy-checks having scrambled up, they started
up once more. Daisy’s tiny feet skinned lightly
over the grass, while Rosy-checks, following
closely behind, unconsciously tried to adopt her
airy gait, and he succeeded—much as a little
turtle might, floundering along after a swift-
ing-winged butterfly, and endeavouring to imitate
its motions.

Arrived at the palace, Rosy-checks had a bet-
ter view of the wonderful carvings which adorned
the cornice, windows and doors. These were
of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship.
None but fairy-fingers could have wrought them.

Daisy touched a golden knob, and the door
flew open, and, as it swung back, Rosy-checks
saw that the hinges, also, were of the purest
gold. Upon entering the hall he was almost
dazzled by the variety of colour and brilliancy
of everything. The floor was paved with alternate
blocks of gold and silver, while the ceiling and
sides of the room glittered with precious stones of
every colour, arranged to represent bouquets of
flowers.

Down through the shining hall wafted Daisy.
When near the lower end she turned and led
the way into another room, not so large as the first,
and square in form. This room was quite as
magnificent as the hall—carvings in marble,
relieved by glittering bouquets of gems, adorned
the sides and ceilings—while windows of the
softest tinted glass admitted the light.

In the centre of the room stood a circular table
of marble, and in the centre of this towered a
huge bouquet of natural flowers, dewy and fra-
grant. Numerous dainty dishes of crystal and
gold covered the remainder of the table. Around
it were seated the same merry folks whom Rosy-
checks had seen dancing on the lawn. “Ah,
now,” thought he, “I shall have some dinner.”
The radiant little fairy Queen rose, smiling
graciously, as Daisy came near and presented
Rosy-checks, telling her where she had found
him, and that his desire was to dwell in Fairy-
land, and enjoy perpetual summer, mirth, and
idleness.

The Queen said she was rejoiced to see Rosy-
checks, and hoped he would never wish to leave
them, and bade him be seated by her side.

The fairies who acted as waiters at the table
immediately offered him the choicest dainties of
the feast. The first was in a golden dish with a
tiny golden spoon, and Rosy-checks delighted
himself with thinking that he was going to have
some warm, rich soup—possibly oyster soup, of which he was extravagantly fond. He took the spoon and tasted—slas for his oyster-soup! He found it possessed a very insipid taste, but most delightful perfume.

"That," said the Queen, "is something very delicious. Knowing you were to dine with us, my fairies all toiled very hard to procure a quantity. It is crushed peach and apple-buds, flavoured with the dew from clover-blooms gathered an hour and a-half before sun-rise."

The Queen evidently considered this dish as something wonderfully fine, and Rosy-cheeks, not wishing to offend her majesty, endeavoured to look pleased, and tried to eat of the mixture. However, the poor little fellow was now really hungry, and thought longingly of his mother’s plentiful table, her beef-steak, bread and butter, broiled chicken, &c.

Tears filled his eyes, which the good Queen noticing, asked the cause.

"Why, Rosy-cheeks, what is it? What would you like?" said she.

"A little bread and butter, if you please," said Rosy-cheeks in a modest tone, never doubting but what there was plenty of it in this grand palace.

"Bread and butter!" almost screamed the Queen.

"Bread and butter!" echoed all the little fairies in horror.

"Or else some meat," said he, thinking perhaps this would be better.

"Meat!" fairly shrieked the Queen.

"Meat!" again echoed the little fairies; and then they all looked so perfectly shocked and disgusted, as to be utterly unable to utter another word, but sat with their eyes wide-stretched and their hands upraised, as if their fairy-wisés had entirely left them.

Rosy-cheeks’ face grew very red, and he felt much as he did that day at school when a boy called him "baby," and he sent him "flying" as he expressed it. He clenched his fist down under the table, and partly rose from his chair, but, upon second thought, concluded there were here rather too many to send "flying" all at once, so, contenting himself with a fierce scowl, he resumed his seat.

The Queen now explained to him, in a very dignified manner, that "although those things which he had asked for were doubtless well enough for such coarse mortals as he had been living with, yet they were so extremely gross, and disgusting, that no well-bred fairy ever mentioned, much less touched them."

Rosy-cheeks felt quite aweled at the Queen’s manner, and resolved to conform to their ways as much as possible in future.

The Queen soon after rose, and taking Rosy-cheeks by the hand, led the way out to the lawn. Here the fairies all joined hands and began singing, while they circled and waltzed over the grass. They moved very swiftly, and with the most airy, graceful whirlings and evolutions imaginable. Rosy-cheeks tried to imitate them as closely as possible, for he was very anxious to please. But his fat legs and high-laced boots made him dreadfully clumsy, and he felt that he was not doing it quite like the fairies; still he flattered himself—as people generally do when dancing—that he was very graceful, for all that. The fairies, however, thought him so awkward, that they could scarcely restrain their laughter, and one of them whispered to another, yet so loud, that Rosy-cheeks could hear her plainly—"He acts for all the world like a monkey or baboon, doesn’t he?" Rosy-cheeks now tried harder than ever to be light and graceful, until his dear little legs fairly ached.

The fairies kept dancing on unwearied, sometimes almost flying over the grass, until they were far away from the palace in a wild, but lonely valley, and here they danced, and sung, and played their fairy-games till midnight, and Rosy-cheeks was almost ready to drop with hunger and fatigue.

The Queen, seeing how much they were enjoying themselves, told them that if they liked they might dance until sunrise. At this, Rosy-cheeks, despairing of sleep or rest, broke down entirely, and cried and sobbed most bitterly.

"What is the matter, my dear?" kindly asked the Queen.

"I want to go to bed and to sleep," said Rosy-cheeks.

"To bed!" sneered the saucy little fairies.

"No wonder you grow so fat, sleeping all the time!"

But the good-natured Queen bade them be still, and told Rosy-cheeks that, if he wished, she herself would take him to his home. She then led him gently away towards the palace, and he was soon in the same beautiful garden where he first beheld Fairy-land.

"And now," said the Queen, "let this be a lesson to you, Rosy-cheeks. Always be content with your condition and surroundings in life. Try to see the bright side of everything—to enjoy the winter as well as summer-time, to love your mother and be thankful for her kind care. Then you will be a good and happy little boy. Now lie down on that money bank, and you will soon be asleep."

Rosy-cheeks did as he was bid, and when he awoke the next morning it was to find himself in his own bed at home, with sister Jane kissing him on mouth, cheeks and eyes, and crying—

"Merry Christmas, Charlie—merry Christmas!"

He was quite bewildered at first, but at last managed to say—"Oh, dear, I am very glad I am home again!"

"Home again!" said Jane; "why where have you been?"

"In Fairy-land," said he.

"Oh, you have only been dreaming!" said Jane.

But Rosy-cheeks could never be made to believe that it was "all a dream."

He had the pleasure of finding his stocking full of overflowing. A little later all his cousins came, and they romped, and shouted, and eat
plum-pudding, and turkey, and chicken-pie, and had a grand, glorious, old-fashioned Christmas.

In the course of the day Rosy-cheeks took his mother to one side and told her that he loved her dearly, and thought the old house splendid, and hoped winter would last, and last, and last — until spring came! And finally, when all the romping and eating were done, he went to bed, filled with contentment and — plum pud-
ing.

Our Library Table.

The Globe Edition of the Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—We gather the following particulars of the poet's early life from the introductory memoir to this admirable edition of his works, the writer of which we fancy we recognize: "Among the many precocious children of whom we read in literary and artistic biography (and precocity is as frequent here as it is rare in the case of future great statesmen; for talents unfold themselves amidst tranquil surroundings, but to fashion a character are needed the storms of the world?), Pope was assuredly one of the most precocious. At five years of age he had already displayed sufficient signs of promise to be chosen by an aunt as the reversionary legatee of all her books, pictures, and medals. His education in its beginnings and progress corresponds very closely with its ultimate results. Pope was by necessity rather than choice a self-educated man: and he never became a scholar. Science may number self-taught geniuses among her chief luminaries; of scholarship, as the term implies, discipline is an indispensable element. Pope taught himself writing by copying from printed books, and hence acquired at least one external mark of scholarly habits, the practice of minute calligraphy crowded into nooks and corners of paper—a practice which afterwards in Pope's case almost developed itself into a mania, and obtained for him from Swift the epithet of 'paper-sparing' Pope. And as he passed onward from the first rudiments his education remained very much a matter of chance. From the family priest (it is very touching to find how few of these Roman Catholic families lacked the ministration of one of the persecuted servants of their church), whose name was Banister, he learnt the accent of Latin and Greek, when eight years of age; and afterwards successively attended two small Catholic schools, one at Twyford, near Winchester, which is said to have left in disgrace after flashing upon its master the youthful weapon of his satire, the other in London, kept by a convert of the name of Deane, whose principle of education seems to have been as far as possible removed from that of unremitting personal superintendence. About this time must be dated the famous incident of the boy-Pope's visit to Will's Coffeehouse, the sole occasion (according to his account to Spence) on which he ever beheld Dryden. Quitting Mr. Deane's seminary for his father's house at Binfield, Pope, now twelve or thirteen years of age, brought with him little or no accurate learning, but tastes already de-

veloped and a literary ambition already active. At about eight years of age he had translated part of Statius, who, next to Virgil, continued through life his favourite Latin poet; and at twelve he had composed a play founded on the Iliad. At Twyford he had prepared himself for this effort by the study of Ogilby's Homer, followed by that of Sancy's Ovid; and now that he was left to follow the bent of his own inclinations, his studies continued to pursue the same direction. 'Considering,' he told Spence, 'how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French or Greek; and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation.' Translation without guidance is the ruin of accurate scholarship; but it is not Pope or his father, it is the penal statutes against Catholic teachers which are to be held accountable for his having availed himself of the only method left open to his use. It is to this period that we must ascribe the first of his preserved juvenile pieces. Though he had no public, the tonic of common sense appears to have been occasionally administered by his father; and the sense of rhythm was a gift which had been bestowed upon him by nature, together with a general correctness of taste in the choice of words and expressions which his preference for poetical over prose reading could not fail to heighten. To these causes must be ascribed the extraordinary and perhaps unparalleled fact that there is little vital difference, so far as form is concerned, between some of the earliest and some of the latest of Pope's productions. His early pieces lack the vigour of wit and the brilliancy of antithesis of his later works; but they have the same felicity of expression, and the same easy flow of versification. It is only in the management of rhymes that Pope's earliest productions are comparatively negligent. We have it on Pope's own authority, as related by Spence, that some of the couplets in an epic poem on the subject of Alexander, prince of Rhodes, which he began soon after his twelfth birthday, were afterwards inserted by him without alteration not only in the 'Essay on Criticism,' but in the 'Dunciad.' 'Alcander,' after having progressed to the number of 4,000 lines, and though unting in itself specimens of every style admired by his author—Milton, and Cowley, and Spenser, Homer and Virgil, Ovid, and Cludian, and Statius—was left uncompleted, and ultimately perished in the flames, to which this juvenile magnum opus seems to have been sentenced by the author himself, and not, as has been stated, by Bishop Atterbury. In his
fifteenth year Pope went to London to learn French and Italian; but there is no evidence, either in his letters or in his works, that he ever attained to any real familiarity with either of these languages. French he seems to have learnt to read with ease; whether he conversed in it may be doubted, and his invariable habit in his poetry of accentuating French words according to the English rule would seem to lead to a contrary conclusion. As to Italian he is said to have preferred Ariosto to Tasso; but translations existed of both; and the circumstance that in his "Essay on Criticism" he unjustifiably singles out Vida for an unmerited eminence among the Italian writers of the renaissance proves less than nothing as to Pope's knowledge either of that language or its literature; inasmuch as the work of Vida to which special allusions are made in the essay was written in Latin. After a few months in London we find him once more returned to the retirement of Binfield, and hereupon ensues a period of five or six years' close application to study. As with Pope everything was precocious, so during this early period of his life he is overtaken by that phase of despondency and seemingly uncontrollable melancholy which work engenders in those of sedentary, as it curses in those of active, habits of life, but which has tried few at so premature a point of their careers. In Pope's case the friendly advice of a priest named Southcote prescribed the obvious remedy, moderation in study combined with regular bodily exercise, and it is touching to find the poet in the days of his prosperity mindful of the inestimable service rendered him by the good father, and obtaining for the latter, at the hands of the obnoxious Walpole, a comfortable abbacy in France."

A Pastoral for the Times, after the Manner of Virgil Pollio. By a Cambridge Undergraduate. Revised, with notes by a Cambridge Graduate. (Cambridge: W. Metcalfe, Green-street, 1869).—It is not our custom to open our pages to polemical matters, or the discussion of so-called religious questions, from whatever quarter they present themselves but at the present crisis a pamphlet published at one of the head-quarters of theological training of the national church, and published avowedly to show the mode of thought and feeling which is just now in the ascendant there, deserves exceptional treatment. The theme may be purely legal, but it is also political, and as a time will come when such brochures will have historic interest, we break through our rule, and the more readily that the author, in exhibiting the treason of certain portions of the Church of England to its own teaching, produces references as to events and dates (the accuracy of which is easy of proof), and these are given with the utmost clearness. It may not be known to the generality of our readers that the functions of the church for the repose of the dead are once more in request in Protestant England:

"ENGLISH CHURCH UNION NOTICE.—There will be a choral celebration of the blessed Sacrament at St. Clement's Church, for the repose of the soul of the late Most Rev. Father-in-God, Charles Thomas, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, at 11 a.m., on 3rd November, 1868. Also a low celebration at 7.45. Signed, H. G. Clarke, Sub-Secretary."—Cambr. Chron., 28th Nov, 1868.

Upon which our Cantab breaks into the following:—

The bell of St. Clement's, at Cambridge,
To summon the faithful doth toll,
To chant Repose's Mass in peace—
Repose for the Archbishop's soul.

The late lordly owner of Lambeth
Must never remain in the fire,
Purgatorial, if we can help it
By saying High Mass in the quire.

Whil't amongst us he did not believe it,
But we all know far better than he:
And he now can too plainly perceive it
In the place where the cold cannot be.

Holy Mary his soul soon deliver
From staying in Limbo too long,
We'll give you some flowers and some candles,
And offer our prayers in plain song.

Oh "Ward" could you ward off the danger?
Oh "Wood" would your ear help to play
From a place so extremely unpleasant?
Tell your beads, my good fellows, and try!

We all remember to have read of the pretty harvest-home processions to many of the country churches last year, which recalled with them corn-sheaves and fruits, the old Roman ceremonies in honor of Ceres (to whom we also remember that a swine was sacrificed), and were in themselves harmless affairs enough; but, according to Cantab, butter and pig's-head are designately used as symbols on the altars of the Church of England at such times; and he refers the use of the latter to the old Norsemen's superstition of "Frey's Boar," whose image was one of their most sacred symbols, and which, strange to say, has, in some sort, survived in the yule-tide feast at our Universities. In the "Pastoral for the Times" (which, by the way, should have come first, considering the importance of the theme) the writer takes Dr. Manning's declaration for his key-note:—

"The supremacy of our Crown has literally come to nought. The Royal supremacy has perished by the law of mortality which resums all earthly things, and at this period of our history the supremacy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ re-enters, as full of life as when Henry VIII. resisted Clement VII., and Elizabeth withstood Pius V."* *

* "Essays on Religion," by Dr. Manning, R. C., Abp. g
and thereupon recalls the conduct of the Roman Church through three centuries of moral, religious, and political wrong-doing, taking care that every statement is borne out by accessible authorities, and certainly presenting the reader with a phase of Christianity from which the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount had been utterly effaced in their practical bearing to humanity. The pamphlet is curious from earnestness of the writer, who evidently regards the engulfing of the Church of England in that of Rome as not only possible but imminent.

My Little Scholar: By M.W. (London: Elliot Stock, 63, Paternoster Row.)—We have much pleasure in noticing this pretty little production, not only because it is written by a contributor to our pages, but because we regard it as the avowal courier of much more important work. As a rule we abominate the religious-tract style of literature—a style which the Society itself is evidently desirous of improving—but "My Little Scholar," though verging to the threshold of the goody, goody school, stops short of it, and is a call to the children of humble life, which children will like to read—and which teachers of Sunday-schools will do well to purchase.

JOHN BIGGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ATTORNEY," &c.

(In Two Parts.)

PART I.

Many years since there was a sequestered little village about twenty-five miles from the city of B——, and situated in the most unfrequented part of that remote county. It was at that time an out-of-the-way region, utterly unknown to the world at large, and half smothered in fable and tradition. Long after ghosts had been exercised and laid at rest in other parts of the world, they maintained their foot-hold here. A quiet, shadowy lane, which ran through a wood near the village, had a goblin reputation, and was said to be haunted by the ghost of a hard-drinking miller, who had finished his life and his bottle at the foot of a large oak-tree which grew there. Whether this last tradition be true or not, it is certain that this little village was more subject to supernatural visitations than any village of its size in the country.

In those days, too, there was an old mill on the border of a tree-fringed stream on which the village stood. It belonged to a hard-fisted, hard-sweating, roystering fellow, named Billy Harold, who feared neither ghost nor devil, but had a peculiar eye to his own interest. It was a ruinous building, roofless and without ashes; the water-wheel had rotted and fallen into the pool below it; and the raceway had become broken, and discharged its foaming waters at random. The heavy beams of the building had sagged and settled away, and piles of rubbish, caused by the tumbling in of the roof and the gradual decay of the structure, had gathered in it. Dark granaries and store-rooms, and gloomy passages, made for no one knows what, were still standing.

The mill, however, bore the same goblin reputation with the lane. On certain nights in the year, when the wind howled through the trees, and a storm was raging, strange and unearthly sounds were heard issuing from it, and it became rumoured about that it was tenanted by unearthly visitants of rather cracked reputation.

These reports at last reached Billy's ears, and fairly excited his choler; for although he felt personally indifferent to the character of those who occupied his mill, yet, as tenants of that description are very apt to omit the payment of rent, he had no idea of having his property depreciated by their presence. Accordingly on one stormy night, when the thunder was crashing through the sky, the blue lights dancing about the old ruin, and the hobgoblins were said to be in high revel, he sallied out with his cudgel, and disappeared in the thick of the storm, directing his steps toward the mill, "determined," as he said, "to put a stop to such goings on."

What took place there was never known; but above the roar of the elements the listening neighbours heard Billy's voice bellowing out curses and execrations; and as the lightning lighted up the interior of the roofless building, they caught sight of the undaunted Billy laying lustily about him, as if beset by a legion of adversaries. He did not desert his post until the bellowing of the storm had sunk into distant mutterings, and the forked lightning had subsided into a dim flickering in the distant horizon. Then Billy returned, with his cudgel under his arm, and his hands in his breeches pockets. He gave no account of his adventure, but merely shook his head, and said that if they came to his mill again, "they'd catch it."
Whether the fear of "catching it" kept off his visitors or not we cannot tell; but it is certain that from that time the building lost much of its wizard reputation, and subsided into a mere common-place ruin.

But this is a history of times past. Billy long since went swearing to his grave. Like all iron-souled characters, he left his mark in the memories of those about him; and as the green hillock which rested over his once sturdy breast was pointed out, the simple villagers seemed to wonder that the grass could grow so quietly over the grave of one so redoubted; and not a few of the veterans who remembered Billy in his prime, when they were boys, ventured the prediction that when "Old Nick got hold of him he'd meet his match."

After Billy's days the mill became more and more dilapidated. Time and Storm wrote their story upon it in strong characters. Everything about it ran wild; the grass formed into a green sod in its chambers; and ivy and other plants clambered over its walls; the trees which had been young in the days of Harold grew to be giants, and drooped over the ruin; and the willows trailed their thread-like branches in the quiet lake whose waters once turned its wheel. Things remained thus until a new-comer arrived in the village. He was a plain, unpretending man, a blacksmith by trade. He took a fancy to the ruin because he found that it could be got at a low rent, and his means were limited. He paid no attention to the tales attached to it, but hired it of the descendants of Billy Harold, and in good earnest set about converting it into a smithy. In a very short time the black smoke from the chimney and the roar of his forge told that he had commenced his work, and the clink of his hammer could be heard from morning till night. He was a stalwart, powerful man, slow of motion, and earnest of speech. His hair was short and slightly grizzled, and his features were heavy and massive, and bore a harsh and forbidding expression that belied his character.

The traditions respecting the mill were still fresh in memory, and many looked askance at one who could venture thus recklessly to plant himself in such an illomened spot; and rumours became rife that he and the ghostly frequenters of the place were on terms of better fellowship than they should be. He however took no notice of the rumours, nor of the cold looks that frequently met him, but went on with his business, hammering away at his horse-shoes, and patiently waiting for better times. His only companion was a child of about seven years of age, who seemed as lonely and unpretending as the old man. He took no part in the plays of the other boys of the place, but sat patiently at the door of the forge watching his father at his work, and helping him in such things as his strength would allow; and when the day's labour was over, he would put his hand in that of the old man, and walk with him quietly to a small house which he had hired in the outskirts of the village. As time waned, and the shop was daily opened, and the smith was seen at work at his forge, and it was also seen that he remained unmolested, the tide of public opinion changed, and it was then openly asserted that none but a man of good repute could thus stand his ground against the powers of darkness; that it was a shame that he should not be encouraged. And thus by degrees John Biggs became one of themselves; part and parcel of the town; and his shop became the gathering-place of all the idlers and gossipers of the village. Gradually, too, the archIns of the place began to seek the acquaintance of little Tom Biggs, for so the boy was named, and his quiet, gentle ways soon won them. They saw that he was but a feeble, sickly little fellow; and when he stood looking patiently on at their boisterous games, they not unfrequently changed them to those of a more quiet description, in order that he might join them. There seemed some tie, however, to link him to his father, more close than that which usually exists between parent and child; and although his actions were unchecked, and he came and went as he pleased, he usually stole away from his playfellows, and passed his time at the forge, watching his father at work, with eyes that seemed never to weary.

The shop was dusty and dark, and begrimed with soot and smoke, and full of dim corners and odd angles, in which were heaped old iron, and broken barrels, and odds and ends of rubbish which had remained there from the time when the place had been used as a mill, and which, as there was much more room than he knew what to do with, John had never removed. In the midst of it rose the huge chimney of the forge, built upon the bare earth, and extending upward until its end was lost in the smoke which eddied about the rafters of the roof. Horse-shoes, hinges, bolts, and various articles of iron-ware were hung on pegs, or ranged about in different parts of the place.

In the dim recesses of the shop, and in the dark passages of the mill, and in the old ruined chambers, the boy used to pass much of his time, until he seemed to grow almost as strange and gooblin-like as the former unearthly tenants who had made the place their haunt.

Time waned, and he grew more quiet and still. He no longer joined the other boys at their play, but was seen the most of the time sitting at the door of the smithy, or lying beneath the shade of the trees which overhung it. His pale cheek and feeble gait, and the painfully patient look which sat upon his young face, told that all was not well with him. John, too, worked less assiduously at his forge, for he might be seen at times sitting under the trees, with the child's head resting on his knee, endeavouring to amuse him with tales of other times and other lands; for John had lived abroad.

By degrees summer passed away, and the brown shade of autumn crept among the leaves. Little Tom no longer walked to the forge, but his father carried him there in his arms; and as yet they were as much together...
as before: but the child's cheek grew more and more wan, his eye more lustrous, and the sad, quiet expression on his face deepened; but he never complained. Time passed by, and John came to his work alone, for little Tom had taken to his bed.

It was at about eight o'clock on a bright starlight night at this time, that John Biggs was at work in this shop. He had a heavy job on hand, and was labouring earnestly to finish it, his face fairly glowing with exertion and with the reflection of the fire. Gathered about the forge, but far enough off to be out of reach of the red sparks as they flew from beneath the blows of the ponderous hammer, might be seen the indistinct forms of two or three idlers, who had dropped in to chat over the news of the place, and to watch the labours of the untiring artisan, who, with his arms bare to the elbow, and with a thick leathern apron to keep off the sparks, kept steadily on at his work. It might have been observed that his whole manner was restless and uneasy, and there was occasionally an anxious glance at the door, as if he expected every moment to receive the arrival of some honest and his child before Tom had taken to his bed.

He looked anxiously about. There was a little chair drawn near the fire; the well-worn hat and coat of the boy hung upon a peg, and beneath was a pair of small coarse shoes. John took the shoes in his hand and eyed them wistfully; then placed them gently down, and, going to the hearth, stood with his arms folded and looked into the fire.

At that moment the door of an inner room opened, and a woman entered.

"How is he?" inquired John, in a subdued voice.

"He's better," was the reply. "Harry Lindsey is with him."

John followed her into the child's room. His eye rested for a moment on Harry, and then wandered to the bed on which lay little Tom, wasted by disease. The bright look of childhood was gone, and had given place to an expression of patient suffering. He seemed prematurely old. His dark eyes brightened, however, as he caught sight of the blacksmith, and he stretched out his arms to him.

"How is it with you, my little boy?" said John, as he got on his knees by the bedside, so as to bring his face on a level with that of the child. The boy placed his thin arms about his father's neck, and drew his face down on the pillow, and rested his cheek against it.

"I'm better, father," he said, endeavouring to smile, and turning his face so as to look into the kind eyes which were gazing upon him.

"And you'll be well soon, won't you, Tom?" said John, cheerily.

"Oh! very soon, very soon," replied the boy.

"And when you get stronger," said John, "I'll carry you down to the old willows, and I'll make up a bed of the fresh hay, and you can lie there near the forge, and watch the fish swimming about in the pond; and you'll be
near me, and I can see you all day long; and the fresh air will soon make you quite well again."

The child's face brightened as he listened.

"And Harry he'll go with us?" said he, pointing to the boy who was standing by the bedside.

"Ay," replied John, cheerily, "that he will and we'll have fine times."

"Ay," said Tom, echoing with his feeble voice something of his father's cheery tones, "that we will."

Harry Lindsey said nothing, but looked earnestly into the eyes of the boy, and then into the face of the blacksmith, as if endeavouring to read there an explanation of some perplexing thought.

"And how is the pain which troubled you so?" inquired John. "It was there, wasn't it?" said he, placing his hand upon the breast of the child.

"Just there it was," replied little Tom; "but it's gone now. I'm getting well now."

"Ha! that's right, that's right, Tom!" said John, joyously. "And now, Tom," added he, rising from the bed, "I've been sent for by Mr. Lindsey, and I must go; but I'll be back quite soon. Come, Master Harry, you are to go with me, for it's a dark night. Tom, won't you thank him for coming to see you?"

"That I will," replied the child, in the same feeble imitation of his father's heartiness. "That I do. Good-night," said he, earnestly: you'll come again to-morrow, Harry?"

"Oh yes!" replied the boy. "Good-night."

He turned and looked once more into the face of his playfellow, and again into that of the old man, and went out without speaking.

"Father, kiss me before you go," said Tom. John stooped and kissed him, and then, gently unclasping the arms which encircled his neck, said: "I'll be back very soon. Come, Master Harry."

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**THE THEATRES, &c.**

OPENING OF THE NEW CHARING-CROSS THEATRE: PRODUCTION OF A NEW PLAY FOR MISS BATENMAN AT THE HAYMARKET.

Theatrical entertainments—which now can hardly be called the "drama"—have attained their zenith of popularity with half-a-dozen new theatres flourishing, and as many glitteringly mounted burlesques played nightly to audiences whose delight is centred in meretricious song and dance. There is a new system in vogue of conducting theatres. The policy of the entrepreneurs appears now to be to transfer the management to vicarious, but nevertheless quite irresponsible parties. The ostensible managers so selected are persons who possess some kind of name before the public as connected with literature or art; but were never before supposed to be capitalists. It is said that one of the gay theatres recently opened in the vicinity of the Strand, with very stylish accessories, is in reality the property, not of a certain littérateur whose name is ostentatiously printed at the head of the play-bill, but of the proprietor of a morning newspaper. Doubtless "dummy" managers and lessees are even a better device than "managers"-actresses. Under the former term the capitalist-lessee may import extraneous matters into the drama, which in no way belong to it; but are only showy and alluring adjuncts, calculated to attract "fast" audiences and the "gaping crowd."

Another of those new theatres devoted to the pleasures of "vanity fair," and the "nods, and beaks, and wreathed smiles" of extravaganzas-actresses, has opened under the name of the Charing Cross theatre. The site is that of the late Polygraphic Hall of Mr. W. S. Woodin. The managers of the little "Charing Cross" establishment appear proud of the fact that their "Wooden O" is so diminutive; and they rather ostentatiously announce that there is no gallery for the accommodation of the public, and that there is no "half-price." But they have ample compensation to offer; for "Silken dilliance in the wardrobe lies," and the luxuries of their sofa-stalls and upholstery in the auditorium cannot be denied. But with all this external show and glitter we should have preferred a more substantial fare than the inaugurator performances of the "Charing Cross" company provided. The lever de rideau was an operatic sketch, entitled "Coming of Age," written by J. E. Carpenter, the song-writer, the music being composed by E. L. Hime, and the characters supported by a respectable staff. Then followed a mild three-act drama of much tenuity of texture, entitled "Edendale." The piece treats of an American subject, and relates dramatically an episode of the American War, in which there are contents like those of the Montagus and Capulets. The characters were well represented by a com-
The Theatres, &c.

Company nearly all provincials, led by Mr. J. G. Shore (from the Princess's) and Miss Hughes (from the Olympic). The concluding entertainment was a burlesque (of course), the subject being Bellini's "Norma," which had been travestied half-a-dozen times before the present Druidical sacrifice was offered. Miss Cicely Nott, Miss Irwin, Miss Ernstone, and Miss Garthwaite—the three latter, from the provinces—are valuable acquisitions.

M. Augier's "Gabrielle," a French five-act comedy, in verse, first represented in Paris some twenty-one years ago, has repeatedly tempted the British adapter to exercise his craft upon it; and "Gabrielle" has now furnished the Adelphi with a new melo-drama, which they have pre-historically entitled Eve. The arguments by which a husband induces his wife and her lover to abstain from proceeding too far on the road to the Divorce Court are of that sentimental kind which Adelphi audiences like. The material discomforts their persistence in error entails upon the corrupt couple give form and substance to the mise en scene—and the contrasts in the domestic life represented are enjoyed, now for their pathos, then perhaps for their humour. The general performance of the Adelphi company was not up to the level required by M. Augier's play, even if represented by the nearest French company. The best sustained character was the Mrs. Grimaditch of Mrs. A. Mellon. Mr. Webster has, apparently, a liking for the part of Wollaston, the husband, and played certain of the more emotional scenes in "Eve" with force and success. Miss Furtardo's uneducated style and cold snappish manner quite unmerits her for the part of the wife. Mr. H. Neville is the most stolid and unengaging of lovers. The scenic appliances are sufficiently handsome, but the billiard-table, in the second act, seemed brought on to advertise the makers as much as for any other purpose.

On June 7th burlesque and extravaganza took the place of high comedy at the St. James's Theatre, and Mdlle. Schneider and M. Dupuis succeeded M. Lafont and Mdlle. Leonicde Leblanc. "La Grande Duchesse" has lost nothing of its popularity by its twelve-months' absence from the boards of the St. James's. Mdlle. Schneider starts by her naïf audacity and her surprising elan; but some of her by-play is suggestive of a corruptness of manners which is generally kept out of sight in English theatres. There happened to the opera-buffa troupe at the St. James's lately a surprise, which ended in a "scene," in the closet. An explosion of gas in the saloon of the parterre, just as the doors were about to be opened, drove the actors and actresses, panic-stricken, from their dressing-rooms into the street on a fine summer's evening, thus allowing wayfarers to discover some of the processes of the boudoir by which French actresses make themselves up to be "beautiful for ever." By dint of the exertions of M. Raphael Felix, the manager, and the fair Schneider (the Grande Duchesse herself), who were among the "route of Comus," the affrighted children of Orsini and Offenbach were induced to return where duty called.

On the 21st instant a play of remarkable merit and interest—albeit, it was a play made out of a novel—was produced at the Haymarket, under the title of "Mary Warner." The piece is from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor. It treats of a story of poverty and crime belonging to the kind of life such as is known to the poorer inhabitants of the metropolis. These "short and simple annals of the poor" furnish a tale redolent of the police office and the Central Criminal Court, with a democratic element supervening, as a set-off to the domestic interest of the piece. All the characters were well sustained. Mr. Compton, as Toled, the sergeant of police, was very amusing; while Miss Bateman fully sustained her reputation for pathetic power. Mr. Kendal was happy in the delineation of the modern "working-man" class of hero, and Miss Caroline Hill, as the starving wife, acted extremely well, even by the side of Miss Bateman. Mr. Howe has the part of a Lambeth workman which he renders his usual pains with. We must not omit to notice the playing of Miss Mary White, in a child's character, pathetically rendered, without a trace of what is called "parrotting" being manifested.

Dryden wrote—

"And as the prompter breathes
The puppet squawks!"

but the infantile actress at the Haymarket has given quite an intelligent study to the part she performs, and is no parrot.

For those who have scruples against "stage plays" "dramatic readings" are in the present day provided in greater abundance than ability. It is true that Mr. Beliew is a good "reader," and that Mr. Charles Dickens was a better; that Miss Glynn reads Shakespeare admirably is indisputable; but that the Wilsons, Montagues, Phillip's, and others, who now profess dramatic reading, are acquisitions we doubt. Mr. H. J. Montague is called "one of our most popular and rising comedians," and he has taken to "readings at the Queen's Concert Rooms. Now, Mr. Montague has a good deal of stage sang froid, but it is of a sort that might denote a vacant rather than a full mind. It is certain, at any rate, that, as a reader, Mr. Montague's forte does not lie in impassioned or tragic passages.

The Oratorio Concerts, under Mr. Barnby, were brought to the termination of a short and, we believe, eminently successful season, by the Conductor's benefit, on Tuesday evening, June 15, when the Jephtha of Handel (with additional accompaniments by Arthur S. Sullivan) was given before a large and fashionable audience. A winter season of these admirable Oratorio Concerts is promised.
THE LADIES’ PAGE.

CLARENDON LACE.

MATERIALS. — Boar’s-head Crochet-cotton, No. 18, of Walter Evans & Co., Derby.

1st. row.—Make a chain, and on it a row of long stitch.
2nd.—1 long, 2 chain, miss 1, repeat.
3rd.—1 long worked into space, 2 chain, repeat.
4th.—1 long into space, * 5 chain, miss 1 space, 1 long into next space, repeat from *.
5th.—4 long into first space, 2 chain, 2 long into next space, 4 chain, 2 long in same space as last, 2 chain, 4 long in next space, 2 chain, 6 long with one chain between each in next space, 2 chain, repeat.
6th.—4 long, three of them being on those of former row, and the last on the next chain stitch, 2 chain, dc in second space, 2 chain, 4 long, the first in the chain stitch next before the long ones of last row, 3 chain, dc into division between first two long stitches next in former row, 5 chain, dc in next space, 5 chain, repeat dc and 5 chain twice more, dc, 3 chain, repeat.
7th.—4 long, the last one on the chain, 2 chain, 2 long into dc of last row, 4 chain, 2 long in same loop, 2 chain, miss 1, 4 long, 5 chain, dc into loop of five, 5 chain, repeat this dc of chain three times more, dc 3 chain, repeat.
8th.—4 long, * 3 chain, dc in second space, 3 chain, 4 long, the first of them on the second of previous row, the last one of course on the first of the chain, 3 chain, dc in space as before, 5 chain, dc in space, 5 chain, dc in space, 3 chain, 4 long, the first in the chain stitch next before the long ones, repeat from *.
9th.—4 long, * 3 chain, 2 long in dc, of last row, 4 chain, 2 long in the same loop, 3 chain, 4 long, the first on the second of last row, 3 chain, dc in space, 5 chain, dc in space, 3 chain, 4 long, the first on the chain stitch next before the long of last row, repeat from *.
10th.—4 long, * 3 chain, dc in second space, 3 chain, 4 long, the first on the second long stitch, 3 chain, 1 long in centre of the five chain, 3 chain, 4 long—the first on the chain stitch next before the long of last row, repeat from *.
11th.—4 long, * 3 chain, 2 long in dc of last row, 5 chain, 2 long in same loop, 3 chain, 4 long—the first on the second of last row, 3 chain, 1 long on former one, 3 chain, 4 long—the first on the chain stitch next before the long of last row, repeat from *.
12th.—4 long, 3 chain, dc in second space, 3 chain, 4 long on those of last row, 2 chain 4 long with one chain between each, and all four into the middle loop over the long stitch of last row, 3 chain, repeat.
13th.—4 long, 2 chain, 2 long in dc of last row, 5 chain, 2 long in same loop, 2 chain, 4 long on those of last row, 2 chain, dc in second space, 5 chain caught into next space, 2 chain repeat.
14th.—4 long, 5 chain, dc in second space, 5 chain, 4 long on those of last row, 5 chain, dc in second space, 5 chain, dc 5 chain, repeat.
15th.—4 dc, * 10 chain, dc in space before the four long, 10 chain, dc in space, after the four long, repeat from *.

RUSTIC ORNAMENTS.

PICTURE-FRAME OF OAK LEAVES AND ACORNS.

Every autumn we have delightful summer-like days, when a ramble over the hills or in the woods affords much enjoyment to those who admire the beauties of nature, or can appreciate fresh air and healthy exercise. Another inducement for young ladies to go on these rural walks is that much can be found that may be manufactured into ornaments for our homes. Then make it the aim of these pleasant, health-giving rambles to gather autumn-leaves, acorns, cones, and mosses of all varieties, and beautify your homes with ornaments which are none the less beautiful for being your own handiwork.

When the leaves are falling from the trees in the month of October, go into the woods where there are large oaks, and among others that are scattered around your feet you will see perfectly fair and smooth oak-leaves, of a pretty brown colour, and of various forms and sizes. While you are looking about for some of the best of these, you will find a variety of acorns also. Press the leaves, and dry the acorns, and you have materials for a picture-frame. They should be fastened to the frame with glue. If you make an oval frame, arrange them in form of a wreath. If a square shape, have it smooth and stained before putting them on.

Commence by placing a small sized leaf rather more than a third of the length of the side from the corner; then two more on to each side of that; lay a small acorn on the first leaf, the point toward the point of the leaf, and the stem under the two others; then two or three larger acorns, two or three more leaves, and so on. Put a group of the largest acorns at the corners, and fill in around them with small-sized leaves.
THE TOILET.

(Scientific from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Costume of straw-coloured foulard, petticoat of foulard trimmed with three plaîtages surmounted by two cross-straps of light green silk, between which runs a row of small green buttons. Tunic of the same material; this tunic crosses on the breast, and forms in front a large point, bordered by a plaîtage edged with silk and surmounted by a row of green buttons between two rolls of the same silk. This ornament runs up one side as far as the waist; on the right the tunic is raised by a tab. Jacket of straw-coloured foulard, presenting two pointed skirts in front, and behind a single rounded one. Tabs catch up the jacket at the sides; and it has lapels trimmed throughout with a double roll of green silk, with small light green buttons. Sleeves close-fitting, bordered by a double plaîtage. Fanchon bonnet of black lace ornamented with a wreath of wild roses; bars of black lace, and ribbon passing under the chin.

SECOND FIGURE.—Round dress of mauve algérienne, three deep flounces at the bottom of the skirt, bordered with mauve silk. Above these runs a plumping, and over that again, but separated by a roll of mauve silk, there is a narrow plaîtage of algérienne. Jacket of black gros grain. Waistband of gros grain satin, cut from the piece; it is arranged in five large loops behind, with a long end hanging below them, both loops and end being bordered with lace. The corsage of algérienne has pagoda sleeves trimmed with a plaîtage. Belgian straw hat with wreath of vine leaves, and at the side a large black satin bow. Collar and undersleeves of embroidered muslin. Talking of hats reminds me that a description of a few new models may be useful. Here are half-a-dozen to begin with:

1st.—Green velvet hat, slightly puffed round the sides. On the top a rather spreading tuft of flowers with a trail behind.

2nd.—Diadem bonnet of rice-straw, bordered with blue velvet. At the top a blue bow with four square loops, the ribbon of which is continued to form wide strings, which come forward and are fixed on the corsage with a small bouquet of blue cornflowers.

3rd.—Belgian straw bonnet bordered with three narrow blue velvets in front, and two behind on a stiff curtain made of straw. At the side, agrafes of large daisies with a trail of long green grass thrown behind.

4th.—Rice-straw bonnet in the diadem-form, high in front, and a curtain hanging in hollow plaits behind. The diadem in front is surmounted by a lilac blond. Bow of gros grain lilac silk near the ear.

5th.—Low straw hat turned up with black velvet, gauze veil, the Dana Maria, proceeding from the top and hanging down as a scarf behind. This veil is bordered with black lace.


Black lace bonnets are very much worn, one called the "Isabella" is a very handsome and novel affair. The whole bonnet is composed of a scarf of Spanish net, the diadem being high, and set in front. The diadem is a wreath of leaves fastened at the top by a jet butterfly and black aigrette. An oddity in trimming, on a black lace bonnet, is a bird's nest of golden hue moss on the forehead, with three tiny pearly eggs in it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.


"Pride and Love" received. It will at least be September before this poem can be made use of, should the Editor decide on accepting it.


Prose received, with thanks: "The Second City in the Land," "Lord Byron's Letters."

Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in our next number.

To Correspondents.—Private communications for the Editor may be addressed, till further notice, 2, Beaufort Place, Lompart Hill, Lewisham, Kent.
On the Brighton Line

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CHAP. LV.

CAPTURED.

It was two hours past midnight. In the tower, where Helen lay, perfect quiet reigned. She had fainted while Dr. Macarthy, the surgeon of the police force, had pursued his investigation into the state of her arm; but he had pronounced favourably concerning it; and now, in comparative ease from pain, she was taking the first peaceful rest she had enjoyed since the time of her abduction.

The doctor occupied a chair in the room; a decent woman he had brought with him to render assistance lay on the sofa in the one adjoining and, satisfied that all had been done for Helen that could, Arden had thrown himself down on the carpet, and resting his head on the bedside, was sleeping away some of the fatigues of the previous days.

Vigilance, however, had been so habitual to him during that anxious pursuit, that when the sound of a light active step broke the stillness, he was the first to be aroused by it. The doctor had been reading, and was probably in a dozy state. It surprised him to see Mr. Mainwaring spring up so suddenly and pass into the other room. He followed.

"What is it, Collins?" Arden inquired.

"Can't say, sir," was the reply; "but I rather think you had better come down to us. I have had a short nap, but something fidgets me about that fellow. He's on the alert. It's a little strange the men have not returned from boarding the Chaffinch. We have only one man now below."

"Are there any arms in the place?"

"Yes; and it looks strong enough to stand an assault from without till daylight if need be. My only fear in a place of this sort is lest there should be other ways in than we know of."

"The men are both handcuffed securely?"

"Yes, sir. I've seen to that; no danger of slipping. But do, sir, come and have a look at our man. See him before he sees you if possible; and tell me if you do not think he is expecting help, and soon. His face is quite a study, sir; it's really worth your while. I've brought your boots up that you may tread heavy, and he may take you for the doctor. It's quite dark by the door."

"He's too sharp for that, and has heard my step too often," said Dr. Macarthy. "I'll tell you what, I'll come with you. Wake up, Mrs. Mulligan; there, you need not move, for the lady's sleeping beautiful, and I'll only be gone ten minutes; just keep awake till then. I'll make row enough when we get near the kitchen; he'll not hear your shoeless feet behind me. I promise; and you can stand in the doorway and observe him when I have left."

The doctor certainly made his approach unmistakable; for he was not yet within the space lit by the dim turf fire when Witham spoke to him.

"Doctor, how is the young lady? She'll get over it soon I hope. It can't be serious."

"She'll do; but it's a bad sort of business. What did you mean by it?"

"Why, what should I mean when I saw a fellow breaking in at my window by night? Wouldn't you have done the same, Dr. Macarthy? Shooting her was pure accident." "You meant to shoot the gentleman?"

"Of course I did. Why should not I? Gentleman indeed! it was like a gentleman to come in that way!"

"But I say, Witham, were you behaving like a gentleman at the time?"

"I give you my honour, doctor, I was treating the lady with the most profound respect. Is it like me to do otherwise? I never hurt a woman in my life, and would as soon have shot myself as her; sooner. All I have done has been to save her from a mad young fellow who was desperate enough for anything. I have saved her; and if, maybe, I had a little inclination for her myself, and played a bit of a farce, there was no harm in it I give you my word." "Well, you will have to convince others of that. Here, Dennis, boy; give me a little out of the kettle. The water Mrs. Mulligan brought up was half cold."

Dr. Macarthy again ascended to the tower. Collins took a chair close to the door so as to
cover any movement of Mr. Mainwaring's the quick ears of Witham might else perceive. Each in silence directed his attention to where the light of a police lantern shone on the figures of Witham and his servant.

Some ten minutes went by, and nothing very notable had appeared in the conduct of the prisoners. One indeed bore every appearance of having fallen asleep; but Witham, though he kept silence and assumed as easy an attitude on the chest whereon he lay as his handcuffed condition would admit of, was evidently restless.

Mr. Mainwaring had some difficulty in sustaining the perfect stillness he felt to be requisite. He was indeed suffering a good deal from the fatigues he had undergone and felt almost as if sleep were creeping on him as he stood. Yet he kept attention sufficiently alive to be aware of a changed expression coming over the face of Witham; as, under the supposition that he was no longer observed, feelings within revealed themselves with some freedom.

Serious anxieties were there, but hope too. He was listening intently, and under the idea that his efforts at hearing were in some special direction, Mr. Mainwaring as a test allowed himself a change of position. No attempt appeared to be taken of the slight sound accompanying it. He was listening for something else; and now he heard; the colour rose in his cheek, and he gave a sharp glance into the shadow of the room as if to ascertain whether attention were awake. Now they heard too, a sound from beneath as of a distant door opening; a sound of rushing footsteps coming nearer, nearer; but from what quarter to expect the comers?

Witham gave a shrill and peculiar whistle, and Collins sprung forwards. "The tower!" he cried, "we can hold that best. Up with you both!"

The last words were addressed to the prisoners; but, though incapable of active resistance to the mandate, they were very ready with the passive sort that remained to them. Witham struggled desperately to keep his position on the chest; and then, the sounds having become more discernible, a suspicion, before entertained by Arden, became a conviction. The chest itself was the "way in!" Collins had apprehended. A moment's observation showed that there were staples upon it as for a padlock, though lock there was none. Arden took from the wall a strong riding-whip and thrust it in as some hindrance to the lid being raised, and then assisted Collins in dragging Witham towards the staircase.

Dennis, the policeman, meanwhile, by force of rather strong arguments applied with his truncheon, had driven the other prisoner up the rough staircase, and calling Dr. Macarthy, delivered him to his charge.

Witham was shouting vehemently in Irish to those now striking from beneath against the lid of the chest; and the policeman, Dennis, who alone could understand the purport of his words, thought himself justified in taking strong measures to silence him.

Feeling very uncertain of the security of his hastily-placed fastening. Arden drew near to ascertain if more could be done.

At the same moment more welcome sounds from the court-yard, sounds of familiar English voices, announced the coming of friends. He unbared the door and gave ingress to the gentlemen from the Olive—Frank Devonshire, Mr. Boradale, and Alfred Merrivale.

"Come along, Mr. Mainwaring, you're all right I hope? I'm wanted downstairs, and your wife wants you. She's ready to get out of bed to look for you, and we shall have her in a fever."

"All right, doctor; go down, and take the nurse too; there's work for you both. Helen, my darling, were you frightened?"

"Where have you been? What have you been doing? The doctor will not tell me, but I am sure from the sounds I have heard something dreadful has been going on."

"Lay your head on your pillow, my Helen, and—no, I will not ask for a kiss, for I am not fit to touch you. It's all right now, but we have had what Collins calls a scrimmage, and I have been cutting the head of a great dirty fellow, a Portuguese, for full five minutes. May I wash my hands?"

"Of course you may."

"You see, dear, he did not understand our English customs, and began fighting after he had surrendered. There were nothing like handcuffs enough, and we had each to stand over our man till he was rendered harmless. Frank Devonshire has a cut in the leg from one of their knives, and your friend Mr. Boradale narrowly escaped being shot, and has an ugly bump on the forehead, which I gave him in striking up the pistol levelled at his head. But we are all right now, and—I hope I'm not exciting you; how does your arm feel?"

"I think it must be going on well, for I had such a good sleep. Arden, you are sure it is all over?"

"Yes, dear; the police are with us in force; all danger is over."

"Tell me about it a little. Who is Frank Devonshire, and who is Mr. Boradale?"

"I fancied you knew them both. You must know Mr. Boradale? a gentleman who danced with you at the fête at Cardington, and sent you those pretty flowers you told me of."

"He sent them? Why, that horrid Mr. Witham said this evening they came from him!"

"I'm not surprised; he told you other stories you know. Do you think, dear, it would disturb you very much if I were to ask the gentlemen into the next room? There's young Alfred Merrivale, you know him?"

"Oh, yes; but I should never have thought of his being here."

"Yes, he is downstairs, and has been fighting like a Trojan. Now he has his sketch book out, and is making studies in the kitchen."

"I should like them to come; I should like to hear their voices; but you need not go down
Darlison.

again—I mean, to stay away long. I suppose
I cannot help it, but I am very nervous.”

“No, darling, I will not leave you. Give me
your hand; the well one. The other poor thing
is not to be touched, I suppose. How it is
swollen with the tightness of the bandage.”

“Yes, I wished to have my ring on, but it
won’t do. Dr. Macarthy says it may be some
time before it will fit.

“Do you know, dear, after your wound was
dressed, I carried you by the doctor’s orders to
the window in the next room that the air might
revive you; and what do you think he said when
I kissed you? ‘Come, none of that, my boy.’
Quite disrespectful, was it not? But the fact
was he had not been informed of my rightful
claims; and, moreover, was under the impression
from my dress that I was of an inferior class to
his own. He quite abused me, I assure you;
called me stupid for not knowing my way in the
dark down a staircase I never came up; and
when I suggested that he should take the light
and go down himself, he wrathfully asked if I
were steward of a channel steamer that I was
so ready in taking charge of a lady’s bedside.”

“But you soon told him?”

“Yes, and he pointed to your ringless finger.
However, I did convince him by referring to
Collins, and he is as civil as possible since. In
deed I am sure he is a good fellow, as well as a
good doctor; though more accustomed to deal-
ing with rough Irishmen than patients such as my
Helen.

“Indeed, he is a little rough he is kind,
very kind. But tell me this, Arden, is Mr. Wit-
ham in the tower?”

“He was, dear, a while ago. His men were
coming, and we had to bring him up, just to the
head of the stairs.”

“I heard such a horrid groan, and it frightened
me so, I could not help thinking, too, I heard
his voice. Was he hurt?”

“He was shooting to his friends, and the
police-constable treated him to a broken head.
It is not anything very serious, my love. Now I
am tiring you. I remember Dr. Macarthy said
I was not to excite you with talk, but only sit
and hold your hand if you liked it.

“Only tell me this: have you sent word to
Darlison that I am safe?”

“Yes, my darling. They know it before this.
I remembered your injunction, and wrote a line,
which I gave to the man who went for Dr.
Macarthy. He promised to proceed with it to
the next telegraph office. I was puzzled what to
write, for I could not say all was well when you
were suffering so. I began with our united love;
and as I could not get on, I thought that must
do, for it proved we were united; as we are, thank
Heaven! Helen, I hope you know you are
under my charge and government now, now and
always. No one can or shall dispute that hence-
forth.”

“Not Dr. Macarthy?”

“I will tell Dr. Macarthy I am as good a
doctor as he is, for you revived after my kiss, and

I have now made you smile, which is more I know
than he has yet succeeded in. However, my
darling, I will be a constitutional monarch, and
having appointed Dr. Macarthy my prime
minister, allow him to be a better judge of what
is good for you than myself. I want to have
my Helen well again now above all things.”

“You do? Arden, I had such a wicked
thought, just after you went down with the
doctor.”

“We fancied you slept. Well, what was this
wicked thought?”

“I thought that if I were not to recover, you
would be my heir.”

“Helen, you should not—”

“Oh, that was not wicked. I was hoping that
it would be so, and that you never could be
troubled in that way as you have been. The next
thought was the really wicked one. It came to
my mind that being rich you could marry
somebody, you know who I mean; and I could
not bear the thought. I positively cried; I
suppose it was from spite.”

“Helen, you are cruel to me. I could bear
reproach of the sort better from any than from
you. Helen, how shall I console you? You
have been letting this cruel thought come while
I have been vainly flattering myself that even the
cold world would know now I loved you. That
if it were believed I sought your wealth, it
would also be known I could earnestly seek for
yourself, for your safety, your welfare. Helen,
do you hold me as only another sort of Witham?”

“Would I not have died rather than belong to
him? And indeed I am quite content to live
now, although I am tied to a good-for-nothing
man, who could believe me capable of eloping
with Grant Wainwright; a husband who, when
the doctor orders him to be very quiet, goes on
in the most exciting way!”

“I begin to suspect that there is altogether
more wickedness about my Helen than I had any
idea of. You have been sending me such good-
little-girl letters since we were married, that I
expected the perfection of docility from you; but
it seems I shall have something to do,”

“Mr. Mainwaring, I won’t be talked to. Go
and ask your friends upstairs. You may take
the candle, as I understand there is not another
in the place.”

“There are the police lanterns; we need not
take this and leave you in the dark.”

“I do not want it. As long as I hear your
voices I shall not fear.”

“Nor have wicked thoughts? You will not
again so coolly hand me over?”

“Mr. Mainwaring, please do not dazzle me
with that candle.”

“It shall be but for a moment; I want it to
read the truth by. Helen, tell me, can you
really think I have feigned affection for you?
Open, honest eyes, and answer.”

A quivering of the lids, a glitter on the lashes,
and the eyes were revealed; not saucy as the
tongue had been; tearful and timid. She
spoke earnestly now.
"No, Arden, you do not feign. Forgive me, I am weak and foolish. I did not think you could take my nonsense so much to heart."

"It went deeper than you intended, I think, my weary, worn-out darling. If you had read aright my love for you, you could hardly have said what you did."

"Indeed I do not doubt your love for me; how could I after this night's deliverance? It was only thinking of her. I am sure she does not love you as I do, Arden; but, she is so very beautiful."

"There is more beauty in your eyes, Helen, than in her whole array of loveliness.

"Now that is loving me with a blind love, so I must be satisfied; you may go to your friends now.

"I am no more blind than you are, Helen. I see such lovely, lovely things in your eyes. You may close them, but I do not forget what even before this night I have seen look upon me from under those dark lashes. Favour, compassion, trustfulness, gentle humility and obedience—beautiful things in a wife, and which she speaks of has no charm to compare with her. She is a very handsome, very graceful woman. Nature gave her intellect, and her mind is as a highly-cultivated plant; but it is a plant that brings forth fruit to itself. Such fair things may be pleasing to look at, life and love demand a better nourishment. Before I was old enough to know the nature of either, my imagination was her captive; but Helen, in truth my heart clings to you for what you have shown yourself, for what you have been to me. You may please to call me blind when I say your loveliness is greater; but in your eyes I can read your soul, Rest, darling, there is a ripple of light already over the sea, and sleep is what you most need. Let no wicked thought come again across your mind. You are my own love; if I am to have a happy home on earth it must be of your making."

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CHAP. LVI.

GRANT'S FRIEND AND GRANT'S ENEMY.

From the time intimacy came of Helen's safety, revived consciousness did not bring to Grant Wainwright the same exhausting struggle of the mind. The fire of passion burnt out, he lay like a suffering child, every muscle relaxed in still exhaustion. It seemed he heard Merton's exhortation to me to go to bed, and my answer "not yet," for his eyes opened, and with a look and tone of kindness which came like a surprise to me—for though I knew of instances where he had been practically kind, I never heard a gentle word of kindness from him before—he bade me go to rest; said I need not be anxious for him now. So I went to my room, and, merely exchanging my dress for a wrapper, lay down and slept a sound and pleasant sleep.

What a wonderful thing a sound and healthy sleep is! Some people indeed, when they so sleep, do not dream; but, to my thinking, that is about the best of it! How refreshing to be carried completely away from thoughts and anxieties that have weighed on the mind, it seems perhaps at times for an age, and to be shown new scenes, to feel fresh feelings—to dip into a new being almost! So it was that, before waking, I had been some time at sea; ranging books on the shelves in my cabin, and coming across very odd things with the books; arguing with Jephson the steward about the right way of serving up bread-sauce; we were to have partridges for dinner, rather a rare treat at sea, certainly, so I had a right to be particular. Then I was walking the deck with baby in my arms, which, when I put into Richard's, somehow turned into a little white mouse; and I, having a consciousness that it was baby all the same, could not entirely approve of his putting it in his waistcoat-pocket: then it was not a mouse, but his watch, and it was ticking, ticking slowly; it was like somebody sewing, and there were green-striped curtains about me, and where was I? Oh, at Darliston. Helen was safe. Who was in the room? Alice.

"Alice, dear, you know she is safe?"

"Yes, I heard directly; Nanny told me. Oh how glad I was!"

"And Grant, do you know how he is?"

"Mr. Brown says Dr. Crutcheon hopes well for him, but will not yet admit that he is quite out of danger."

"And how is the old man?"

"He had a very good night."

"What are you doing, my dear girl?"

"The flounce of your dress was torn; I saw it yesterday, so I thought I would just put a stitch in it."

"Good little Alice."

"Whichever you please, Miss Alice Ainslie; there is nothing to pay, and you may take your choice."

What a cheery voice it was to hear on coming down in the morning. "Why, Mr. Brown," I could not help but say, "you do not look as if you had been up all night!"

"Ah, but I have had my dip in the sea since. I took advantage of Dr. Crutcheon's being here to run down to Dingleton; spoke to Mr. George Wainwright, and gave the poor man great relief: told Mr. Gray, and his pleasant little sister would give me these two splendid dailies; pray accept this crimson one; Miss Alice came first this morning and has chosen the straw-coloured. I left the villagers disputing as to whether the bells should be rung; there was a strong party in favour of the motion, but the clerk objected, because you see, though all knew there was good news, nobody could tell what that news was. I advised them to settle it with Mr. Gray. I think I hear them now, listen; yes, there they go, the 'yeas' have it."

"Did you look in at Fairclough?"
“Yes, in order to attain my present perfection it was necessary; you see, that I should go through a process you ladies can happily complete your toilets without. Perhaps, though, I am mistaken in supposing that process necessary. Miss Alice, should I have been any the handsomer for indications of a moustache?”

“No; I do not think it would suit you.”

“But a moustache may be very becoming, may it not? A dark one, at least?”

Alice coloured a little, and said “It all depends,” and then broke off the subject by remarking “How delightful it is to hear those bells!”

“Sounds just like a wedding,” Mr. Brown observed, and Alice turned abruptly into the parlour and began putting sugar into the breakfast-cups.

“Mr. Brown,” I said, and passed through the open hall-door into the garden. He followed.

“Well?” he said.

“You are teasing her.”

“What did I say, Mrs. Gainsborough? My remark was a very innocent one; the bells are ringing as for a wedding, and very appropriately, for they peal in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring. If I have thrown up a cap and Miss Alice thinks it fits, why there is no doubt she would look a wonderful little matron in it; only look at her now, is there anything wanting but a cap to make her a perfect picture of English domesticity?”

“She looks what she is, a very sweet girl, and I do not think her pretty hair wants a cap. Seriously, Mr. Brown, I wish you would’t; it’s a sensitive little heart, and we really know nothing about the matter.”

Soon came further particulars from Ireland in a letter from Arden to myself, and from other sources it became generally known that Witham was foiled and captured, a number of men, his confederates in guilt, in the hands of the police, and a large amount of property in plate and jewellery recovered.

Grant’s progress continued to be satisfactory, and soon he was able to sit up for some hours together in Nanny’s little blue room. There one evening I found him with a candle on the table and the Marham Advertiser before him. I had found it needful to provide him with something to read, for I feared that during my absence his mind sank into gloom. The presence of Nanny, it was plain, depressed him, with others he shewed no inclination to converse. He tolerated Dr. Crutchley’s gossip, the relationship of doctor and patient tending in a great measure to obscure other questions that might have been between them. The society of myself and Merton Brown, I believe, alone was really welcome to him; because we, knowing all, still manifested interest in his recovery and welfare. With all others in the world his conduct had yet to be accounted for: he could not see his way to reconciliation with any. However, though I wished him to read, I had no idea of allowing him this newspaper. It comes out twice a week, and whereas the previous number, published the day after Helen’s disappearance, had been full of denunciation of her supposed conduct; this, with better foundation, bore heavily on his. Seeing how it was, I laid my hands on it at once: “Not allowed,” I said; “wait until you are stronger.”

“No; have you read it?” he asked.

“No; but I have heard there is some stuff about your journey into Scotland.”

“There’s a grain of wheat and a bushel of chaff in what it says of me. They have laid it on pretty thick, I can tell you, and hint as much as that I have been connected with the Black Band ever since I came to the Rood Farm; have had a share of the spoil in every robbery within twenty miles, and sent the money so obtained flying on the turf. I did once lose a bet of twenty pounds, Mrs. Gainsborough, but that was the utmost I ever risked: as for my dealings with the Black Band, they have fleeced me of twice that sum, that’s all I’ve gained from them. To think I could have been such a confounded fool!”

“You must not excite yourself by thinking about these matters. You are getting better and I must not have you thrown back.”

“Why don’t they speak out what they mean instead of insinuating their lies in that sneaking way? I can pretty well guess who wrote the article. I should like him to know Dr. Crutchley says my atm may be as strong as ever in six months, so I may live to handle a horse-whip yet!”

As a nurse, this flash of spirit pleased me, though otherwise I could not entirely approve of it.

“Grant,” I said, “be quiet: I wish you could find something to amuse you in one of these books.” There was a short silence, then Grant said,

“Mrs. Gainsborough, had you been laughing or crying when you came into the room?”

“Well, I don’t know that I had been positively doing either!”

“Have you heard anything fresh?”

“From Ireland? No; I expect to hear in the course of to-morrow.”

“I ought not to be here when they come, Mrs. Gainsborough. You must cart me off to the Rood before that, remember.”

“I do not know when they are to be expected; but, if, as I hope, it is soon, I have a better plan than that. I have spoken to Dr. Crutchley and he has seen your father about it. They both agree it is best for you to board with me at Fairclough until you are convalescent.”

“You take me in at Fairclough?”

“Yes; it would be alike inconvenient to Dr. Crutchley and myself for you to go to the Rood Farm.”

“I should have thought after all that has been said of me that no respectable person dare take me into her house. Mrs. Gainsborough, tell me the truth: when all is known, when the facts are separated from the lies, shall I be
looked upon, or have I done for myself completely?"

"Most people, I should think, would make some allowances on account of your youth; but, Grant, you should think rather of standing clear in God's sight, and you know that your best conduct in the future can only prevent your adding to past misdeeds—not blot out one! Think first of that, and think what bountiful means have been provided for your safety and comfort of heart; then I trust the rest will be easier to you, let the world hold you as it will. Certainly, after this, you have a character to make, but I trust there is a future before you to earn it in. Time is pretty sure to demonstrate what you really are: this unhappy affair I hope has but shown the worst of you!"

He sat silent for some time, leaning his head on his unburnt arm, and apparently watching my crocheting fingers, then he said:

"It is very kind of you to offer to take me in, Mrs. Gainsborough; I should like it above all things, just now, for I really cannot bear to be much alone. I wish I knew how I could ever pay you back your kindness—but it's folly to talk of that; I feel that I am as weak as a kitten and as blind as a bat. I have not a friend in the world unless it is yourself, and may—be poor Georgie: I am likely enough to be taken from your house to the county-jail; it would be a creditable circumstance to have a prison-van drawn up before Fairclough; did you think of that?"

"No, it did not occur to me; it would be decidedly disagreeable, but so it would be to hear of its coming for you anywhere. Grant, you may require me if you will by living so that I may not feel my care has been thrown away upon a hopeless subject, and by bearing with my lectures when they seem to you prolix and wearisome. I daresay I am to you like those books you rejected for the Marsham Advertiser?"

Nanny Cargill was very jubilant when told Helen was pronounced able to journey towards Darliston, but the idea of providing for Mr. Mainwaring caused her much concern until I reminded her he had of late been in worse lodgings. I will not speak of the delight I felt in welcoming both back. Very bright and happy were the hours I could spend with them, but they were short, for I had many anxieties about the state of my patient at Fairclough. During the week following their arrival, there was about him a degree of fevered excitement, alternating with excessive lassitude and dejection, which made my presence near him almost indispensable.

Helen believed that she was recognized by her grandfather, but Nanny Cargill speaking of the matter to me, said: "I'm doubtful about it. You see he's good-natured to all that don't cross him. He's as kind and polite to Mr. Mainwaring as to her, and he sets more store by what Mr. Merton Brown says than either of them."

I found this was the case. Alice having gone home he missed her, and made frequent inquiries for her, commoningly styling her to Nanny "your mistress." When Merton Brown came and gave his assurance that he would bring her back on the Thursday following, the old man remained satisfied for hours. Next day Merton came again, bringing a handkerchief Alice had hemmed, and a pair of gloves she had taken to mend for the old Squire, and these little tokens seemed mightily to please. Helen said she wondered she was not more jealous of Alice, since it was plain she was the one preferred. "I think it must be," she concluded, "that in this matter I look upon dear Alice as my mamma."

Arden Mainwaring listened to our advocacy of Grant Bainwright's cause with patience and attention; but showed no disposition to commit himself to anything like a promise to forbear bringing him to justice for his part in Helen's abduction. Indeed, the first time the matter was brought before him, the little he did say was decidedly unfavourable. "The man has shown himself not only a companion of ruffians, but a very unprincipled," he remarked. "This exploit of his was not the act of a moment; it was a deliberately planned scheme, and deliberately acted upon by him."

Merton suggested that the scheme had been laid out by others, the part he had to play marked out for him.

"I will do nothing hastily," he answered. "I have much to think about. All you say shall have weight with me when I feel more capable of judging the question. I do not think I am likely to be unduly severe, though I cannot say he merits less than severe justice from me, and it cannot be right to let conduct so notorious pass unpunished. He might pretend hereafter that I dared not bring the matter before the public for fear of compromising Helen."

I did not think it desirable at that time to press the question, for other matters were indeed demanding all his time and attention. Letters from abroad and from London had to be answered: the business of Darliston Manor left for nearly a fortnight in harvest without a master, appealed to him for direction. Moreover it was necessary to arrange with Mr. Ainslie how, legally, the whole affairs of Mr. Wainwright's estate could be carried on for time to come. It was quite possible the old Squire might continue to live for some years, but Dr. Meredith had given his opinion that he would never again be competent to transact business.

A day or two later I found opportunity to lay before Mr. Mainwaring the paper Grant had requested me to draw up, vindicating Helen from the aspersions of the Marsham Advertiser, and confessing his own part in the matter. The newspaper having fully recanted, it had not seemed to me desirable to bring this forward earlier. I also showed a letter I had received from Mrs. Collingwood. It was a passionate
letter, taking a very unjust view of the case as regarded all who were likely to be adverse to Grant; but it showed that the writer, a woman of spirit and education, believed in her brother as one who, but for evil hap, would have done honour to his name; and bitterly lamented that she could not come forward to help him in his present distress.

I was sorry to have to lose Merton before his friend had declared in favour of our wishes. He left us on Thursday, having indeed allowed himself but scant time for necessary preparation for his Spanish trip.

The Saturday following, Grant, who was just able to crawl downstairs, dined with me at my usual early hour; and finding the sun very warm on the front windows, I afterwards induced him to take to the drawing-room sofa, where he presently fell asleep. I strayed into the garden to look at my flowers, and held some conversation with Mrs. Barncliffe about the state of our charge. Then hearing my gate bell loudly ringing, as if it were possible I had fastened up the balcony steps intending to caution Barbara they must be received in the parlour. I was too late, for as I entered Mr. Mainwaring crossed the room from the opposite doorway and advanced to take my hand. As he did so he saw Grant’s extended figure.

“So that it be!” he said in a low tone. “I wondered if he noticed the resemblance I could trace to Helen.”

“Will you come into the other room?” I asked.

“I wished to speak with him,” he said; “so perhaps it may be as well to go through with it.”

I went up to Grant and brushed back the dulse curls from his forehead. He woke with a sigh.

“Grant,” I said; “some one wishes to speak with you; it is Mr. Mainwaring.”

Grant started at the name, and all likeness to Helen fled from his countenance. He rose to his feet, but weakness compelled his leaning on the arm of the sofa; so, with something of a flush varying the sallow paleness of his cheek, but a half-dogged stare in his black eyes, he stood confronting Arden.

“Mrs. Gainsborough,” said that gentleman, “you know I have the character of being a good nurse, so I hope you can trust me alone with your patient.”

“I hesitated, looking from one to the other, but seeing Mr. Mainwaring’s self-government was equal to the occasion, could not refuse his request from fear that Grant’s unruly temper would mar his own interests. So I left the two, at last face to face; and withdrew to the shady walk under my garden wall, revolving the matter they were engaged upon in rather an anxious mood.

In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Mainwaring joined me. He was grave and quiet, but my apprehensive look brought a smile to his lips as his eyes rested on my face.

“What were you afraid of, Mrs. Gainsborough?” he asked.

“I am afraid Grant Wainwright is his own worst enemy. His temper once roused he is reckless about himself, and the sudden sight of you I fear had that effect. You may think it weak of me to take any interest in him, but if you have seen him suffer as I have seen him—”

“Women are very apt to have that sort of weakness,” Mr. Mainwaring said, “and I happen to know from experience that my friend Mrs. Gainsborough is not at all strong-minded in such cases.”

I did not at once think to what he alluded, being so bent on Grant’s affair. He went on.

“You say well the man is his own worst enemy. I have reason enough indeed to be inimical to him, he has cost me and my dear Helen trouble enough, and I am far from convinced that in the interests of justice I ought to let him off; but look at the position I find myself in. Firstly, Morton Brown has taken upon him to be counsel for the defendant; secondly, Helen says, ‘Arden, I won’t say anything,’ but her eyes say a good deal, and her tongue cannot quite refrain. ‘He fell among thieves, you know,’ is her plea; not at all a fair one, for he chose his own company. Well, thirdly, Mrs. Gainsborough has taken him under her wing; fourthly, Mrs. Cargill offers to be bail for him that he’ll never do the like again, and this morning a note came to me from the old man, his father, desiring earnestly to see me; of course I knew what for. So I determined it was time I should take counsel with my own opinion of the delinquent. I came here accordingly and found nothing in his favour, only that I am reminded by sight of the house that the loss of Helen of Darliston might drive a lover out of his wits and make a very bad boy of him. I am sure you must see that it would be much pleasanter to me to concede the point than not. I was quite in a humour to make things easy; but as you say, the man is his own enemy. I don’t know, Mrs. Gainsborough, if you can help me to understand him. You say he has suffered, and I can well believe that, and am not vindictive enough to wish him to suffer more; but common sense requires that we do not leave a bad man free to do more mischief by any means law can restrain him. Something like penitence should precede pardon.”

“I believe pride has made him raise a mask before you. He has many times to me shown regret at his disgraceful conduct, and I believe at heart is at least conscious of shame.”

“I could see no trace of such feeling. He insolently refused me the only pledge I felt it was imperative to demand, a very moderate one; simply that he would henceforward refrain from disputing my rights over my own wife.”

“Oh, he could not mean it. Give him a little time for thought, and I am sure he will satisfy you that he does not now dream of interfering with Helen. He knows too well he would only incur her contempt.”
Dariiston.

"That is not the point, Mrs. Gainsborough; he offers a qualified promise which would be sufficient to free me from any fear that Helen would be disturbed by his pretensions. The contingency under which he would claim exemption is one that never shall occur, but it is a little too much that he should dare to present it as a threat over my head. He is to be judge, forsooth, whether I behave properly to his cousin Helen, and will not pledge himself to any forbearance if he considers I do not. Mrs. Gainsborough," Arden continued, "have you ever heard any scandals about me? Those whom such things concern are often the most ignorant of them, and I have no idea of having incurred any; but it appeared to me that yonder buoey darkly hinted something like it."

"I do not think any ill-omens are current about you. Witham, I know, scandalized you to Grant, but he is not so foolish as to attach importance to anything he may have asserted. In his heart I have little doubt he acquits you."

"I do not care particularly about his good opinion, but I should not like to suffer in yours."

And then quitting the subject for another very interesting for me, I heard with pleasure it was decided that Valentine Merivale was to have the management of farming affairs at Darliston.

I could perceive Grant was not in a temper to be reasoned with, so forbore touching on the subject till evening. Before that came he had had one of his fits of heavy depression, and I had to exert myself to rouse him out of it. When he had a little recovered, I asked:

"What did you think of Mr. Mainwaring this morning?"

"Think of him? not quite so much as he thinks of himself, I daresay. I see nothing particular about him to make women fall in love with him. He has an aristocratic sort of noise, and a way of looking at your eyes as if he meant to read you through: he didn't read me though."

"No, I hope not. I know it was no bright page you presented. Was it not very wicked of you, Grant, to thwart your friends with your perversity? What could you mean by refusing to concede what was so reasonable a request? You do not, I know, dream of playing the same bad game over again, and you know that, come what may, Helen will be a loyal wife."

"Oh, I am not such a fool as to doubt that. There never was woman of our stock that was otherwise. He is safe enough, but it was a pleasure to make him feel a little wholesome doubt."

"Oh, Grant, was that all? It was very paltry of you."

"Well, I don't see that. And don't you perceive, Mrs. Gainsborough, there could be no harm in his knowing that if he did not use Helen well there was one would be after him."

"How trying you are, Grant. Why should he not use her well? You don't know Mr. Mainwaring, or you would not talk so."

"Wouldn't I? I'm not so sure. I've heard strange tales of him."

"From Witham?"

"Well, they're likely not all true, but I dare say some of them are."

"I am afraid, Grant, you wish to think Mr. Mainwaring unworthy."

"No, I don't. I wish him to behave well now, whatever he may have been. I'd give my right hand, and I know what it is to miss it, to insure Helen's happiness. Yes, even if I were never to look on her again; only I'd like to hear her say she forgave what's past. I hope he'll make her a good husband I'm sure; but just see, Mrs. Gainsborough—he didn't love her when he took her. I don't say he does not now, and he means well no doubt. But there's his cousin who was his first love, and there's his fine lady mother; both like to fling money about, and neither is over particular how it comes into her hands. See if the two together don't wheedle him out of thinking any more of Helen than that she is a right sort to look after the servants at home, while they are the right sort to help him to spend her money. You may look shocked, Mrs. Gainsborough, but you'll see that it is so; and Helen's not one to stand by tamely, for she's got spirit and common sense. And when they find they can't make her eat humble pie, they will turn to and worry the life out of her with their fine aristocratic airs and pretensions. I say if he don't stand up for her then, I don't see why I should be bound to let her be trampled upon."

Although I believed that stubborn pride and prejudice were much more concerned in these opinions than Grant himself was aware of, there was a degree of rightful interest in Helen's welfare, and a glimmering of probability in his surmises, which made me answer him with greater patience.

"You could do nothing, Grant, even if the case were so. This unfortunate affair is enough to prevent your ever being useful to Helen in any way of championship. If you desire to be friends with her, give the pledge Mr. Mainwaring requires of you."

CHAPEL LVII.

ACCUSER AND ACCUSED: THEY CHANGE PLACES. A JUDGMENT REVERSED.

While I was at church on Sunday Mr. George Wainwright called at Fairclough, and had a long interview with his son. He had been during the previous week at the Rood Farm, and had written me a letter stating his wish to talk with Grant seriously concerning his condition. He apologized for having been carried away on a previous occasion by the force of his feelings; and thanking me for the trouble I had taken in nursing his son, promised nothing should occur likely to retard his recovery.
I was anxious nevertheless to know how Grant had borne this interview, but was delayed for some time by the presence of Mrs. Merrivale, who walked with me from church and accepted my invitation to enter my house. She was desirous of thanking me for my interest in favour of Valentine, and had a message for me from Alfred, who had had to go to Lancaster to give testimony against certain of the offenders. The horse-dealer Benson had been implicated by the confession of one of the gang taken at Clink Castle, and Alfred said he appeared terribly frightened, and was very likely to make further revelations.

Mrs. Merrivale had other matters of interest to speak of, and asked me more questions than I quite liked to answer about my poor patient. Grant was silent and sad over dinner, but there was a mildness about him which I thought augured well for the tendency of what had passed between his father and himself. Miss Gray had sent me some apricots from her garden; and when the cloth was removed, he asked if I had had a good sermon, and spoke a few words of merited praise of our vicar, adding: "He thinks me a very difficult subject to deal with; I fancy; I dare say I am. I am sure I have given a deal of trouble on all sides. Aren't you tired of me, Mrs. Gainsborough?" "Not yet," I answered. "My mother has written to me," he said. "She asks me to come home; but even if I were free to do so, I could not. I don't want to vex her, but I couldn't." "When you are out of Dr. Crutchley's hands it might be the best place for you to go to gain strength." "No, Mrs. Gainsborough, you don't know how it is. After the disgrace I have brought on my family do you think I could endure home? My brothers and I never could get on well at the best of times. Jack's my father's favourite, and my mother thinks Harry an ass; but he's handsome. Now Georgie is married there's not one at home but would wish me away even if all this had not happened. It is good of them to talk of it, but, I was glad enough to come to Darliston; oh, the fool I have been!"

He turned his face from me, and presently rose and threw himself wearily on the sofa. Then he resumed:

"Can you guess, Mrs. Gainsborough, what is the best bit of consolation I get out of all that has come to pass of late?"

"No, Grant; what is it?"

"That my poor old uncle is in the state he is in. He was really good to me; kinder by far than any of them at home, except Georgie. I think he really was fond of me, and when I think I—oh, Mrs. Gainsborough, I have been a fool! There's nothing bad enough to say for myself. I never thought what I owed him till now, when I feel I dare not face him. I would not have him know I had proved such an ungrateful scoundrel for the world. I hope he never will know it."

"Grant, you will have to face him in time to come, when all secrets will be revealed. I wish you would remember there is another who has been more than father to you; who has borne long with your wilful pride, your persistent ingratitude; and yet is willing to love you."

Grant was silent after this, but something indefinable in his manner gave me satisfaction. I left him to attire myself for walking to Darliston when Nanny Cargill should be returning from afternoon service. I had not yet felt so hopeful of Grant as I did at this hour, and as I re-entered and took up a position at the window, looking across the road to a field of ripe wheat on the hill-side, a dreamy consciousness of its golden beauty under the September sunshine seemed to mingle with my thoughts and harmonise them to happiness.

Grant's eyes had been averted when I entered: he opened them now and observed my dress. "You are going out?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. "I shall not be very long; but I do not like to miss a day, as it is so uncertain how long she may be there."

"I ought to write to Mr. Mainwaring," he said; "but have only a left hand to manage with. I was thinking of asking you to do it for me this evening."

"Perhaps I may see him alone. Can I say anything for you?"

"I have no right, I know, to spare myself trouble that may stand off further disgrace from my father and the rest of them. I don't want to ask favours of Mr. Mainwaring, but I think he did not quite understand me about Helen. I think very likely a man like him could not. I don't mean to trouble her now she's his wife, but she may live to feel the want of some one belonging to her, and I won't consent to tie my hands more than they are tied; I will not be bound to keep from giving her a brother's help. If only for the old man's sake I won't give up such promises."

"But consider, has not the past justified Mr. Mainwaring in the worst view he can take of your conduct towards his wife? Is it to be supposed that while he lives Helen can want for your assistance, brotherly or not? The supposition is insulting to him."

"Oh, you think he can't do wrong; I see that, Mrs. Gainsborough; but you don't know what these gay men of pleasure are. He won't let another man interfere with his rights—that of course; but he knows if he were in my case he would not be to be trusted, that's it."

I was so provoked I could not help saying, "Really, Grant, considering all things, it is a little too absurd that you should set yourself up as superior in morality to Mr. Mainwaring."

"So—a day's madness is to level me with the lowest profligates, I suppose," he said with bitterness. "I might have been ten times the sinner I have been without offending against the laws of the land or being looked down upon by respectable people."
"Oh, Grant, think if he had failed to rescue her."

Poor Grant's pride is very ready to rise when Mr. Mainwaring is in question, but these words stilled it in a moment. They did more, more than I intended, though perhaps not more than was wholesome for him. I had to let Mrs. Cargill went her way alone, and address myself to the task of supporting my patient under one of those fearful fits of prostration so difficult to deal with.

I believe the fact is that there are times when his mind fails to entertain the truth in respect to his recent deeds; when he reverts, as it were, to his former opinion of himself. But when these truths come sweeping back upon his mind, showing him, as I think they do, that the blackened likeness of himself now before the world is a portrait undeniable, then he is overwhelmed.

My hope is that better perceptions are beginning to dawn upon him, that he begins to see that the acts which tell so fearfully against him were the natural result of the state of heathenish forgetfulness in which he was before living; all the real difference between his present and former self being that before this opportunity for overt wickedness, temptation of the kind had not come in his way. Other temptations, other opportunities for evil, the strength denied him in some respects, all righting form habit may have enabled him to withstand. But he did not look beyond such strength, and who is safe in that alone?

Most men when they fall under temptation seek consolation in thinking others only need to be tempted to fall as low as themselves; and this may be one reason why Grant is always harrying on and cherishing the supposition that Mr. Mainwaring is partaker of all the misdeeds that people are wont to stigmatize his class with. It is exceedingly unfair towards him, and not what Grant would approve of in his own case.

I was at Darliston early next morning, and met Mr. Mainwaring in the hall. In answer to my inquiry after Helen, he told me she was getting quite saucy, and almost able to walk over and see me; "though, of course," he added, "she cannot do so while that black pet-lamb of yours is at Fairditch. How is he progressing?"

"But slowly," I answered; and then I stated that Grant had admitted his obstinacy had not proceeded from any latent hope of winning Helen's affection from him; but that, taking for premises that she was likely to be slighted by his high-born relatives, he had also assumed that he might from too great partiality to them, refrain from supporting her rightful claims. "It is a view of the case," I said in conclusion, "which many who do not know you would be likely to take."

"Mr. Grant Wainwright has no right to question either my intentions now, or my conduct hereafter," Mr. Mainwaring replied; "the matter to be considered is what his own has been, but what think you, Mrs. Gainsborough, have you any such fears?"

"I am quite content with Helen's choice: I think you know that, Mr. Mainwaring, at the same time—" I hesitated.

"Pray go on. I know you are a friend to me as well as to Helen, and I wish you to speak freely."

"I do fear, then, that Helen may find some serious difficulties before her in regard to your mother, because she is so much attached to her niece, and it is certain Lady Althea is no friend of Helen's. I cannot think it would be well she should make long visits in any house where that lady resides.

Mr. Mainwaring looked thoughtful. "There are indeed," he said, "some special difficulties before us, but I trust they are not insurmountable. You may trust me that Helen's happiness will be my dearest care; but nothing less than the necessity of defending that happiness, could induce me to give up the place beside my mother, which has only son, her only child, should occupy. You may not be aware that seven years ago my mother, in order to save Lord Cardington from something like bankruptcy, gave up her life-rent of seven hundred a-year on the Shuttleworth property in Westmoreland, only stipulating with her brother that she should henceforth share his home. Lord Cardington is rich enough to her, and not ungrateful for what was indeed an act of much self-sacrifice on her part, though she was not the only sufferer. As my mother is satisfied to continue this arrangement, and from habit would not, it is probable, be happy in a small establishment, it would be very undesirable that I should interfere. While I am Lord St. George's secretary, I can count on residence with him in such sort as will, I am sure, suffice all the modest requirements, but I can entertain no visitors—at least as residents. I shall, doubtless, enjoy occasional leave of absence; and of course, while Mr. Wainwright lives, we shall be as often as possible at Darliston; still, wherever my mother is, whether at Cardington Castle or elsewhere, there must be, while Lady Althea remains unmarried, frequent occasions for contact between her and my Helen; so I can only say, Mrs. Gainsborough, trust me to defend my wife against all assailants—this fair foe included!"

"There, then, I promise to be happy on the subject till further notice."

"I shall tell Helen to write to you as freely as if you were her mother: I think you have a right to know how all goes with her; you have taken so kindly an interest in her welfare: but I must caution you not to judge hastily even from what you may hear of my conduct. In taking up the position which alone will guarantee future peace in my family, I have no easy task before me."

I fancy I see him sitting in the old window recess, with the line of thought much more strongly defined on his handsome brow than is usual at two-and-twenty. Then the raised head,
the smile, and passing away of all clouds when, through the half-open door, voices were heard on the staircase.

"There are the girls. Helen, darling, Mrs. Gainsborough is here."

I sat with them in the orchard for nearly an hour, discussing contemplated alterations and improvements in Darliston Hall. Mr. Mainwaring hoped they might be at liberty to spend Christmas there, and though at the present pleasant season a summer house in the orchard sufficed to content them, it was manifestly desirable there should be other accommodation for the winter. At the last Arcen filled my pockets with choice pears, which he had mounted a tall tree to gather, and as I cried "enough," good-humouredly reminded me I should want some for my pet-lamb.

i Happiness ought to make men merciful, and yet was very plain that Mr. Mainwaring was happy; but it pleased me as well on Grant’s account as his own. I was the more desirous that the best possible feeling should subsist between the two, in that I heard it was probable that day’s post might bring my friends marching orders. Mr. Mainwaring promised if those orders brooked no delay, he would drive over in the evening and bring me to spend another hour with Helen. It was so: when I met him at the door he told me they were to start for London early next morning, and on the following day proceed to Paris.

"Helen is not afraid of the journey," he said.

"Miss Ainslie and Alice have been very kind in assisting her this afternoon in packing her apology for a trousseau. If, as is likely, I am required to be very busy while I am in Paris, I hope she will be able to find some amusement in shopping and sight-seeing in company with a lady now residing there, who was one of my earliest friends; I have written already requesting she will seek a suitable file de chambre to attend my wife. And now, Mrs. Gainsborough, I have this affair to settle. In what humour shall I find your patient this evening?"

"He has suffered much from pain in the side; I fear you may find him irritable. However, he is certainly more anxious for favour at your hands. His sister in London has written to him again."

"I have a Lancaster newspaper you must see; the horse-dealer Benson’s confession is in it. He says a good deal on the subject of Witham’s attempts upon the heiress—that was one on the march!"

"I thought so; and does he mention Grant Wainwright?"

"Yes—in a manner that will not at all flatter him—but it shows the part he played was rather that of a fool than rogue. It may be as well I should not take him by surprise; will you let him know I wish to speak with him? And, Mrs. Gainsborough, stay with us; your presence may influence him for good!"

I went into the drawing-room and said, "Grant, I am sure it depends on yourself to have that which hangs over you removed. You have proved that there are some who are truly concerned for your welfare: for their sakes, if not for your own, curb your unruly spirit. Mr. Mainwaring wishes to see you, and he leaves early to-morrow."

"I’ll not vex him if I can help it," he said; "shall I go to him, or is he coming here?"

"He knows you are very unwell: keep to your sofa, and, if you will take my advice, be as silent as you can. Hear him, and think twice before you speak."

"Ah, he’s what you women think a very fascinating person; but his appearance is anything but charming to me, I can tell you. However, I know which way my interest lies—I mean to keep a quiet tongue in my head if he don’t try me too much."

I ushered Mr. Mainwaring in, and sat down with my work at the table. No salutations passed, only Grant made a change in his position on the sofa so as to face the visitor.

"You have considered my proposal, I hope, Mr. Wainwright?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I do not think you quite understood me." He paused, as if he expected Mr. Mainwaring to speak; but, as he continued silent, proceeded: "Helen has made her choice, and will abide by it, I know. I threw away my chance when I had it, and am not such a fool as to suppose now that I have any against you. I never had any skill in winning women’s affections; you have, and I daresay can keep what you gain if you please."

I wished he had minded my counsel better. The last sentence sounded either like flattery or sarcasm, and I could tell it would not please.

"Mr. Wainwright," Arden said, "I am not here to discuss questions of feeling with you, and will have no word said on the subject of affection between my wife and myself; it is our own affair. I have heard from Mrs. Gainsborough that you ground your opposition to what I believed a reasonable demand, on the idea that, as a relative, it is still your duty to stand prepared to defend your cousin. Granting full force to the adverse circumstances leading to my marriage, what right or reason have you for supposing I shall fail in supporting my wife in the position towards myself or others which is her due, or cause her to regret she has trusted to my protection in life?"

"It is not my interest to offend you, Mr. Mainwaring; but, can you say that no woman hitherto has trusted to your protection, and not found cause to rue it? What of Mary Granger?"

"Mary Granger? Who is she?"

"Do you mean to deny her very name?"

"I do deny recollection of it, Mr. Wainwright; you have suffered yourself to be deluded into believing some fable!"

"No such thing, Mr. Mainwaring. If only Witham had told me of it, I should have clasped it with the rest of his lies, but I have seen Mary Granger in London and heard from her own lips quite enough coupled with what I already
knew. I can mention the names of at least three gentlemen whose respectability you cannot deny—they all saw you kiss her and give her money!”

Mary Granger? I was sure I had heard the name before, and that it was down somewhere in my diary.

“Some old affair, it must be,” Mr. Mainwaring said. “When a boy I was rather profuse with money and possibly with kisses also—though I think I can say they rarely went together. I can recall no such matter in connection with any Mary Granger, and am at a loss to imagine anything of the sort that can bear on the matter between us. Unless you can show it may, it would be better to return to that matter. We are keeping Mrs. Gainsborough waiting.”

“Perhaps Mrs. Gainsborough had better be putting on her bonnet,” suggested Grant.

“I could tell his temper was fairly up,” I said. “I am in no particular hurry, I said. “Well, go or stay, as you please; only I was going to speak of this boisterous affair of Mr. Mainwaring’s, and it might be difficult to put it in words fit for a lady to hear.”

I rose, exceedingly annoyed. Mr. Mainwaring rose too and arrested my leaving. His colour was somewhat higher than usual, but his glance reassured me. Mrs. Gainsborough,” he said, “I entreat you to stay. There is no truth that can be said of me in connection with any woman in the world which is unfit for you to listen to. If you leave now I cannot accord Mr. Wainwright that grace I came prepared to grant; it will bear the appearance of a compromise.”

“Proceed, sir, he continued; “and if it may spare Mrs. Gainsborough the recital of a scandalous tale, I will allow our positions to be reversed, and give you leave to question me respecting my past conduct. Only, leave out the urmise, and keep to what you have heard on respectable authority.”

The quiet fearlessness of Mr. Mainwaring’s tone was not without effect on Grant. I believe he did think twice before he next spoke.

“Squire Boradaile, of the Leas, Mr. Thorpe, of Branxton, and James Prendergast, the younger, were the three gentlemen I referred to. I shall not say which of the three was my informant.”

“Very good witnesses; and I remember what they witnessed. But I thought the girl was old Martin the gardener’s daughter?”

“No; he married her mother, and she’s dead. Worse shame to the villain, whoever he was that led her astray.”

“So be it. I never saw her from that hour to this.”

“You admit that you kissed her?”

“I admit it. We were bound for the hunt and all brought flowers from her. I had to ask her for change. While putting the flower in my coat she asked me how I would have it. Her pretty face said ‘kiss me’ as plain as if she had spoken the words. I kissed her.”

“You would have done better if you had boxed her ears.”

“Perhaps it would have been a wiser charity; but courtesy comes most readily.”

“You wrote to her and sent her presents. You gave her your watch.”

“Surmise, Mr. Wainwright, and altogether wrong. I have worn the same watch these ten years; it was my father’s.”

“She told me so. At least, Mr. Mainwaring, it is fair that I should say she did not mention your name; but all she told us concerning the man who misled her made it seem as plain as possible it was you; it could be no other. Besides, you had dealings with Kirby; you sold your horses to him.”

“I did sell two horses to a person of that name; he bought them out of the stables at Cardington. What had he to do with the matter?”

“He married her last March; but she says he has a wife living.”

The missing link in my memory was now supplied, and others brought into connection with it. I spoke:

“Grant, will you state precisely what words of Mrs. Kirby’s led to your supposing Mr. Mainwaring was the person she was speaking about?”

“Mrs. Gainsborough,” he said, “I did not hear her speak it all myself, she was more reserved with me. I was young. It was a gentleman whose name I ought not perhaps to mention, but whose veracity cannot be questioned, who first saw her in London. She was in great distress, and asked money from him to pay her lodging, as the man she had married had taken all from her and abandoned her. It was known it was all wrong with her before she fled from her stepfather’s, and he, the gentleman, asked how she could have been such a fool as to be led away by such a man as Kirby, a drunkard and in years. Then she confessed it was another; that he was young and good-looking. A grand gentleman who might be a lord some day, and whom all the fine ladies were in love with. He had given her handsome presents and she was sure he would have married her, only he was in difficulties, and his friends insisted on his marrying some one with a fortune. He took me to her lodgings and I questioned her myself on the last point: she did not deny that it was my cousin she meant by the lady with money.”

“Grant, might not an ignorant country girl, taking all his professions for granted, say all this—of Witham?”

“Witham?” Grant repeated; his face underwent a succession of varied changes of expression, and muttering something between his teeth, he sunk back on the sofa. I was afraid he was fainting; but presently he appeared to recover, and looked to me for further information.

I told that Mrs. Merrivale had informed me that a girl she knew, who had been begrudged by the flatteries of this pretended gentleman, and
The Peach.

I wander forth amid the twilight dim,
The breeze and trees all whisper me of him.
The lark with dew upon his wings and feet,
The thrush and blackbird the same tale repeat.

Ah! would I haunt the grief aside could cast,
To be like gloom of winter gone and past.
Oh, gentle Spring! Oh Spring so fair and kind
Since thou art come with balmy dew and wind,
Is it a dream, joy is not far behind?

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The Light of To-day.

Let us bask in the light of to-day, love,
For to-morrow false fortune may be done;
Let us bask in the light of to-day, love,
For the shadows are just coming down.

O the summer flowers have perished, love,
And shadows hang over the day;
O the dreams we fondly cherished, love,
Are rapidly passing away.

Passing away like morning dreams, love,
That brought a dead friend back for an hour;
Passing away like summer streams, love,
Away, away, like a frail autumn flower.

The ouzel chants when spring is new, love,
The rivers ripple and sing as they run;
The swallows come when skies are blue, love,
To bask in the light of the summer sun.

The dark waves drink each ray of light, love,
That falls from sun, or star, or moon;
So let us bask in our day of light, love,
For the shadows will come full soon.

Merlin.

Dawning Light.

By Ada Trevanian.

He went, and night came as it never came,
Its purple gloom and stars seemed not the same.
And when the morning mocked the desolate,
Its lingering chime sounded like voice of Fate.

"Twas autumn then, it is the spring-time now,
Tender green leaves are on the hawthorn bough.
Were here we should wander in the woods,
To search for violets, and watch the buds.

I heave regretful sighs at early dawn,
That without him another day is born.
I stand at noon upon the lawn's green slope,
And at my heart is pulsing childish hope,

The Peach.

By the late James Edmeston, of Homerton.

I was born on a day of blossoming spring,
When the skylark first outspread his wing,
When the highest can soar and sweetest sigh;
Where the sun shines brightest,
Where the zephyr breathes lightest;
Where the butterflies play,
Where the honeybees stray.

There I bask'd the summer long day,
And every morning fresh and new,
I drank full draughts of the choicest dew,
And the summer roll'd on full gay;
But the sun shone bright,
And the zephyr breath'd light;
And I drank the dew,
So fresh and so new,
To heighten my bloom,
To enrich my perfume.

And ripen my flavour my lady for you,
Then here I tie your humble slave,
And this is the only boon I crave;
That you praise my perfume,
My flavour, my bloom,
When you lay me at last in my coral grave,
LETTERS, &c., OF LORD BYRON.

Ravenna, Jan. 2, 1820.

...... What does she say now, when, if I can believe the papers, the very members of Government are transferring property even to the French funds? ...... since, if the funds were to go, you do not suppose that I would sit down quietly under it. No; in that case I will make one amongst them, if we are to come to buffeting, and perhaps not the mildest. I would wish to finish my days in quiet; but, should the time arrive when it becomes the necessity of every man to act, however reluctantly, upon the circumstances of the country, I won't be roused up for nothing; and if I do take a part it will be such a one as my opinion of mankind—a temper not softened by what it has seen and undergone, a mind grown indifferent to pursuits and results, but capable of efforts and strength under oppression or stimulus, but without ambition, because it looks upon all human attempts as conducting to no rational or practical advantage—would induce me to adopt. ...... And perhaps such a man, forced to act from necessity, would, with the temper I have described, be about as dangerous an animal as ever joined in ravage. ...... There are more than I am inclined to trust to my own temper, or to have to act in such scenes as I think must soon ensue in England. It is this made me think of South America, or the Cape, or Turkey, or anywhere so that I can but preserve my independence of means to live withal. But if, in this coming crisis, my fortunes are to be swept down with the rest, why, then, the only barrier which holds me aloof from taking a part in these miserable contests being broken down, I shall fight my battle too, with what success I know not, but with what moderation I know but too well.

If you but know how I despise and abhor all these men, and all these things, you would easily suppose how reluctantly I contemplate being called upon to act with or against any of the parties. All I desire is to preserve what remains of the fortunes of our house, and then they may do as they please. The other day I wrote to you from here, Address to Venice as usual.

Ravenna, Oct. 18, 1820.

...... Sir Walter Scott says, in the beginning of "The Abbot," "that every five years we find ourselves another and yet the same, with a change of views, and no less of light, in which we regard them, a change of motives as well as of actions." This, I presume, applies still more to those who have passed their five years in foreign countries. For my part I suppose I am two others, for it seems some fool has been betting that he saw me in London the other day in a curricle. If he had said a canoe it would have been much more likely. And you—what have your five years done? ...... in short, we are five years older in fact, and I at least ten in appearance. ...... So, for Murray is gathered to his masters as you say, the very ghosts have died with him. Newstead and he went almost together, and now the B's must earn them out another inheritance. If I had had a son I should never have parted with it...... These, concurring with other circumstances, rendered the disposal of the Abbey necessary, and not improper. ...... I can say little to you of Italy, except that it is in a very distracted state. In England The——has been bountiful to scandal-mongers. ...... You see what those sort of fellows are (counsellors), and how they prey on a cause of this kind, like crows on carrion. ...... I have got a flourishing family (besides A.). Here are two cats, six dogs, a badger, a falcon, a tame crow, and a monkey. The fox died, and a civet cat ran away. With the exception of an occasional civil war about provisions they agree to admiration, and do not make much more noise than a well-behaved nursery. I have also eight horses, four carriages, and go prancing about daily, present up to the middle in mire, for here have been the autumnal rains, and drenched everything—amongst other things myself — yesterday. I got soaked through cloak and all, and the horse through his skin, I believe. ......

Ravenna, Nov. 9, 1820.

You will, I hope, have received a long letter from me, not long ago. ...... has just written that Waite is dead. Poor fellow! he and Blake both deceased. What is to become of our hair and teeth?* The hair is less to be minded: anybody can cut hair, though not so well; but the mouth is a still more serious concern. Has he no successor? pray tell the next best, for what am I to do for brushes and powder? And then the children—what will become of their jaws? Such men ought to be immortal, and not your stupid heroes, orators, and poets. Besides, I liked him with all his coxcomery. Let me know what we are all to do, and to whom we can have recourse for our cleaning, scaling, and powder. ...... How is ——'s rabbit-warren of a family? I gave you an account of mine in my last letter. The child is well, but the

* Waite, as will be perceived, was Lord Byron's favourite dentist. He was a great dandy, and had the happiest opinion of his own personal attractions. He particularly piqued himself on inflicting little or no pain on his patients, and occasionally dismissed persons, who came to have large teeth drawn, with the remark, "I am not a butcher!"
monkey has got a cough, and the same crow has lately suffered from the headache. — has been bled for a stitch, and looks flourishing again. Pray write. Excuse this short scrawl, &c., &c.

Genoa, Oct. 12, 1822.

My date will inform you that I am an hundred miles or better nearer to you than I was. Address to Genoa, where we all are for the present, i.e., the family of Count Gamba, who left Romagna in 1821 with us on account of the political troubles, together with myself, &c., &c.

I was for four days confined to my bed in the worst inn’s worst room at Servia, on my way here. No physician except a young Italian in no practice...... both sides have hitherto proceeded as they did in the feudal times, when people used to shake hands, with iron gauntlets on, through a hole in a door, after being searched for concealed arms by way of ascertaining the sincerity of their politeness.

Alboni, Genoa, Nov. 7th, 1822.

I have yours of the 25th. My illness is quite gone; it was only at Servia. On the fourth night I had got a little sleep, and was so weak that, though I had slightly shocks of an earthquake that frightened the whole town into the street, neither they nor the tumult awakened me. We have had a deluge here, which has carried away half the country between this and Genoa (about two miles or less distant); but, being on a hill, we were only nearly knocked down by the lightning, and battered by columns of rain, and our lower floor afloat, with the comfortable view of the whole landscape under water, and people screaming out of their garret windows: two bridges swept down, and our next-door neighbours, a cober, a wig-maker, and a gingerbread baker, delivering their whole stock to the electric cathedrals which marched away with a quantity of shoes, several perukes, and gingerbread in all its branches. The whole came on so suddenly that there was no time to prepare. Think, only, at the top of a hill, of the road being an impassable cascade, and a child being drowned a few yards from its own door (as we heard say), in a place where water is, in general, a rare commodity. Well, after all this, comes a preaching-friar, and says, that the day of judgment will take place positively on the fourth, with all kinds of tempest and what not, in consequence of which, the whole city (except some imps of scoffers) sent him presents to arrest the wrath of heaven by his prayers; and even the English cathedrals have warned the captain of ships, who, to mend the matter, almost all bought new cables and anchors by way of weathering the gale: but the fourth turned out a very fine day. All those who had paid their money are excessively angry, and insist upon either having the day of judgment or their cash again, but the friar seems to be “no money to be returned,” and he says he merely made a mistake in the time, for the day of judgment will certainly come for all that, either here or in some other part of Italy. This has a little pacified the expectants. You will think this is a fiction; inquire further, then. The populace actually used to go and kiss the fellow’s feet in the streets. His sermon, however, had effect upon some, for they gave a ball on the third, and a tradesman brought me an overcharge on the same day, upon which, I threatened him with the frar, but he said that that was a reason for being paid on the third, as he had a sum to make up for his last accounts. There seem to have been all kinds of tempests all over the globe, and, for my part, it would not surprise me if the earth should get a little tired of the tyrants and slaves who disturb her surface. I have also had a love-letter from Pimlico, from a lady whom I never saw in my life, for having written “Don Juan!” I suppose that she is either mad...... Do you remember Constantia and Echo and la Sciasse and all my other inamorati? When I was “gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,” and was myself in love with a certain silly person...... But I have grown very good now, and think all such things vanities—which is a very proper opinion at thirty-four. I always say four till the five is out. Since I last wrote I had three slight letters, which I did not send, thinking it useless. You will please to recollect that you would not be required to know any Italian acquaintances of mine. The Countess of G—— has a distant quarter of the city, and generally lives with her father and brother, who were exiled on account of politics, and she obliged to go with them, or be shut up in a convent. We are all in the same house just now, only because our ambassador recommended it. It is safer for them in these suspicious times. As to our liaison, you know that all foreign ladies and most English have an amisité of the same kind, or not so good, perhaps, as ours has lasted nearly four years.

Genoa, Dec. 22nd, 1822.

..... My real instructions are in a letter to Murray of last summer, and the simples, possible, as well as the inscription. But it has been my lot through life to be never pardoned and almost always misunderstood; however, I will go on and fight it out—at least till I survive (if it should be so) the few who would be sorry that they had outlived me. The story of this child’s burial is the epitome or miniature of the story of my life. My regard for her and my attachment for the spot where she is buried (Harrow) made me wish that she should be buried where, though I never was happy, I was ones less miserable as a boy, in which I should be buried; and you see how they have distorted this, as they do everything, into some story about...... I have not read the book you mention, nor indeed heard of it. I am glad that you like “Werner.” The story of the “German’s Tale” from which I took it had a strange effect upon me when I read it as a boy, and it has haunted me ever since, from some singular conformity between it and my ideas.
You will have time to think of the project by spring, and can then decide as you please. You must not believe the nonsense about the Hunts residing with me: I do not see them three times in a month, and they reside at some distance, and if you came to Nice, and I went there, they would be probably in Tuscany at any rate, not near me. The political circumstances of Count Gamba’s family I already explained to you, and that it is by the English minister’s desire that they are near me, as a protection to them for the present. You would see nothing of them. I must tell you an anecdote of her, the sister and daughter of the Count G——. When Allegra died, as she (the Countess G——) had left everything, and was persecuted by her husband before the Pope, I wished to bequeath to her the same sum (£5,000) I had left in my will to Allegra; but she refused, in the most positive terms, not only, as she said, as a degradation to her, but injustice to my daughter and to your children.

Genoa, Feb., 1823.

You cannot conceive how such things harass me, and provoke me into expressions which I momentarily feel. . . . . . Your informant was, as usual, in error. Do not believe all the lies you may hear. I can tell you I have not been on the island, since I was of Modena 12 years old, and had a back one taken out by G. Dumergue to make room for others growing; and so far from being fatter, at present I am much thinner than when I left England, when I was not very stout: the latter you will regret; the former you will be glad to hear. . . . can tell you all particulars; though I am much reduced since he saw me, and more than you would like. Perhaps we may meet in the spring, either here or in England. I write to you these few lines in haste. —— says you’re coming out—the best thing which you could do, for yourself and me too.

Cephalonia, Oct. 12th, 1823.

. . . . . You ask why I come up amongst the Greeks. It was stated to me that my so doing might tend to their advantage, in some measure, in their present struggle for independence, both as an individual and as a member of the committee now in England. How far this may be realized I cannot pretend to anticipate; but I am wishing to do what I can. They have at length found leisure to quarrel among themselves, after repelling their other enemies; and it is no very easy part I may have to play to avoid appearing partial to one or other of their factions. They have turned out Mavrocudotii, who was the only Washington or Kosciusko kind of man amongst them; and they have not yet sent their deputies to London to treat about a loan, nor in short done themselves so much good as they might have done. I have written to Mr. . . . three several times, with a budget of documents on the subject, from which he can extract all the urgent information for the committee at Tussoliza and Salamis, and am waiting for instructions where to proceed; for things are in such a state amongst them, that it is difficult to conjecture where one could be useful to them, if at all. However, I have some hopes they will see their own interests sufficiently not to quarrel till they have rescued their national independence, and then they may fight it out amongst them in domestic manner. You may suppose I have something to think of at least, for you can have no idea what an intriguing, cunning, unquiet generation they are; and as emissaries of all parties come to me at present, and I must act impartially, it makes me exclaim as Julian did at his military exercises: “Oh! Plato, what a taste for a philosopher!” However, you won’t think much of my philosophy: nor do I, entre nous . . . . I am at present in a very pretty village (Metoxata, in Cephalonia), between two monasteries and the sea, with a view of Zante and the Morea, waiting for some more decisive intelligence from the provisional government in Salamis . . . . but here come some visitors. . . . . I was interrupted yesterday by Col. Napier and the Captain of a King’s ship, now in the harbour. Col. N. is resident or governor here, and has been extremely kind and hospitable, as indeed have been all the English here. When their visit was over a Greek arrived on business about this eternal war (the same on the coast of Acamania or Eotia) and some convoys of provisions, which we want to throw in; and, after this was discussed, I got on horseback. I brought my horses with me on board (and troublesome neighbours they are in blowing weather) and rode to Argostoli and back, and then I had one of my thunder headaches (I know how my head acts like a barometer when there is electricity in the air) and I could not resume till this morning. Since my arrival in August I made a tour to Ithaca (which you will take to be Ireland, but if you look into Pope’s Odyssey you will discover it to be the ancient name of the Isle of Wight) and over some parts of Cephalonia . . . . There is a rather eccentric man here, a Dr. . . . , who is very pious, and this in good earnest to make converts; but his Christianity is a green one, for he says the priesthood of the Church of England are no more Christians than Mahommed or Tarmacote are. He has made some converts. I suspect rather to the beauty of his wife (who is pretty as well as pious) than of his theology. I like what I have seen of him; of her I know nothing, nor desire to know, having other things to think about. He says that the dozen shocks of an earthquake we had the other day are a judgment on his audience; but this opinion has not acquired proselytes. One of the shocks was so pronounced that, though not very heavy, we thought the house would come down; and as we have a staircase to discount out of the house (the buildings here are different from ours) it was judged expedient by the inmates (all men, please to recollect, as if there had been females we must have helped them, or broken our bones for company) to
make an expeditious retreat into the court-yard. Who was first out of the door I know not; but when I got to the bottom of the stairs, I found several arrived before me, which could only have happened by their jumping out of the window, or down o'er the stairs (which had no balustrade or bannisters) rather than in the regular way of descent. The scene was ludicrous enough; several more slight shocks in the night, but stuck quietly to our beds, for it would have been of no use moving, as the house would have been down first, had it been to come down at all. There was no great damage done in the island, except an old house or two cracking in the middle; but the soldiers on parade were lifted up as a boat is by the tide, and you would have seen the whole line waving (though no one was in motion) by the heaving of the ground on which they were drawn up. You can't complain of this being a brief letter — — — — at his present age. I have no idea that I had many feelings or notions which people would not believe if I stated them; and, indeed, I may as well keep them to myself. Is he social or solitary? taciturn or talkative? fond of reading or otherwise? — — — I hope that the gods have made him anything save poetical. It is enough to have one such fool in a family. — — — —

Missolonghi, Jan. 23rd, 1824.

... I received a few days ago your letters, for which I ought to be and am sufficiently thankful, as they were of great comfort; and I wanted some, having been recently unwell, but am now much better, so you need not be alarmed. ... You will have heard of our journeys and escapes, and so forth, perhaps with some exaggeration; but it is all very well now; and I have been some time in Greece, which is in as good a state as could be expected, considering circumstances; but I will not plague you with politics, wars, or earthquakes, though we had another very smart one three nights ago, which produced a scene ridiculous enough, as no damage was done, except to those who stuck fast in the scuffle to get first out of the doors and windows, amongst whom some recent importations fresh from England, who had been used to quieter elements, were rather squeezed in the press for precedence. ... I have been obtaining the release of about nine-and-twenty Turkish prisoners—men, women, and children—and have sent them, at my own expense, home to their friends; but one, a pretty little girl of nine years of age, named Hato or Halayeé, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me, or under my care, and I have nearly determined to adopt her. ... If not I can send her to Italy for education. She is very lively and quick, and with great black oriental eyes and Asiatic features. Her mother wishes to return to her husband, but says that she would rather entrust the child to me in the present state of the country. Her extreme youth and her sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might arrive in the course of the war (and of such a war) and I shall probably commit her to the charge of some English lady in the islands for the present. The child herself has the same wish, and seems to have a decided character for her age. ... I merely wish her to be respectfully educated and treated, and if my years and all things be considered I presume it would be difficult to consider me to have other views. ... The preference to prose (strange as it may now seem) was and indeed is mine (for I hate reading verse and always did) and I never invented (as a child) anything but boats, ships, and generally something relative to the ocean. ... But it is also fit though unpleasant that I should mention that my recent attack, and a very severe one, had a strong appearance of epilepsy. Why, I know not, for it is late in life, its first appearance at thirty-six, and so far as I know it is not hereditary, and it is that it may not become so that you should tell. ... My attack has not returned, and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise, and thus far with success; for merely casual it is all very well.

TRUE LOVE.
BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

What though they tell me in fancy you range from me, Pledging to others a lightly breathed vow; Never has time found one shadow of change in me, True as when first we met is my love now; Every hope in my fond heart that trembles, Into its timid life twines around you, Every jealous pang that heart disembles, E'en to itself will not own you true.

Love, who would call it love, meanly to doubt you, Creeping with petty fears, still on your track; True love is my love, though grieving without you, Still leaping to joyous life; hailing you back. Ever around my lips deepening each dimple, As my glad smiles speak my welcome to you Nought do I care, that they say I am simple, The bliss but to see you gives, they never knew.

What though you left me for eye on the morrow, Welding another for choice or for gold; Silently bearing its burden of sorrow, Still should my love live on deep as untold; Loving you ever, far from me or near to me, Ever more seeking your seal, not my own, Moaning on all the sweet time I was dear to you, Until I dreamed it could never have flown. Plucking the hopes from my own life to lay them In all their freshness my own at your feet; Asking but one loving look to repay them, One loving word to make bitterness sweet; Now, love, you smile at me; nay, not smiling only, For to please the fond folly that loves them to hear, You speak the sweet words to cheer me when lonely, In my heart’s depths you only are dear.
It became a matter of doubt which was the most pleasant scene to travel in, or most refreshing and exhilarating to the spirits; the loveliness of the verdure which rests upon the plains of the North of Italy, where the sunny soil is blessed with the most benign of climates, and where

"Il pase intero,
E li sen del abundanza,"

or the romantic wildness of Switzerland. After this the lake widens, and we got on to Maggiorino. Then we arrived at Dongo, and afterwards Gravedona. This last is quite a little city, a sort of Naples to Como. At a small village, where the steamer came to a wharf, and we landed and took the diligence to a place called Chiavenna. The change of country, and a long drive, and the being cooped up in a close carriage, was disagreeable after the pure air of the lake. The same German young lady accompanied us, and her explanations and remarks made the time pass away. We arrived at Chiavenna at 7 p.m. The next morning we began the regular travelling in Switzerland. We started in the diligence at half past four in the morning and it gradually got brighter until at five we could see the fine vista of mountains which we were coming to. I got out and walked to Campo dulcino, which is a sorry looking place and scarcely deserves its name—but here begins the grand outline of the Alpine scenery. Shortly after we had passed this, we began to ascend by the winding ascents or zigzags in the roads, which are placed in such an ingenuous manner that the most precipitous mountain is ascended with comparatively little labour. The monument erected to the engineer who mastered this gigantic work, is placed at the beginning of the pass. The river (the Leura) flows at the bottom of the valley; and, running through craggy stones and down narrow descents, gives a sort of break to the gloom of the sombre mountains. About half-way up the zigzags we came to a cascade called the Assuno, which was narrow, but gushed from a vast height. A little further on a large torrent rushed headlong in a vast sheet of whitened water, whose foamy flash contrasted vividly with the dark rocks and sombre forests—this is called the Pianazzo. We saw all these parts of the scenery to perfection, as we were outside on the top of a large conveyance which of necessity went slowly. When I got out and walked, the peasantry took off their hats as I passed. They were all neatly dressed, but their clothes homely-looking in point of material. Their cottages in the upper parts were all built of wood: they were very numerous. Such picturesque sites and romantic views arrested the attention every few yards, that I suppose an artist could not possibly find better work for his pencil than in this most striking country. In the small valleys the herbage and the verdure were most prolific. They were making hay all through the country as we passed, both this and the following day. We ascended to the Splügen. This pass is the highest point, at which we arrived at during our journey. Here we could gather the snow in the drifts of the roads, and the air was exceedingly cold. No pen could describe, a picture alone, or could portray this wild, savage, and romantic scenery: the hanging forests on the sides of the mountains, the frowning cliffs rising one over the other. Of the whole that I saw I thought that the narrow causeway just immediately before the entrance of the Splügen, the finest we met with. Here the trees, in luxuriant abundance, grew from every rock or broken cleft in the rock by the side of the yawning precipice. We dined at Splügen and then, or indeed a short time before, commenced our descent. This was much easier travelling, but the finest and most majestic scenery which is to be met with in the Alps, perhaps, is what we passed through on our descent. The gloomy grandeur, the stupendous precipices, the narrow causeways, and the hanging forests of the Via Mala, have been frequently described. Below, in the deepest recess of the abyss, the Rhine first commencing its course, is here such a small stream as to be almost unnoticed. Sometimes like a giant's fortress, crowned at the top with innumerable trees, the circular rocks rise reaching nearly to the clouds; sometimes an enormous mass, looking as it were cleft by a wedge of Titanic magnitude, lay close to the narrow causeway—the spot called the Middle Bridge is particularly remarkable. The jutting rocks in some parts of the road render it most terrific to look at: these scenes present pictures of the most sublime, awful, and wonderful features, where the grotesqueness of the natural convulsions "charm the eye with dread." We passed on to Andeer, a delightful little village, and through Thurrice, which had been rebuilt a new and clean-looking town, to the valley of the Rhine. We passed onward to Reichenaus, the village which is remarkable as containing the school-house in which poor Louis Philippe acted as usher for eight months. The great cultivation and the well-inhabited state of the country were remarkable.
We arrived at Coire at half-past seven, P.M. This is a dull, remote Swiss town: the charges at a wretched inn where we were shown into—a room which had numerous parties of police and other parties of the hoi-polloi, sitting smoking and eating in it, and the rude and uncouth manners of the servants—rendered this place disagreeable. We heard here a description of the great works which had brought so many hands into labour in consummating the access to the Spleugan-pass, as well as its descent; this was the chief topic of conversation with all parties. Certainly, in point of conversation, the lower order of the foreigners in Switzerland, France and Italy, excel our rustics in Great Britain and Ireland. Here we stayed during the night, and the next morning started again in the diligence at 5 A.M. We travelled through an exceedingly abundant and fertile country: fruit trees in all directions, and the apple orchards more plentiful than any others. The people who travelled with us in the diligence told us that, on account of the cold which prevailed during the last month, they feared the fruit would be spoiled. The country people appeared very contented and happy. When we arrived at the lake Wallenstein we got into a very pretty steamer: round the lake the scenery was picturesque and the country fertile; it also abounds in fruit trees. Indian-corn seemed to be the most commonly sown of anything: potatoes we saw but very few of; apple-orchards in such numbers that I am surprised that the inhabitants do not make cider. On landing from Lake Wallenstein we had the option of taking an omnibus or of travelling by a canal boat through the narrow strait which runs between the lakes Wallenstein and Zurich; we preferred the former. Six or seven o'clock and we arrived in Zurich. The canal-boat we considered to be likely to be so close and confined that we were rejoiced to have an opportunity of breathing the fresher air, and seeing the delightful country which lies between the two cities: the lake Zurich does not, however, present any very particular objects of attraction, and compared with other lakes, is tame. We got to the town of Zurich, which is a central situation, at six in the evening. This is a clean, nice, and comfortable town: there are, however, no buildings of any kind to attract particular attention. The inn was a good one, and the number of travellers at the different tables of the public room made it very lively. We heard many accounts of the Swiss life; of the way in which the inhabitants of all parts of Switzerland take when young to gymnastics; of the robust and healthful frames which they generally possess. We heard several travellers descent with enthusiasm upon the beauties of Swiss scenery. Certainly, in the different parts which constitute romantic scenery, the country stands pre-eminent.

The next day we took the diligence which starts for Schaffhausen, which led us through a country of a much flatter kind than any which we had been travelling in for some days before. Here orchards of fruit-trees also abounded. The German habit of laying out the grounds in plantations of nearly every sort of production which the climate will admit of, here struck our notice. We saw thus planted, or springing up after having been sown, vines, Indian-corn, tobacco, potatoes, marsh-mallows, hemp, turnips, clover, flax, and many other sorts of productions, without a wall, a hedge, ditch, or any land-mark to separate them. We arrived at Schaffhausen about twelve in the day. We took the diligence for Fribourg at three in the afternoon. We passed near the falls of the Rhine but could not get a view of them. All the way for about ten or twelve miles we had a most extensive and open prospect of the line of very flat country on each side of the road. The extensive tracts, as before on the road from Zurich to Schaffhausen, were dotted with the different colours of the produce of the soil, but with the fields undivided by any land-marks.

At nightfall we arrived at the Black Forest—that gloomy and tremendous scene, where the black and the wood are to ones mind the romances of the German writers. The fine, clear moon-light shining over these masses of dense forest had a very grand effect. The epithet of Byron, "horribly beautiful," seemed to me not unjust as applied to such a picture. At the further end of where our road passed it, we came to precipitous cliffs, where the frowning masses of rock seemed to threaten the small valley beneath with destruction. I should have been glad to have lingered some little time longer at the place; for, although we certainly got a fine idea of it by the light that we saw it in, yet we had not time to dwell much upon each particular feature of the scenery. On our way they would not permit us to stay longer than two or three minutes at each place where they changed horses. At these places we could only get bread and beer. We went into one of them where we saw a number of German soldiers smoking and drinking beer. From the atmosphere of this place we fled for shelter to the interior room: at the same time as we entered some German young ladies came in screaming, laughing, and scarcely able to contain themselves with ebullition of spirits. The phlegm of the men contrasted in the most lively manner with the animation of the women: two of the latter were also in the carriage with us during the remainder of the journey. We also picked up a young American, who, like most of his countrymen whom one meets abroad, was a great traveller, and he acted as interpreter to us when we wanted to speak to the ladies, as we knew not German. We remarked the extraordinary caps which the German women wear, the black wings of which resemble old windmills. These rustic beauties in face and appearance seemed healthy and blooming.

We reached Fribourg at eleven at night. Here we had an opportunity of remarking the extraordinary sort of bedding with which the
German beds are supplied—a very large feather-bed, with another over it, and one sleeps between them; not comfortable, nor yet serviceable is such an arrangement. I hate feather-beds in toto, and this is a surfeit of them to their most luxurious admirers.

The next morning was a holiday, so we had an opportunity from the windows of seeing the population of the town to perfection. Soldiers in great numbers, in blue, short, single-breasted surtout, with both swords and bayonets, a helmet of a sort of square build, covered with a good deal of Brazier-work, and with peaks before and behind. The top of this helmet is crowned with a brazen spike. We saw some others in a handsome dress of green, with epaulettes and a helmet like our dragon-helmet.

In the public room where we breakfasted several youths entered shortly after we did, evidently gentlemen, with knapsacks on their backs, and they sat down as orderly as grown-ups.

We saw the outside of the Fribourg Cathedral, whose spire and fretted Gothic architecture is very fine. The framework around the steeple is most remarkable for the workmanship of the fretted stone. At the door of the hotel we were accosted by a laquais de place, and beseeched to request his master to accept of his guidance to the cathedral. “Dis caddledavede doo dure den dare Vestminsterstareavede boot won.” I could confidently recommend this man to any English person who wishes to be amused during the stay he may make at Fribourg; but for ourselves we regretted that we had not time to linger here longer, or to accept of his services. We set off by the train at 10 a.m., and found it, compared with others, a very shaky conveyance. We read Murray by the way, that most complete factotum of intelligence. He even mentions the circumstance of a monument being erected over the remains of Stults, the tailor, at Heppenheim.

Some little way before we arrived at Heidelberg there was a monument at some distance from the road, which was in the form of a column, erected to the memory of Marshal Turenne, and said to be raised upon the ground that he stood on at the time that he was struck with the cannon-ball. At 6 we arrived at Manheim. Here we intended to halt for the night, and to take the steamer the next morning, for the going down the Rhine. There is not much to interest one at Manheim. The hotel was a large one, and I was not a little amused at finding that nearly all the individuals who assembled in its spacious dining-room were English, lifeguardsmen, fashionables, infantry officers, invalid elegants, and it occurred, in point of fact, a collection of officers who had arrived from London. I met amongst old friends officers with whom I had been on service in the Ionian Islands. The next day we embarked early, in the steamer called the Germania. I had long been most anxious and curious to view the scenery on both sides of this noble river, the remains of feudal castles, and the vine-clad hills, as well as the different sites of celebrity that are mostly to be met with in the voyage from Manheim to Cologne. At the last place we decided upon leaving the steamer. Then we saw, as we passed along, the series of heights, for the most part crowned with large castles and numbers of towers which lie in the lowlands at intervals close to the water’s edge. For the most part, the greatest want which I observed was that of trees. Vineyards, it is true, were numerous, and we remarked principally the extreme care that was taken in planting the vines and tending them, as well as the labour used in preparing the earth necessary for their culture in the almost inaccessible rocks. But, for grand forest scenery—of that there was little or none. The castles, numerous as they were, seemed none of them models of architecture. Their situation as a feature in a sketch, and their history as given illustrative of the feudal manners of the middle ages, are no doubt both of them treated in their way. Murray’s handbook tells the tale which is attached to each baronial residence.

From Manheim to Mayence the scenery was flat. I remarked the admirable construction of the floating bridges on the Rhine, which are constructed by a succession of boats over which a platform is raised. On the return of a steamer or of a vessel, the centre of these is moved away. The tete de pont of Castel is fine. I think that Johannisberg is the ugliest building I ever saw. The view of the different castles on the heights as one passes even exceeded my expectations. Of these I remarked the castles of Rheinstein, Rossel, Bishop Hatto’s, Furstenberg, Mallingen Steiplik, a very plain, homely-looking castle in the centre of an island of the same name, called Pfalz. The Lurris, famous for its echo, I also heard; and saw surrounding heights and beauties, while the rest of the passengers were engaged in the more substantial business of dinner-eating. I heard numerous orders given about the getting of Rhine wine which the different parties called for; but I preferred for this day staying on deck, and seeing what was to be seen. Gratenfels-Shoensberg, that beautiful Gothic chapel of Werner, called Leenak. Markaberg, a truly beautiful and picturesque castle, Stockenfels, with its fine fresco or Mosaic outside it (I was unable to see which of the twain had), then we came to Ehrenbreitstein: this Byron’s poetry madame most anxious to see. At present it is more remarkable for its strength than beautiful for its outline. Opposite this is the fine town of Coblenz. Frederickstein castle is very interesting. Every height and nearly every building has its full description given about the guide of the book. I omit noticing the modern towns, or the buildings of a recent date; but when we came to Drachenfels, I certainly anticipated something much more surprising than what I saw. The building is, notwithstanding fine, and picturesque. But comparing it with
n numerous objects which I met with in Switzerland, its beauty does not shine in my estimation. Soon after this we reached Bonn, which is so celebrated; and after this passed as flat scenery as anything which I ever sailed through in any river. We arrived at Cologne. This town is a fine one, but the streets are as dirty as any which I have seen in my travels in Europe. The cathedral, if finished, which I suppose is a consummation that the most sanguine catholic could scarcely hope to see realized in the same way as it has been commenced, will be a grander building than the duomo at Milan, and I should think, the finest gothic pile in the world. Nothing on such an extensive scale in that style of architecture exists. The exterior makes one lament the likelihood which is forcibly conveyed to one's mind of its remaining unfinished for a great number of years. The building in the interior is also magnificent; the choir is rather too much ornamented with gilding. The gothic windows are perfect. There are several niches disfigured with images of the Virgin with blazoned crowns and gaudy petticoats. The statues did not strike me as being fine, and I never heard them much spoken of; but the air andintendo of the building is, I think, unequalled. The gothic windows do not obscure the sun, but give a mellowness of tint to the beams of light. We took the train for Brussels, and passed through a truly rich abundant and productive country. We remarked Liege and its manufactures. When we got to Malines we had to go backwards by the train to Brussels. One of our fellow passengers was congratulating himself on the ample store of Eau de Cologne which he had provided for himself and his family when he got to England. I thought to myself that he had not yet got over the difficulty attending upon the person who charged himself with such a cargo, and so the matter was put very much to my own account. It was evident that he had not much reason for self-congratulation, for when the end of journey and voyage occurred, he was sorry for having taken the trouble, as we shall see by-and-bye. We took up another passenger at Malines, who was an old man, and commenced his conversation by stating that he had had some transactions with the gamblers on the continent, and particularly at Baden Baden. He said: "However, gentlemen, I must inform you that I am not a regular gambler. But I chose to lay out a small sum which I could spare at the gaming table, which is in great force nightly at the latter place. I invested about £25, and after about a month's stay there, I carried off a clear profit of one hundred pounds." We arrived at Brussels on the 16th. This place has been called a kind of "Brunnermagem Paris." I think it is gay, pleasant, and cheerful. The streets are well built and clean; the hotel, opposite a large statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, is a very fine one, but owing to the influx of the number of English, the hotel charges, and the bills resemble those so much complained of at home. The items of expense are laid on thick and

heavy. The moment that the tribe of servants sees a clean looking man's face, a man without moustache, and having unexceptionable linen, they say, like the hero of the farce,

"Bless thy unsuspecting face."

For having a tub in one's room the extra charge was one shilling. The foreigners, generally speaking, seem to have a horror of our practice of general ablation; this is quite evident in their domestic arrangements. We went the next day to the village of Mont St. Jean, on purpose to visit the far-famed field. The road was well made, and paved with very large stones; indeed, so large were they, that I should think they must have been very galling to the horses, feet. The road nearly all the way ran through the wood of Soignes, a very thick forest, and planted mostly with beech, elms, and oak trees. We had a certain small sum to pay at the barriers of each village. The children of the villagers kept following the carriage, and tumbling and vociferating for money; such antics and in fact, such improper attitudes, I never witnessed in any youthful throng. When we arrived at the village of Waterloo, a man named Pearson came up and volunteered his services as a guide. We were disappointed in not procuring Sergeant Mundy as such, but his services had been pre-engaged long before. The collection in possession of the family of the late Sergeant Cotton was shown us, consisting of bullets, swords, caps, cuirasses, the sword of General McDonald as verified by him, the autographs of many general officers, and the autograph of Napoleon, in exceedingly bad writing, shells and old uniforms, a snuff-box, presented to Sergeant Cotton by the 73rd regiment, in consequence of his having remembered to detail their services in his account of the battle when many other writers had overlooked. We went to the farm of Mont St. Jean. We visited the most interesting part of the field, the farm of Hougomont. The identical wall, which was so gallantly defended by our fellows, still exists, perforated in thousands of places by shots. We were shown the gate also which was shut in the heat of the action by General McDonald. The garden we went over, and our guide insisted upon our eating some of the fruit which grew there—greengages. The entrance fee into this garden was additional. The hedge, which surrounded the garden, was shown us as the same one that stood there on the day of the battle. We saw the monument erected to Blackman; the small chapel in which the walls and the crucifix were perforated by shot. Our guide, who was a Belgian, talked the English language in a stiff constrained manner, and found it difficult to explain himself; but when I addressed him in French, he became fluent and eloquent enough in that language. He knew we were English on our first appearance and commenced his conversation by telling us that the Belgians ran away at the first heavy charge.
of the engagement. He showed us the French position at La Belle Alliance where Napoleon stood. This has a newly-built house on its site; he showed us also the road which indicates the line of the position of the British infantry—the hollow in which the guard was posted when they were roused up willingly to their duty, by which they austerely performed. Sur cicerone said that at the time of the battle he was 16 years of age, and was near the scene, being a native of La Belle Alliance. He assisted in burying the dead. I remarked that both with him and with the young lady who showed off the collection of spoils, was a great deal of the insinuating time-serving language which belongs to their clique, and which they adopt according to the country or prejudice of their hearers. Thus, after we had made the circle of the curiosity chamber, two Frenchmen came in, and the lady being as conversant in that language as her own, interleaved the whole of her discourse with "After all it was only by the skill of the Prussians that we came off victorious. It was the decree of fate that the victory should have turned out as it did. The fortune of war is not to be combated against."

This was calculated to smooth down the bitter annoyance which they must have felt at seeing the different spoils, relics, and trophies. The Regent himself was at the scene where the Prince of Orange was wounded. This statue, of which so much has been said and written, displays the absurd arrogance, presumption, and ostentation of a nation more than any memorial which I ever witnessed. A few houses are built near it, and at its foot stands a pavilion, in which is a roulette table. When we entered this pavilion, a middle-aged man, who acted as marker, was playing against a young lady, and she was betting very large sums in gold and silver, which were nearly always doubled by the turn of the ball. At each time of losing, the marker began exclaiming against his bad luck, and hoping that fortune would at some time favour him, and he might win a good portion of money during the day. And he stated that Mademoiselle had nearly ruined him. I afterwards heard, when I returned to Brussels, that this was a ruse which he used, and the young lady, who was apparently playing for her own fortune, which she appeared to better to considerably, was in point of a confederate in the design of inducing the bystanders to hazard their stake, and was the man's daughter. Not a bad spot I should think for such speculations, thronged, as it is, by such numbers of English visitors. One visitor, of whom we were told, paid five pounds for the trunk of the tree which stood at the junction of the four roads a little way from the monument erected to Gordon near the German legion. Another man paid a large sum for the autograph of Byron, which was to be seen in the small chapel at Hougomont. Near the monument of the German legion, was the position of the cavalry British. The farmhouse of La hais Sainc is all built up anew. The forest of Fichemont is seen at a distance; also the monument raised to the memory of the Prussians who perished in the battle. The ground occupied by the French, is also clearly shown. The church at Waterloo is the place where most of the monuments to the British are to be seen; they are mostly plain slabs of marble. There is a house adjoining this chapel, where the leg of the Marquis of Berwick is buried. The road leading from the Belgic lion is exceedingly open; of a clear day the surrounding country can be viewed to great advantage from it. In the evening we saw the sergeant, who is the prince of guides here, and who I should think would soon realize a fortune.

There was an old soldier there also with him, who had a Peninsula medal as also a Waterloo one. Poor fellow! he seemed also an amateur guide, but was evidently illiterate. I thought, when he was talking to us, how many men like this one, who could not sign their names, who had not received qualifications to express themselves in any given language, children of the soil uncultured and untaught, staff had been raised so nobly at our expense. It was the hardy, bluff, unlettered sons of the English soil, or the wild half savage Irish, or those of the least instructed order among the Scotch, who stood the brunt of the battle of Waterloo, who received the numerous frightful attacks and charges, which were made, unhampered and unbroken—and who closed upon and fell before where their comrades had fallen victims; and who, when the word of command was given them to charge, rushed like bull dogs to their work. To use the brief, but emphatic words of the Great duke, "The gallantry of the British has conquered Napoleon." Wellington, amongst his other transcendent excellencies, possessed the art of speaking to the point, and in few words. Next day we went to see the park, and to visit the different palaces. The former we found a gay lively scene well wooded; it was full of English visitors. Brussels itself seems almost half English. Thus, those whom we met at dinner at the Table d'Hote, were all of the mother country. I addressed a man in that park, who I found was a regular cockney, and did not understand a word of French. Certainly, the mode in which the English travel, and the way that they disburse their money, has spoiled the foreigners; it has divested them of the graceful politeness and engaging manner which they formerly were noted for; and in place of it they have learnt to look on with contempt, and treat with negligence all who do not travel en prince. The guide book calls this town "a little Paris." The cleanliness and the neatness of its streets seemed very remarkable after leaving Cologne. The soldiers in different costumes looked generally very well. I thought that the handsomest uniform which I saw, was the long blue frock coat, and the grenadier cap. The common all spoke French, and that was the prevailing language. The German or Dutch was mostly confined to the lower orders. We were able to take our places from Brussels to London, for the 1st class all the way was only two pounds three shillings. When we got to Dover we had our buggies
examine, and it certainly was more troublesome here than at any of the much abused Austrian, or other government offices which we passed abroad. The searching of boxes and rummaging our clothes, was most tiresome; however, our hardships were as nothing compared with those of the poor Cologne man, who had provided, he thought, enough of this highly-priced perfume to serve himself and his family for several months, and found that he was obliged to pay a very large sum for it as soon as it was detected by the custom-house officers. When these officials turned over the contents of all our trunks, bags, and boxes, in their hands, I felt myself very happy in the consolation of not having done anything to meet with their displeasure. They also demanded a much larger fee for porterage and passing it, than any which we had paid summing all the fees up together which we had to pay on the continent. When we arrived near London, such a dingy smoky atmosphere, such myriads of chimney pots and tiles; so dark, so sombre, so gloomy all appeared, that coming from a sunny and clear climate where one had resided for more than four years, the change was truly wonderful.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Upon a bright auspicious morn,
As that when Hebe fair was born,
In queenly state descried from far,
As brightly shining as a star.
A dazzling form, whose every trace
Shone forth in loveliness and grace,
Drew near—approached with radiant smile,
And gently pressed my hand the while.

I stood transfixed with mute surprise;
She raised to mine her sparkling eyes; And said: "I came from India's strain,
To seek in this my native land,
The last of a once noble race,
Through which thou dost thy lineage trace:
Allied to that ancient line,
By blood I kindred claim with thine."

I heard, I saw. Was I deceived?
Were ears, were eyes to be believed? I gazed upon her beauties rare,
Her graceful form so dazzling fair;
And then enchanted by her smile,
Her lovely mien, yet queenly style;
Her hand unto my lips I pressed,
And passionately her addressed.

Fair vision of life's brightest day,
Of peerless beauty's sceptered sway;
The fairest of the dazzling throng,
By lovers, or by poets sung.
These moments spending in thy smile,
Repay the past of care and toil;
For bliss like this I oft have sighed,
Till now such bliss hath been denied.

Far brighter than the brightest dreams
That youth or manhood's sunny gleams

Ere shed upon my path of gloom,
Has 'op'd to day life's summer bloom.
Oh! was there one on earth so blest?
One with such happiness possessed;
A life so joyless passed before,
With pleasures now, brimmed, running o'er!

Her lovely form my eye surveyed,
In queenly robes and gems arrayed;
The colour of her slenher hair;
Her flowing dress of texture rare,
Its silk and rich brocade of gold,
And gems were dazzling to behold,
The sapphire sparkled on her breast,
With diamond wreaths her hair was dressed.

Around her arms so fair and bright,
Receiving, giving back the light,
Were rarest pearls of price untold,
Whose settings pendant emeralds hold.
But on her hands of nearly white.
No shining circlet met the sight;
Around her shoulders graceful fall
Was loosely hung an Indian shawl.

Her hand in mine she gently laid,
While smiles o'er her fair features played,
She said: Oh! 'tis my greatest joy
Long wished, to find this dearest tie,
The only one of name and race,
To whom I kindred claim can trace;
Into whose hand I come to pour
The wealth I brought from India's shore.

On those bright hours I will not dwell,
Nor longer stay life's tale to tell,
The lights and shades of various hue,
It's changing phases wind us through:
In balmy air and summer skies,
Life was a paradise of joys:
When Winter's chilling blasts swept by,
She shrank and laid her down to die.

And oh! the care, what words can tell,
With which I watched the ebb and swell,
The fitful changes of the tide
Of life, my every thought employed;
Till spring returned, and smiling May
Again lit up life's flickering ray,
And strength, and health, and summer skies,
Brought back the lustre to her eyes.

One eve we in the garden walked,
And o'er life's changes pensive talked,
Amidst the roses then in flower,
She plucked the fairest of the bower,
And made a bouquet white and red,
And careful tied with silken thread;
While sad forebodings in my breast
Forbade my heart to be at rest.

Why was it? Well, I could not tell,
Strange, that with one I knew so well,
Such doubt, such mystery, should remain,
That fancy yet could not explain.
The bouquet to my hand she gave,
And turning round her shawl to save,
It fell, beneath it folded lay
Bright wings, they spread, she flew away!

Shrewsbury.

J. P. SHORTHOUSE.
HOURS IN A COUNTRY LIBRARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

Charles Lamb, in one of his fascinating essays, says, "I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me!"

I am just at this moment, much inclined to dream away an hour or two in others' speculations also. It is a dark, stormy evening without; the driving, dashing rain patters against the windows, and the wind makes mournful music among the elm-boughs. But within, all is light and peace. The ruddy blaze leaps up, and golden vats, and glittering caverns of fire dragons gleam in the glowing coals. On the table stands one of those green-shaded lamps which stidious men love, and all around us are books.

Books from the floor to the ceiling; books on shelves over doors; books in niches; books on the Oxford reading-table; books on the bureau-cover; books on the sofa; books on the floor, and heaped up confusedly in corners; books on the mantle-piece; books, indeed, wherever one can be conveniently or inconveniently put. Next the floor are stately old folios, some in ancient veritable boards, with huge ridges on their broad backs, brassen hasps on their covers, some rare chaps, to which are attached links of the broken chain which once confined them to the shelves of some suspicious old library. Over these are the quartos, then comes a row of octavos; and the higher we go the less bulky are the tomes. But whether they be big or little, thick or thin, ancient or modern, we, like Southey, hail them as "never-failing friends," and claim bood companionship with each and all.

How luxurious! A quiet evening, a heart at peace with all the world, and for our companions the embodied thoughts of the great and wise of all times. As I sit in my easy chair, I can, by my "so potent power," summon around me a glorious company of immortals, and become in a certain sense a necromancer, since, in their works, I hold converse with and take counsel of the dead. Pleasantest of superstitions this! Surrounded by books, I ask for no other associates; even the presence of the dearest friend just now would be an intrusion on this peaceful sanctuary of solitude.

The library in which I now sit is just such an one as I am sure Elia would have rejoiced to be imprisoned in. It belongs to one whose eyes twinkle at the sight of black-letter, and who regards with reverence a "scarce copy." As Elia to him is a more excellent thing than the gaudiest gilded thing that ever issued from fashionable publisher's shelf. Yet hath he a love, too, for choice modern literature; and dainty poetry delighteth him. I mean not so much Tennysonian jingle as the solid stuff of such as Dryden and Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, and such-like true poets, men whose sterling literary coin had the ring as well as the shine. Well, such a library as such a book-lover could collect with infinite pains during a life-time is a pro tempore mine, and it is just such an one to enjoy; for, although national collections of books are invaluable, one cannot be said to luxuriate in them as we do in a snug, well-assorted chamber of learning. For my part, I never could read to advantage in a hall, fitted with learning. A Brodbergianus Bodleian is well enough to sit and quote in; but for enjoyment, commend me to a silent snuggery like this.

So wrapped up am I in "measureless content," that I fancy if the cricket chirping on the hearth were to become a visible fairy and offer me a crown, I do not think I would accept it. I do not sigh for greatness of that kind, but kings have sighed for learned repose. Stay: here in this splendid fourth edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," which I handle lovingly, we read that "King James, in 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and, amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a king, I could be a University man; and if it were so that I was a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors.' Had his majesty been blessed with such company, he would have farred far better than among the courtiers who surrounded him.

The library I am now pleasantly imprisoned in belongs to one of our country clergymen, and therefore, as may be expected, is peculiarly rich in works on theology. But these do not crowd out history, or biography, or science, or learning of any sort. As I sit, I see, or seem to see, looking out from the backs of the books, the spirits of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, De Foe, and hosts of other bookmen. As the fire flashes now and then, the books seem endowed with vitality, and with eyes half closed and dreaming, I regard them as actual living things, as brains Pythagorized into books.

And how strange it is to observe the company in which some of these books find themselves! Just opposite is Hannah More cheek-by-jowl with Albert Smith's "Ballet Girl,"
and Mrs. Opie as close as close can be to the same sprightly author's "Gent." Lord Byron is leaning familiarly on Southey, apparently enjoying his "Table-Talk," and Jeremy Taylor, in a falling position, is supported by an original Joe Miller. The author of "Paradise Lost" has got close to Robert Montgomery's "Satan," and Henry Smith the assered preacher of Elisabeth's time, is nearly crushed by "Five Hundred Skeletons of Sermons," and twenty-three bulky "Pulpits." The fiercest polemics and the meekest Christians, lamb-and-lion-like, stand harmoniously on one shelf; reviewers and victims placidly survey each other from opposite corners; High Churchmen and Low Churchmen join in goodly parlance; Bonner and Crammer dwell together in unity; William Penn and Napoleon Bonaparte are almost arm-in-arm; Cromwell and Charles are at peace; and Lord Chief Justice Jeffries seems greatly to enjoy the society of his many victims. Here kings meet their subjects without etiquette, and Aldi Great and the Moore Carew, tell each other their widely different stories; Nelson and fighting Fitzgerald fight their battles o'er again; and George Washington, in close contiguity to George the Third, appears to be on the best of terms with that stubborn old gentleman.

I most at random, selected a book which lies within my arm's reach; and lo! here are some thoughts about books, which, had I read them before, would have saved me from the above speculations. And by whom is this following written? Why, by none other than the owner of this very library. Hear what he says, and if you do not admire its book-loving spirit, listen no farther in my company. "I never," writes my friend, "enter a library without a feeling of reverence for the company in which I am placed. I regard a volume as the very spirit of its author, the actual being of the man who thought it, wrote it, left it, and sent it forth for all its purposes of might and mystery." "What strange reflections rush upon the mind of a thinking man when he gazes upon the shelves of a richly-stored library! For instance, what queer juxtaposition will authors find upon tables and shelves! Men who in life were sadly hostile and divided in judgment and affection, here sit side by side. The lion and the lamb, the vulture and the dove, keep quiet company. I am now gazing upon Featley's 'Dippers Dipt' and Paget's 'Heresiography' on a table, while directly over them I see Keach and Kiffin, Tombs, and the venerable Jesse. These men wrote and controverted for all coming ages; and yet, no doubt, they are all happy and united. Yet again, "Where the spirits of just men made perfect are delivered from error, prejudice, and rancour. There, on that shelf, is that glorious folio, 'Reliquie Baxteriane,' and a few niches off, the 'Bloody Assizes' and the life of that arrant ascendrel, George Lord Jeffries, the supple tool of all the cruelty of James the Second. Lloyd's 'Worthies of Charles the First's Reign' are cheek-by-jowl with Lord Nugent's capital 'Life of John Hampden' and Foster's 'Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth.' Then some books seem to get together by the principle of elective affinity. Dr. Chalmers' works will keep close by Andrew Fuller, and Jay's Sermons will be found very near to old Jeremiah Burroughs.'"

"Mark, gentle reader, how delicate, yet how sharp, is the satire in this presumed companionship of Chalmers and Fuller, and Jay and Burroughs; for students well enough know that the Scotch divine was not a little indebted for some of his best things to the sturdy Baptist, and that Burroughs' works form, in many instances, the staple of William Jay's discourses.

Go into public or private libraries, reader, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you will find a large proportion of learned rubbish. Such is not the case here. Of such literary lumber this library is swept and garnished. Let me, Jack-Horner-like, select a few "plums." Here is a treasure-house of sweets, a mine all sparkling with precious stones; and yet homely-enough-looking is the casket which enshrines the gems, like the rough jerkin which frequently covers a noble heart. It is the library of Adams who was at once the philosopher, poet, and orator of the Church. Take William Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, and Robert Hall, string their separate beauties, pearl-like, on a golden thread, and then you will have something like a conception of the glowing style of Thomas Adams.

Another ancient volume attracts our itching fingers. Not long had the printing-press been at work in the old times when these black-letter pages first came into the world, bearing their treasures with them. A noble specimen of ancient typography this: broad margins, solid-looking columns, and red initial letters. Hundreds of years have worn these stamped these almost immortal characters, yet they are sharp and black as though they had been "pulled" but yesterday. On the margins are other characters, brown and rusty, but legible enough. Here and there certain portions of the text are under-scored, and brief annotations are placed opposite. In whose writing are these marginal references? No other hand than that of Philip Melancthon rested on these pages, and no other face than his bent over them. I almost fancy that "meek and mild" reformer's spirit is near me as I touch the very paper which once he touched. Verily, there is a charm, a species of papyromagnetism, in sheets which the hand of genius and piety has consecrated by physical contact! I know well enough that I am coveting my neighbour's goods, but I feel strongly inclined to lay my appropriate "claws" on certain thin volumes which occupy a certain corner of this library, Were I to fitch Mrs. Hutchinson's trial because of its scarcity, I fear me that
the literary larceny would end in a trial in which I should take a leading part. The abstraction of any of these exceedingly rare volumes of Early Histories of the New-England States might consign me to prison, and the fact of there having been a churchman's property might possibly deprive me of the benefit of clergy. No; I will be content to look and long, and thank my stars that I have profited by these famous lines, whose author is, I regret to say, unknown. Would that all others beside myself were influenced by his utterances:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows should be your end,
And when youder the Lord will say;
'Where's the book you stole away?'"

Less attractive in externals are the russet volumes, before which I now stand, than many of their modern neighbours who flaunt in all the glories of scarlet, and green, and gold; but oh! what mines of untold wealth lie between the covers of these curious little quartos and duodecimos! How quaintly seductive are the old-fashioned title-pages; how enticing the type; how beautiful to a schoolman's eye the rude wood-cuts, which seem to have been hacked, not cut, out of the wood; how astonishingly delightful the copper "effigies." As I gaze on each and all, I am no longer a dweller in this book-multiplication age; but by a miracle time has rolled back, and wrapped in a sad-coloured cloak, topped with a steeple-crowned hat, and adorned with ruffles, I am standing at the window of old John Dunton, whose shop in the "Poultry" bears the sign of the "Black Raven," gazing at his "Bloody Assizes," just out, and eyeing critically the portraits of martyrs prefixed to that singular production, who, we are told by an inscription beneath, "All died in faith." I ramble, too, about "Sanct-Powel's" churchyard, anddropping into the "Sun and Bible," or "The Gunne," in Fleet Street, or "The Angel," for in those times signs were not peculiar to hostelries. But this day-dream would seduce me too far from my more immediate subject, so I would fain return to this nook of the study where, as elder brethren of literature, Puritan Fathers, non-conformists, old travellers, theologians, and history-writers, stand gravely by side.

Talk of modern illustrated works! Why, looking on some superb elephant folios which quietly repose on this Oxford table, I imagine that we have not made so great a progress in book decoration as some would have us believe. Here "Bath," a series of views of the city of Bladud and Beaufort, Naber, y Natter; and of other parts of England, by Smirke and Louterbourg, which are perfect of their kind. They are coloured with the greatest care, and are equal to the original water-colour drawings. And here, too, is that costly work, a work which could only have been produced under governmental patronage as this was:

"An Illustrated Record of all the Important Events of the Annals of Europe." I question if such another copy as the one before me could anywhere be found. Only by a rare chance came it into the possession of its present owner; a duplicate of it will be vainly sought for, save in noble and great public libraries; and, even when found in such, it forms a feature.

I now open a splendid imperial quarto edition of the "Life of Nelson;" profusely illustrated by some enthusiastic collector, with all relating to the great English Admiral. A thousand sources must have been ransacked, a thousand books mutilated, in order to contribute plates of persons and places to this precious collection. It must have been the labour of a life as well as a labour of love, the illustrating of this volume, which is absolutely unique.

Magnificent is this copy of Barrington's Memoirs, a presentation-copy from Sir Jonah; and almost perfect the Cromwellian collection. This latter assemblage of all relating to the great Protector, is the most perfect, perhaps, extant; a pretty sure indication that the collector is a bit of a hero-worshipper, a thick-and-thin admirer of England's greatest man. Well, so too am I; and therefore I am not unfrequently in this peculiar portion of the library.

But if I go on, I shall write a catalogue, and pen a panegyric, instead of gossiping in a desultory way about books in general, with which intention I set out. Yet must I not omit to glance at the works of Bishop Brownrigg, Frank, Donne, Hooker, Jackson, Bull, Reynolds, Clark, Taylor, and of Perkins, Herbert Harris, Ball, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, Owen, Cary, and cropped-ear'd Prynne. Nor can I refrain from peeping into certain cases containing precious autographs, and glancing with candle overhead, connoisseur fashion, at the choice paintings which adorn the bits of space on the walls.

Of these, there is one by Franke, a "St. John preaching in the Wilderness," a bit of exquisite colouring; a cabinet head of Shakspeare, an undoubted copy of Vandyke. This precious gem of art lay for one hundred and sixty years in the family of one of the early New-England settlers, and was presented by a descendant to the owner. Many a tempting offer has been made him for this effigy of the great bard by the great painter; but he is a collector of such matters for love, not lucre, so he quietly listens to all proposals, and negatives them with an appreciative smile.

Here is a veritable Teniers, a Sister of Charity, and near it is a dead Christ and the two Marys, after Vandyke. It is a picture of great beauty; and, in all probability, the picture is only second in age to the original.

There are other copies, and good ones, too, of some of Ruben's finest pictures at Antwerp. I never saw the originals, but these are so fine that I am considerably less anxious to stand before the identical canvas of the renowned artist than I was before the fac-similes met my
eye. Modern art, too, is represented here, and other capital paintings adorn the apartment.

Twelve o’clock, as I live! The fire has sunk in the grate, and my “midnight oil” is nearly expended. Fainter grow the forms of the folios: as for the duodecimos, they are lost in the gloom near the ceiling. The pictures are shadowy, and the mournful cadence of the not far distant sea falls like lulling music on my ear. “To bed, to bed!” as Lady Macbeth (I believe) says; but not before one more loving look at my book friends: and friends indeed they have been to me during the last three months, for on that table have I written two works of a totally different character, and have found at my elbow every work of reference for the purposes of both that I required. I had not occasion to quit the room once for information on any topic; and that, I take it, is the very best compliment that can be paid to a well-selected and admirably-arranged library.

“And where,” perhaps the reader may ask, “is this learned snuggery of which you have been so long discoursing?” Gentle reader; in a certain town of a certain county, there is an old mysterious ruin, celebrated by novelist and poet. Stand by that “mill” of controversy and cast a stone in a south-westerly direction; if vigorously sling, you may perchance break one of the windows of that library. More I say not.

A rap at the study door—not a spiritual one, though, for a face and a pair of spectacles are visible: “What, not yet in bed?” asks a well-known voice.

“I’m going, Doctor——.” And so good night, reader.

———

SEAWARD.

To *****

How long it seems since that mild April night,
When, leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy bight,
The loon’s unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew; million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
That laughter of the loon.

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Upclimbed the meagre moon behind us, slow,
So dim, the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
Moored lightly, just below.

We called, and, lo, he answered! Half in fear,
I sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near;
Slowly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
’Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief;
However lightly touched, we all must share
The nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ear,
Vaguely they mingle with the water’s rune;
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
Wild laughter of the loon.

———

HOPE.

In unseen dewdrops cradled lie
The rainbow colours that on high
Form the bright promise of the sky:

They vanish in thin vapours cold,
Then in wild clouds are darkly rolled,
With serpent-lightnings in each fold

Cold hail with burning flames unwound;
Swift whirlwinds loaded deep with sound,
And silence awful and profound:

Till all is swept away, and breaks
The setting sun through golden flakes
From which the trembling stillness shakes

The few bright drops that form the bow,
The promise-colours that o’erflow
With joy and hope the world below.
NOTICE OF THE LIFE OF MADAME DE TENEIN.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(In Two Parts.)

PART I.

Claudine Alexandrine de Guérin, the daughter of a president, à mortier, of the parliament of Grenoble, was born at that place in 1681, and was sister to the Cardinal de Tenein, no less notorious for the faultiness of his conduct than for the success which crowned his ambition, and which, aided by her, enabled him to elevate himself to a rank to which neither his character nor abilities entitled him.* The sister was quite as unscrupulous in the mean she adopted to rise in the world as was the brother, though possessed of talents no mean order, and which might have served to acquire her an honourable celebrity had she trusted solely to them; while her brother's mediocrity was such, as to leave him little chance of success had not his sister's superior abilities and unchanging devotion to his interest, and his own intriguing spirit accomplished the end at which his reckless ambition arrived. There is generally some redeeming virtue even in the most unworthy natures. Madame de Tenein's was fraternal affection, and so all-engrossing was it, that it blinded her to the dishonourable and odious means she often adopted to qualify its dictates. While yet in early youth, she was remarkable for her personal attractions, the grace and agility of her manners, and the readiness of her wit, which retained those whom her beauty won. She passed some years in the convent of the Augustines of Montfleury,† near Grenoble, preparatory to her taking the veil, and a more unsuitable abode for cultivating a religious vocation in a novice could hardly have been selected. The convent was situated at the termination of an avenue, which was frequented as the public walk of the gay world of Grenoble, and as many of the individuals composing it had near relatives in the establishment, it furnished an excuse, if not a motive, for constant visits. Brothers entered to see their sisters, which gave an opportunity of also seeing the sisters of their friends, and the result was a freedom from constraint far removed from the privacy and decorum which should characterize such retreats. It was in vain that Mademoiselle

* The president had another daughter, who married a Monsieur de Ferrailles, and who became mother to Monsieur d'Argental, the friend of Voltaire, and to Monsieur Pontdeveyale, so well known as the friend of the Marquise du Deffand.
† The Due de Saint Simon relates some very scandalous anecdotes relative to this convent, and Cardinal Le Cannes endeavoured, but in vain, to correct the licentiousness of manners permitted there.

Guérin de Tenein endeavoured to change the intention of her father that she should become a nun: he persevered in his determination, and she was compelled to pronounce the vows to which her heart never responded.

She soon after protested against them on the plea that she had been constrained, and this unusual step occasioned much less scandal than might have been anticipated. Her powers of fascination, so successfully exercised on others, were no less so on the superior of the convent, who permitted her a freedom in receiving visits, and even in returning them, that enabled her to carry into execution the projects for recovering her liberty which she had long contemplated.

A considerable sympathy had been excited in her favour in Grenoble and its environs. The pretty and lively girl, whose charms had attracted the admiration of many of the male sex there, was looked on with pity as the unwilling victim to parental tyranny, and most, if not all her acquaintances, felt disposed to see her absolved from her enforced vows. Among those whom she had captivated was her spiritual director, a man of good intentions but of narrow intellect; who, unconscious of the nature of his sentiments towards her, became the blind instrument of her will to break the bonds which bound her to a seclusion so unsuited to her nature. The reputation for piety which this simple priest had established, rendered his efforts to obtain her liberty successful. Evidence was offered to prove the coercion used to make her pronounce her religious vows, and she was permitted to withdraw from the convent of Montfleury, and to enter the chapter of Neuville, near Lyons, in chanoinesses, leaving her spiritual director to discover at leisure the nature of the passion with which she had inspired him, and to thank his God that no wilful guilt had been incurred by him. Madame de Tenein was in her thirty-fourth year, and in the full prime of her charms, when in 1714 she came to Paris, a theatre much more calculated to the display of her talents than Grenoble or Lyons, and where she exhibited them to such advantage that she very soon obtained an entire remission from all her...
Notice of the Life of Madame Tenein.

religious engagements,* and a freedom of which
she availed herself to develop the ambitious
schemes she had formed. The prodigate Regent,
Orleans, was said to be her first admirer; but
such was his reputation, that no woman, how-
ever innocent, could form an acquaintance with
him without being subjected to the accusation of
the impropriety of its nature. Degrading as
such a charge must have been to Madame de
Tenein, it was followed by one ever still more
so, for an attachment was formed between her
and the odious and infamous Abbé Dubois, the
publicity of which left little doubt of its guilt.
The gold obtained by the Abbé from his prodi-
gate patron was lavished on this clever, but
unprincipled woman, and enabled her to form an
establishment which soon became frequented by
a society more remarkable for wit than decorum,
and who, destitute of morals themselves, attached
little importance to the character of their hostess.
Assisted by Dubois, it is asserted that Madame
de Tenein accumulated a considerable fortune by
trafficking in the funds, for which speculation there
never was a more favourable occasion than that
seized by the wily prelate, it being the time
when the financial system of the celebrated Law
was at its height, and golden dreams had turned
the heads of all classes in France. The Abbé
Tenein, an especial favourite with Law, to whom
he had rendered a service of importance,* was
rewarded by him with certain shares of the actions
of Tenein, Mississippi, by trafficking with which
he realized a large fortune, and aided his sister
to still further increase hers. Wealth thus easily
acquired was liberally expended,† and parsimony
was certainly not among the sins of Madame de
Tenein, who looked on money only as a means to
an end, and not as a good in itself. Generous
to her friends, she was ever ready to lend them
assistance, and this generosity insured her a
wide good will of many persons of merit who, without
it, would have been much less lenient to her
failings, and less anxious to seek her society.
She prided herself on the warmth and sincerity
of her friendships, and scarcely less on the
stability and strength of her hatreds, being of the
erroneous opinion of one of our best writers—
that a person cannot be a true lover without

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* It was said that to the successful interference of Fontenelle, who entertained a regard for her, she owed her release from all religious vows, he having some influence at the papal court.

† To enable Law to prosecute his scheme with
greater facility, it was thought necessary that he
should be appointed controller-general; but to obtain
this title, his naturalization in France was indispens-
able, and the first step to this was his conversion to
the Roman-catholic faith. Dubois selected the Abbé
Tenein as the proper person to effect this conversion,
informed the unscrupulous Law of the choice made,
and a few days after de Tenein received, with all due
appearance of solemnity, the renunciation of Law's old
creed, his confession according to the tenets of his
new, and the reward of the conversion which enabled
the speculator to obtain the title of controller-general,
being a good hater. The attachment between
Madame de Tenein and Dubois was founded
more on a recognition of the talent for intrigue in
each other, than on anything resembling affection.
Indeed, it is to be doubted whether either were
capable of such a sentiment, it being generally
agreed on by those who have most accurately
judged mankind, that the corrupt and vicious can
never experience real affection. Their liaison
imposed no restraint on this pair. They indulged
their passions as freely as if it had never existed
whenever temptation crossed their paths, and
concerted their plans together for the advantage
of either, and more especially for that of the
brother of the lady, as pertinaciously as if their
interests and destinies were inseparable. Two
children were said to be the result of Madame de
Tenein's attachment to a colonel of the first
brigade, named Villion; and d'Allember, after-
wards, the well-known author and academician,
born in 1717, owed his birth to her liaison with
le Chevalier Deslouches, Commissary of Artillery.
Of the fate of her two first children nothing is
known. Of d'Allember, her third, it was asserted
that she, having had the infant exposed on the steps of the church of St. John,
he was found by the commissaire of the parish,
who, instead of sending him to the hospital for
children found, consigned him to the care of a
poor, but most worthy woman, the wife of a
glazier; who nursed him with a tenderness
denied him by his guilty mother.

Madame de Tenein had for some time taken
up her abode in the house of her brother, who,
with as little principle as herself, affected a
sanctity that added gross hypocrisy to his other
sins. To have it known to the public that his
sister had given birth to a child beneath his roof,
would have created a scandal which would have
dangered his ambitious views, and so the
accomplishment was managed with the utmost
secrecy, and the helpless infant was exposed to
the charity of the humane.

Though condemned to all the privations of
poverty, the child was fortunate enough to find
in his humble nurse a woman of a very different
nature and character to the heartless parent who
had deserted him. Of a strict probity and high
principles, she early instilled into his mind those
sentiments which characterized him through life,
and which inspired him with such an affection
for her, that long after he had acquired
celebrity, he continued to share her humble roof;* and
when his fame having excited the attention of the Parisian world, won his unnatural parent
to seek to acknowledge him, he replied to her
caresses and declarations of attachment, by say-
ing: "What, Madame, do you tell me? You my
mother! No, the wife of the poor glazier is my
true mother, and her only will I acknowledge."
Plunged into a vortex of pleasure, interrupted
only by the political, literary, and financial
intrigues which, as well as those of a more tender
nature, occupied her time, Madame de Tenein had

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* He lived with her nearly thirty years.
no leisure to listen to the reproaches of conscience.

The most remarkable men of the day frequented the house of her brother, and the chanoiness, who did the honours of it, counted among her most constant visitors, the Due de Richelieu, the Marechal d'Uxelles, the Marechal de Medavii, Monsieur d'Argensac, our own celebrated counsellor and general, Lord Henry, and La Fremd, counsellor of the grand council. Her influence over this last-named individual was very great, and of long duration. Its termination was of a tragic character, and entailed great trouble and danger on her. This gentleman was found dead on the 8th of April, 1726, in her house, of a pistol shot wound, but whether inflicted by his own hand or by that of another, there was no proof. In his will, made some time previous, he expressed the worst opinion of Madame de Tenein, whom he painted in the most odious colours, and even went so far as to state his fear of one day dying by her hand. He accused her of having ruined him, after having induced him to invest all his property in her name. In consequence of this statement she was arrested on the 11th of April, and committed a prisoner to the Châtelet, whence she was, on the following day, transferred to the Bastile. Her friends forsook her not under these terrible circumstances, but strained every nerve to justify her from the fearful crime attributed to her. That their efforts were not unsuccessful may be concluded from the fact that she was acquitted on the 3rd of July, and released from the Bastile after a detention of three months, during which period her friends evinced the liveliest interest in her behalf.

Madame de Tenein was then in her forty-fifth year, an age when the most unthinking of her sex must feel that it is time to abandon the errors for which even youth can offer no excuse, but which in age, are still more odious and disgusting. Three months in a prison must have given her ample time for reflection, and probably led her to turn over a new page in her life. She devoted a considerable portion of her days to literature, and her nights to the reception of a circle composed of the most distinguished authors, savants, and men of fashion. Nor were ladies absent from those reunions. It is a striking proof of the immorality of the period to which we refer, and the little importance attached to reputation, that neither the disorder of her previous life nor the crime of which she had been accused, prevented her society from being sought by persons of the greatest distinction. In her salon was canvassed and arranged the elections for the Academy, and its members were among her regular habitues. Every new work was passed in review in this literary circle, and Madame de Tenein, when she wished it, could extend the circulation, ad infinitum, by recommending or distributing copies of any work she approved.

Among the most intimate of her friends was Montesquieu, the sale of whose “l'Esprit de Lois” she mainly aided in this manner, having a vast number of copies of it sent to her house, and distributing them to her visitors. Fontenelle was another of her constant guests; but although very partial to his society, she was not deceived with regard to his peculiar selfishness; for she one day, when conversing with him, placed her hand on his breast, and said: “It is not a heart that you have there, but brains as other men have in their heads.” The Cardinal Prosper Lambertine, elected pope by the name of Benoit XIV., was an intimate friend of Madame de Tenein, and corresponded with her for several years. His holiness sent her his portrait, which was placed in her salon, and where, could the original have been seen in, surrounded by men who not only questioned, if they did not wholly deny, the religion of which he was the head on earth, but all revealed religion, he must have felt that he had placed it in a very false position.

Madame de Tenein gave two dinners a-week to her literary friends, on whom she bestowed the epithet of the beasts of her menagerie, and was in the habit of presenting every year those among the least prosperous of them with two yards of velvet for a neither garment. She never refused her protection to those who had aided her with her purse or her recommendation. Madame de Tenein was too accurate an observer of what was passing around her, not to have anticipated the probable results of the political storm, which, though only indicated by some hovering clouds in the horizon, she perceived was brooding. She foresaw that a great social revolution might be expected in France, and ever anxious for power, she left no effort untried to assemble around her those men who she believed would become the instruments to effect it; and over whom she wished to acquire an influence for her own purposes and those of her brother.

Thus, this worldly-minded woman, who had previously lent herself to the encouragement of bigotry and superstition to forward the views of Dubois and de Tenein, now affected to enter into the liberal views of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Helvetius, Fontenelle, and others of their literary and scientific contemporaries, with a warmth no less animated and fervent than their own; so that it was not so much a value for their acquirements, or a desire for their society that actuated her, as the ambitious views which had always governed and guided her conduct. It was to serve this purpose that she commenced writing, and it doubtless aided her views, for what could appear more natural than that a woman engaged in literature should seek the society of its most brilliant ornaments? Her first work was “The Memoirs of the Count de Comminges,” which resembles more in sentiment and style the production of a youthful and pure mind, than that of a woman advanced in years, and more than suspected of sins and crime generally supposed to obliterate delicacy of feeling and purity of thought. The story, like that of Romeo and Juliet, is founded on the hatred of two fathers; but, unlike that of the Capulet and Montague, nearly related. The agent of one of the parties furnished his employer with the means of gratifying his hatred, by discovering some title-deed long mislaid, by
which an estate bequeathed to his enemy by their mutual grandfather would become forfeited to him. Too ungenerous not to avail himself of this occasion for ruining his foe, he sends his son (the Count de Comminge), a noble-minded and gallant youth to take possession of these title-deeds, and he, on the route on his return, by chance encounters the daughter of the Marquis de Susson, the enemy so hated by his father, but who, more amiable and kind-hearted, had made many overtures of reconciliation, but in vain. The Marquis and her daughter have been staying at Bagnerès, and the Count de Comminge, under the assumed name of the Marquis de Songaunois, makes acquaintance with them, becomes enamoured of his fair young cousin, and captivates her in return, she being ignorant of his real name, and his heart was gone before he became acquainted with her. The growing passion of both is well painted; the timidity, candour, and innocence of the youthful beauty is delicately coloured, while the ardour and devotion of the lover never deviates into the grossness of sensuality.

When he discovered her name, his alarm, great as it was, did not check his passion, nor prevent his seeking to excite a reciprocity in her breast. He determined to conceal his own until he had made an impression on the heart he sought to win, that might conquer the dread which he was well aware the knowledge would inspire. He engages in a duel with an admirer of Mademoiselle de Susson, who had possessed himself of a bracelet of hers, which had dropped from her arm when walking, and which he refused to restore to her. Having wounded his antagonist, whose life he spared on condition of the bracelet being delivered up to him, he finds it contains the portrait of the fair owner, which he copies, and substitutes for the original. Madame de Susson, grateful for the service rendered on this occasion, encourages the visits of de Comminge, which become so frequent as to give him opportunities of better knowing his fair enslaver, and of growing still more deeply enamoured, as also of exciting an affection no less warm than his own, in her heart. Two months of happiness, unclouded save by the dread caused by the knowledge of the hatred of his father to the family of his beloved, flow rapidly on, when a letter from this harsh parent commands his immediate return. Thus rudely awakened from the blissful dreams he had been indulging, his grief equals the happiness he had been enjoying previously. To be torn from the person he adored, and to know that the law-suit between the families would soon (owing to the title-deeds in his possession) be decided against the de Sussons tortures him. It occurs to him to destroy these important documents, in the hope that to terminate a suit which without them would be judged in favour of the de Sussons, his father might be induced to consent to his marriage with the daughter of his enemy.

But even should this not prove to be the case, he resolved not to furnish these arms to his father, for the injury of the de Sussons. He is justified in his own eyes for the destruction of the title-deeds by a thought that, as the articles in question would, if gained, revert to him at his father's death, which, at his advanced age, might soon be expected, he was at liberty of make the sacrifice; and also that, as he had succeeded some time previously to an estate of greater value by the bequest of the brother of his mother, he would resign it to his father, in place of the one lost by his destroying the title-deeds. With the generous delicacy of a lover he determined to conceal from Mlle. de Susson the sacrifice he makes, until when blessed with her hand, he should henceforth confide it to her. Compelled to depart, he avows his passion to its object, and confesses his name. A prophetic sentiment of evil haunts the gentle Adelaide; meanwhile, she pardons the deception practised by her lover, but, with her woman's disinterestedness, she thinks more of his happiness than her own, and sees him depart, without partaking of the hopes of melting his father's stubborn heart which fill his own. He finds his parent fully instructed of his duel, and, being an old friend of the father of his vanquished antagonist, enragé that his son should have end the life of the son of his friend. He discovers that the servant who had accompanied him on his journey had been instructed by his father to write to him every step taken by the Count de Comminge. This servant had misrepresented many of the circumstances he had related. He had led the father of de Comminge to believe that the attachment of the latter and of Mlle. de Susson was of a much less pure and honourable nature than it was, and that Mdm. de Susson and her daughter, aware from the commencement of their acquaintance with the Count de Comminge, who he really was, had left no act untried to seduce him. Angered beyond measure, the entreaties, the prayers of de Comminge served only to increase the fury of his father, who menaced him with his utmost rigour. But when he demanded the title-deeds, and that his son avowed the truth, and humbly offered to resign the estate belonging to himself, the rage of his father became so ungovernable that he seized a sword and rushed on him. The life of de Comminge was only saved by his mother, who having that moment entered the chamber, threw herself between her husband and son, and pushing the latter out of the room, desired him to wait for her in hers. In vain does she seek to induce de Comminge to vanquish a passion fatal to his peace, and which his father never will consent to bless. He resists her partiality, her tears, and at last induces her to obtain and send him intelligence of his beloved, who is shortly expected to arrive at Bordeaux. His father banishes de Comminge to a distant estate, on the route to which he sees a carriage, borne along with a fearful velocity by the horses, which had taken fright, and while he looks on

* This is the only invariable in the story. Ladies do not wear their own portraits in bracelets.
Motherhood.

in terror for its occupants, the vehicle is upset, and he, assisted by two men, rush to their aid. His heart (the hearts of lovers are very prophetic in such cases) warns him that his adored Adelaide is near, and he finds that she and her mother were in the carriage. The only injury sustained by Adelaide being a wound in the foot, while her mother was much more seriously hurt. The modesty and reserve of Adelaide on this occasion is nicely touched, and is enhanced by her tenderness, which peeps forth during the interview with her lover, which was tête-à-tête, Mme. de Suson being placed on a bed in the next chamber. The meeting is fraught with love and grief. De Comminges relates the obduracy of his father, but conceals the destruction of the title-deed, urges a marriage without his consent, which is declined, and the lovers part more enamored than ever, indulging but faint hopes of happiness, and then founded solely on the confidence that the mother of de Comminges would serve their cause by her influence. The parting is very sad; both, overwhelmed by grief, vow to live but for virtue and each other. De Comminges arrives at the tides château in the Pyrénées, where his exile is to be passed. He spends his days in the gloomy and savage woods which surround his abode, and his evenings in pouring forth on paper the feelings of his heart. Six weeks roll away, when a messenger from his mother brings letters to inform him that his father refuses to have pity, and has arranged a marriage between him and a daughter of the house of de Foix; that the wedding is to be celebrated in the château where he was then residing, and that his father is in a few days to arrive there to conclude all preparations. The father arrives, commands the obedience of his son, who firmly, but repeatedly declares his resistance, and the stormy scene terminates by the ruthless father condemning de Comminges to a subterranean prison at the bottom of a tower, lighted only by a barred window opening into one of the courts of the château. The sole consolation of the lover is his faith in the constancy of his beloved Adelaide, and the pride of suffering for her.

(To be continued in our next.)

MOTHERHOOD.

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul: and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savag
But for her gentle care: a Christian man;
Then crown her Queen o' the world._Old Play._

True motherhood is instinct with love and faith through these the virtues of humanity are preserved from generation to generation, and the great examples of masculine genius and goodness are nurtured to enlighten and bless the world.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter," said Benjamin West. We have a recent example of this wonderful power of the mother's faith and love over the destiny of her son, in a sketch of the late Victor Cousin.* How great the faith of this poor uneducated woman must have been, both in the capacity of her son and the benefits of education, which she had books: he said he would follow no trade; he would learn Latin and Greek, become a professor, not an artisan. The father became exceedingly angry. The mother interfered. Humble and uneducated as that woman was, ignorant as she must have been of the enchantments and the glory of a successful literary career, her maternal acuteness saw this was the path her son ought to take. She wrung from her husband so much consent as this: The boy might do as he pleased, provided the father's purse was not levied on to aid the wild schemes. The mother remembered she had a cousin in the church, and made application to him to receive the boy in his rustic parsonage, and teach him the rudiments of classical learning. * * *

When he had imparted to the boy all he knew, he advised him to return to Paris. The curate knew the master of a boarding-school who would gladly admit him as a free pupil, in consideration of the honour which would redound to his school by the rank so gifted a lad could not fail to attain at the public examination of all the schools and colleges in Paris. Victor Cousin was delighted with this information. He was placed in a school connected with Charles-magne College. Here he became at once the first boy among all the scholars, and this pre-eminence among his contemporaries he retained as long as he lived.

* Victor Cousin was the son of a petty watchmaker in the Rue St. Antoine. He was born in its back shop, November 28, 1790. I obey custom in saying he was the son of this man; in justice I should say he was the son of a petty watchmaker's wife, for he owed everything to his mother. God only knows what expense of tears, taunts, lacerated feelings, she succeeded in wresting her husband's consent to her son's following the natural bent of his genius. Her husband was a thorough denizen of the Rue St. Antoine. He was an atheist, a king hater, an adorer of the guillotine, a deister of the priesthood. Jean Jacques Rousseau was his idol. He insisted on training his son according to this wild man's theories, and declared the boy should become an artisan, there being nothing nobler than a mechanic. He gave the boy the choice of the trades of optician, engraver, or watchmaker. But the boy had acquired a taste for
not, when she put by all thoughts of self, and struggled and suffered, watched and worked for his exaltation! This power of self-renunciation is the moral lever of the feminine soul, by which she really seems not only to subdue earthly obstacles, but to reach upward and touch the blessings of heaven.

The story of Victor Cousin shows that his mother had this faith and love. It should be put on record. Many a poor hard-working mother will be cheered by this successful example. It is lovely in its womanliness. We see that, like the dew and the sunshine, this mother’s faith and love nurtured the fibre of her son’s genius till they took root, grew, and sent the flowers of imagination and harvests of knowledge to bless and enrich the world.

It seems pitiful that she should not have had such culture as would have enabled her to sympathize in his pursuits; but the loss was greater to the son than to the mother. His philosophy shows this. He had been humanized by her love; but he had not sympathized with her faith; and man, as well as woman, must learn and practise the lesson of self-humiliation, if he would be so perfect in wisdom and knowledge as to become truly a great man.

JOHN BIGGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ATTORNEY," &c.

PART II.

"The House," as Mr. Lindsay’s residence was usually called, was a large, rambling brick building, which stood in the centre of a small park. It was quaint and old-fashioned, full of queer gables and odd angles, which gave it a picturesque appearance. It had been built more than a century. Each successive owner had made such additions as suited his fancy, until, at the present time, it covered a great deal of ground, and had an imposing appearance from its size. Vines and creeping-plants overran its walls, clambered along its eaves, and in a great measure shrouded a number of small dormer-windows, which, like so many eyes, were staring out of the roof. The trees had been mere shrubs when the house was in its prime; but as it grew old, they grew strong, until, in its age, they stood like giants flinging their broad arms over it, and sheltering it from sun and storm. From father to son they had been a noble race; pure, high-minded, fearing of God, but fearless of man; and thus they had continued down to the present owner, who, now broken down by illness and age, had summoned the blacksmith to his presence.

John Biggs buttoned his coat closely about him as he left his house. He turned for a moment to look at it as he went out, then, taking his young companion by the hand, walked briskly along. The road was overshadowed by trees, and pitch-dark. John, however, was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to observe the gloom. He knew every inch of the way, and walked steadily on without hesitation. He was in a taciturn mood, too; for, with the exception of a word of caution to his young companion to keep in the path, or a casual and brief remark, they went on in silence.

They had proceeded some distance, and had come to where the wood was dense and the road most dreary. A small animal, frightened at their approach, scampered off, rustling the dry leaves as he went. The boy drew closer to the side of his sturdy companion, for he was too young to be altogether unimpressed by the wizard-reputation of the lane; and as he drew near the blacksmith, he grasped his hand more closely.

"It’s but a bare, lad," said John, in reply to the action of the boy, "more frightened than you are."

"Have you heard the stories about this lane, John?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

"Ay, lad," replied the blacksmith; "but the dead rise not again here: when the earth covers them, they are at rest for ever."

The boy made no response; for there was something in the solemn tone of the speaker that seemed to repulse all farther remark.

The smith did not continue the subject, and they proceeded in silence until they entered the park-gate, and were in front of the "House," which now loomed up a great black mass, with its peaks and gables defined in sharp outline against the sky.

The baying of a large dog, which saluted out to meet them, showed that there was at least one watcher amid the dead silence which reigned around; and the sudden change from a fierce bark to a whine, showed that those who approached were recognized. The noise of the dog brought a servant to the door just as the two reached it.

"I’m glad you’ve come, Mr. Biggs," said the servant, ushering them in. "The old gentleman has been quite anxious to see you."
"Will you tell him I am here?" said John, "for I am in haste to get home."

The man went off and left John standing in the hall. It was wide and almost square, and wainscoted with some dark-coloured wood. Guns and fishing-rods, and two or three old pictures, were hooked up against the wall. The floor was of oak, and highly polished, and the staircase which ascended from it was massive and wide.

John, however, had seen these things often, and if his eyes rested on them, he did not think of them. Nor had he much time to do so, for almost immediately the man returned and summoned him.

"That's the room. You can go in; don't knock," said he, pointing to a door at the head of a flight of steps.

John bade the boy, who had remained with him, "good-night," and, ascending the stairs, entered the room. It was large, and by the light of a single lamp which was burning at the far end of it, had a dreary appearance. It was handsomely furnished, but they seemed made more for comfort than for show. It consisted of couches and easy chairs, and other comforts and conveniences adapted to the use of an invalid.

In an easy chair in front of the fire, partly supported by cushions, was Mr. Lindsey. He was a noble looking old man, with a fine, massive head, but he was only the wreck of what he had been. His features, finely formed as they were, were wasted by disease; his cheeks were thin and sunken, and he laboured heavily for breath.

John bowed as he paused just inside the door, but Mr. Lindsey beckoned him to come nearer.

"How is it with you, John?" said he; "and how is your child?"

"I am well," said John, respectfully, "and Tom is doing better now, sir."

"I'm glad of it; that's well."

He spoke feebly and paused for breath; then, turning to the blacksmith, he said:

"John, I am too feeble to waste words, and will come to the point at once. I have sent for you to speak about a matter which weighs heavily upon my mind."

He paused, but John remained silent.

"How many years is it since we first met?" inquired he.

"Six years, sir," replied John; "two years here, and four before I came."

"And do you recollect how we first met, John?" asked Mr. Lindsey.

"I shall never forget it while God leaves me memory," replied John. "You could not save her who is gone, but you gave comfort and happiness to her last hours."

"Can it be but six years?" said Mr. Lindsey.

"It seems as if I had known you always. Come nearer, John."

The blacksmith approached, and Mr. Lindsey took his hard hand between his own attenuated fingers.

"The time that I have known you is indeed short," said he, "but in that time I have found you true in all that you did; and, although our spheres in life have been different—I speak it in the full consciousness which the near approach of eternity always brings of the utter hollowness of all earthly distinctions between man and man—yet I have learned to regard you as a valued friend."

"It was a great honour that you did me," said John, in a choked voice; "a very great honour. I always endeavoured to deserve the good opinion you had of me.

"It was no honour to respect truth and fair dealing, no matter in what rank of life they are found; the poor should respect them in the rich, and the rich should not overlook them in the poor, for their temptations are worse. But John, I did not send for you to talk of things, like these. I have a monitor here," said he, placing his hand upon his heart, "whose dull, sluggish movements tell me that what I have to do with earth must be done soon."

John looked anxiously into the face of the old man, but he made no reply.

"You know my boy Harry?" said Mr. Lindsey.

"A noble lad, sir," replied John, "and very kind to poor little Tom."

"I have sent for you," said Mr. Lindsey, still struggling with his laboured breathing, "to put Harry under your charge when I shall be dead."

He spoke earnestly, and the last words were uttered in a clear, calm tone.

"My charge! I am but a poor blacksmith, sir!"

"Yes," repeated Mr. Lindsey, in the same calm, clear tone, "under your charge from henceforth, until you or he go to your grave."

John eyed him with a bewildered look, and he went on:

"I do not mean to make you his guardian, but I want you to be his friend; to shield him from harm; to warn him against folly, and to keep him from those temptations and crimes which will beset his path in life. With me earth is past. To you, and to you only, do I commit my son. I expect you to protect him, even as I would have protected your child, had you been taken and I left."

A sudden spasmodic sensation in the throat prevented John from speaking, and Mr. Lindsey continued:

"He will have guardians and protectors who will look after his education, and will take charge of his property, until he will be able to do so himself. But to you I give the charge to keep him pure from sin and stain. You know the world and its hollowness. You know that my boy will have wealth, and how many will gather about him to lure him on to crime while it lasts, and to abandon him when it is gone. You have felt how few of those on whose faith man has been led to trust are to be found true in the hour of trial and need."

John shook his head, and was silent.
"Teach him to distrust all these; to look at man beyond his words; to judge him by his deeds alone; and, above all, to distrust words of kindness."

"Is that right, sir?" asked John, firmly, but respectfully. "Would it be right to fill his mind with suspicion of all about him? I'm but an unlearned man, but it strikes me that its wrong;"

"Better that, John, than he should reap the bitter fruit of deception from those whom he loved and trusted," said Mr. Lindsey, warmly.

"Better that he should suffer wrong than do it, sir," replied John, earnestly, extending his hand toward the old man, and his harsh features lighting up as he spoke. "He may yet find one true heart who will be with him in the hour of trial. Do not let him wound that one, or turn away from it, although others may betray him. Oh! let him go on trusting to the end; no matter how often he be deceived. Do not ask me to teach him to suspect. His heart will be laden fast enough without any lesson from me!"

John spoke warmly, and there was a supplicating earnestness in his tone which seemed to make a deep impression on Mr. Lindsey, for he kept silence for some time; at last he said:

"John, you are right! Heaven, not earth, is the goal. I would have spared him the bitterness of heart which I have suffered; but you are right; no man should turn from the path before him. Let him accept the lot in life as he is awarded him. If it be a hard one, let him bear it bravely; if a pleasant one, let him thank God for it."

"A sir," said John, "you're right now! I'll accept the trust."

Mr. Lindsey looked up, and a smile of pleasure lighted up his face at this expression of approbation from the earnest yet unpretending man before him; at the same time he inquired, in a tone of some surprise:

"John, where were you educated? Surely you were not always a blacksmith?"

John drew back abashed, and the muscles of his face worked.

"The past is past," said he, in a low tone; but that was all that he said.

"Be it so, John," said Mr. Lindsey, after a pause. "Most unreservedly do I trust you; most unreservedly do I commit my child to your care."

"I'll watch over him as I will watch over little Tom," replied John, in a husky voice. "I will, so help me God!"

"It is well," said Mr. Lindsey, sinking back in his chair; "and I thank you."

John stood awhile, as if expecting him to say more, but Mr. Lindsey seemed exhausted by the effort he had already made.

"I think I'll go, sir," said he, when he was fully satisfied that the old man had said all that he desired. "Tom's not well, and I may be wanted."

"Well, good night, John," said Mr. Lindsey, feebly. "I have already exerted myself too much. Good-night; but remember, I rely on you."

"You may, sir," replied John; and, bowing to Mr. Lindsey, he left the house.

John paused as he stepped out into the open air, and surveyed the massive building. How dark and dreary it seemed—and there was a sad sound sighing through the old trees which overhung it, that seemed to predict sorrow.

"The good are going," muttered he, repeating the words which he had used in his shop. "God help those who are left!"

John Biggs was not a man to yield to idle fancies. He had been dragged through the rough paths of life, and had battled his way against stern and stubborn realities; but an overpowering sense of sadness stole over him. In vain he tried to shake it off, and to struggle against it. He thought that it might be caused by the chill air of the night. He buttoned his coat more closely about him, and walked rapidly on; but it grew darker and darker as he went; and dark and more gloomy the dreary feeling gathered about his heart. Everything seemed to grow cold and cheerless; the dim trees, stretching out their great branches between him and the sky, seemed so many shadowy spectres throwing a pall over his pathway.

"God grant that this forbidding may mean nothing," said John, as he hurried along, "God protect my little boy! My heart is very heavy."

The distance to his house was about two miles, but he walked so rapidly that he soon reached his own door.

What was it that whispered its forebodings in his ear? What was the strange wailing cry that reached him? There was a stir in the inner room as he entered, a quick step, and the nurse with a blanched face hurried out.

John's heart died within him. He uttered not a word, but crossed the outer room, and went straight to the bed where his boy lay. A fearful change had come over the boy since they had parted; his features had become pinched and sharp; his eyes were partly closed, and his breathing was slow and heavy.

"How is it with thee, my own little Tom?" said John Biggs, taking the tiny, wasted hand in his, while he bent over the boy.

The child clasped his fingers around those of his father, and raised his dark eyes to his face; but oh! their patient, cheerful look had gone, and they were fixed upon him with a long, searching, unfathomable gaze; his breath was growing more and more faint; and the pulse in that little hand was becoming more and more slow, and the grasp of those small fingers was more and more feeble; and gradually those eyes grew dim, as if a shadow were falling upon them.

"Tom, my own dear little Tom, speak to me," said the old man, in a low, tremulous tone, kneeling at his bed-side.

Even in the struggle with the Great Enemy, the words reached the heart of the child. His eyes opened, and rested with a something of their old expression upon his father's face;
there was an effort to speak, but no words followed. He was too young to fear the terrors of the Dark Valley, but not too young to love those who had cherished him on earth.

"Tom! Tom! my dear, dear little child, but one word—to say that you loved me to the last!"

Once more that old look of patience and of love, but no words. He bent his head forward until his lips pressed the hard hand which clasped his; then his head fell back, and the tiny fingers relaxed their hold.

John leaned over him, but his breath had stopped, and the heart had ceased to beat. He clasped the little wasted form in his arms, and burying his face in the bosom of his child, bitter sobs burst from him.

"Ay, weep on, John Biggs; for never more may thy brawny arms shelter thy boy, or thy cheery voice call a bright smile upon his face. To him, earth, and joy, and sorrow are past. With a father's fondness—more than a father's devotion, hast thou followed him to the borders of the Dark Sea, but solitary and alone has he launched his bark upon the silent ocean which leads to the Unknown Land.

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**URSULE ATHOY.**

**BY FRANC SMYTHE.**

Two hundred years ago Europe was agitated by stories and speculations concerning the wealth and power waiting for claimants in the New World. To adventure was to gain, was the belief which found plenty of proselytes, which fired the hearts of the young and shook the caution of the old in communities where discontent with lowly fortune went under the garb of indignation at religious persecution.

In a quiet town of Normandy this fever had inflamed all minds; and at the close of a summer day, under the porch of a poor cottage, a young man, leaning so that the vines fell in tangles around him, was talking with eager eloquence of easy fortunes, to a fair-faced girl who sat upon the doorstep; her eyes drooped upon her work, but her face wore an expression which could but be interpreted into incredulity, while the youth pleaded in behalf of the scheme of emigration, which late vague, but sanguine reports from the Huguenot colonies had made to seem especially dazzling to him.

The two were betrothed. The girl listened on in silence. She was one of those women who never argue; of a literal, unimaginative temperament, with clear, narrow insights, and unswerving constancy in her pursuits; one to whom submission was easier than remonstrance, to whom suffering is keen, but protest impossible.

Of a far different nature was her lover. Not more unlike was the passion of his large dark eyes to the clear, quiet light of the girl's brown orbs, than the ardour and vigour of his plans to her unassuming aims. Now, consciously refuting her uttered objections, he tossed his impatient dreams into rapid words. The bold promise of a new world's wealth glittered through his pleading. The argent tides of broad-bosomed rivers washing sands of gold; the riotous tangle of gorgeous blooms; the song-rippled air, and the blaze from gem-mines shone in his scheme.

But Ursule made no reply. To her heart the promise of her betrothal had been an even life of calm content; a placid trust, an enduring love—no more. She did not covet the wealth and the power which tore her lover from her, and with a shrinking, womanly selfishness she refused to sympathize with an ambition which bartered the pleasures of presence.

"But one short year," pleaded Armine, "when I shall have cleared a forest view to the sweep of a green savanna, and fitted a home from some Indian shrine, and then I will come back and carry my bride to this flower-land. Shall I not, Ursule?"

"It seems a fair mirage, Armine," sighed the girl.

"You are unkind to chill my hopes so," said the young man. "For the sake of freedom from oppression and for our faith, for the surety of wealth, and fame, and independence, such as the Huguenots may never know in France, you should encourage me in my exile—an exile only while you do not share it, dear," he added, tenderly: "for could we find a fairer home than Florida? Why, they say the luxuriance is beyond imagining—that the wealthy earth holds gems brighter than the flowers that turf it, and gold in ingots heavier than your little hands can hold. We shall not miss the skies of Normandy, Ursule!"

A quick pain flashed across the girl's face, as a mute fear of the omen of the last words smote her heart.

"You are always foreboding," said her lover, gloomily.

"Forgive me," she answered; "but I thought of the happy past, in which we have been al-
ways together—of our life in this dear old home—of mother's plan that you should have the cottage when—when—" 

"I know, dearest—when we were married; and I, too, remember lovingly that that was to be next month. But a year's delay is not much to our young lives, when we think of the reward of postponement. At first it seemed impossible for me to leave you behind; but 'tis for your sake, Ursule, I make the sacrifice. Tell me, then, love, what it is you fear."

She looked wistfully into his eyes, and said, "It only seems, Armime, as if happiness and prosperity might alienate you from me as toil or sorrow could never have done."

"Sweet love, each day will seem years of impatient hopes till we meet again." And, with love's true logic of hopes and cares, he wrung from her breast to her corner, to his departure, which instinct told her was idle to withhold. "Let us forget the present, and think only of the happy future, with but the chasm of a year between," said Armime. "You will not change, Ursule?"

She smiled, not gladly, thinking of the weary monotony of this "short year," with its dull duties and unquiet fears. With head resting on her lover's breast, she counted all the dawns and sunsets that must gleam between them—the lagging, lonely days and troubled nights, and she pressed her hand to her heart as if to still the throbbing vacancy she felt already. Her plain, practical judgment, too, felt the obstacles in Armime's way, which his own chimical mood and warm fancy ignored—for her was the bane of the without the reward. But her consent was given, plans discussed, and arrangements made, and the day came when Armime left the village with his comrades of the voyage. There were long, sad partings, dim eyes, and, after that, lonely hearths and pining hearts.

Other lovers, too, had gone, but the girls who wept and fainted while Ursule was calm, danced at the harvest fete with bright eyes that autumn; and when month after month went by and brought no tidings from the adventurers, Ursule's companions found new lovers and a new love, and were consoled. But she, making no sign, but keeping a smile ever upon her lips, patient and earnest at her daily work, waited.

After nearly two years had passed, a ship came from the colony at Fort Caroline, bringing back a few of those who had gone forth so eagerly; and when month after month went by and there was no message. Her strained patience was nearly exhausted; but there is no real faltering, and, above all, no suspicion in love like hers. She went eagerly from one to another, even from place to place, asking for some trace of Armime. One said he was among the malcontents by whom a vessel had been seized and manned for a private craft, but she had never been heard from since she sailed. Others brought dim tales of his loss in the swamp, of his murder by treacherous Indians; and some said he had gone far into the interior and joined himself with some powerful tribe.

Ursule heard all this courageously, believing none of it. "God is good," she said to herself. "He cannot mean it so!"

And so for another year she hoped and waited. Her aged mother fretted that the youngest child should grow old unmarried; and perhaps Ursule herself sometimes sighed to find her face growing pale and thin, and her eyes lustrless, and wondered if she would look less pretty to Armine when he came.

During the three years that had elapsed she had worked hard, early and late, with her needle, and, finding that her embroideries met with ready sale, she bought her corn, and, in the end, hoarded her money, so that in time she might add somewhat to the comfort of that new home Armine was getting ready for her. She felt an instinctive pride in thus being able to aid her lover in his ambitious schemes. He would be enriched, not impoverished by his marriage, she thought, and often, by herself, she counted over the little fortune she had made.

Ursule's mother died, and she was left alone in the poor little cottage where she had loved, and worked, and waited. Her brothers and sisters were all far away, and, without companionship or stimulus to exertion, a vague depression came over her. Slowly she began to realize that perhaps she might never see Armine again, and, with such a thought at her heart, she had no strength to live.

I think women are capable of loving an idea more abstractly than they can a man. Ursule's lover had been very dear, but the worship of waiting had glorified him to her, and she lived with but the one thought of seeing and serving him. That he lived she was sure, and so intense was her conviction of the presence of devotion, that she never admitted the probability of his death, and by degrees began to say to herself, "Why may I not follow and find him?"

The little hoard once destined to furnish that remote home was sufficient to pay her passage across the water, and, the idea once admitted to her mind, refused to be thrust out. "I will wait till the end of this month," she would say, at first; and then, "till the end of this week." But the months and the weeks wore away and brought no tidings, and at length Ursule, weary and feverish, desperate at heart, but patient and kind in her looks and deeds, said to her neighbours, "I am going to Florida."

Some pitied and some sneered; there were none to advise or to control, only the old priest said, "My child, it is not best," but she answered, "I cannot stay," and there was no other remonstrance. Then Ursule travelled to the coast and waited for a ship to sail for the Flowerland.
II.

Among the eager colonists of Fort Caroline none suffered more from the universal disappointment attending the early days of their settlement than Armine. Unaccustomed to privation and hardships, such as they encountered, the drudgery exacted by each day’s necessities grew insupportable. In very sight, as it were, of the goal of his brilliant visions, he caved in the prudence of restraints which held him from plunging into the wilderness in search of the abundant gold. His impatience, shared by many others, grew to abstraction; and at length a little party of four, having bribed some natives to friendliness, left the fort by stealth, resolved to cross the swamps and forests that lay between the “gold mines” and the coast, or to perish in their attempt.

Two of the adventurers, discouraged by the evidences of danger and difficulty, turned back to the fort at the end of the second day’s journey. Armine and his remaining comrade, Alphonso De Vere, a youth of eighteen, held on their way.

Through weary miles of cypress swamp, where weird lengths of tangled, trailing moss checked their passage through the silent aisles, where the palpable gloom seemed to exhale in deadly vapours that defied all life but that of the mephitic-bred chameleon and slimy watersnake. Thence wading through the “green sea” of wide savannas, or whirling on swift rivers, in frail life rafts; subsisting on the parched corn which the Indians carried, with such roots and berries as the way provided, they were tantalized by the game, which started from every bush and bough, but upon which they dared not waste their slender stock of ammunition. Almost at the end of the route, and near the rich region where, they dreamed, was the reward of all their hardships, De Vere fell ill, and they were obliged to halt. The guides murmured at the detention. They had heard of an attack upon their settlement, and were eager to reach home. They looked with cold, unsympathizing eyes upon the fair-faced boy, who lay down to die in the inhospitable wilds of the Flowerland.

Armine watched by his friend in agony. His nature of impetuous extremes rendered him indifferent to all but a despairing hope of saving the life of Alphonse. Forgetting his avarice and impatience, he watched day by day the pitiful lustreless light in the sick boy’s eyes and saw him sink under the prostrating fever which consumed him.

When several days had passed, the Indians refused to remain longer. They left him a little sack of corn and a canoe, and went on their way, and Armine was left alone with his sick comrade. There was no occasion for exertion, nothing to do but watch the course of the disease he had no means to alleviate, and he fell into a dull, uncomprehending way of caring for the unconscious boy: piling the grasses for a pillow, getting cool water from the river to wet his head, or sometimes searching for berries or killing a bird. He neither looked back or forward. The sick youth moaned and murmured of home without touching his heart, so isolated did it seem in this desperate present from all that had been or was to be. The glowing days came and went without change, except that Alphonse grew weaker, while new flowers bloomed, and denser and greener grew the forest.

Left thus intimately alone with death, with coming starvation, with forest terrors, and an unknown way, his fortitude seemed to merge into an unnatural exaltation which perverted the medium through which he beheld circumstance.

As he became seared to the certainty that Alphonse must die, he ceased to wish, as at first he had done, that he might die with him and not be left alive in that horrible loneliness. Unconsciously to himself the fever and its fancies was coursing also through his veins, and under its spell he grew enamoured with the loneliness which had appalled him.

He drank in the poisonous, stimulating air, and fancied it a sacramental draught of communion and assimilation with the scene. He even grew greedy of utter liberty, and watched the waning of De Vere’s life with the complacency of semi-delirium. The watching ended at length. Death came in the starlight, and Armine had only his clay remaining. He dug a shallow grave, lined it with flowers and leaves, and put the corpse away. Then he sought to shake himself free from the spell, but in vain. He could not repress a maniacal exultation at his liberty. The last link that bound him to mankind was snapped and its traces hidden in De Vere’s grave. He was alone with himself and the riotous nature around him. He laughed and sang, the animal in his nature leapt in its sphere. He might have remembered; but he would not. Horrid, like a nauseous draught, seemed the old life; he even thought he had died to it, and that somewhere his past self was buried like De Vere. He could not eat; still his strength did not fail, and, nervous for action, he got into his canoe one day and began rowing up the river.

It was the month of May. The heavy boughed trees upon either bank made an arch over the water, whose glistening green was flaunted by gay winged birds, like scarlet spray. The air was scented with magnolias, whose faintly-flushed whiteness belted the shore with splendour; beyond, the distance spread, sumpuous with purple, scarlet and blue.

In this intoxicating scene, through the grey blue dawn and blazing mid-day, the ruffled gold of sunset and the brilliant silent nights, Armine seemed more and more to lapse from his former life. His journey was like the forgetting which precedes our birth. Weeks of strangest realities intervened between all else and now. If indeed he should beat against the barrier that had risen, it would not yield.

The days went uncounted. Perfume, har-
mony, and beauty satiated his soul and his senses, and calculation was stifled before it was made. The sun shone and the waters flowed, the same forever. Flaming flowers and arching boughs were always around and above him. It bewildered him to think whether or no he advanced. Gradually he grew weary—wearier; so weary that he turned the canoe to the shore, fastened it carelessly, and, lying down where he found damp, cool moss, he slept.

It was a long sleep, fraught with dizzy dreams. Armine awoke in the twilight. How cool it seemed to his eyes after the glaring visions he had had! How still it was after the noises and confusions of his unconsciousness! He attempted to get up, but felt weak and giddy, so he lay back on the sward and looked dreamily around. First he saw that his canoe was gone, and wondered if he should find it near. Then—the gloom was gathering—he distinguished a low breathing near him, he raised his head quickly, and it was immediately replaced on the heaped moss upon which it had lain, and a form sprang out of the shadow, and, leaning over him, besought him not to stir, in low words of an Indian dialect he had partly learned. The swaying grace of the form and the liquid light from the eyes above him came more like an expectation than a surprise to Armine. He thought, “she has come, then,” and again he fell asleep. Next time that he woke the same eyes were watching him. He asked:

“When did you come?” These were the first words he had spoken in weeks.

“At dawn,” she answered.

“And you have stayed with me since?”

She knelt by him stroking his face and hair, and looking with intent passion into his eyes.

Worn as he was, he was still handsome.

“I will never leave you,” she said. “I am Alcesta. Who is Ursule that you talked of while you slept?”

“Did I talk of Ursule?” asked Armine, making an effort to remember everyth Ing, to restore realities, to separate Ursule from the creations of his visions—if indeed she were not one of them.

“Yes,” said the Indian; “you may call me Ursule, if you like it better.”

“Am I ill?” asked Armine, suddenly.

“You are better, the fever is gone.”

Then, like a tired child, he slept again. The stars came out and made night; then came the vivid dawns, and languid days of convalescence, while the Indian girl hung over him, identifying her glowing loveliness with every throb of his returning strength, till a fairer face, like the one which grew pale for him far away, would have been stranger to his heart than the dark beauty of Alcesta’s. Voluptuous and graceful in her curious dress of woven feathers which scarcely concealed her form, with wreaths of gold in her long black hair, and bands of gold around her slender ankles and wrists, she grew so familiar to Armine in his weakness and languor, that, when his strength had returned, he had never thought of her alien blood and savage race. But he began again to calculate and plan.

“Where can I go? What am I to do now?” he questioned.

“Home, to my tribe,” answered Alcesta.

“They will kill me, or make me prisoner,” he said.

“Will they kill the husband of Ponatou’s daughter?” she demanded, fiercely.

He smiled. “Do you love me, Alcesta?”

She threw herself at his feet, her arms around him. “Do you not see? I loosed the canoe that you might never leave me!”

“Are you sure that I love you?”

She sprang from the ground and stood proudly before him, crossing her arms against her heaving breast. Thrilling him with the fire of her glance, her proud passion seeming to compel a return as impetuous and implicit as itself. Then, her red lips quivering, the fire of her eyes quenched in their own tenderness, she dropped upon one knee and held her small hands out towards Armine.

There are no pauses in the moments of fate. Armine was no longer in his own power. He caught the outstretched hands, lifted the little form, and strained Alcesta to his heart.

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CHAP. III.

It was after a long and stormy voyage that the vessel in which Ursule had sailed reached the mouth of the St. John’s. There were young and hopeful hearts on board that leaped with energy and delight at the fair prospect which the country afforded as they sailed up the river to the fort. But Ursule shrank from the acclamations of joy that mocked the steady sorrow of her patient search. She had been a ministering angel to her companions through the voyage. Strong hearts which had fainted took courage from her eyes, and many, older and wiser than she, came for the comfort of her simple words. The fellowship of suffering had endeared her to all; now that they rejoiced she was not one of them.

When they reached the fort, Ursule could only learn that nothing had been heard from Armine for more than two years. The meager particulars of those events which had been shared by the returned adventurers who had left the fort in company with him, were scarcely a clue to his fate after the lapse of so long a time, but Ursule, with determined constancy, resolved to accompany the first expedition to the mines, with such premonitions of her lover’s destiny as is found in the magnet of an unchanging heart.

It was some months, however, before such an expedition left. Then, through the sluggish swamp, along the broad river and the gaudy shore, there was no trace of the sufferings or the change to which their influence had sub,
jected Armine. Again magnolia fragrance filled the air, untroubled with a breathing of inconstancy. Near the spot where Armine had made a grave—poor grave, which none had ever found—was a small settlement, a hardy branch from the main colony. The expedition rested here a few days to ascertain the disposition of the Indians farther up the river.

On the last night of the stay, a strange disquietude perplexed Ursule. Towards sunset she wandered away by herself along the rivershore. She sat with her eyes fixed abstractedly upon the water, when she noticed the near approach of a number of canoes. Apparently, the flutter of her dress had attracted the attention of those in the nearest boat, who, making gestures of amity, immediately guided their bark to the spot where she sat. Directly an Indian girl, young and beautiful,

"Black eyed,
Brow-bound with burning gold,"

sprang lithely to the shore, and advanced towards her, scrutinizing her dress and looks. In an imperious way, with hesitating words, she said, in broken French:

"You have silk and lace, we have gold," pointing to the boats.

Ursule told her that there was some merchandise at the fort, she had none.

"Who are you?" asked the Indian, "What do you want here?"

"I am Ursule Athoy, and I am seeking for a lost friend."

"Ursule!" said the woman, with a flashing glance; "you are the one he talked of, then, in his sleep that day. He does not talk of you now, though!" and she laughed.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ursule, with grave assumption. "Who are you talking of? Is Armine Vavasour here?" and she started forward.

"Armine!" said the woman hautishly.

"Armine—my husband!—no, he is not here. He rules the tribe, now, and chiefs do not journey except in war."

Ursule Athoy looked with an uncomprehending gaze at the speaker's face. "Who did you say?" she asked, her words choking her.

The Indian woman frowned at Ursule's agitation, and drew herself up arrogantly. "You cannot see him," she said, passionately, "for I think he loved you, because he calls our little child 'Ursule' when he is sad. But he is a great chief now," she added complacently. "He does not remember his white kin, and he says I am more beautiful than the women of his Normandie."

Ursule recoiled unconsciously. Did this fierce, glittering woman indeed hold Armine Vavasour's heart and truth? The swift truth transfixed her quivering heart. She cowered with a low cry before her rival, who smiled, standing happy and triumphant over her.

With a great struggle for ortitude, with a dreary pride to hide her woe from this savage queen who had supplanted her, with a breaking heart for her loveless future, she said in low tones:

"Tell Armand Vavasour that you have seen 'Ursule.' Give him this ring," she added, drawing from her finger the betrothal ring he had placed there. "And tell him to call his child Ursule, and to let her wear this when she is grown!"

Acleste's eyes sparkled at the toy, and she promised eagerly. "You may go home with me if you will," she said, "for he does not love you now, and I should not mind his seeing you!"

"I cannot go," said Ursule calmly.

The Indians continued their journey to the fort, to exchange their gold for trinkets, and Ursule went back to the settlement. The expedition proceeded the next morning without her.

Through a life of useful years, Ursule Athoy dwelt among the Huguenot colonists of Florida a pale, gentle woman, prematurely grave and old, councillor and assistant, nurse and friend, to all who sought her. There were not wanting suitors from among her countrymen, as time passed. These she retained as friends, while she rejected as lovers. From Armine she never heard.

Rumours, indeed, came sometimes of the prowess and popularity of a white chief who, either from sharing the instincts of his adopted people or conscious of the humiliation of his position, hovered with his tribe upon the confines, without ever encroaching upon the limits of civilization.

And once, it is said, after a lapse of many years, an old man, in Indian garb, to whose unrecognized presence strange stories were attached, came along to the settlement at Fort Caroline. He lingered about the village till nightfall, when he went to the little graveyard, among whose head-stones was one inscribed, "To the memory of Ursule Athoy, a native of Normandy." All night, under the stars, it was known that he lay upon this grave, but when morning came he was not there.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but by passing it over he is superior.
EQUESTRIAN RECREATIONS FOR THE LADIES.

A few years back, when the gentlemen of England, who usually "sit at home at ease," were bestirring themselves to resist a possible "proud invader," and the bore of the rifle superseding all other bores, conical balls cutting out cricket balls and fancy balls, and the toga of ordinary life giving place to the tunic and knickerbockers of militia service, the feeling seemed to be gaining ground that the daughters of Albion should in some way exert themselves, and adopt, so to speak, a more manly tone and bearing. We were not at all afraid but that our modern ladies would prove themselves equal to any emergency that might happen; and if, in ancient times, it was considered patriotic for women to cut off their back hair for the making of bowstrings, we did not doubt but that our modern belles would make equal sacrifices for their hearths and altars. Irresistible, indeed, must have been the shafts from those ringlet-stringed bows:

"changed the cord,
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow."

Cowper.

But let the enemy beware when the ladies of England turn their buses into swords, and their bodkins into daggers, and their hoops into man-traps, and when Jael and Judith become the models of our heroines of later days.

Without, however, going into such warlike trains of thought, it seems pretty clear that a greater attention to physical training and bodily recreation is necessary than has latterly been the habit of our young ladies; and that if we are to maintain our national character as an athletic, hardy, and vigorous race, the women of England must contribute a fair share of health and vitality to the future representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Englishmen are now pretty well aware of their position, and while rifle-clubs concentrate the martial elements throughout the length and breadth of the land, there are in full swing cricket-clubs, boating-clubs, gymnastic-schools, playgrounds for the people, recreation-fields, and many other opportunities for athletic exercises; while the hunting-field, and fishing, and shooting, number such legions of votaries, that we need not fear that sloth or inactivity will be the ruin of our young men's frames. But for our young ladies; how far and fast between are the recognized provisions for physical training? Take the general routine of a young lady's education. When she is not sitting down at her desk or at the piano, what are her usual habits? The alternative of a lounge in the playground or a stiff promenade on the esplanade. Every free movement is cramped by iron "instruments of torture," or the supervision of an austere governess. The skipping rope, the ball, the battledore, or la grace, are scarcely permitted, certainly not encouraged: every natural impulse of the animal spirit is put down as vulgar, and we should almost as soon expect to see a young lady fly, as to see her run quickly and gracefully, and without the air of having her knees tied together and her elbows trussed like a partridge.

But to make up for the absence of these plebeian ebullitions, the maternal care of the Misses Pinkerton provides a whole torture chamber full of reclining-boards, and back-boards, and chest-expanders, and Indian-clubs, and dumbbells, and a horrible contrivance we have seen in which the fair martyr was fastened by the arms and chin and swung up to the ceiling, and allowed to hang like a Fakir at a fair or a Peri in disgrace for any number of half-hours at the discretion of the medical advisers.

All very ingenious, no doubt; "The Art of Tormenting," fully illustrated; but what are all these ingenuities but artificial compensations for thwarting nature's handiwork? Wonderfully efficacious no doubt are they for weak chests, and shoulders out of place, and distorted spines, and all the ills that even woman-flesh is heir to. But is not prevention better than cure, and will any cure equal the normal state of health which pure air and early rising and freedom of the limbs in out-door exercises can alone bestow and maintain?

Why should Atalanta and Camilla and that fair maid of Corcyra, Aganelle, the inven
tress of the foot-ball, be mythical examples of swiftness of foot? and why, oh! why should the Greek models of the female form be condemned by modern modistes as out of all proportion?

But there are many sports and pastimes in which ladies may join without incurring ridicule or opprobrium, while their participation in others requires a certain amount of hardihood until public taste shall have altered its decision.

Archery is, by unanimous consent, a lady's pastime; and horsemanship or horsewoman
ship is a necessary part of her education. In both these exercises ladies look well, and (we need not say) they know it. Cricket and rowing are certainly unfeminine; but what kind of sports would either of them be unless graced by the fair sex? The former is dangerous and rough work even for men, the latter could not be pursued without an amount of debilitation verging on the indecorous.

Swimming we consider a healthy pastime, as well as an essential acquisition—as much so for ladies as gentlemen—but it needed not the pencil of Leech to demonstrate the ludicrous-
Leaves for the Little Ones.

(Please note: The text provided appears to be incomplete and lacks a suitable conclusion or continuation as expected. The document contains two columns of text without proper alignment or separation, which requires careful reading to extract meaningful information.)
though its expression was very intelligent and
good. Indeed, there was very little attention
paid him in the court at all, the courtiers being
too much occupied in flattering and amusing his
beautiful brothers to notice him, whom they
whispered among themselves was little better
than a dwarf. At length, however, the Princess
Salim and Achmet, who were very self-willed,
announced their intention to set out on their
travels through the entire world, to seek their
fortune, and to find two young princesses, so
charming and accomplished, as to be worthy to
share it with them. They said they should be
absent an entire year and one day, and gave
directions before their departure that a great
entertainment should be prepared for them and
their brides on their return, which was to take
place exactly on the very date named. How-
ever, the year and the day passed, and a second
year and a day passed, and they neither returned
or sent any tidings of their adventures. So that
the king and queen were plunged into the
deepest grief, while the first laugh that was heard
among the courtiers for many a day pealed out
when Prince Tinykin declared that he himself
would set out without further delay and find his
brothers, if they were to be found on the face of
the broad green earth. But the kind-hearted,
brave little adventurer, strong in his simple desire
to assist his brothers and to restore happiness to
his father and mother, set off in spite of their
jeers, and travelled many a weary mile into many
a strange country, until at length he succeeded
in finding the two princes in the city of Bagdad,
where they had fallen into great poverty, and had
no means to return to their own home.
They expressed great joy at seeing Tinykin,
but their first question to him betrayed that,
after all their sufferings, they were just as
selfish as ever, for, even before they inquired after
the health of their indulgent parents, the king
and queen, they demanded if he had brought
sufficient money to enable them to travel back
in state to their own country; but Tinykin
stood stoutly up, and said, “No, I shall not
tell you what money I possess. You set out
making great boasts of all the wonderful deeds
you were about to perform, and up to this you
have done nothing but waste all the treasure with
which our father the king supplied you when you
parted from him. It would then have a very bad
appearance to return in such a foolish fashion,
and I certainly shall not supply you with any
funds to aid you in disgracing yourselves. On
the contrary, you must begin afresh to seek your
fortune, and I will this time accompany you and
help you in all your efforts.”

The elder princes laughed rudely at this speech,
and declared it to be a good joke that Tinykin
should imagine he could succeed in finding a
fortune when they had failed.

However, when he told them that in the course
of his search for them, he had heard of a king
who had three beautiful daughters and vast
treasures, but who was laid under an enchantment
that could only be broken when three tasks of
great difficulty should be performed by a young
prince of foreign extraction, who was to receive,
as the reward of his success, the most lovely
and amiable of the princesses in marriage, and after-
wards succeed to the throne of her father, they
consented to accompany him in his search for
the enchanted palace, saying to each other, “We
will allow him to act as our guide, it will save
us trouble, but of course it will be one of us who
will succeed in performing the tasks and receive
the hand of the princess. Accordingly they set
out at once, and after several days’ journey, at
the close of a sultry day, being very tired, sat
down to rest and eat the bread and fresh fruit
which were to serve for their supper. Looking
idly about him as he laid on the soft grass after
he had eaten his simple meal, Selim, the eldest
prince, espied an ant-hill, and pointing it out to
his companions, exclaimed, “Would it not be
good fun to destroy it, and see all the wretched
little ants running off with their eggs in a fright?”

“No, no,” cried Tinykin, “you must not do
them the least harm, if you do, I will leave you
at the first opportunity, and as I alone know the
way to the home of the enchanted king, you
will never be able to discover it.”

Knowing well the truth of this assertion,
Selim and Achmet, who was just about to assist
his brother, desisted from their mischievous
intention, while Tinykin, approaching the mound,
whispered softly,

“Little earth-workers be still,
None with me dare work you ill.”

Well, they went on and on for several days
more, until one delicious morning they found
themselves on the margin of a lovely lake, which
gleamed like crystal in the sunshine, and on
which a snow-white drake, and an equally
dazzling-plumed duck, were skimming about
delightedly and enjoying themselves on their
favourite element, when, no sooner did they be-
hold than as ever self-indulgent, the elder
princes proposed that all three should endeavour
to catch them, and have them roasted for
breakfast; but good Tinykin as usual interfered for
the protection of the helpless, and said, “Nay,
brothers, let the handsome birds live; they are
doing us no harm. I shall not allow you to
injure them, or, if you persevere in doing so, I
shall certainly leave you to your own resources.
Why should we try to put an end to an existence
which they seem to enjoy so much?” Then
approaching more closely to the water, he chanted

“Snow-white duck and stately drake
Swim around your lovely lake;
Dive down deep, and then arise,
Safely ‘neath the sunny skies;
None with me dare danger bring,
To one feather of your wing.”

Then they proceeded farther on their way,
and after some days’ journey, found them-
sews passing through a beautiful forest, where
Achmet was not slow in observing a bee’s-nest
in a hollow tree, so filled with honey, that it ran
in streams down the trunk. He immediately called Selim's attention to it, who at once said, “Come, we will kindle a fire, and stifle the bees with the smoke, then we can have all the honey for ourselves.” “The very thing to do,” replied Achmet, in a low tone, that Tinykin might not hear him; but Tinykin’s hearing was very sharp, and he had already caught the cruel proposal of his second brother. “Ah! how ungrateful you are,” cried the kind, thoughtful little Prince. “How often have you enjoyed the sweet product of the unwearying industry of the bees; even now you can, without injuring them, take quite as much honey as you want to use, and yet the return you wish to make is to kill them wantonly; but you must not dare touch them, I shall certainly leave you, as I have already twice over threatened to do.” Then drawing near the nest, he whispered,

“Little busy, busy bees,
In your nest amid the trees;
In its waxy chamber press’d,
Peacefully now take your rest;
Morning still new sunshine brings,
Then out and ply your pretty wings
Through the balmy summer air,
None with me shall hurt you dare.”

Then penetrating farther into the windings of the wood, they at length arrived at the palace of the enchanted king. It was a very fine building, but seemed completely deserted. All the doors stood wide open, but not a single sound was to be heard or a living person to be seen; even the horses in the stables, which they had looked into as they passed through the court-yard, were all turned into white marble, looking, though very handsome, frightfully still and ghost-like.

After some debate among themselves, they determined to explore the apartments of the castle. And after wandering for some hours through its various passages, arrived at a door which was secured by three large locks, but which had an iron grating in the centre, which enabled them to see into the next apartment, where they beheld the first living being they had met with in the entire palace, in the form of a grey old man of small stature, with a golden crown glistening with jewels on his head, seated at a table of white marble, on which he seemed to gaze intently.

Three times did they ask him, each brother in his turn, to open to them and give them some information as to the nature of the tasks required to be performed in order to break the spell which bound him; but it was only at the third time that he arose slowly, and unfastening the door, led them still preserving a profound silence, to a room where a splendid supper was laid quite ready to be eaten, and consisting of all kinds of dainties.

He remained with them while they partook plentifully of this repast, and next led them to separate bedchambers, which were furnished with regal splendour, where he left them to repose after their long fatiguing journey.

Very early next morning, however, he entered the room of Selim, the eldest prince, and signing to him to arise, led him to the white marble table on which he himself had been discovered by them the day before looking so absorbedly.

On this table lay three tablets, on which were deeply engraved an account of the three tasks, the successful performance of which would for ever disenchant the king; but failure in which would entail terrible penalty on their unfortunate undertaker. The first tablet said,

“Within the wood—beneath the moss,
Lies what has been the king’s daughter’s loss;
Seek then well. Look all around,
Every pearl must be found.
A thousand formed the necklace rare
That circled her soft throat, so fair;
At set of sun, should one wanting be,
Night changed to marble shall you see.”

Prince Selim laughed heartily on reading this, and said confidently that, to collect a few pearls was far from being difficult; and that of course he should have them all found quite early, and return to dine with his brothers; but alas! at sunset he had only one hundred gathered, when, as the tablet had foretold, he was instantly turned into marble.

The next day Prince Achmet’s turn came, and setting out with an equally presumptuous confidence in his ability also like his brother, having never in his life preferred anyone’s good or pleasure before even his own slightest whim, like him, had no one to direct or assist him in what he had undertaken. So he consequently met with the same fate; as having only succeeded in unearthin a second hundred of the glistening gems, he at sunset was in a like manner changed into stone.

Good little Prince Tinykin was very much grieved at the unhappy fortune of his brothers, and so fearful of incurring a like doom for himself, that nothing could induce him to try to perform the tasks, but the hope of releasing them, should he by any means succeed in getting through them, and accordingly diffident, yet sustained by this kind hope of being able to restore his brothers to life, he set out early next morning, and commenced a diligent search for the pearls; but, ah, it was terribly difficult to find even one of them hidden as they were in the thick green moss, and at length as day advanced, utterly dispirited, he sat down on a stone and wept bitterly. He sat thus for a long while, his face buried in his hands, counting the hours that intervened between him and his awful fate. When at length happening to look up, he was amazed to perceive the moss appear in motion, and immediately after an innumerable company of ants, with their king at their head, approached him, and laid the complete thousand—not one
wanting—of pearls at his feet, and then ran swiftly off—all except their king, who lingered to say:

"You saved our lives: now yours we save.
A good deed you get for the one you gave!"

Then, overpowered with joy, Tinykin remembered the anthill which his brothers had wished to destroy, but which he had interfered to preserve, and, gathering up the pearls carefully, he took them in great delight to the palace, and laid them on the marble table, where he immediately read the second tables, on which were engraved the following words:

"At the bottom of a lake,
Where snow-white birds their home do make,
Lies the princess's chamber key,
Which must be found and brought to me;
The second task—and be it known,
Who tries and fails is turned to stone!"

Tinykin mused deeply for some time over these lines, when suddenly a bright idea struck him: "What," he exclaimed, "if the snow-white birds should prove to be the very two I interfered to protect from the cruel designs of Selim and Achemet! They, at all events, swim hither and thither on a most lovely lake. I shall retrace my way until I find them. Who knows: perhaps they may prove as grateful as the dear little ants. At least, I shall try if they will kindly assist me!" So saying, he set off, and in due time stood once more on the shore of the beautiful crystal sheet of water, where, no sooner did the two birds he had come to seek behold him, than, with many joyful "Quack, quacks," they both dived to the very bottom of the lake, and soon reappeared, bearing between them the golden key, with which they swam directly towards him, laid it beside him on the bank, and then swam off again, singing:

"To the shore of our lake three princes came;
Two were cruel and one was kind:
The two we left to their terrible doom,
Lightly as passes the idle wind.
But for him, the prince with the gentle heart,
Deeply we dived as deep can be;
And to pay back to him the debt we owe,
Lay at his feet the golden key."

Tinykin listened until the grateful birds ceased singing: then, thanking them with all the sweetness of his loving nature, he left them, and once more returned joyfully to lay the second prize on the marble table, and read the third tablet, which, alas! contained the most difficult of all the tasks. On it was written:

"On this the die is cast;
'Tis the hardest, if the last.
Of the king's three daughters fair,
All alike in face and air,
All alike in gold robes drest,
Choose the youngest and the best.

The first princess has sugar eaten,
The next sweet syrup has partaken,
The last has tasted honey sweet—
Choose her, and your work's complete;
Miss her, and spite of all now done,
Stone shall thou be at set of sun!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried poor Tinykin, "how could it be possible for anyone to discover the youngest sister among three all exactly alike in dress and feature; and as to the sweets of which they have eaten, any possible trace could I afford to anyone as to which was best or worst born first or last among them, inasmuch as it is utterly impossible to distinguish one sweet one from the other? I dare not attempt this task, as I should certainly fail in it, and consequently, without benefiting my poor brothers, destroy myself. No! I will not undertake it; the risk is too great. In the other tasks I was assisted by the grateful ants and the good birds; this time I should have no such aid, and should certainly incur my terrible fate of being changed into marble!" But, after a few minutes more of reflection, he said to himself: "Yet, after all, nothing is done without a trial. I was in equal despair about the pearls, and I received help when I least expected it; neither will I doubt now. I am willing to make the trial!"

He spoke these last words aloud, and no sooner had he uttered them, than the silent old man advanced eagerly from where he had been watching him, and, taking him by the hand, led him through many corridors in a winding path, until they at length reached an apartment gorgeously furnished, and the windows so shrouded by their rich hangings as to render the light of a soft dimness, while the air was so laden by the delicious odour of many exquisite flowers as to be almost too sweet. Here on couches all alike of royal purple velvet, beneath canopies of cloth of gold, plunged apparently in a delightful sleep, varied by the happiest dreams, lay three of the most beautiful princesses in the entire world; each with the same pleased expression on the same lovely features; each with the same graceful limbs clothed in the same soft, silvery, half-transparent white robes, and with the same long bright ringlets falling in their rich masses almost to the ground. With eyes equally bewildered by their dazzling beauty and their exact resemblance to each other, Tinykin gazed on the enchanted sisters; but the longer he gazed the less was he able to perceive even a shadow of difference between them. So entranced, indeed, was he by their charms that, for some hours he could only look at and admire them like a child, without any thought of the doom the approaching evening was to bring him so surely if he had not by that time discovered the youngest and most amiable; and it was only when, for a moment, his eye happened to turn from the young beauties to the pale, sad face of the silent old man, who, since he led him that morning to the wondrous apartment, had never left him, but remained watching all
his movements with the most intense anxiety, knowing that his own release from the fatal spell that bound him depended on Tinykin’s success. It was only then that the young prince recollected his impossible task. When immediately, with a sinking heart, he fixed his gaze once more on the young princess; this time resisting their fascinations, so as to examine not simply to delight his eyes with their loveliness. But, alas! gaze as attentively as ever he could, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other to pretend to offer even a faint guess which rosy lip had tasted of the honey. One time, indeed, his heart gave a glad bound, as he caught the soft shimmer of a pearl necklace on the fair throat of one princess gleaming through the silken curls that fell, half shading it; but alas! looking at the other sisters, he perceived the sheen of exactly the same half-hidden gems gleaming through exactly the same bright masses of rich curls on two fair throats exactly similar to hers. He had first observed it; at a certain point in his hopes arose gaily as he perceived the glitter of a golden key which hung from the diamond girdle of the centre spell-bounded sleeper, but only to fall the lower as, on a closer examination, he observed a similar appendage shining amid the robes of the other princesses; also, as they draped themselves in graceful folds, even to the ground.

What added to the despondency of poor Prince Tinykin, as the day wore on, was the dumb wretchedness of the old man, who, as the last ray of sunshine faded slowly, but certainly, from the rich carpet, commenced wringing his hands, and pointing to it in utter despair.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do," exclaimed Tinykin. "It is much worse to fail in this task than in the first, or even the second, to be so near to success—so near to releasing these beautiful creatures and their poor father—so near to restoring my poor brothers (whom it was my fault to bring here at all)—to our dear parents, to say nothing of my own terrible doom, from which I shrink, even in spite of myself, and now to fail! Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

And, approaching the window, he drew the curtain slightly aside, to take a last look at the glorious sun for which the vassal clouds were already forming themselves into great golden banks, on which their monarch might rest for a few moments as he sank majestically; yet for poor Tinykin, alas! so quickly to his repose: "But a few minutes more—a very, very few minutes more, growing less and less even as I speak—and I shall be changed into the mere marble image of man!" said the good young prince, as, turning to take a last look at the room in which he inmates, he beheld the old man, in his dumb helpless misery, now entirely prostrate on the floor, his wretchedness appearing the more terrible in contrast with the soft smiling countenance of the lovely unconscious sleepers, resting in their unchanging loveliness, under golden canopies upon their royal couches. Then his head sank down upon the cushioned seat of the window, in utter despair, and at length, his spirit altogether broken, his unrestrained convulsive sobs broke the charmed stillness of the enchanted palace; and it was only when these had once more sank into silence, that the humming of a bee, loud and continuous, could be heard without the window; the little creature flying to and fro without ceasing, as if to attract attention, until, becoming impatient at its want of success, it beat its tiny wings angrily against the pane near which the head of Tinykin rested. In vain; he did not hear the sound; he had grown stupid in his awful trouble.

And still the sisters slept calmly on, and still the silent old man writhed on the floor in his dumb anguish, and still the bee hummed and buzzed, and beat its wings madly against the glass. Oh, Tinykin! Tinykin! the sun is just sinking, will nothing arouse you? or have you already entered into your marble bondage? No; not yet—not yet. At length the humming of the faithful little bee has penetrated to the grief-dulled brain, and, with the quick impulse of a new-born hope, as the recollection of the hive in the forest flashed across him, he flung open the long-closed window, when the bee immediately winged her glad way into the room, and, alighting for a second on the lips of two, finally rested on those of the third princess, singing gaily:

"I hasten, hasten, nor delay; Quickly sinks the sun’s last ray; Claim your young bride, without fear, The princess you seek is here. Too many a dower’s dew I sip To doubt the honey on her lip. You saved me and mine from fire, Now take from me what you require!"

With one great bound, the overjoyed prince reached the couch of the young princess, and, not forgetting even in his delight to say, "O, thank you, thank you," to the pretty, grateful insect, already flying off through the open window to its hive, he took the hand of the pretty, grateful sleeper, and, just as the sun’s last ray was sinking, lifted her to her feet, and thus broke the bondage for ever in which she and hers had so long been bound.

The other sisters woke also at the same instant, and all three, looking bewildered for a moment, then embraced each other affectionately, while their father, in a transport of joy, was using his recovered powers of speech in thanking Tinykin, most fervently, for the part he had acted; after which he also embraced his daughters, and presented them by name to the young deliverer. Meanwhile, a great crowd of persons of high rank, who had been all laid under some terrible enchantment, now crowded into the room, among whom Tinykin at once recognized his brothers, whom he welcomed most affectionately, and in seven days after they were all three married to the three princesses who were acknowledged to be the most beauti-
St. Valentine’s Day.

The following account of the origin and customs of St. Valentine’s day in the olden time is taken from an old author:—It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februalis, and Februlia. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by young men at chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some communions of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and, as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine’s day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaption to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.”

Mission, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, describes the amusing practices of his time: “On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine’s day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; they write their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men’s billets, and the men the maids’; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that has fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom or severity of Madam Valentine. There is another kind of Valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day.”

So also in the Connoisseur there is mention of the same usage preceded by certain mysterious ceremonies the night before; one of these being almost certain to insure an indigation, is there fore likely to occasion a dream favourable to the dreamer’s waking wishes: “Last Friday was Valentine’s day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lover’s names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.”

A singular custom prevailed many years since in the west of England. “Three single young men went out together before daylight on St. Valentine’s day, with a clappet to catch an old owl and two sparrows in a neighbouring barn.
If they were successful, and could bring the birds to the inn without injury before the females of the house had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl in honour of St. Valentine, and enjoyed the privilege of demanding at any other house in the neighbourhood a similar boon. This was done,” says our correspondent, “as an emblem that the owl, being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, whereas both single lads and maidens should be reminded that happiness could alone be secured by an early union.”

THE THEATRES, &c.

THE “SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,” AT THE HOLBORN.

It is refreshing to turn from the vitiated drama of the new theatres lately risen into notice, to the contemplation of a specimen of sterling English comedy, where the story is a genuine commentary on manners, and the scenes and characters humorously and wittily satirise “Folly as it flies.” Sheridan’s “School for Scandal” is excellent, such works best illustrates what a true comedy of manners or society should be. In the words of Tom Moore, the poet, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s biographer, “it is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.” In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, the “School for Scandal” is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Like some other chefs d’œuvre of the drama, however, Sheridan’s masterpiece owed something to other forms of literature; it put under contribution the more salient qualities of the best novels of the century. As in his first comedy (the “Rivals”) Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, in the “School for Scandal” he had recourse to Smollett’s rival, or rather twin, novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface were evidently suggested by Tom Jones and Blifil; but it must be said that the characterisation, coarse and vulgar in the novel, becomes brilliant and refined in the play. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which the “School for Scandal” abounds; his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. Drury-lane theatre was fast falling in public favour when Garrick retired from its management in 1776. “His share in the theatre fell to his friend Sheridan, by a joint investment arranged between him, Linley, and a third partner named Ford. After some misunderstandings with Garrick’s old partner, Lacy, who still owned his half of the entire concern, the new management got into working trim, and sought in various ways to attract a public grieving for the loss of its old favourite. The attempt, however, threatened to end in signal failure until Sheridan bestirred himself the next season to bring out the matchless comedy of the ‘School for Scandal.’ ” Thank God it is finished were the words he wrote under the last line of the last act, which was sent in to the prompter only five days before its first performance. ‘Amen!’ wrote the prompter, in his turn, as he got it ready for the greenroom.”

* Studies in Biography: By Capt. L. J. Trotter. (Svo., 1865.) — We are indebted to the article, “Sheridan,” in Capt. Trotter’s fine collection of biographies, for several leading facts relating to the “School for Scandal.”
matic art either in comedy or tragedy. The late
Sheridan-Knowles wrote some good plays, but
they were too strongly imitative, both in form
and texture, of Elizabethan plays to claim to
be thoroughly original works. Nevertheless,
Knowles was one of the ablest dramatists of a
now past generation. The late Douglas Jerrold
attempted comedy; nearly, indeed, did Jerrold
approach to laughing Thalia’s domain, but he
was never quite at ease on that same “charmed
ground.” He was an acute observer; he drew
character with a master hand; he was a dry,
quaint humourist; a wit of a rather caustic
nature; he was capable of a sustained brilliancy
of style which was pointed and epigrammatic
in the extreme; but, nevertheless, his general dra-
matic picture was always more or less imperfect
and untrue: in fact, Jerrold could not tell a good
story through without spoiling it as a specimen
of dramatic art. He had but moderate inven-
tive powers—the shortcoming of most English
writers for the stage. To come down to a later
day, the comedies of Mr. Bouicault (especially
“London Assurance” if it were not so utterly
stagy) had sufficient success to give promise
that the dramatist would some day give the
stage a high-class work. However, instead of
advancing in his art, Bouicault has, as every-
body knows, degenerated into the inventor
and writer of the so-called “sensational drama.”
At the risk of raising the venerable question of
the critics, What is a comedy? we venture to ex-
press our notion of the matter. A comedy is a
picture of society in petto. It is a frame-work
in which the actions of a particular phase of
society, open to ridicule, are imitated and satiri-
cally commented upon. That our modern social
forms of existence are as susceptible to dra-
matic satire as the fimes and manners of our
forefathers were, such plays as “Money,” by
Bulwer-Lytton (now Lord Lytton), and “Lon-
don Assurance” testify imperfect works as
they are. But in truth the requisites for high
comedy writing are unattainable except to genius
itself. The compere of a Sheridan should
possess a various combination of intellectual
faculties—deep insight into character; the
acuteness to detect the springs of human action;
an intellect scintillating with a highly cultivated
wit, and as susceptible to humour as that of “old
Autolycus”—all these qualities we say must
be subordinate to the dramatic art and associated
with great powers of invention, to produce
another “Rivals” or “School for Scandal.”
We have no dramatists now of such calibre;
and few actors to act a good five-act play if it
were written. Mr. Robertson, the author of
“School” and a collection of similar plays,
could probably, if he chose to take infinite
pains, write a piece at least equal to “London
Assurance;” but we hesitate to accept “School,”
or “Caste,” or “Society” for genuine comedy.
We hope, however, Mr. Barry Sullivan intends
to encourage high class dramatic composition,
by accepting a few good plays for the Holborn,
where, as we have stated already, the company
is a good one, as proved by the long run
of “Money” and the “School for Scandal.”
E. H. MALCOLM.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, IN PART OF THE
LAST CENTURY AND UP TO 1860; THE RECO-
LLECTIONS OF JAMES AMPHLETT, &c. &c.
(London: Whittaker & Co., 30 Marie Lane,
Wardle, Shrewsbury).—Out of the latitude of
the last new novel, or of new books in general,
we naturally turn for amusement, and a solace
that has become habitual and necessary, to the
volumes piled up on the sunny window
seat, or on the hanging shelves in our (pro tem.)
seaside, or rural parlour. Here is one, a very
infant, in a bibliologist’s conception of age in
books; yet ancient, and out of date in the
estimation of most readers, nine years having
past since it saw the light. Yet, in glancing
over it, I find so much of suggestion that has
proved true prophecy of fact, that, read by the
light of to-day, seems strange as fiction, of
pleasant anecdote, and astute far-seeing good
sense, that I am tempted, in the dearth of newer
matter, to serve up a réchauffé of the prime of
its pages. Certain, that to the majority of
readers, it will have as piquant a taste of novelty
as one of the latest production in the literary world.
Without being an autobiogaphy, it treats of the
principal events in the experience of an active
and talented member, or rather master of the
local press. Mr. James Amphlett, of Shrews-
bury, who, throughout his long life of 55 years,
was actively connected as proprietor or editor
with various newspapers; and who, from the
circumstance of being regarded as its oldest
member, has been styled the “Father of the
English Press;” a distinction that makes a
stranger pause beside his grave in the cemetery
at Shrewsbury, to ask its meaning. Mr.
Amphlett was the son of a baptist minister, who
added to his official stipend by keeping a school,
and reckoned amongst his pupils M. D. Hill,
Esq., afterwards recorder of Birmingham, and
his brother Rowland Hill, of the General Post-
Office. His son, the author of these recol-
lection, was transferred at seventeen to a Baptist academy, for the purpose of studying for the ministry; but the principal, Mr. Richard Comsfield, a philosopher and Christian, permitted his pupils to discuss various subjects in the evenings by way of intellectual exercise, and amongst them the difference between church and dissent. Young Amphlett defended the church; the subject was continued for many evenings, till he, with a few others, argued themselves into the conviction that the church was right, and that the mere difference in forms of worship could not justify trinitarian dissenters in their secession from the establishment. The consequence was, a partial schism in the school, which young Amphlett left, and shortly after, we find him editing the "Shrewsbury Advertiser." His boyhood had been passed between Wolverhampton and Birmingham, and while still a schoolboy, he had witnessed the Church and King riots at the latter town, when Dr. Priestley's house was burned, and the doctor himself had to fly for his life. The cause of the riot was the setting on of the presbyterians at the house in Birmingham, to commemorate the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille. Upon which the mob arose with the cry of Church and King! and after smashing the windows of the hotel and dispersing the meeting there, marched directly against their chapels. But we will let Mr. Amphlett tell the tale:

"It was known early in the morning that Dr. Priestley's house was on fire and that he had escaped. I went off with some boys of my own age to see the doctor's house. Some of my companions remarked that Dr. Priestley denied Jesus Christ, others said the riot was foretold in the bible, and the time was come when there was to be no more kings. When we got to Deritend we met a number of people carrying away all sorts of house furniture with the same impunity as though they had bought them at a sale. Dr. Priestley's house was about two miles from the town on the road leading by or to Spark Brook and to Henley-in-Arden. We entered the shrubbery, which soon brought us to the house; then, in one fierce flame, a dead man lay at the corner with blood on his face, who, it was said, was killed by a large corner stone falling on him. A large stack of coal containing many tons had been set on fire and was full lighted, throwing out a most intense heat. The doctor's laboratory was a separate building on one side of the house, approached by a stair flight. The windows seemed to be continuous on two sides. They were knocked out, and a number of apparatus, consisting mainly of glass in a variety of forms, tubes, jars, retorts, and other things, which lay in one smash, on the sides. We went up for a moment or two, and heard some persons say that 'The doctor dealt with them—' I picked up one small bottle of quicksilver, which consists of all my plunder.'"

Not satisfied with this exhibition of religious and loyal fervour on the part of the mob, with the usual temerity of his age, the boy started off again and witnessed the destruction of Hutton's paper warehouse, and the rioters refreshed with cups of ale sent from the Fountain Inn, to divert them, it was said, from further mischief, but really to rouse them to renew it. No sooner had they emptied the tubs, and thrown the black drinking cups which had also been supplied them in clothes-baskets full over their heads, than they set off for Baskerville, the great printer's house, and set that also in flames; "the noble Baskerville type is well-known," observes the writer, and Baskerville house and grounds became the battle-field of the mob, and some of the special constables, who, however, were soon overpowered. Here our hero looted a few outs for his rabbits; while, in going round the premises, he saw some men coming out of a forced cellar window, and others going in. It was the wine cellar, and with true British instinct, the invaders were calling out for "red port." No corkscrew was needed, the more summary mode of breaking off the neck of the bottle sufficed, "and the mouths of some were bleeding. When the wines were not to their taste, they dashed them to the floor, and away went probably champagne, claret, burgundy, and probably hock and imperial tokay." The boys had followed the men, but they did not want wines, and the men had to give them a lift in getting out again; a few hours later the cellar fell in and the rioters were badly hurt. Special constables appear not to have been as well organized, or as physically effective in those days as in our own; or probably, I ought to have said, as munificently effective. At a cry of the "Constables coming!" while the women and children generally scampers, Young Amphlett and his friend got lifted on the wharf near the gates, when a crowd was seen coming up in procession. "Several of the leaders wore spectacles, and nearly all wore hair-powder, and appeared to be gentlemen;" they were armed with short staffs, "which, as it afterwards appeared, were the rollers used in drapers' shops, which silk and other fabrics are wound on. But though the mob were wholly unorganized, the struggle between them was short. In less than five minutes the specials were seen running back with a considerable loss of hair-powder, which was "beaten out of their heads in clouds." Other places were also sacked; our author retained a sweetmemory of Squire Humphrey's house, where, he tells us, "we got among a number of beds in store rooms amid jams and jellies, where I took my ration; and this was my third felonious act. We saw several boys cram jam into their pockets, and others smeared their faces in the fun. We might have exclaimed 'jam saved without going further with the Roman bard.' The reaction on the public mind after these events, was slow, but sure, as the costs to the hundred were between thirty and forty thousand pounds spread over three years. A little later, and we find the writer present at the singing of "Liberty Songs," in the back parlour of the Ship Inn, Hill-street; while waiting the presence of the "Deritend, blacksmith, a furious revolutionist," who was expected, but did not come. It was at this time that Parr wrote his spital sermon, and about the same period Roscoe his beautiful song:

"O'er the vine covered hills, and gay regions of France, See the day-star of liberty rise."
A Page of Past Fashions.

During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, folly and frivolity everywhere held supreme sway, and their head-quarters seemed to be the dressing-rooms of the nobility. Not contented with seeking admiration and dissipation at every other hour, the gay beauty must even at her toilet receive her dear friends, and edify the maids and hairdresser with the on dits of the great world of fashion. In that period, there was some excuse for the fashion in the immense time it took to completely equip the lovely beings for their time of conquest. A description of the toilet may be interesting to our readers.

The fair marchioness, rises at about noon, and, in a superb wrapper, with impounded hair, strolls into her dressing-room, where the maid, sweeping aside the rose-coloured curtains, reveals the mirror and toilet arrangements. The hairdresser next arrives, and this is the most important functionary. Some of the stupendous structures then in vogue reached two feet from the roots of the hair, and, with their powder, looked like mountains of snow, spotted with ribbons, jewels, and flowers.

When the structure is arranged, the marchioness lifts a mask from the table and covers her face, while the hairdresser and maid, mounted on ladders, one on each side, shake the powder box over the hair. The ornaments are then fastened in. A small knife is then passed over the temples and forehead, to remove any of the hair-powder that may have fallen under the mask. The complexion is then made up, and then the last touch of rouge is on, the marchioness takes a small box containing black patches; of these she selects three, and places two over the left eye, one on the right cheek. These, of course, heighten the effect of the

lane; Mr. Amphlett's analysis of the poet and metaphysician's treatment of his subjects, is characteristic. On one occasion, about this period, he remarked to his author, apropos of a speech made by Robert Hall at a platform meeting of the advocates of the Bible Society, reported in Leicester paper, 'how ingeniously Hall dealt with the argument in a circle. He afterwards said these platform meetings, where clergymen and dissenting ministers came into competition, as to which should bid the highest for support in religious zealots, and parochial ecclesiastics—these circumstances he said would lead to a low church, and a high church wider apart than ever yet was known. One leaning to the latitudinarian services of the dissenters, and the other, to the ceremonial of the Roman Catholics.' A prediction curiously verified in our times, though spoken 1812-13. We find some interesting particulars in this volume touching the late Sergeant Wilkins, who was also in his early days a schoolmaster, and subsequently a member of the press in the city of Lincoln, when radicalism was rampant in that county. In those times leaders in country newspaper were scarcely known between sixty and seventy years ago, but Mr. Amphlett wrote his first in a Staffordshire paper about that period, and continued to write for the local papers and various journals to within a few years of his death, his last effort being the compilation of his "Recollections" which, however, he did not live to see published. Our slight brief notice of the book, or rather of its few first chapters (for time and space have limited it,) will serve at least to introduce this really interesting volume to our readers, who will find themselves amply repaid in its perusal.
dazzling complexion. The hairdresser now adds an exquisite headdress, composed of jewelled butterflys, ribbons, and a bunch of small feathers coquettishly placed above the right ear. Earrings are then added, and, after two hours already spent, the marchioness comes to her dress.

This consists of a skirt with an embroidered furbelow and an over-dress of rich brocade, embroidered with flowers, of which the tight corset is adapted to a full, open skirt, which displays a front breadth of hanging jewels, which falls from the waist to the feet and spreads out in two wings at each side, following the curve of the hooped skirt. The white gloves comes next, then the bracelets and necklace of diamonds, and then, throwing over her shoulders a mantle of scarlet satin, she takes her fan, and, the third hour having passed, the toilet is completed.

The following bill, bearing date 1719, which will give us a very fair idea of not only what a fashionable lady used to wear at that date, but will also enable us to notice the price of the various articles:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A smock, of cambric holland</td>
<td>£ 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marseilles quilted petticoat</td>
<td>3 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A hoop petticoat, covered with tabb</td>
<td>2 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A French silk quilted petticoat</td>
<td>10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A manuta and petticoat, of French brocade</td>
<td>78 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A French point, ruffles, anducker</td>
<td>80 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Necklace</td>
<td>1 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English stays, covered with tabb</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Flanders lace handkerchief</td>
<td>10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Italian fan</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A black silk à la mode hood</td>
<td>6 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A black lace ditto</td>
<td>5 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French embroidered and bosom knot</td>
<td>2 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pockets, of Marseilles quilting</td>
<td>1 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mull</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sable tipet</td>
<td>15 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lining, of Italian lustreing</td>
<td>8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkey handkerchief</td>
<td>5 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A hat, of Leghorn</td>
<td>1 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A beaver and feather, for the forest</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A riding suit, with embroidery of Paris</td>
<td>47 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three dresses, for the masquerade, two from Venice</td>
<td>36 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One from Paris, of green velvet, à la Saltonese, set with pearls and rubies</td>
<td>123 15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To which may be added such trifles as shoes, stockings, gloves, essences, pomatums, patches, powder, and wire! It is to be hoped the lady possessed a trifle for pin money.

The beau of 1727 is represented as dressed in a fine shirt of linen, the ruffles and bosom of Mechlin lace; a small wig, with an enormous queue or tail; his coat well garnished with lace; black velvet breeches; red heels to his shoes, and gold clocks to his stockings; his hat beneath his arm, a sword by his side, and himself well scented.

The most odious piece of attire introduced in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the large whalebone petticoat, which afterwards degenerated into the hoop, both articles of attire now so well known by experience to our fair readers. Ornamental aprons were also much worn, and fans had lengthened to eighteen inches. Gay says:

"The fan shall flutter in all female hands, and various fashions learn from various lands.

For this shall elephants their ivory shed, and polished sticks the waving engines spread.

His cloned mail the tortoise shall resign, and round the rivet pearly circles shine.

On this shall Indians all their art employ, and with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; their pains shall here in wildest fancies flow, their dress, their customs, their religion show, Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care, and with the costly trinket arm the fair."

Spanish broadcloth, trimmed with gold lace, was used for ladies' dresses in the reign of George I., and furbelowed scarfs were worn equally by the duchess and the peasant.

Hoods, of all colours and fashions, were worn, both on horseback and at the opera; the projecting frontage again appeared, pointed like a steeple, with long crape streamers, feathers piled up with flowers in stages; and even figures of four-wheeled carriages were used as head ornaments.

Periwigs were also worn by the ladies, and the head was sometimes made up of pins, paste, and pomatum, so as to keep for a month!

The caps, which, at the first part of the eighteenth century, were small-frilled or puffed, afterwards changed to the French nightcap, which half covered the cheeks; this was succeeded by the Ranelagh mob-cap, copied from the headkerchiefs of the market-women. At one time, a flat straw or silk hat of small size, and trimmed with ribbons, was worn upon the crown of the head. The bonnet, which, in earlier times, had been made exclusively of silk or velvet, was, in this century, changed for straw. Gay mentions a new straw hat, lined with green, about 1754, as a comparatively rare article; for the simple art of plaiting straw for bonnets and hats, which now employs, in this country alone, more than 200,000 females, has not been practised to any considerable extent longer than seventy years.

It is said, during the reign of the second George, the ladies piqued themselves upon excessive simplicity; indeed, the whole taste of the day was mock pastoral. Each beau was a Corydon, each lady a Sylvia; and the absurdities of a court masque, where milkmaids sported their diamonds and shepherds carried golden crooks, were borne into private life, and an external display of country innocence vainly endeavoured to gloss over London vice.

In the eighth number of the Grey's Inn Journal is the advertisement of the sale, by auction, of the whole stock of a coquette leaving off business, consisting of several valuable curiosities, among which are mentioned a transparent capuchin or hood, an elegant snuff-box, with a looking-glass within it, being a very good pocket companion for beauty, directions for
Gone.

And sink a curran’; “Thunder!” “Holl!”
And “Devil!” (worse than I can tell)
His greyhounds in blood lay down,
And yonder smokes a burning town.

And when, a-travellin’ to the fairs,
The merchant goes with all his wares,
He takes a pouch o’ th’ best, I guess,
And fills and smokes his pipe, no less.

Poor devil, it isn’t good for you!
With all y’r gold, you’re trouble, too.
Twice two is four, if stocks ’ll rise
I see the figures in your eyes.

It’s hurry, worry, tare and fret;
Ye ha’n’t enough, the more ye get,—
And couldn’t use it, if ye had:
No wonder that y’r pipe tastes bad!

But good, thank God! and wholesome’s mine:
The bottom-wheat is growin’ fine,
And God, o’ mornin’s, sends the dew,
And sends his breath o’ blessin’, too.

And, home, there’s Nancy bustlin’ round;
The supper’s ready, I’ll be bound,
And youngsters waitin’. Lord! I vow
I don’t know which is smartest, now

My pipe tastes good; the reason’s plain;
(I guess I’ll fill it once again)
With cheerful heart, and jolly mood,
And goin’ home, all things is good.

GONE.

MRS. M. W. HACKETT.

Gone forever! The dismal wind
Shudders and shrieks in the hemlock tree,
And the rain keeps sobbing, without the door,
“Gone forever—ah, woe is me!”

Gone forever! my love! my bride!
Beautiful head, with the golden hair!
And the soft, sweet blue of the smiling eyes,
Smiling over my soul’s despair!

Darling, under the aspen-trees,
Oh, it was heaven! your words were low,
And the warm lips quivered when pressed to mine,
Darling, why did you tremble so?

Gone forever! Aye, scatter gems
Over the waves of her rippling hair,
For the priceless jewels of faith and love
Nevermore shall the young bride wear.

She shall sit in his halls so lone,
Counting the hours as the years creep by;
And the ice shall gather about her heart—
Darling, oh, it were best to die!

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

(By Hebel, the "German Burns").

I guess I’ll take my pouch, and fill
My pipe just once—yes, that I will!
Turn out my plough and home’ards go;
Duck thinks, enough’s been done, I know.

Why, when the Emperor’s council’s done,
And he can hunt and have his fun,
He stops, I guess, at any tree,
And fills his pipe as well as me.

But smokin’ does him little good;
He can’t have all things as he would,
His crown’s a precious weight, at that:
It isn’t like my old straw hat.

He sits a deal o’ tin, no doubt,
But all the more he pays it out,
And everywhere they beg and cry
Heaps more than he can satisfy.

And when to see that nothing’s wrong,
He plagues himself the whole day long,
And thinks, “I guess I’ve done it now,”
Nobody thanks him, anyhow.

And so, when in his rudy clo’es
The Ginecal out of battle goes,
He takes his pouch, too, I’ll agree,
And fills his pipe as well as me.

But in the wild and drearly fight,
His pipe don’t taste exactly right:
He’s galloped here and galloped there,
And things a’n’t pleasant anywhere.
Gone forever! my love! my bride!  
Over the past hangs love's sweet spell;  
In the joyless future, for thee and me,  
No hope may blossom! Sweet love, farewell!

---

**THE OLD SONG.**

By Mrs. L. A. K. Bross.

Oh, sing again the dear old strain  
My mother sang to me,  
When holy rays, of earlier days,  
Gleamed through our threshold tree!  
The sunset low, in purple glow,  
Crept o'er the sanded sill;  
She lingered there, in that old chair—  
Mother! I see thee still.

The low-coved roof, with mossy woof,  
And creepers trailing o'er;  
The story long, the dear old song,  
Beside that oaken door.  
The eyes that shone, the melting tone  
Of that sweet voice still come,  
With silvered hair and plaintive prayer—  
Blest memories of my home!

Long years have fled; the vines are dead,  
And withered that old tree;  
And nevermore, beside that door,  
Will mother sing to me!

But golden gleams of hallowed themes  
Will linger to the last;  
I cherish still, with sacred thrill,  
The oaks of the past!

Then sing again that dear old strain  
My mother sang to me,  
When holy rays, of earlier days,  
Gleamed through our threshold tree.

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**LINES.**  
(To my absent Wife.)

By Rev. D. S.

Earth no music for me gives,  
Lone my heart through thee lives;  
Symphonies though sweet are drear  
Unless thou, my love, art near.

When the evening shade appears,  
And the moon her crescent bears,  
Sparkling fountains dance in light,  
Yet without thee all is night.

When my midnight couch I take,  
And from broken slumbers wake,  
Dreams of bliss a vision leave  
Of the one for whom I grieve.

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**Waiting.**

When the morning greets my eyes,  
Rosy tints, that paint the skies,  
Pencil but thy blushing face,  
Lit with smiles and lovely grace.

But when earth and change shall cease,  
And we wake in endless peace,  
Then, in everlasting love,  
Changeless we shall dwell above.

---

**WAITING.**

By Mrs. Ellen W. Mitchell.

'Tis past the midnight hour.  
Was that his tread upon the silent street?  
The faintest sound has power  
To make each throbbing pulse with tumult beat.

No, no, I watch in vain,  
The idol I have made is only clay;  
Oh God, soothe Thou this pain!  
Roll back the clouds of gloom that shroud my way.

A woman's lot is mine:  
To love, to suffer, in meek patience bear  
With wrong, yet give no sign  
Of outward woe, no token of despair.

Though all the world forsake,  
I pledged my word with him to live and die;  
My soul is bound by every holy tie.

Can I not bear neglect.  
At length to lure him from his downward track?  
Is hope forever wrecked?  
Will not my strong love win the truant back?

Hush! heard you not a tone?  
The sleeping babe stirred softly on my breast;  
Was that the wind's low moan?  
The very air with list'ning seems oppressed.

Where is thy father, child?  
This long, long, weary night will soon be past;  
Have fends his steps beguiled  
To wicked haunts, their snares about him cast?

Oh God, my weak heart aid,  
His reeling, staggering step at last I know;  
I shrink from him afraid,  
Have I not felt the fierce weight of his blow?

Is this to be my fate  
Night after night? Will nothing melt his heart?  
Must I all vainly wait?  
O demon of the bowl! how strong thou art!
THE LADIES' PAGE.

KNITTED SLEEPING SOCK.

Materials for One Pair.—Two ounces white fleecy; two ounces light blue fleecy.

These socks are knitted with white and blue wool in a diamond pattern, and in rounds like a stocking. Begin at the upper part of the sock; cast on 72 stitches with blue wool on pretty thick steel knitting-needles, and knit 20 rounds of the diamond pattern as follows:—

1st round. Quite plain.
2nd. Purl; both these rounds are worked with blue wool.
3rd to 6th. Knitted plain with white wool.
7th. With blue wool; knit 3, draw the wool through the next stitch of the 2nd round worked with blue wool, draw it out as a loop, keep it on the needle, knit again 3 stitches, and so on.
8th. With blue wool; the loop which has been taken up on the preceding round is purled off together with the preceding stitch.

Repeat the 3rd and 8th rounds twice more; the loops of one round must be placed between those of the preceding one. Then knit with white wool 26 rounds, alternately 2 stitches knitted, 2 stitches purled, then work the foot in the diamond pattern in the same way as usual for a stocking. The back of the heel is formed by leaving the 11 middle stitches of the heel on one needle, knitting the 1st and 11th of these together with one of the side stitches, till the middle stitches have been used up. At the toe decrease so that the decreases form a seam on both sides of the toe. This is obtained by knitting the 3rd and 4th stitches of the 1st needle together; on the 2nd needle slip the 4th stitch before the last, knit the next stitch and draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one; decrease in the same manner on the other 2 needles of this round. Repeat these decreases exactly in the same direction and at the same places, so that there are always 4 stitches between the 2 decreases at the end and at the beginning of 2 needles; they always take place after 3 or 2 plain rounds, and at last after 1 plain round. The remaining stitches are knitted off 2 and 2 together. To complete the sock, the outline of the sole is marked by working slip stitches with blue wool in crochet all round it; work also slip stitches on the selvedge stitch of the heel. The stocking is finished off at the top with a double round of loops in blue wool, worked over a mesh four-fifths of an inch wide.

NARVA LACE.


1st row. Make a chain, and on it a row d c.
2nd. 1 long, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat.
3rd. 1 long into space, 6 chain, miss 2 spaces, repeat.
4th. 2 long into first space, 4 chain, 2 long in same space, 4 chain, repeat in every space.
5th. 1 chain into first space, 6 chain, d c in next space, 6 chain, repeat.
6th. D c into first space, 6 chain, d c in next space, 4 chain, repeat.

FLORA LACE.


1st row. Make a chain, and on it a row d c.
2nd. 1 long, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat.
3rd. 1 long into space, 6 chain, 1 long into third space, repeat.
4th. 7 long into one space, 4 chain, 2 long into next space, 4 chain, repeat.
5th. Same as fourth, and exactly over it, making the stitches in the loops instead of the spaces.
6th. 5 long in the middle five of the seven, 4 chain, 4 d c the middle two over the two long, 4 chain, repeat.
7th. 3 long on the middle three of the five, 4 chain, d c into space, 6 chain, d c into next space, 4 chain, repeat.
8th. 2 long both on the middle one of the three, 4 chain, 5 long with one chain after each all into second space, 1 long in same space, 4 chain, repeat.
9th. 1 long into loop between two in last row at the top of the leaf, 6 chain, d c in second space, 4 chain, d c into next space, repeat 4 chain, d c into next space three times more, 6 chain, repeat.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

First Figure.—Tunic dress, with a train, made of pink grenadine and opening, apron fashion, on a petticoat of pink silk trimmed with four flounces of figured muslin reaching up to the waist. The trained dress is bordered by a long loose fringe of pink silk. Close-fitting jacket opening heart-shape in front. One side of the jacket forms a scarf from the right shoulder, and is fastened at the waist under the left arm, where it is met by a second end to which the scarf is united by a single bow. Long and very open pagoda sleeve falling in a point. This jacket is fastened in front at the waist by two guipure buttons, and is everywhere trimmed with pink fringe. Duchess under-sleeves. Chemisette with lace round the neck, and a series of narrow embroidered muslin frills falling over one another. Round the neck a twisted chain supporting a medallion. Made coloured gloves.

Second Figure.—Peticoat of white sultana with green stripes, and trimmed with a deep-headed flounce, which is ornamented with large ruches. Russian tunic of green Chambéry gauze, cut in six pieces, the two front ones buttoning from top to bottom like a priest's cassock, while those at the side are gathered and fall over the ends of the back part, which was raised to form a puff. Close-fitting corsage. The sleeve is large, in the pagoda form, and hangs very low down. Plain collar and cuffs. Saxony leather gloves without buttons. Black lace bonnet with strings of the same; the ornament is a cluster of rose-roses, and the strings are fastened by a small bouquet of the same.

At this period of the year, when the ladies generally leave home for the country or the seaside, the choice of a costume of voyage, becomes a question of considerable interest. I enter upon these details, having received many inquiries on the subject. In general, woollen fabrics are much better than silk for travelling dresses, and those of hard wool preferable to the softer textures, which take up the most dust and humidity. It is often observed that materials entirely made of wool are lighter than those which are mixed; if there is an exception it is in favour of woolen, which is always rich, handsome, and solid, and more than ever the mode this year. For excessively hot weather there is the choice of unbleached linen of foulard ears of good quality. This is another fabric that has the merit of being strong, and that at the same time always looks well en voyage. The skirt should neither be too long or too short, and on no account made with a train. It may be trimmed with several flounces, and if striped, they should be cut bias. They may be turned over simply to form a heading, or, if preferred, laid in plaits à la russe, or placed as plain bias pieces. I may observe that the plate à la russe always looks prettiest in stuffs that sustain and retain the plait when given to it. As for colours, grey or black are preferable to brighter ones, and there are many pretty shades of the first. Nothing looks worse than a worn toilet of bright blue or green; chestnut, violet, or harano wear, and look well much longer.

The compositions of the toilet are all made so distinguished at the present day, as to be easily converted into appropriate and handsome travelling dresses. Thus, a robe of grey or maroon popeline, originally trimmed with valenciennes, may have this replaced by a self-coloured fringe, and be forthwith transformed into a very elegant robe de voyage. Such a costume is ordinarily completed by a large garment ornamented with a deep fringe, surmounted by a broad band of black velvet. Or it may be a collet half long and very ample, of fine pearl-gray cloth or popeline, trimmed with a flounce all round, and having a coupuchon of guipure behind, and flots of black velvet. The collet is encircled with bands of black velvet, and is a charming model for the country or sea-side.

Le toquet de voyage is another object of great incertitude. The most distinguished are of English straw, black, brown, or grey, ornamented with plumes of the same colour, the edges bound with the same shade of velvet; behind are two rounded bars of black lace, and before, three couques of ribbon of the same colour as the rest. The form of the chapeau should be more or less elevated, and the genre Louis XVI. suits many physiognomies; but the toquet Henri III. has the most originality.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: "Left Behind," "The Shadows," "Elfin Glen." Poetry declined, with thanks: "The Lark," "The Fisher's Song," "Two Moonlight Nights," "Freemantle."—Our correspondent will perceive that the altered copy of her poem came too late, the first being already in type.

"The Woman Preacher."—We are obliged for the offer of this tale, for which we have no present use. The author of "Mr. Mybren's Mistake" will be good enough to accept this answer.

"Igneous Action of the Earth."—We shall have pleasure in attending to our valued correspondent's request at an early date.

"E. E."—We have received no letters or MS. from this correspondent.

Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in our next number.

Letters, &c., after the 8th of this month, may be addressed to the Editor's residence, 30, Blomfield-street, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.

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DARLISTON.

CHAP. LVIII.

AFFAIRS DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

I like so far as I can to keep my diary with regularity when I undertake one, but there must be times and occasions very subversive of such good intention. It was impossible to me to "stick to my journal course" from the day we lost Helen; and though I was at some pains, after her safety was assured, to note down the days' occurrences and occasional conversations held, the whole was in a state of confusion, which took me two months to reduce to decent order.

During part of that time I was obliged, from slight indisposition, to keep at home; and the occupation suited me well. Then an event occurred of such surpassing interest to me, that expecting, as I did, soon to see my husband, it did not appear desirable to chronicle other comparatively trifling incidents.

However, as when Helen left for Paris with her husband, there were some matters of anxiety yet on my mind, I will now speak further concerning them, or let my friends speak by extracting from their letters passages touching on those special matters. Having done this, and said a few words about the event I have referred to, I purpose a cessation of my diary for a time indefinite. It seems that my hands are likely to be sufficiently full without it.

Dr. Crutchley was very angry with his patient for his concealment of the injury received on the night of Helen's abduction, and threatened him with terrible consequences; but the knowledge obtained was not too late, and under the right treatment, Grant Wainwright was able in less than a week to walk up and down my garden. Watch was his ordinary companion on these occasions. By the end of the month he was well enough to leave me for a small place on the coast of North Wales, whither his sister, Mrs. Collingwood, had gone purposely to meet and spend a fortnight with him. After this he returned to the Rood Farm. Most days he rode over to see me; but not on Grey Randal. It was a relief to me to hear, through Mrs. Cargill, that Mr. George Wainwright had taken this once favourite horse away with him. I had heard Grant speak of shooting him.

I had some correspondence with Mrs. Collingwood about her brother. Her anxiety about his health was great, and not uncalled for. She agreed with me it was well he showed no disposition to resort to his former ill-chosen acquaintance, and ceased from interest in many of his former amusements; but with such sad food for meditation and no solace from companionship, it seemed too probable that his health must continue to suffer. The unfortunate part he had played had so clouded his reputation, and he had so sensitive a pride on the subject, that it was not likely he should form new friendships in our neighbourhood.

I suggested the idea of his making a voyage out and home with my husband. Grant did not immediately take to the notion, but his sister caught at it, urged it upon him. She wrote to her father to make matters easier to him, and after having further talk with me, and receiving assurance that my dear captain was not likely to see matters with more severe judgment than I had done, Grant entertained my idea.

It was something to look forward to, to conjecture about; and this was a positive advantage to begin with.

While I was kept in doors I had many kind visitors; but chiefly Alice and Mrs. Cargill would come and sit with me and tell me their news. Nanny was very proud at having a room fitted up expressly for her in lieu of the little blue room, which was required in the scheme of improvement then progressing. Helen had made respect for vested interests an excuse for furnishing her faithful friend's new apartment in a very superior, though appropriate manner. "Law, ma'am," Nanny said, "I wish you would get well and come over and see it, there's a must everything in it I ever wished for in my life. The dear child used to say when I'd a mind to grumble that things wasn't now made to last. 'Never mind, Nanny; when I'm rich you shall have everything substantial about you,' and sure enough there isn't a sham in the room."

Alice appears quite contented to remain at Darliston. She says Mr. Wainwright is a very light charge, but it is certain that her patience and sweetness of disposition tend to make him such to her. He can walk about the house, but seldom goes downstairs, except when about to enjoy a drive in the gig. An attempt was made
to induce him to enter a lower chaise bought for the purpose, but he insisted on the gig.

He once made inquiry as to the strange men working in the house. Alice told him they were preparing a room for Mr. Merton Brown to sleep in when he came again, and he expressed approval. This is in fact the case; for the room Grant occupied during his illness has been converted into a very comfortable bedchamber; the blue room and the "house," or hall adjoining, thoroughly renovated and furnished, are, Nanny says, "completely transmogrified;" and with Mr. Mainwaring's books, and some quaint ornaments (forwarded from Oxford after Merton's return thither), have much the appearance of a library and boudoir.

Alice declares she always was so fond of letters, and now is made quite wealthy in that respect. Merton—but if I speak of Merton I shall have to tell a longer tale than I now have time for. Helen writes, having of course much to say and many inquiries to make concerning matters connected with the old home. Notes or visits from Cedar Lawn are of daily occurrence, and Alice tells me they make so much of her when she does go home, that really it seems in some sort a selfish advantage to be dwelling at Darliston.

Of course I have carefully preserved all the newspaper accounts of the trials of Cornelius Carlton, alias Witham, and others of my acquaintance; and therefore may spare myself the detail of the many affairs in which they have been proved to be implicated. The fact of their being proved guilty in so many more serious cases precluded the necessity of the attempt upon Helen being brought to trial. This we were all best pleased should be so. The whole circumstances being so connected with the capture of the band are now sufficiently known to the public without the excitement and personal annoyance she might have been subjected to had her presence in a witness-box been necessary.

On Grant's account this is yet more gratifying, since the trial must have brought forward the important part he played. As it is, all that were immediately concerned, have been silent from fear of making their own cases worse; and though Benson's confession has shown that Witham intended to make a cat's-paw of the heiress's headstrong lover, no positive allegation involved him as a principal. Helen's published statement tells that a person, she had good reason to believe totally ignorant of Witham's design, had, in a mistake, been the means of placing her in the hands of Malone. Of course the whole truth is actually very well known; but Grant's written confession remains "in confidence," and I have good hope nothing further will transpire tending to make its production necessary.

Looking at the question merely from a worldly point of view, it makes me wonder to think of the perverse madness of Witham. The single misfortune attending his birth, compensated as it was by so many counter-advantages, never have stood in the way of his obtaining a good place among men and an ample share of life's enjoyments. Gently - nurtured, well educated, with perfect health and a favourable exterior, he had also talent enough to have promised success in almost any vocation, and tact enough to make himself generally acceptable.

He wanted nothing but a little honest principle to have guided him. But he could not see the necessity for that, and at three-and-thirty he is doomed to a life of penal servitude.

Will Harper and Nanny are perfectly agreed that Sandy Maclean was the "tall man" observed by them among the burglars at Darliston, and as he has been proved to be concerned with Benson in another robbery, it is very probable they are right. The woman supposed to be his wife it is conjectured must have left the "Chaffinch" soon after Helen was taken on shore, as she was not with the men when the police came upon them.

Mary Granger, or Kirby, has found a benefactress in Mr. Devonshire's mother; who has taken her into her house with the intention that she shall learn the duties of a general servant, after which, if her conduct is correct, she is to be sent out to a family of the lady's friends in Australia.

It will be good news to the Captain that Valentine Merrivale has the Darliston farming under his management, as it adds to his income, and he will the sooner be able to pay off the debt due by his late father. I am really glad of it also on his own account, for he took up his duties on his father's death with so fine a spirit. Alfred too, I am happy to find, evinces a great desire to contribute towards this payment, and it really seems probable that he will be able. His Irish sketches were eagerly bought up, Frank Devonshire giving a high price for half the number; but the best thing is that in his portrait painting he has acquired a name for a special perfection. He told me some while back that Mr. Carmarthen had said that if he meant to make money he had better keep to painting female heads, as he had the right sort of feeling to guide him there, and in works requiring more extended knowledge, he could stand no chance with other artists. He had tried to do this since; and a gentleman, whose opinion stood high as an authority in such matters, having visited his studio, had declared that he succeeded very fairly with the whole head, but the mouth was in every instance exquisitely painted: "a most rare and difficult excellence" he called it.

General Wetheral, who is very indulgent in giving ready access to Harby Hall to those who would patronize Alfred, declares that all the ladies of the neighbourhood who have, or think they have, mouths worth hanging down to futurity, are coming to his house to be painted.

Helen sent me long and cheerful letters from Paris, giving account of the many places she visited. Her only regret was that such severe demands were made on her husband's time that he was seldom with her. However, Mrs.
Austruther, the friend he had named to me, was most kind in taking her about, and Lord St. George had promised that on the conclusion of a certain important affair, Arden should have time granted him to visit his mother.

Lord Cardington had taken a chateau near a small town noted for certain medicinal waters, but was himself about to accompany a friend into Germany. From some things Helen mentioned, I surmised his affairs were in a troublesome state.

That Mr. Mainwaring should take advantage of an opportunity of passing a few weeks in the same dwelling as his mother, was, considering the feeble state of her health, a very laudable thing, even though Lady Althea was there also; but if my acquaintance with him had been slight, I must have felt much uneasiness at the course affairs appeared to be taking after his arrival at the Chateau d’Amville.

The place of their sojourn was, at this season of the year, very little frequented, and bad weather tended to make the small party more domestic. Excepting the daily drive into the town, when Lady Arabella drank the waters, and the others went in search of such amusement as the place could afford, they were dependent on their own resources for entertainment.

Lady Arabella seldom appeared until noon, and then mostly sat reading or embroidering in silence. Her indisposition inclined her to reverie, and it was only now and then she roused from it to take part in conversation. Helen had her own reasons for being equally abstinent; and as she observed, Arden could not do otherwise than converse with the only person who could converse well.

He sits in the large window opposite to me,” she wrote; “and has his desk open before him with some papers brought with him from Paris to look over and extract from. ‘Light work,’ he calls it, and so Lady Althea appears to consider it, for she never scruples to interrupt his occupation. He comes sometimes to sit beside me for a while, or crosses the room to look at my drawing, or by some other little attention makes me feel it is all right. And then we are always together, some part of the day, and I am sure he is happier talking to me than to her. It enthralls me to hear their discourse; I try to comprehend it; and some things I have not understood about, Arden has explained when we were together. He likes me to seek information from him.

“I was obliged to talk to Arden this evening about my dress affairs. I thought Mrs. Anstruther had settled them for me for a long time to come; but Lady Althea keeps saying ‘you want this,’ and ‘you cannot do without that,’ and I can see I should soon exceed the amount we have agreed I ought to spend. Dear Arden was so kind; he laughed about it at first, but when he saw I was really puzzled and wanted advice, and I told him when I consulted his mamma she always referred me back to Lady Althea, he sat down quite seriously to help me consider what I ought to have and what I must do without. So then it was settled, and I felt happy. I know he likes to see me dressed to advantage, and, be sure, I like that he should; but he says he does not care for great variety in my dress, as long as it suits me and is tolerably fashionable.”

—

CHAP. LIX.
CHARMS AND COUNTER-CARMS.

(From Mrs. Mainwaring)

Nov. 1st.

Lisette, my maid, has found that I am pleased when she is expeditious over my dinner-toilette, and the girl is good-natured, so I generally have a quarter of an hour with Arden before the bell rings. Yesterday, at that time, when I came in, he took hold of my hands and said “Helen, do you know I feel indignant at your appearance?”

“What’s amiss?” I inquired. “Has she not made the most of me?”

“It is not the maid, but the mistress I am finding fault with,” he said, and went on; “you come in looking as pleased, young lady, as if I had been penning sonnets to your eyebrows all day, instead of giving my attention entirely, mind madam, entirely, to Lady Althea. I would like to know what you mean by it?”

I was quite aware of the fact he had mentioned, and said so, and I suppose I coloured, for he told me I did, and pretended to be pleased I could be just a little angry. “Well, Arden,” I said, “I intend to ask you some time what you mean by it, but have not quite made up my mind when to do it.”

He asked if he had at first met Althea with any demonstration of even consinually affection, or since greeted her otherwise than he was bound in civility towards one who was a friend of his mother’s. I said he had not, and that I had nothing to be jealous about, only it seemed that he gave way to her ladyship’s will and pleasure a great deal.

“Has she not behaved in a very exemplary manner towards yourself?” he then asked.

I answered, “Very,” but could not help smiling; for though she is careful what she says to me, her tones, when he is not present, are often very far from agreeable. I added that I thought she was vexed with me for refusing some purchases she told me she had selected for me.

“And I suppose, old honest” (that is one of the names he is fond of calling me—only when we are together, you understand) “you were rather short and decisive, as you occasionally are with her? she apologized to me just now for having roused your temper.”

I had merely said that I had made up my mind to buy nothing more while we remained in the place. I questioned what he had an-
swered: "'No harm done,' I told her," was his reply to me.

I could not doubt from the kind look in his eyes that he had anything like disapproval in his heart towards me, but I felt a little puzzled, and no less so when he proceeded to inquire, "Helen, have I not until to-day paid some little attention to you, spoken to you now and then, when I could be spared from my duties, besides Lady Althea?"

I answered "yes."

"And why does not my Helen speak to me? suppose you were to put in a claim now and then?"

I told him I was quite aware she criticized whatever I said, and reminded him of the sort of amused surprise she had evinced when I once ventured on an opinion, and in how marked a manner she had tried to bring the subject down to my capacity in her explanatory reply. He told me not to think too much of her criticism; then I said: "But she always seems somehow to make a mute appeal to your sympathy on such occasions, and I don't like to feel as if you were sharing her feelings towards me. Find fault as freely as you think right when we are alone—I know you will not mean unkindness—but that seems quite different."

The dinner-bell ringing prevented his making any longer reply than he could find time to say: "Lady Arabella was better than usual, and joined in the conversation, which was very lively. Feeling reassured and happy, I quite enjoyed it, though I took scarcely any part save that of listener. If Lady Althea were a gentleman, I should always feel a pleasure in listening to the discussions going on between her and Arden. One thing is satisfactory; he somehow always gets the better of the argument. It is great delight to listen to him, especially when—as was the case this evening—he is in one of his animated moods. He seemed to dash from one thing to another with so much power and brilliancy. He does all, too, with so much natural grace of manner.

"What sort of an evening have you had?"

he asked, when it was over.

"A very pleasant one," I replied.

"Pleasant, was it? What, to sit still and scarcely speak or be spoken to?"

"Yes, it was pleasant. I feel quite content while you talk so well, to listen to you!"

"Helen," he said, "you are flattering me to an alarming extent. I don't think Merton would have approved of you as a wife for me if he could have heard many such speeches as that. I am quite sufficiently prone to conceit, he thinks."

"I will defend my opinion against Merton Brown," I said. "When I was at Cardington Castle I had no reason to be partial to Lady Althea, but I perceived and acknowledged that her powers of conversation were very excellent: now you always beat her in argument, and this evening you certainly surpassed her in other ways. You led the conversation the whole time; she only followed!"

"Good," he said, in a sort of undertone, and added, "I shall tell Merton what you say."

Saturday, Nov. 5th.

A Count Rudesheim has been here of late. Lady Arabella tells me he has followed them from Geneva—at all events, he is one of her niece's admirers, but not a highly favoured one. She is good-natured in her fashion towards him; that is, she gives him enough attention and sweet behaviour to keep him in hopes, and in his absence does not object to having a little amusement out of him in another way. Arden really made fun of him shamefully, yesterday, and though she made a show of defending him, she seemed to take Arden's jests in excellent part, and laughed as much as any of us. My husband may talk of my flattering him, but I know somebody who flatters him more daily. They still have their arguments and discussions, but she has taken quite another tone, and seems more desirous of considering his opinions than of maintaining her own.

Arden usually sits up half-an-hour reading. He was later than usual last night, and what do you think he said when he came to me: "Helen, I have been honoured with the company of Lady Althea since you left. We have been talking business together."

I asked how he dared, and whether the servants would not think it rather doubtful conduct in him, sending his poor little wife to bed and sitting up with a charmer. He said he ought not to disgrace old England by such behaviour; besides, it might bring scandal on our excellent cousin.

"No fear of that," he answered, "she knows how to take care of herself. It was only the first half-hour, since that I have been writing to Merton." Then he added: "Will you be satisfied, darling, if I give you my assurance that I confined myself exclusively to the matter in hand, a question of houses and timber?"

I told him I was satisfied; and so I am, as far as anything in his conduct is concerned; but, oh, dear Mrs. Gainsborough, if she should go on in this way, from one thing to another, I incline to think with you, that she never would love any one better than her own good name, but it is hard to imagine any woman without some portion of heart, and, if she has any, she is courting her own unhappiness. I can see she admires Arden with an increasing admiration, and do not doubt she would go great lengths to secure to herself that dominion over him she once possessed.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

I must tell you what a lecture I gave my husband this afternoon. He had gone upstairs—to look for a book, we thought—and presently Lisette appeared and said Monsieur requested Madame's assistance. I expected to see him rummaging the baggage, but found him on the
sofa in my dressing-room, looking a picture of idleness. "Come to me, Helen," he said, "I am sick of sweets and rainy weather. Say something sharp to me. Why do you take things so quietly, young lady? Don't you see that, considering we have been so short a time married, I am a very negligent husband?"

"But don't you love me?" I asked.

He kissed me for an answer, so I reminded him he had asked for something different, and said I would try and give him a discourse with points like needles.

"Mr. Mainwaring," I began; "you choose that seat at the writing table under pretence that you find it convenient for translating the speeches of the Austrian members of Parliament, on the question of tariffs—"

"It is'n't tariffs," he interrupted, and I reminded him it was not manners to contradict a lecturer, and proceeded:

"No, it is'n't tariffs you are occupied about, nor customs, nor duties either, or you must be making a very free translation indeed, and I don't pretend to understand it. You don't mind your work at all, sir; you sit in that situation only because you cannot look up from your writing without resting your eyes on one of the most beautiful women in Europe; and you are thinking that if it hadn't been your lot to fall into my custody you might have found a woman not to your taste, but younger and more experienced, of making that lovely creature desperately in love with you—"

"I must not interrupt, I suppose?" he said; and I told him to reserve his defence, and went on—

"All your life long you have been pampered by womanly indulgence. Your mother has always let you have your way in everything; and the only lady who has done you the favour to thwart your inclinations is that same beauty whose sweetness, now that it flows rather liberally towards you, you are pretending to be sick of. She fought you very well at first; gave sufficient dash of opposition to make you relish her conversation; and, now she has ceased that, you tire of talking to her, or you pretend it, and are only too sensible of her condescension. The fact of your giving her so much of your time and attention as you have done, must be flattering. Has it been your wish that she should fall in love with you? If so, I should like to know whether you mean to stop short at a little spiteful revenge on her, or to ignore my existence altogether. Now sir, you may speak!"

But he did not choose to speak for some while; he looked dreamily into my face, and his words when they came showed that he had been travelling away from home for a long time.

"I wonder if your father and mine ever met," he said. "They must have been in India together before either were married."

"I can just remember my mother," I said; "I suppose you remember your father very well?"

"Yes, Helen; very well indeed. For three years before his death I was his constant companion. I had a tutor, but I learnt more good from my father than from any one else in the world, except perhaps Merton Brown." Then, coming back to the subject of my lecture, he said: "Supposing I go on acting on the idea that I have no power to trouble Althea's serenity, and supposing I am wrong, then I am taking a sort of vengeance on her. But supposing I take an opposite view and am wrong, then I am a conceited fool. I think that is the case you have put before me, Madame Helen; so now please help me out of it."

"I did not put the case so to you, sir; I asked you some questions which you have not answered."

"Well, darling," he said, "I must be more than a common-place sinner if I could ignore your existence, as you say, at this early stage of our wedded life, even if nothing had happened to make you dearer to me than the most commonplace of wives could be. For the other question: it would not suit my purpose to have anyone in love with me except Helen of Darliston."

I should have been willing to drop the subject after this, but he had more to say about it, and went on thus:

"Helen, when first I was making up my mind to marry you, I said, 'no doubt it may be better for me to have a good, hum-drum, wife, not likely to take other than a very moderate hold of my affections.' To my cost, I knew that I was weak where they were concerned, and it seemed that I could hope better to rule myself and my affairs without a woman's intervention. My darling, I soon so learnt to love you, that I felt strong enough in the strength of that love to face the utmost this once-adored beauty could inflict upon me. I had reason to court the encounter, and though I still think the love of dominion is alone that which is making her feel for a weak place in my heart, I am fearless in regard to its allegiance to you, even should that you have suggested be so. Friend Helen, you can be very discreet in the government of your own affairs, and have a wisdom I would like to look further into; to share the benefit of. I ask your counsel in this matter.

"First understand that, unless I take a leading position in the affairs of my mother's family, they will inevitably go to utter ruin: not only on my mother's account is this to be deprecated, it would bring disgrace on my connections, and Lord St. George has told me more than once that it ought to be in my power to prevent it. Lord Cardington, though unable to cope with his own duties as head of the family, has sense enough to desire they should be in better hands than his own. Althea is clever, and for some time he trusted to her management, but she is one of those who, skilful to manage for the moment's supposed exigency, will remit no habitual luxury till they come to their last sou. If Lord Cardington were to die this year, my mother would be without a home, save such as..."
I could provide, and Althea would have her trinkets perhaps, but not a fraction of fortune to support her. I could not let her starve, though she has used me unkindly; so you see I have a right to assume the reins if Lord Cardington is willing to entrust them to me, and he says he is.

"As you may suppose, Althea had been my great difficulty: my position towards her has been so full of complications. From the humble place of a devoted admirer to that of an only brother is no easy step, especially with a proud beauty. Thanks to your forbearance, I have been enabled hitherto to go on with apparent success. I believe she is convinced of my ability to be of effectual service, and that she entertains a certain respect for that ability, but she has yet to be convinced that, in all matters I undertake to have do with, my own judgment is to be paramount to her inclinations. I do not presume now to think it is otherwise with us than a simple contest for supremacy of will, but—seeing that she cannot beat me in argument or baffle me with wit—she affects to submit to my judgment, and brings not the queen I was formerly acquainted with, but a humbled-mind woman to encounter me. I have not shunned to meet her alone on business questions; I hoped to convince her there was no lingering weakness for her to work upon. I had no thought until to-day of the possibility of such weakness being on her side; and even now that your suggestion has given words to an indefinite feeling of such a possibility, I can rather believe she would affect such weakness than actually feel it. Moreover it was really necessary I should obtain her confidence in regard to what had been done while the Cardington property has been under her sway. To her father the whole has become a mass of confusion; and Althea has had recourse to so many different lawyers, that it is only through herself I can become possessed of what her proceedings and plans have been. You may suppose, Helen, that the six months' misery that preceded my acquaintance with you, was not quite thrown away. It was a struggle as of life and death with me, and I obtained, in its bitter experience, a more thorough knowledge of business of the sort likely to be useful in the present case than perhaps any one of my age not educated for the law could. My uncle came purposely to Paris to consult me concerning one of many affairs which pressed upon and caused him extreme perplexity. I was enabled to extricate him, and he then spoke freely of Althea's mismanagement."

Arden looked at his watch and found it was about time for dressing, so he started up and said in conclusion:

"Now, dear Helen, you know pretty well how I stand, so think it over. You see Althea is Lord Cardington's only child, and she has been in her way kind to my mother; so it would not do for me to have a right down quarrel and set her at defiance; it would end all chance of my being useful to any of them. Help me to get the whip hand of her, and it won't matter if she does prance about a little: she will not be able to upset the concern."

"Nor run away with you?" I said. He was about leaving the room, but turned back and interrupted my preparations for Lisette by circling my throat with his hands to ensure a good view of my face. I suppose he was satisfied I was not really afraid that what I had questioned should come to pass, for his investigation ended with a smile. I said then, "I suppose you think you have the whip-hand of me, sir?"

"You and I are in harness together, darling," he answered.

You ask about my music; why, dear, since I left Paris, where I had lessons, and practised two hours a-day, I have hardly touched a note. The piano here is certainly an indifferent one, but I am accustomed to other than first-rate instruments, and Lady Althea is not. When first she opened it and ran her fingers over the keys she almost screamed, and shut it up. I could not, after that, outrage her feelings by playing on it myself, else I believe I would rather have it than none. Arden has declared it shall at least be put in tune. He says his mamma has praised his singing, and he knew I had a voice before he had seen my face, though he could not hear much of it, as the breeze carried it away from him.

Wednesday morning.

P.S.—When, as usual, I went in to see Lady Arabella this morning, she whispered to me, "Mind you don't say anything to Althea to-day, my dear."

"Have I said anything—anything wrong to her?" I asked.

"No, Helen," she said, "you are a very good little girl; only she takes you up now and then, and I see those Wainwright eyes of yours look like mischief. I tell you this to-day because there is news in one of my letters that will vex her, and I can't keep it from her. That Miss French—you remember Miss French?"

I remembered her well, of course.

"She's been flirting with one of Althea's beaux, and she has caught him. Althea doesn't like that sort of thing—no woman does."

I objected to that conclusion. Of course I suppose it might give one's vanity a pinch; but there should be something else in one than vanity, and it seems so dog-in-the-manger.

(From Mr. Mainwaring.)

November 12th.

Helen, I have no doubt, has kept you conversant with the course of affairs; and I do not learn that you have expressed any sort of uneasiness about them. All very well, my dear Mrs. Gainsborough, but you have not written me a line for a long time, and I am feeling neglected, jealous of so much of your care going over to that old rival of mine Grant Wainwright. Must one be a mauvais sujet in order to interest you? Allez ! done, couldn't I? That is, if
Helen would let me. She has taken a flattered portrait of myself to her heart, and I do not want my daring to prove me less handsome than she now thinks me.

But then, you know, Helen is no such beauty as my cousin the Lady Althea, and is it not charming to be made the object of manifest regard by a real heartbreaker? What a delicious sensation to a man after receiving credentials for Hong-Kong from his queen of beauty, to be offered the post of Home Secretary! I do not exaggerate the case, I assure you. Althea has shown that she prizes my attentions by setting a hundred ingenious traps for them, and of course it is delightfully flattering. But what if this pleasant course is part of a plan for subjugating other weak mortals? If I am regarded, not as an end, but a means? Sobering reflection! I really think that, with Althea, it will always be so. I flatter myself she has loved me as much as she can love anyone. Before the failure of my expectations she verily prized me as her dearest hope in life—my relative and godfather died worth £95,000, and now that I can be more useful to her than anyone else she knows—for she is in a deuce of a mess in money affairs—she is willing to devote her whole artillery of fascination to the desirable end of strengthening me to get her out of it.

Rouse you, my sometime faithful correspondent and adviser—am I in such perfect security? I can tell you that, for a full hour yesterday, I allowed myself to suppose that Althea was capable of falling in love with me—nay, that she had so fallen in love, and very ungraciously I suffered myself for half that time to sing in a chorus of time-past abused feelings, "Serves her right, serves her right! She ought to feel something of what she made me feel—serves her right."

I do not know if I shall suffer in your estimation by owning that it was not want of vanity that helped me over the matter, but a sense that such jubilant vengeance was small. A little reflection showed that it was wisest to suppose the evidences of feeling I had witnessed were got up for the occasion, and to assume to my fair deceiver that I looked upon them as the result of the pressure of distressing business affairs combined with dull weather. I said, if she would bring her accounts to me in the dining-room, I would see what I could do.

At first she was for keeping back three-fourths of her papers; but I said I could give neither advice nor opinion until the whole were before me. I sat up half the night trying to puzzle them out. As I had surmised, she had no scheme—no idea even—for clearing off the debts due. Her only thought was to pacify the most troublesome debtors, stave off the rest, and meanwhile have enjoyment of the revenues.

Alas, for my divinity of past days! Althea, truth itself in name! Oh, facts and figures, what demoliethers of idolatry they can be!—cruel facts and figures that under the very best attempts at colouring refused the faintest tint of rose! Very ugly facts, some of them, for beauty to have put her dainty hand in.

I could not take her view of the subject, so this afternoon there was a contest between us; and I had to deal with an opponent who—like some of those dear old knights of yore had to encounter—could take upon her a hundred varying appearances. Playfulness, indignation; innocent unworldliness, superior pretension; wit, pride, biting sarcasm; silence and tears, passion, sentiment—flattery. When it came to that I counted up one of the long sums spread before me; it did not come right, and I went over it again, and had meanwhile an impression that I had been called a bear, and a suspicion that my temper was really beginning to be ruffled. But I made her listen while I told over the many bad points in the case, and indicated that she had incurred personal responsibilities. This frightened her a little; but when I submitted my project for clearing off the debts; comprehending a general reduction of expenses; giving up the town house, and other unpleasantness, she was up in arms again. No coaxing this time; she strove to overbear me with her pride; she raged, she came to genuine tears and genuine passion. She snatched the papers from before me, and prepared to leave the room; but thought better of it. I gave her time, and then went back to my first proposition, "Debts must be paid."

"Of course they must. Yours were, were they not?" was the prompt reply.

"Do you purpose the same course—accepting a fortune?" I asked.

Althea laughed. "Sooner or later it must come to that I suppose—I won't be hurried."

"You must manage it in your father's lifetime, or there will be little chance for his economising and paying these debts. Then your husband elect may make a difficulty about settling those you are liable for. It was kind of you to let me off."

"Oh, it was downright folly to dream of such a thing as marrying me after that foolish old man died. But I can't think how you managed to play your cards so badly. He used to be so fond of you."

"I don't know how it happened. However, though Henry Shuttleworth had enough without it, I do not grudge him his luck, I have had mine in a wife."

"Yes, it was an extraordinary piece of luck; and really, now she is decently dressed, she looks quite a lady."

"So Lord St. George said."

"Your mother tells me you let old Wainwright settle all his money on her. It would have been better the other way. However, if you behave well, I dare say you will have no difficulty in getting what you want."

"I don't think I shall."

"But you are half a Shuttleworth, and may find it easy enough to run through it. However, you will still have your wife—a nice economical person, who can cook your cold mutton half-a-dozen different ways."
"I would rather see my wife cooking mutton than cooking accounts."

I hope I never made so uncivil a speech to a woman before; she was really struck silent with surprise, and do not bring Helen in. Suppose we write to Henry Shuttleworth, and see if he will take the town mansion off your father's hands? He is on his way home from Russia, and I dare say I can find him out.

I believe the discovery that I could be rude to her had more effect in bringing Althea to reason than anything heretofore. She conceded this point without further cavil. I rose and, collecting the papers, asked if I should carry them upstairs for her.

Was not this a delightful fête-à-tête? Were we not mutually agreeable? I declare that, although I had attained as much success as I could expect, I felt so thoroughly out of humour with myself that it did not at once occur to me as a consolation that I was not bound to go through more of such scenes than I chose. I felt that I had not only been called a hero, but that it was possible, in some circumstances, I might even become one. "To think a Beauty can turn a man into a Beast," I was growling to myself "A new version that of the story"—when—

You have heard Helen sing. I will spare you my opinion of her voice. I suppose that under other circumstances I was experiencing a gush of music from any quarter might have been welcome refreshment. But Helen's singing! It was the first time I had fairly heard her. Was it to be helped that I stepped aside to the door whence the sounds proceeded? There was no intentional rudeness to Althea in my doing so; but for the moment I certainly forgot the paper in my hand, and she reminded me of them by sketching them out of it in a pet.

And there I stood till the song ceased, not daring to enter lest I should disturb it; for I was enjoying positively the greatest musical treat I ever had in my life. It was a rush back of all harmonies, filling my heart to overflowing. It was not sound but sense—not merely my wife's voice but my wife's spirit, flooding my soul in joy.

Perhaps she thought I was talking nonsense when I went in; she looked rather wonderingly at me; but it was veritable matter of fact when I told her, that were she free, and poor as I once was myself, I would court her for twenty years sooner than take another wife.

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CHAP. LX.

MY OWN FIRSIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring arrived at Darliston Hall early in the afternoon preceding Christmas-Day. It was rather rough weather but Arden came soon to Fairclough, and apprised me that Helen, who was provided with a brougham, would be with me for an hour the same evening. He was about proceeding on foot to Mr. Ainslie's house, having business to talk over with him. What he talked over I shall not say. However, about eight o'clock the carriage was on its way to Cedar Lawn to bring him homeward, and Helen, sitting opposite to me in a certain low easy chair she rather affects, with—no, I am not going to tell my secret yet. Helen's bonnet is too rowan; but she retains a mantle of rich velvet clasped at the throat with a remarkably handsome brooch. Supported on Helen's knee; folded in her arms, one rosy cheek glowing redder in the firelight, the other pressed against that same rich velvet, is a little sleeping girl, my own Marina!

There is my secret; and soon out after all.

The darling has the sailor's happy facility for sleeping in whatever bed chance may afford; but certainly now I could hardly wish to see her more happily cradled.

It is plain we may talk to her heart's content without fear of disturbing her, and we do talk.

"Alice tells me," says Helen, "that Harriet is very busy getting up a school at Marsham for Mr. Beverley's sisters. They have only a very small provision, and are so strongly attached to each other, that it would be a cruelty to require them to part and go into families as governesses; so she considers she ought not to marry until they are comfortably provided for."

"Yes," I reply; "they are old school friends of hers. She intends to live with them for a year to assist their start. Many ladies are willing to put their children under her charge, who would hesitate to place them with strangers. She has promises of eight boarders already, has engaged a very suitable house, and is as busy and as happy as can be; furnishing, to commence with the New Year."

"I hope she may be furnishing for herself then before the next. Arden doesn't like having to delay making some better recognition than we have done of her kindness at our marriage, and about my French studies."

"Helen, how nice you look. I have so many questions to ask you yet. What a pretty brooch that is!"

"Is it not a beauty? Lord St. George gave it to me."

"You seem quite in favour with his lordship."

"He is really wonderfully kind. From the first I thought him a very polite man, but he is quite flattering to me now. I assure you, I am much pleased he should take so good-natured a view of me. He kissed me when we were leaving; oh, such a magnificent kiss it was, you can't think. Arden laughed about it so afterwards, but he is really gratified that he likes me."

"Well now, tell me about Lady Arabella?"

"We never can be friends in the sense that you and I are. There is an impassable barrier..."
in the difference of our ways of thinking. But making up my mind that that cannot be helped, I can feel some real affection for her. She is Arden’s mother, and, poor thing, much of an invalid.”

“You have had no more trouble with Lady Althea?”

“None to signify. She understands now I think fully that my husband and I are one. There was a little scene a week ago which may have assisted to settle her convictions. A question was raised about my arm. I believe presentable in a short sleeve on an occasion when it was requisite I should appear in full dress. Dear Arden is very tender on the subject of my wound, and happened to come in just as his cousin was making rather a sharp speech about the conspicuousness of the scar; it looks still ugly, I must acknowledge. I saw he was much disturbed at her remark, he was positively pale with displeasure. Drawing my sleeve up he asked if I were ashamed of the mark. I reminded him I was a soldier’s daughter; and so, then he kissed me, ugly scar and all, kissed me again and again, in quite a passion of affection and indignation; and he said he had ordered an armlet to be made for me, and would sit for his portrait in miniature if I would wear it there.”

“A very acceptable idea I should think, Helen.”

“Yes, I was very pleased. However, Lady Althea had never seen him anything like so sweet towards me before. I believe we each had the feeling that considering he had been so short a time ago her accepted lover, it would have been bad taste. She threw her head back in a haughty way she has, and left the room. But perhaps it did no harm.”

“I should have thought Lady Althea hardly could feel very proud in Mr. Mainwaring’s presence since she knew that it was her conduct deprived him of his godfather’s fortune.”

“I do not think that affected her much, except perhaps as it regarded Lady Arabella. She does feel it a little in that quarter I think. Moreover she would have liked Arden with the fortune no doubt.”

“Tell me a little more about it. Did Mr. Henry Shuttleworth give the good news by letter, or when he came to Paris?”

“It was at Lord Cardington’s apartments in Paris. When he arrived, he called first on Arden and asked to be introduced to me. We walked with him to the hotel, and on the way he spoke a good deal to me about Mrs. Anstruther, knowing we were acquainted. I had heard from Arden of his attachment, and that she had twice refused him because she thought him too much given to flirtation. He is an odd kind of man, but I do not think she has done wrong in accepting him after all; and I like the idea of her being some time mistress of Cardington Castle. I had nothing but what was favourable to speak of her, and I think he was pleased to hear me so speak on such a subject. However, when we arrived and all were assembled, he went on for some while talking business with the gentlemen. Then, breaking suddenly off, he turned to me, and said: ‘Mrs. Mainwaring, your husband is indebted to you fifteen thousand pounds.’

“I was so taken by surprise by this abrupt speech that I coloured up, and said: ‘Oh, no, nothing like that, not half; I mean nothing at all!’ and felt more confused and afraid of having spoken amiss than ever I did in my life; for I thought of course he was alluding to the fortune Arden had with me, and it seemed so outrageous to bring in a matter that was our own affair in that brisk way. He looked at me with a sort of grim smile. ‘Oh, you want to decline it,’ he said; then turning to Althea, went on. ‘Fair lady, I am under obligations to you which my everlasting homage can never repay. Had you not cut asunder the ties which bound you to a certain good-for-nothing young relation of ours who shall be nameless, or had you never decreed that those severed bonds should be again conjoined, I had been minus eighty thousand pounds.”

“Lord Cardington and Lady Arabella exclaimed with astonishment, and requested an explanation. Then it all came out. Mr. Charles Shuttleworth had declared to Henry that Lady Althea should not have it in her power to spend the fortune he had accumulated, and deeming it was probable his leaving it away from Arden would put an end to the engagement between them, he had executed a private deed decreeing that in the event of his marrying any other than Lady Althea, he should inherit fifteen thousand pounds. Arden says he should have despised such a legacy had it come in lieu of what he was taught to expect; but now it seems a very important amount.”

At this point in our discourse my new maid came in to make up the fire. When she had left I asked Helen’s opinion of her appearance.

“A smart little thing, and looks good-tempered,” was the answer. “I am sure at all events she will be pleasanter than Barbara. I did not like Barbara, although I did not say much about it.”

“Barbara had her good points,” I said, “and behaved a great deal better after that fellow from the Rood Farm was exposed. Poor Barbara had a good deal to be proud of in the way of her acquittances; temper apart, she really was a very able servant; but I understand this Irishman was the first who had paid court to her, and she had, in her foolish way, made boast of his attentions among her acquaintances, so his downfall was a great trouble to her pride. She gave me notice soon after, but was really so attentive and well-behaved during Grant’s illness, that I could give her the character of being a truly valuable servant—when she chose.”

“Who would have thought of Susan being married, and before the pretty niece?”

“Very comfortably married I have reason to think. Her husband is a respectable baker,
She has sent me such a nice cake; do have some, it is in the sideboard here."

"Thank you, but not now; for I shall be hearing the carriage in a very few minutes, and I want you to tell me more about this darling, Grant was with you when Straggers brought her, your letter said?"

"Yes, he first fell in with him as he was inquiring his way to my house. You must know that Grant, having, poor fellow, little choice of company, was over to see me so often that Miss Gray put it into my head it might cause some tattle. So as soon after my indisposition as I was able, I asked him to encourage me in walking out more, and whenever the weather permitted we used to have a walk; sometimes to the vicar's gardens, oftenest towards the sea. That day, the wind being high and cold, I kept among the rocks, took a sheltered seat there, and amused myself with looking through my telescope at distant ships, while Grant stayed along the shore picking up pebbles. I had no thought of the darling at the time, but was dreamily thinking of my husband; and wondering, as I was this evening when you came, whether he would arrive before Christmas was over. Grant approached me from the rocks behind, they were about the level of my shoulder as I sat. "Shut your eyes, Mrs. Gainsborough," he said; "I have found something for you worth the having, so sit still until I have handed it into your possession." I supposed it was a cornelian, he had picked up one on the shore some days before. Grant, as I suppose you know, is very much of a boy in his amiable moods; and I did not hesitate to humour him and shut my eyes accordingly."

His right arm being still disabled, he was slow, and perhaps awkward, in lowering the child, and she gave a little exclamation. I opened my eyes at the sound, and found my own darling in my arms. I never doubted who she was, never hesitated. I don't know why; perhaps I had no sufficient reason; though for one thing I felt certain Grant would never play me such a trick. He was bundled up in a strange fashion; but beneath all her rags and wraps, there was my own sweet Marina's dear little face and curls, and she stared at me in a fearless happy way, with the brown eyes so like her papa's. Grant laughed quite a hearty laugh at my consternation, and as an elderly seaman came within my view, said: "There's the mother, and no mistake."

"I carried my darling in my own arms to my home, and drove Barbara distracted, by my bringing three pairs of sandy feet on to the clean holland covering my parlour carpet. Poor Barbara, it was well her time was about up, she would never have done with a child in the house. However, Helen, I assure you my daughter has been very useful already; in particular with regard to Grant. They are the best friends in the world, and it does my heart good to see them at romps together. I have not half the fears for his health that I had before. If we can get my husband to take him out for a voyage, and I foresee no difficulty about it, I make no doubt of his coming back free from all danger of consumption, and I hope it is not a wife's conceit to say a better and more sensible man for companionship with Captain Gainsborough."

"Has he spoken to you of any plans for the future?"

"He has referred to a school-fellow of his who, having gone out to India and failing in an expected appointment, enlisted as a private in a dragoon regiment. He only said, however, that such a life must be a dull one and would never suit him, unless indeed there was active service, which would make all the difference. I refrained from giving any opinion. I am sure Richard is more competent to guide him in any such affair than I could be."

Hearing the dog bark, Helen rose. "Here comes the carriage," she said; "and I must lay this pet down somewhere, the chair will do. There you dear little sleepy, you shan't be roused by a cold sofa, but have mamma's warm shawl over you, and be snug by the fire."

So placed, folded round and caressed, my little girl lay; while Helen put on her bonnet and gloves, and we had had some last words about her grandfather joining at the dinner table, and how Merton would be down by New Year's Day, and we were all to dine with the Anisles.

Sounds of the hall door opening and of a carriage driving up occurred simultaneously, and as Helen turned to leave me, a voice from the hall, cried:

"Mary, where are you?"

"Richard!"

"Who was that lady? I am sure I have seen those eyes before?"

"Of course you have, at Darliston."

"You don't mean—yet it must be, too, Helen Dalziel! She's very much improved in appearance: so ladylike altogether. My Mary's doing, I'll be bound. You told me you were interested in her."

"It is not all due to me; so do not flatter yourself, Captain Gainsborough, that your wife is such a clever woman. Another person has had her in hand for some while; she is married."

"But you were taking pains with her for months before that, I know. You made a sort of pet of her, your letters told me as much, and right glad I was you had found a pet to interest you."

"Oh, but I have had other pets. What do you say, for instance, to her cousin Grant Wainwright?"

He laughed. "What, that great six feet of Bell's Life? What could you do with him, Mary?"

"I have done about all I could, and want now to hand him over to you. Seriously, circumstances have so befallen, that when you know all I think you will agree with me the best thing for him is a voyage out with you."

"What, change of air? Is it for his health, or is change of company the thing desirable?"
The Planting of the Apple-tree.

“...You have about guessed it, Richard. However, latterly he has been so much in my company, that in consideration of your respectability, I think you are bound to take him out of the neighbourhood.”

“Come, there’s some sauciness about you now, I see, Mary. I dare say you are right, though. I’ll take him, if he’ll come. Meanwhile you’ve got me to look after, and I promise you I want a deal of petting myself.”

“Then what will you say to my having another pet; now, in this room?”

“What is it? Oh, you’ve got it behind you in that chair. A dog? No, it would have barked at me; watch did.”

I moved from before my darling.

“A child? Bless my heart!”

He rose, and turned aside the wrapper. “A girl, too; not unlike what our own might have been. Well, Mary, you know what you are about, I dare say; but if you have thoughts of rearing it, it’s a serious undertaking; a very serious business is rearing other people’s children.”

I took my pet up in my arms. “She’s a pretty little thing, isn’t she? You don’t exactly think me wrong in taking her, do you?”

I suppose my voice expressed some of the feeling I was trying to keep down.

“It’s a fine little girl. No, certainly, Mary, I won’t hinder you if your heart’s in it. What are it’s parents?”

She’s a poor sailor’s child, and lost her mother very early. Just hold her, Richard.”

I really began to tremble so, I hardly could myself; and it was such joy to place her in his arms and watch his face. He saw me so watching it, he looked with a sudden gleam of the truth from me to the child, and turning her with a quick movement to the lamp, the darling woke: opened those happy, confident eyes of hers, and recognizing something of the familiar sailor aspect about him smiled in his face. He grasped my hand.

“Our own, Mary!”

M. H., Watergate Street, Chester.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree! 
Clave the tough green sword with the spade; 
Wide let its hollow bed be made; 
There gently lay the roots, and there 
Sift the dark mould with kindly care, 
And press it o’er then tenderly, 
As, round the sleeping infant’s feet, 
We softly fold the cradle-sheet: 
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer-days 
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays; 
Boughs, where the thrush with speckled breast 
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea 
A shadow for the noontide hour, 
A shelter from the summer shower, 
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs, 
To load the May-wind’s restless wings, 
When, from the orchard row, he pours 
Its fragrance through our open doors; 
A world of blossoms for the bee; 
Flowers for the sick girl’s silent room; 
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom. 
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June, 
And redden in the August noon, 
And drop, as gentle airs come by 
That fan the blue September sky: 
While children, wild with noisy glees, 
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass, 
And search for them the tufted grass 
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright, 
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes overflow with mirth,
Shall feel its fruit by cottage-hearth; 
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower; 
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer’s songs, the autumns sigh,
In the bows of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree,
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the award below,
Shall fraud and force the iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strife, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

“Who planted this old apple-tree?”
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The grey-haired man shall answer them:
“An poet of the land was he
Born in the rude, but good old times;
’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting this apple-tree!”
LIMA AND PERUVIAN SOCIETY.

BY MAX RADIGUET.

Among all the large cities of South America, there is none that has remained more faithful to the old Spanish manners, before the war of independence, than Lima. There you find a world to itself, an elegant and refined civilization, a quaintness and a delicacy of manner, for which you seek in vain in other parts of Peru. It has no doubt its importance as the capital of the Peruvian republic, and its political history may claim a certain attention; but to see the city of the kings under this aspect is to judge of it from its least attractive side: it is the inimitable grace and picturesque originality of its daily life in which you must join, sometimes under the hospitable roof, sometimes in the midst of the daily fêtes which give to Lima so charming a character of squalid and joyous satiety.

We entered the roads of Callao on a night of indescribable serenity: the breeze seemed to die away the very moment that our frigate cast anchor; the higher parts of the city were in profile against the deep blue sky, and a great number of masts showed the size and safety of the harbour. At sundown, the fire were awakened by a strange, deafening noise; going on deck, an unexpected sight greeted us, the bay was full of life, thousands of sea-birds filled the whole space, and you might imagine that the winged population of the Pacific Ocean held a general meeting at Callao. Around us strutted the herons; common charadrius with its long, uniformed beak; most of which a mischievous band of lesser birds tore the food; the fat stupid penguin folded its short wings after having in vain tried to take its flight; a kind of duck displayed its shining plumage of silver and ebony; the pelican, with its harsh, discordant voice; the sea-gull, white and light as a vapour, sported merrily over the deck and filled the air with cries that gave you a headache. They were attracted by shoals of a kind of sardine, which appear on the coasts at certain seasons of the year; but as soon as the sun rose and the land breeze set in, the poor fish were saved from the redoubtable appetites of their enemies, being no longer visible owing to the ripple of the waves; and the birds flew away as if frightened, and disappeared beyond the horizon.

Little time is needed to explore Callao. The houses are generally one storey in height, with a balcony, shaded at noon by bright striped stuff. The interiors are furnished in the most simple manner: a bed, ornamented with some degree of taste, a table in the middle, on which always stands a freshly-gathered bouquet of flowers; a couch covered with printed calico, and a few large stools. Sometimes a hammock for the siesta is fastened to the whitewashed walls, and the indispensable guitar to charm the leisure hour, hangs on a nail. We saw in a moment the difference of race which is composed of whites, chulos or Indians, and Sambos, a cross between the Indian and the black race. These are indefinitely multiplied, so that it requires an experienced eye to detect the shades which consist less in colour than in the form of the face; the cholo has a narrow forehead, quick, black eyes, placed like those of the Chinese; smooth hair bright as jet, and a soft, melancholy resigned expression; the Sambos have a deeper tint, curly hair, and thick lips. The men dress universally in a poncho of wool over coarse linen pantaloons; the women wear a scarlet shawl, and mix pinks or jasmine flowers in their hair, whilst their feet are encased in a striped or flesh-coloured silk stock in a white satin shoe.

The following day we went to the office from whence the omnibus started to Lima. The cochero, a strong, rough negro, was already on his box, and teasing his horses with his whip and reins until they were impatient and restive; we had only time to jump in before they were off at a furious pace along the road, enough to break or dislocate every joint. Every passenger was smoking; blinded and stifled, it was some time before we could make out our companions. Two Peruvian officers first attracted our attention; the one old, dark, ghostly, austere as a monk painted by Gurban, with his moustache, and his heat on his chin; the other, buoyantly, and fair as a Van Dyke, wore a rose-coloured cap braided with gold; a white poncho with wide fringe preserved his sky-blue frock coat from the dust, violet trousers with broad gold bands and grey boots, completed his costume. A third passenger was entirely in black, with a scarlet cross which covered his breast, two similar crosses ornamented his mantle on the shoulders; his broad-brimmed hat not only covered his own knees but those of his neighbours. He was a hermano de la buena morte, a religious brotherhood, whose principal business it is to bury the dead. His jovial and rubicund face by no means bore out his sad calling; and from the moment of our departure he was jesting with his neighbours, accumulating in some mysterious cavities volumes of smoke which he poured from his nostrils in interminable quantities. His fingers were as busy as his tongue: it was amusing to see the dexterity with which he rolled cigarettes to offer to a young chíaña, whose large Guayaquil straw hat, trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbon, contrasted with the dark beard of the reverend father. The same disaccord with his dress reigned in her whole attire; her China crape shawl was like a flower-garden, her petticoat was of a bright rose colour, gold earrings, and her
young face, surrounded with the raven black curls, would have charmed the eye without the monk as a set off.

We escaped the brigands which infest the road, and entered Lima on Christmas-Eve. The bells of innumerable churches were calling the faithful to service; but for the few of good metal there were so many cracked and asthmatic ones, that we could not help expressing ourselves with some impatience at the chaos of deafening noise. After some weeks, however, we began to find a singular charm in these wild irregular chimes which were repeated every day; for in Lima they honour all the saints in the calendar. We took up our abode in the centre of the city, two steps from the Plaza Mayor. Like the Palais Royal at Paris, this Plaza is the constant rendezvous of the idle and strangers, and is surrounded by galleries devoted to commerce. There we sought our first impressions; the circumstances were favourable, whoever would seize on the most original side of life in Lima must seek it in a religious fête, and in the Plaza Mayor.

Crowds were flowing in from the neighbouring streets like a swarm of butterflies dispersed by a sudden gust. Gay, young women, dressed in the brightest shades of satin and silk, were approaching the cathedral, mounting the steps of the peristyle, or standing in groups under the portico. The population was really original, and reminded us of nothing so much as the raising of the curtain in a theatre on a Spanish town in the old times.

The Plaza Mayor forms a perfect square: on the north stands the palace, the ordinary residence of the President of the Republic: the two other sides are filled by private houses, the higher storeys of which, ornamented with closed balconies very similar to carved and painted trunks nailed to the wall, rest upon the porticos that extend the whole width of the street. The foreigners, display the products of European industry. In the middle of the square rises a bronze fountain surmounted by a figure, from the feet of which the water issues like a plume of feathers falling over two plattforms of unequal size into a large basin. The cathedral, a fine relic of the Renaissance, is flanked by two highly enriched towers, and the whole of the façade is covered with columns, niches, statues, and balconies painted in rose, green, yellow, and blue. The palace is also covered with a shabby-looking coat of yellow-oche, the pillars that divide the portales with brick colour, whilst the wooden balconies are of bottle green or red brown. Let the reader imagine this tohu-bohu of false colouring lighted up by a burning sun and filled with a dazzling crowd, and he will have a faint idea of Lima on a fête day.

Silk and satin are the only articles which the women ever employ for their celebrated sayas y mantos, so named because the costume consists of a skirt and a mantle; the former is drawn in at the waist, but stands far out as it descends in a thousand regular plaits as low as the ankle, displaying the little foot of a most aristocratic form, with its flesh-coloured silk stocking and white satin shoe. The mantle is of a very yielding black silk, the two sides of which are drawn over the face like a veil, leaving a narrow opening for one eye, just to see where to walk. The shawl is the most expensive part of this costume, and the one on which the lady exercises all her taste: it is generally of Canton crepe, embroidered in the most exquisite shades. The Christmas solemnities enabled us to see the more simple, but not less graceful costumes of the cholitas and sambos. Few men were there, the country peasants and monks alone brought their share of originality to the spectacle which surprised us; the former, with their ponchos striped like the dalmatics of the middle ages; the latter in the dress of their order, Franciscans in blue, Dominicans in white with a black hood, and others in grey and brown.

The animation of the scene was greatly increased when the service closed, streams of people issued from the cathedral, and a thousand cries were heard. Negro musicians, under the pretext of begging aims from the faithful, began a barbarous concert; the lottery keepers cried their tickets; the flower sellers boasted of their lovely specimens, the cooks and lemonade vendors, whose stalls occupied the centre of the Plaza, offered their highly-spiced ragouts and refreshing drinks. Thus looked at on the surface, these people seemed to us the happiest in the world; the men were smoking their cigars with the utmost calmness, while the women walked about displaying so much youth, grace, and elegance; their eyes so bright, their tone of voice so full of charms, they seemed to live in such contempt of the positive side of things, with such ignorance of the miseries of the world, that we could not help being infected with their joyousness. Nothing was more to remind us that the most perfect pieces and pauperised by many years' anarchy.

The nacimientos gained all the popular favour. This is the scene of the Nativity erected in the entrance to the convents, and of some private houses. The drama unfolds itself from the stable at Bethlehem to Golgotha; and mountains, overhanging rocks, villages, flowers, streams—all painted in their natural colours; and as the figures are moveable the scene receives frequent modifications; thus the kings and shepherds, which are represented at first far from the scene, are brought on Christmas Eve to the Virgin at Bethlehem. The Massacre of the Innocents, the Death of John the Baptist, the Flight into Egypt, and the episodes of the Crucifixion follow. The crowd goes in a sort of procession: the women above all are determined to gain admission, and display a most heroic perseverance. We were so much tossed about in the crowd that we could only get a glance.

The night which followed the noche buena was not less rich in curious sights. As soon as it was dark companies of negroes, of both sexes, escorted by a riotous crowd, traversed
the city, brandishing torches which threw gigantic shadows on the white walls. They stopped from time to time, a circle was formed, and dances without a name were commenced, to the sound of tin tubes and cylinders, which gave a rough harsh tone something like a trumpet. The populace had free entrance into the courts of some of the private houses, and there the dancers, stimulated by the hope of reward, gave themselves up to their violent exercises with unexampled fury; they laid aside all traditions, and improvised wild pantomimes with contortions worthy of a clown. During this time the crowd rewarded them with frantic shouts, and pieces of money were showered upon them. Exhaustion alone put an end to the savage chorography; the actors set off refreshed on their course through the city, not without making frequent stoppages at the pulperias, or shops where the favourite beverage is sold.

During the whole night the Plaza Mayor was animated by a noisy crowd. Torches and braziers threw over the neighbouring façades an ever-changing and fugitive brightness. The sellers of entables met with the crowd and sold tins of smoke, rousing the fires in the stoves, and attending to their frying-pan. We could see through the thick, strong-smelling vapour that filled the atmosphere, garlands of sausages and black-puddings, and ropes hung across supporting hams and poultry ready for the spit. They were also preparing the national dishes, such as the picanti, the principal ingredients of which are stewed pork, potatoes, and crushed nuts, very highly seasoned with capscium; the tamal, a mixture of meat chopped fine, maize, and honey, sold in the form of a pâté; and the pepia, a curry of rice, turkey, or boiled fowl, with heads of garlic. During all this time the doors of the cathedral remained open; the interior was full of worshippers, who could scarcely be distinguished through the smoke of incense and waxlights. When the night was closing, and the bells once more began to sound, these hungry people quitted the church, and there was a new feature in the scene. The cooks had to perform double work in distributing the national dishes to the passers-by enveloped in a maize leaf: there was not a square foot in the whole space unoccupied; the people squatted on the ground and devoured their pittance with ferocious grimaces. The fresqueros and sellers of chicha moved about with unequaled activity, the barrel on their backs, or bottle in hand, pouring out bumpers on all sides. In Europe such an evening would certainly not have terminated without quarrels and fighting; but drunkenness is a vice unknown to the true Peruvian. It was three o'clock when we retired and the hum of the immense crowd continued long after the faces.

The day after, the Plaza was strewn with more leaves than an autumn wind brings down in a forest, they were the maize leaves in which the food had been wrapped; the cords were hanging about like those of a dismantled ship; the tables, benches, and barrels were lying in a confused mass. The buena noche was ended, but in its mad gaiety and pious solemnity we remarked the contrast which often struck us during the remainder of our stay at Lima; the sensal impiety and religious exaltation, the madness and thoughtfulness, the carelessness and passion of the people. Governed by the sweetness and natural elegance inseparable from the Peruvian character, this strange contrast is perhaps the truest expression of Liminalian civilization.

But what is everyday life in Lima? To reply to this question we have but to lead ourselves this idle, joyous life; to follow society in the public places and streets, where the taste for the far niende constantly brings it; and afterwards to penetrate into their intimacy, and observe the family life under their hospitable roofs. Here we find some traces of Moorish colouring imprinted by the early Andalusian emigrants, but chiefly in the buildings and costumes, not in any degree in their manners. Family life knows nothing of that extreme susceptibility and jealousy which tradition lends to the Moors and Spaniards of Andalusia, the women enjoy perfect liberty, and if either sex has to bow under the conjugal yoke it is assuredly not the weaker. Their houses are open to every comer; nothing is more simple and easy than the introduction of a stranger, according to the warm Spanish formulary, "The house is placed at his disposition;" and let it call morning or evening the cordiality of his reception never varies, and the ease of his host never permits his presence to interrupt their accustomed occupations. The young ladies receive visitors as well as the married, and to complete the illusion that the stranger is among old friends, his baptismal name rejoices his ear in every sentence. The visitor on his part, whether he has before him an old or a young lady, must never fail to apply to her the appellatives "Señorita" (Miss) and "nina" (little). The ladies of Lima are most sensible to this exaggerated flattery, since there are no women in the world who bear the invasions of time with less resignation; so, to hide its irreparable outrages, they have recourse to bad cosmetics and sometimes to the most ridiculous stratagems.

The Spanish epithet "bonita" (pretty) is generally used with regard to their beauty; there are few really handsome women. Little rather than tall, they are yet well proportioned and slender; their features are delicate and regular, with a paleness which is not unhealthy; the regular arch of the eyebrow and flashing black eyes are unrivalled. Their great pride lies in their hands and feet; for the latter they display a solicitude which at the beginning of this century was pushed to idolatry: in their homes they wore neither shoes nor stockings; and painted them as some ladies do their faces, even now they do not hesitate to sacrifice form to dimension, and torture themselves in too short a shoe, after the Chinese fashion.

As in all Spanish colonies music and dancing find many adepts among the women. Their
exquisite feeling supplies the want of masters. There are few who do not know how to play on the piano, and many have talents of the highest order. Their preference is for the Italian school; and the Italian opera, which has long been established in Lima, has naturally developed the taste for the melodies of Rossini and Bellini. As to the national dances they are seldom seen in drawing-rooms, owing to the exaggerations which have been introduced into them by the lower classes. This is a pity, as they are incomparable for their grace and suppleness. The Spanish country-dance, and a kind of slow waltz, with a great number of figures, are those chiefly seen at the balls, in addition to our European ones.

Fashionable women are generally dressed in the French style at home; but the bonnet receives no favour, in which they show their taste, as nothing can be so beautiful as their hair, which they dress in a thousand tasteful combinations, and of which a flower is always the coquettish and indispensable accessory. This immoderate love for flowers and perfumes extends to the whole population. That house must be poverty stricken indeed where you do not meet with a basket of flowers and a bottle of scent. It is a very common act of politeness to put a flower in the button-hole of a visitor, and scent his pocket-handkerchief. Among the higher classes on the occasion of birthdays and baptisms the highest luxury consists in distributing to the guests small green apples full of incisions, forming elegant arabesque patterns, filled with powdered shoes and a few cloves. The humidity which the fruit supplies makes these different ingredients give out a most agreeable perfume. Then there are oranges in a net of silver filagree, and long pastilles of incense covered with metallic paper to imitate flames, wound round in spirals with gold twist and beads of different colours. At one end is a bunch of sparkling gold and silver plates set with glass, to imitate sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. Frequently these plates conceal escutcheons of the value of ten shillings, which assist in the ornament of these toys, and give them a certain worth. The convets have the monopoly of the manufacture of these useless gewgaws, their work ending in being thrown into a stove to give forth a pleasant odour.

The slaves take the ashes to obtain the escutcheons, if their masters, in accordance with the usages of good society, have not unfastened them. Among the Peruvians this necessary is always sacrificed to the superfluous, and exists within very narrow limits. As to comfort there are few houses into which that has penetrated. The habits of sobriety particular to this people suit extremely well with their love of luxury and ornament. In general the only substantial repast which they make during the day is composed of one or two dishes, rarely drinking anything but water. A soup—a kind of thick jelly, where meat takes the place of bread—with the olia and puchero of the Spanish cuisine, have continued to be the substantial part of the dinner of the higher classes. On the tables of the poor appear the national dishes, in which high seasoning plays a fearful part. Sometimes each member of a family eats what he likes, and at his own hours, order and regularity not being ruling virtues in Peruvian homes.

Some amusing circumstances have fastened on my memory the remembrance of a dinner to which I was invited without previous invitation. Meeting with a young lady of my acquaintance I offered to walk home with her. On entering the house she introduced me to her assembled family—a mother, two brothers, and two sisters. It was the hour of the comida, and, whether I would or not, they made me sit down to table, and showed me an almost obsequious cordiality. The different dishes were composed of tamal spread on maize-leaves, and a kind of thick paste of potatoes, maize, and hashed meat. In the centre of the table was a single glass of water of immense size.

"Where is Ascension?" said her mother, when we were seated.

"Here I am," replied my companion.

I looked to the other end of the room, and there saw Ascension in a white dress. Her saya, the colour of small blue, was unfastened, and fell at her feet; her Canton crake shawl was dropping off at the same moment. The angel was despoiled of her wings, but in their place there remained a charming mortal who came with a smiling face and sat down opposite to me. The dinner commenced: every one helped themselves with their fingers and drank out of the common glass. Under the specious pretext that I had no appetite, I begged to refuse my share of picante, but I was obliged to yield to the entreaties of my hosts, who were tyrannical in their hospitable tendencies. I was scarcely swallowed this composition, when its peridy, at first hidden under a pleasant taste, revealed itself in all its horror; the capsicum, with which it was loaded, burnt my throat like a fire; I longed to drink, but the sight of the glass filled me with discouragement. Shutting my eyes, however, I seized it and emptied it at a draught; scarcely had I recovered myself, when a bullet of soft lead hit me on the face. I took no notice of it, but a second projectile came, almost putting out my eye; this time I started and must have made a curious grimace, for Ascension burst into a hearty laugh and betrayed her guilt. My hosts, remarking my surprise, begged me to re-assure myself, for the bullet was a bond of union which was used at table to join sympathetic couples. Such an explanation left me nothing to say, and I accepted it with a good grace. When we rose from table the men rolled morsels of tobacco in maize leaves, and poured forth volumes of smoke; the daughters reclined in the hammock which joined the extremities of the room diagonally, and sung songs, accompanying themselves on the guitar, the evening closing by their dancing at my request some of the national dances.
Under the Spanish rule, at the time of the greatest prosperity of Lima, the taste of the idle and opulent class for luxury and pleasure had infected the lower classes, and the population lived in a fever; for the women especially it became an imperious necessity. They still cite a number of instances in which fortunes were dissipated to please their caprices. That respect for old age and love of domestic pleasures which might counter-balance the extreme frivolity of their manners are, unfortunately, unknown; their life, which is all exterior, is passed in pleasure, and ends in a sad indifference. If a stranger in a house rises respectfully at the approach of an aged woman, it is not rare to hear a young girl in a pert tone say, "Do not disturb yourself, it is only my mother." The mother is in no way grieved at this want of politeness, she has but one ambition, that of seeing her daughter surrounded by admirers, and lends herself willingly to fulfill the office of servant to the daughter she has not known how to bring up.

We could never pass the table of the tamalero (a game of chance very fashionable in Lima) without noticing the variations on the influence which the taste for gambling exercises in Peru. Nowhere do they pursue it with more obstinate blindness; gaming, betting, and the lottery engulf the hard-earned wages of the ragged workmen, and of the miner who has grown pale with working in darkness. Among the higher classes the fortunes that are made and the ruin that is wrought are so common as to be spoken of with indifference. The women share in the same epidemic, but confine their attention principally to the lottery. How many prayers to the saints, what invocations to the souls of the dead, what fallacious promises to the heavenly spirits, do we not find inscribed on the lottery requiems? There is not even this at a distance from the centre of the city, but a dust mingled with every kind of filth and nameless débris, into which an European had better not try to penetrate. The signs on the shops are often a kind of pretentious allegory: a troubadour tears away the veil from a red woman crowned with feathers—that is Columbus discovering America; a herd of rhinoceroses puts to flight a company of elephants (the sign of a rival shop opposite is a company of elephants); or a brigand, with his poignard in his belt and a gun in his hand, calls on the passer-by to lay down his money. The peasants bring large flocks of alpacas, with their long brown hair, carrying forage in nets, and vegetables and fruits in burlap bags. Troops of mules fly along before the whip of the arréleros, here and there knocking down a surprised foot passenger. Negro water-vendors wander the whole day through the city, with two barrels hung over the lean spine of the mule, and a bell to indicate what they have to sell.

The market at Lima is one of the most curious sights, everything is sold there, but especially fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The merchants are seated under a framework of reeds, forming an open angle with the ground by means of a curved stick; there are also immense parasols of maize straw, or coloured cotton, with a long pole stuck in the ground. The fruit sellers wear a violet shade over their heads and carry baskets filled with herbs and flowers, and forming at a distance a fantastic head-dress. Vegetable and fruit vendors sell under this heavy burden for many long hours, they seem to submit to a voluntary mortification, like the Indian fakirs. On all sides we see enormous jars of red clay, green baskets, reed
Lament of the Celtic Chief.

Thou'lt say: "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou went forced to go:
And yet for thee, I know
'Twas better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasted, untired:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men:
And O, beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then!

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?"

LINES TO THE MOTHER OF A DEAD INFANT.

Thou weep'st, childless mother;
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one:
"Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
O'ere gladness with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate griefness)
Of every past delight:

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his merriness,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening;

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unplaeing,
Men on this gloomy track.

In a recently explored barrow, the remains of a dog were discovered, side by side with those of a child; thus proving the truth of the tradition, quoted by Sir John Lubbock, that the Celts always buried a dog beside their children, in order that the dog, who never fails in finding the way home, might safely guide the feet of the little one to the land of souls.

To the last home of the mighty,
Where our strong and brave are laid,
To the barrow by the river,
They have borne my little maid.

Oh, my blue-eyed little daughter,
Tender blossom—May she dawn!
"Midst the dim, mysterious shadows,
Whither, whither, art thou gone?"

Art thou with the shades of heroes,
In the land so far away?
Ah, thy little feet would falter,
On the pathway lone and grey.

So, beside thee rests my staghound—
Never did he idly roam—
He will tread with thee the pathway
To that distant, future home.

But, when weary day hath ended,
And the hunt and raid is o'er,
Oh, my tender little maiden,
Wilt thou never greet me more?

When the gles are glad and verdant,
With the beauty of the spring,
When the summer wakes the wild bird,
Will my little birdie sing?

When our silvery Bann flows fairer,
By the shimmering moon's pale light;
When the snows make grand old Trostan,
Soft and shadowy—dimly white;

When the foaming surge is breaking
On our own, Dalradi's shore—
These fair sights, shalt thou behold them?
Never darling—never more.

Oh, the world is very weary,
Full of woe, and war, and wrong;
I am pining for thee, darling:
Time is tardy, life is long.

Must I live without my daughter,
Learn to miss her from my side?
Oh, my yellow haired Mavé,
Would that I with thee had died!

I will pray by that great altar,
Reared by no mere mortal hand,
That the gods in mercy take me
Quickly to that quiet land.

Is it thy small hand that beckons
To the spirit land of shade,
Mavé bawn, thy soft voice calls me—
I am coming little maid.

M. W.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

By Ada Trevanian.

Before me upon the table,
Tied up with a ribbon blue,
There lies a packet of letters,
Time worn, and of yellow hue.

Merely some old dusty letters,
Yet my soul grows faint with pain,
As I take them from the ribbon
And open each once again.

The first is a young child's letter,
Penned in a round childish hand,
And full of those eager wishes,
So easy to understand.

The next (strange contrast) a drunkard's;
Oh, I can remember when
I read this with indignation—
I saw but its low aims then.

But now I can be indulgent,
For the hand which traced and blurred
These crooked missshapen letters
Will not write another word,

Then follows a long epistle,
A letter of good advice:
When received 'twas little heeded,
But now I peruse it twice.

Wishing I stood in safety
Once more upon sure, tried ground,
Knowing I lost through my rashness
A treasure I might have found.

Fair characters clear and pointed,
Are traced on this satin sheet,
Breathing tender maiden fancies,
And thoughts unselfish and sweet.

A suitor's impassioned missives,
A lawyer's on paper blue,
And a doctor's guarded statements,
In turn are given to view.

The last is a farewell letter,
The tears upon it are mine,
Which have blistered so the margin,
And have blotted every line.

Long since; but my hand is trembling;
And my eyes are blurring o'er;
Old wounds at my heart are bleeding—
Close thescroll for evermore.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION.

By Matilda S. Watson.

Oh, white cliffs of Albion,
My greeting to thee;
Ye rise, fair as Venus,
From out the deep sea.

To thy white cliffs, oh, Albion!
Once more am I come;
Thy sons are my brethren,
Thy soil is my home.

Many other fair lands there are,
Over the sea,
But none that can stand
Any measure with thee!

Many other brave soldiers
Bear target and spear,
But none that can conquer
My brethren here!

Oh, white cliffs of Albion!
The fair and the free,
Even old Father Ocean
Pays homage to thee;

As rushing from all sides,
Thy fair shores to greet,
He rolls his blue waves on
To lie at thy feet!
HOW THE FIRST CUTTER WAS SWAMPED, AND WHAT BEFEL.

(\textit{A Personal Narrative}).

\textbf{BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.}

It was on a fine summer's morning of the year of grace, 1861, that H.M.S. "Carthagena," then lying at anchor off the Dog River near Beyrout, sent her boats away watering. It need scarcely be remarked that a Syrian summer is about as hot as anyone could well desire; the sun comes out at an early hour, and although by no means putting forth his full strength at the first, still does so sufficiently to inform the weather-wise what the heat will be at noon, and for some three or four hours afterwards. To go on shore in such a climate on duty is by no means pleasant; but as it is not optional, there is more excuse for it than for mere pleasure-seeking. Exercise, however, must be taken in some way, and notwithstanding the great heat, we "Carthagena"ians" were accustomed to go on shore at all hours, due precaution as to light, clothing, and "puggeries" (white cotton scarves wrapped round hats) being taken, and have never suffered any baneful effects from the heat. The constant communication between the old "Carthagena" and the shore during the process of watering, naturally suggested to some of the officers not on duty to avail themselves of it, and go ashore for a walk; the principal inducement being the close vicinity of the Dog River, or as the Arabs call it, \textit{Naher El Keb}, with its ancient inscriptions, &c. My immediate companion in the excursion was an assistant surgeon, of whose name I am still "to the fore," as they say in Ireland, I must, when making mention, speak \textit{Mutato Nomine}, and so for the nonce will call him Dr. Alexander, a name not altogether fictitious. Two other officers subsequently joined us, and we all took a passage in one of the cutters. On nearing the beach we found the process of watering in full operation, and the \textit{modus operandi} was as follows: first a Gosset's engine is taken on shore, and so placed as to be in a good central position. The leather hose is then so arranged as to connect the river with the boat outside the bar, and the stream of water is thus pumped through the engine into a large canvas tank in the boat. The men meanwhile are "told off" into working parties, and take turns at the engine.

As soon as we had reached the bar, care was taken to keep the boat's bow on to the sea, and whilst she was so held we landed, some wading and others carried on the backs of the boat's crew. Leaving the watering party to their not very oppressive duties, it is proverbial that sailors when engaged in watering do not work very hard, we proceeded to inspect the ancient inscriptions on the rocks at the mouth of the river; and then, striking along the left bank, we passed the picturesque remains of an aqueduct, the arches of which were in a good state of preservation, the long creeping ivy trailing and festooning from them like partially trained vines. Having crossed the river by an old bridge, we wended our way along the right bank, and having found a pathway higher up, and on the brink of a water course, we picked out our way with some little trouble, until a place suitable for bathing was reached. The sun had been gradually increasing in power, and the heat was so intense as to make the stones, and even the sand, unpleasantly hot to stand barefoot upon. We expected to find the water disagreeably hot, but fortunately, although the sun was blazing down all around, the particular spot we selected was so protected by the intervention of a projecting rock that jutted out over it, as to be surprisingly cool and refreshing on our first entering it; and stranger still, ere the bathing was ended, we had become chilled, and almost benumbed! The contrast between the intense cold of the water and the great heat of the sun, was most remarkable when, emerging from the former, we stood again upon the hot sand and stones surrounding the pool in which we had bathed. When dressed we resumed our walk, and separating into two parties, one continued to proceed up the river on the same side, whilst I, accompanied by another officer, forded the stream and returned by the opposite bank about half-past one p.m., the hour at which we expected a boat to take us off. A Turkish "café" close to the beach served us as a rendezvous, and here we found a marine officer not on duty, and also the lieutenant in charge of the watering party, who, as he played a prominent part in the middle and latter part of my "yarn," I may as well at once name Vincent.

After waiting in the vain expectation of a boat for half an hour or so, we began to feel not a little hungry, and resolved to ascertain what the edible resources of the café were. Through the interpreting medium that presented itself in a well-known "ham boat" man, named Jack Hirsh, whom the Blue-jackets always call Jack Irish, we were informed that poached eggs, cheese, and salad might all be produced on the shortest notice, and that a favourite Lebanon wine, of that sort (as far as regards strength) which, in the case of port wine advertisers, is characteristically designated "curiously strong," was also at our service. This good news was hailed with every demonstration of delight, and Hirsh was directed to issue at once such orders as were necessary for the producing of an ample supply.

A bright look-out was meanwhile kept for a
boat from the “Carthaginian,” but here the famed “Sister Anne,” so noted in story, had she been present, would have failed for an hour or two to “see anyone coming.”

As all intention of sending a boat for us seemed to have been forgotten on board, we resolved to make the best of it. The ship could not go to sea without the large party of seamen we had been engaged in watering, and were now either washing their clothes or amusing themselves. Some two or three were in different stages of intoxication, as the vigilance of Argus, or the hundred hands of Briareus would not prevent some one or more in a watering party getting drunk. It may appear to landmen that, if proper surveillance were kept up, that seamen could no more get drunk when watering than soldiers could do so on a march; a little acquaintance, however, with a few of the sailors’ devices, and their “name is legion,” would show that to prevent it is impossible. Not only are fruits scooped out and filled with rum, but run (instead of meat) sausages may be seen beautifully “colled down,” and in the unsuspicious company of cheese and bread. Should all sale of estables or drinkables be rigorously prohibited, then bottles are filled and sunk near the shore; a piece of twine from the neck, with a cork at the end acting as a buoy rope to indicate their whereabouts, and attracting us more attention from anything but a practiced eye than would the small float of a set line for fishing.

Leaving this digression, however, recevresse à nos moutons, or rather à nos chev, which being by this time poached, were brought smoking hot in tin pans to the table. The Portuguese have a house de boa mochina, which, when freely rendered, accords with our own, “Hunger is the best sauce,” and rarely was its truth better exemplified than in the onslaught we made upon the eggs; and a fresh supply was needed before our appetites were so appeased as to think of trifling with salad or cheese, not to speak of the final glass of Lebanon wine.

As soon as the pans and plates, for dishes there were none, had been cleared away, Nargilehs were brought us, and we inhaled the smoke of the wondrous timbuk, and were soon in that listless, dreamy state, when the highest mental effort does not soar above speculating upon the rise and fall of the water, as it lazily bubbles in the pipe-glass. A rug spread upon the ground, an awning overhead, a nargileh, and a cup of coffee, constitute sublunary happiness in the east; and Europeans soon learn to like and appreciate the dolce far niente of Eastern life. Some wandering eye at length described a boat in the distance, and as we were beginning to feel tired of the Dog River, we were not sorry to perceive the space between the boat, which we could now make out to be the “First cutter,” and the shore gradually lessening. Hastily calling our host we demanded “what’s to pay?” and he, having modestly named a sum about twice as much as was just, we struck off one-third, and left him well satisfied with what he received. By the time we had squared off our account the cutter was close to the bar, and the question now was how to reach her. The bar was a considerable distance from the beach, and the surf was breaking over it with such force, that to be carried was out of the question, so there was nothing for it but to walk through the water right over to the bar, and there getting into the cutter, go on board and send her back for those remaining behind, as there was too strong a “muster” for one boat-load. As soon as this determination had been taken, we went in, “clothes and all,” and made for the boat; but as the sea was up to our waists, and the surf rolling in with great force and violence, we were forced to stop from time to time, as we saw a breaker coming, and setting our feet, resolutely bend towards it, on the principle of the rake in a mast, and were thus able to withstand the force of what would otherwise have thrown us on our backs, and carried us in shore against the other side. One by one we reached the cutter, and scrambled into her, comforting ourselves with the reflection that, though our clothes were wet, we should soon be on board the old craft, and have a dry change. The cutter had now taken a sufficient load of us, and in attempting to do too much, she began to fill with water from the surf breaking over her. “Haul in the boat!” was now the order, and two or three stout fellows seizing buckets baled away till “Sello-ho” was cried, when they were relieved by others, and so on. Had the cutter then gone off, all might have been well, but in attempting to take in others, in spite of our efforts she came broadside on to the bar and broke up and to us; and as the surf forced the boat now up to the bar and anon let her fall off, she finally became unmanageable and swamped. The instant this occurred, all but a baling party jumped out and endeavoured to shove the boat clear of the bar, hoping that by keeping her bow on to the sea she would, when baled out, be able to take a smaller number with safety. We were now all thoroughly well wet, as the sea was neck high, so we worked away to get the old first cutter afloat again. Although “many hands” are said to “make light work,” I think an exception must be made in the case of “hands” having been engaged all day in watering; and we were a long time in getting the boat once more afloat. As the bailing was still continued she lightened considerably, and as many as it was deemed prudent to send embarked in her, under charge of Lieutenant Vincent, several men, Dr. Alexander, and myself, being left to return to the beach and await the boat’s making a second trip. On reaching the beach, I sat down on a large stone to contemplate the scene, as the cutters began to “give way;” and to my surprise I observed her in a very few minutes to be “hull down,” which at the distance at which she was, distance could never account for. I was inclined to account for it by supposing they had not baled out long.
How the First Cutter was Swamped, and what befell.

enough, and that they would in consequence have a slow tiresome pull of it. When however, on standing up, I could not see even the gunwale of the boat, the true flash upon me was that she had again swamped, and being now in deep water, it was a far more serious affair than when on the bar.

Soon the cutters were heard bailing for help, and as I could distinctly make out the voice of Good, the marine officer (whom I have before mentioned), urging “that a shore boat should be sent.” I gave the alarm, and we were soon all on the alert. Fortunately the bumm boat was moored in the Dog river, so calling out “hands clear boat,” Alexander succeeded in mustering some blue jackets to empty her of the stores of eggs, fruit, &c., she contained; and then taking Hirish and two other Arab boatmen with him, he put off to the relief of the “First cutters,” whose state was by this time very miserable: the boat had sunk five feet or more under water, the spars were all floating, and those of the crew who could swim, were endeavouring, by placing cans under the arms of those who could not, to keep their heads above water. The men on the boat, who could not swim, who had gone down for his third time, and being scarred, a third time brought up by a coloured man named Harrison. Two other men, neither of whom could swim, were also in a bad way, when, to the joy of all hands, the bumm boat “hove in sight,” for being light she was easily shoved across the bar. On nearing the spot where the cutter had swamped, she picked the men and officers up one by one, with the exception of Vincent, who, being in charge of the party, did not like to leave any of his men on shore without having an officer with them, so as soon as the bumm boat had made fast to the cutter’s painter, so that she might tow her alongside, he ordered the cutter to swim to the shore; but, unfortunately, did not consider the difficulty of swimming in his clothes, further encumbered as it was by having had a long wearying day’s work. A seaman, who was undressed, also resolved to swim to the shore; this I afterwards learned, but being on shore at the time, my first impression was that they had all gone off in the bumm boat. As soon as I saw the bumm boat begin to pull towards the ship I deemed all to be right again, and sat down on the beach whilst the remaining men stripped off their wet clothes and wrung them out before, spreading them upon the gravel, where they were quickly dried by the sun. As I sat there looking to seaward I became conscious of the existence of two black spots in the distance and on the surface of the water. Curiosity prompted me to regard them with more attention, and I then became certain that they were the heads of men swimming, and supposing that no one would have attempted to swim so far unless satisfied with his position, I did not feel any anxiety about them. As the distance lessenened I could perceive that one was an officer, as he wore a cap, and whether the other was an officer or a seaman I could not make out, but saw that they swam abreast at about a cable’s length apart. As there was still much to be done before they could reach the shore, I was watching them with increasing interest, when it struck me that the officer, whether a lieutenant or midshipman (I did not then know), was swimming with but little power; and, as if his strength were failing (at least so I judged from his cap being so near the surface of the water), this of itself would not have alarmed me, but was just sufficient to produce that excitement which bears the same relation to alarm, that the possibility of danger does to the danger, and as I stood gazing with heightened interest, I heard a smothered cry, and knew the voice to be Vincent’s, and at the same time saw the other swimmer hold up his hand for help. The latter action I at once interpreted to mean that he was unable to render assistance to the officer in question; and was, in all probability, nearly exhausted himself.

I now at once gave the alarm, and as I was the only one who perceived the danger, the seamen that were on the beach being engaged in washing and drying clothes, it was some time before they could be made aware of what I was bailing to them, the noise of the surf drowned my voice. Soon, however, as they saw me running out in the surf, and heard me shouting for an oar, they saw what was up and followed me.

Having my clothes on, for I acted on the impulse of the moment, when a wiser course would have been to strip, it was heavy work to get through the surf, and the more so as the surf-rollers went over me from time to time. As I saw the men at last did comprehend me, I now began to hail Vincent apprising him that help was near, as I well knew what effect it would have upon his strength. He afterwards told me that not having the power of swimming, he had heard my voice distinctly, at a time when he was “dead beaten,” and had made up his mind to the certainty of being drowned. Meanwhile I was out of my depth, and swimming, and two seamen who were fortunately naked when I gave them the alarm, were fast getting ahead of me, so I dropped the oar and let it go adrift. Here I must digress to advise anyone who has never swim in his clothes, not to boast of what can be done in the water by a person so dressed, until he will have first experienced the manner in which the wet trousers cling to the legs, and the boots weigh down and weary the ankle. Not to “spin too long a yarn,” however, the seamen, Snowman and Cochran, reached the exhausted officer, in the order in which I have given their names, (real ones): and to me swimming, the group they formed with him, seemed more like that of men fighting in the water, than of men swimming, owing to the exertion necessary to sustain a man perfectly exhausted. We seized him by the waist, his body seemed as heavy as lead, and thus swimming and towing he was got on shore, and immediately carried up to a shed, where a mat having been spread upon the
ground, we laid him down at full length. Will it be credited that the seamen wanted to hang him up by the heels? as is the custom of the natives in cases of drowning. Now although I could by no means recollect all the directions given by the Humane Society, I at all events knew that was forbidden, and so put my veto on it at once. Instead of the "hang ing" system, we stripped him, and rubbed his body with coarse towels, heaped on plenty of warm clothing, and turning him on his side, soon saw the benefit of the treatment in his throwing up quantities of salt water. After this he fell into a sleep, and then fearing that I might have omitted some necessary restorative measure, I sent a midshipman on board for an assistant surgeon, the second gig having just come on shore. Our old friend Alexander promptly returned in the same boat, and declared that all we had done was perfectly right, ordered more clothing to be added, and then went on board to send a boat for us. By the time the boat arrived the patient was sufficiently recovered to walk down to the beach but before doing this there was an unforeseen difficulty in the way, as Vincent's wet clothes had been sent down to him, and his servant had failed to send a dry change. There was nothing for it now but to do the best we could under the circumstances, and this was to borrow a pair of loose, baggy Turkish trousers, from the owner of the bum boat, and rigging the patient up in these, we embarked in the second cutter and went on board. The news of our mishap having already reached the ship, the men were crowded about the "bits" and "gangways" in order to get a look at one who had so nearly escaped death; and his being a great favourite on board added considerably to the interest. The coming on board was the most ludicrous part of the whole performance, as we had all been wet through for several hours before, and must have looked like a party of shipwrecked sailors, or those so called to be seen begging about; the only difficulty being, to account for one of them being got up a la Turque.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

No one ever read "Hertha" without feeling that behind it lay an individuality, a force of character, and peculiarity of temperament, which are not often encountered among women. Nor would the remark apply to "Hertha" alone, for Fredrika Bremer has put herself into all her books. Hers was no commonplace nature. Sensitive endowed at its beginning, her whole life seemed to be almost like that of a caged bird striving for freedom. Naturally impulsive, wayward, and loving, what a training for her was the hard severity of her Swedish home! Listen to her sister's recital of their daily routine:

"At the time when Fredrika and I were children, there did not exist the same relation between parents and children as now-a-days. Severe parents belong now to the exceptions; at that time they were generally severe, and children felt for them more fear than love and confidence. I remember still how frequently, when we heard the voices of our parents on their return home, we hastened to hide ourselves in our governess's room, or in that of our Finland nurse, old Lena. During the winters, in the first years of our residence in Stockholm, my parents used to be a great deal out in the fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come in to say "Good-morning" first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door to renew our promenade, courtesy, and kiss her hand. If our courtesy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit or courtesy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence. Then we had to go to salute my father. When we entered his outer room, the footman laid down a large square carpet in the centre of the floor, and placed on it a chair, on which my father sat down, after having been enveloped in a large white cloak which reached down to the ankles. Mr. Hagelin, his hairdresser—a real original—in a light-gray overcoat, then made his appearance with a comb stuck behind his ear, and a bowlder-puff in his hand—himself powdered, bowing deeply and scraping with one foot, first to my father, and then to us little ones. He handed the powder-puff to the footman, who was to hold it, while he himself undid the ribbon tied round the pigtail, and then combed and replaited it. After that the powder-box was produced, the puff dipped into it, and Mr. Hagelin, like a true amateur, with a sweet
Fredrika Bremer.

amile on his countenance, his head inclined on one side, stepping back now and then to take a survey of the effect of the powdering process, powdered my father’s head and face so thoroughly, that he was unable to open his eyes until the footman had handed him a basin of water and a towel. This ceremony amused us exceedingly, and we were permitted to look on for a short time. When we had courtesied to my father, we had our breakfast, and afterwards went to Miss Frumerie to read and work from nine till one o’clock.

“My mother had laid down three inviolable principles for the education of her children. They were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything evil in the world; they were to learn (acquire knowledge) as much as possible; and they were to—eat as little as possible. The first of these principles was founded upon my mother’s conviction that unacquaintance with all evil would preserve in her children an innocent mind, and accustom them to an atmosphere of purity, which would beneficially influence their whole development. I am grateful for this beautiful idea, emanating from my mother’s own innate innocence, and I believe that it has in us led to purity of thought and mind; although, when we came out into the world, we found ourselves painfully deceived in all that innocence; illusion after the other vanished. In order to gain the desired object, we were never permitted to remain in the drawing-room when my parents had any visitors or company—at the utmost perhaps only a few minutes—for fear that our innocent ears should listen to something which they ought not to hear; and we were strictly forbidden to speak to the servants, except to old Lena, who again was forbidden to tell us anything.

“We did not require any incitement to read or to learn; it was our, and especially Fredrika’s, greatest pleasure. Within a couple of years we learned to read and speak French, and we were taught by Madame de Gentilly’s plays, ‘L’Heureuse,’ ‘La Rosière,’ ‘Les Fiacrons,’ and others, such scenes in which only two persons appeared at a time; and these lessons we took so long, that ‘Bonne Amie,’ as we called Miss Frumerie, had not patience enough to listen to them to the end. Fredrika frequently knew a whole act by heart, and ‘Bonne Amie’ exclaimed more than once, ‘That Fredrika, she is perfectly intolerable with her recitations; there is never an end to them!’

“The third of my mother’s principles—that her children should eat as little as possible—she had laid down partly under the conviction that if children are allowed to eat much they become stupid and are not strong, partly from a detestation of strong, stout, and tall women. My mother read vast quantities of novels, and I suspect that the hope of one day beholding in her daughters delicate, zephyr-like heroines of romance, was constantly haunting her imagination. This principle certainly succeeded in making them short of stature, and not too strong; but with the prescribed diet it could not be otherwise. At eight o’clock in the morning we got a small basin—I have never seen such small basins—of cold milk, and with it a small piece of ‘knäckebröd.’ If we were ever so hungry, which happened every day, still we did not venture to ask for anything more to eat. Once or twice old Lena, when we told her of our distress, had given us each a piece of dry bread; but my mother having heard of it, Lena got such a scolding that she never dared to try that experiment again.

“At two o’clock the dinner was always served in my parents’ house, and that was indeed a glorious time for us hungry children. We were then allowed to eat as much as was considered necessary. Of the four or five dishes which, according to the fashion of the day, were put at once upon the table, we had permission to eat of three, and they tasted wonderfully good. After dinner we were all assembled in the drawing-room to drink coffee; we children of course only as spectators—after which, at four o’clock, we went with ‘Bonne Amie’ into her room to write, cipher, and work. My father, who was beyond description orderly and punctual, determined that everything should be done by the clock, looked during the time repeatedly at his watch, and until it pointed at four exactly, nobody was allowed to leave the room, when he went to his own room to take a nap.

“At six precisely, there came a knock at ‘Bonne Amie’s’ door, the footman announced that tea was ready, and we then marched, ‘Bonne Amie,’ Fredrika, and myself, through the dining to the drawing-room. There my parents, ‘Bonne Amie,’ and sometimes those who came to pay a visit, drank tea, while we were looking on, occasionally getting a rusk, with permission to go to the nursery to play—for now the lessons were over for the day.

“At nine, my parents, ‘Bonne Amie,’ and mostly some guests, were seated round a table in the dining-room covered with two or three warm dishes; but we children were sent at eight o’clock had a small glass of cold milk and a small piece of knäckebröd. When we had finished our supper, we went to the dining-room, courtesied, kissed my father’s and mother’s hand, said ‘Good-night,’ and proceeded to ‘Bonne Amie’s’ room, in which we both had our beds upon a corner sofa. Old Lena was there to undress us, and always used to hold a long lecture to Fredrika, who preferred running about: the room and dancing with Lena to going to bed. After jumping and romping about for a little while, she usually got tired; but Lena fared far worse in the morning, when she wanted to dress her. The old nurse had then to run about to get hold of the little wild girl, who always bolted from her when she was going to be washed and dressed. Sometimes Lena was so angry with her that she got quite red in the face, and then she burst out with what I believe was her only article of faith: ‘An! that will be a

* A kind of very thin, hard, rye biscuit.
nice one when she gets older; for certain it is, that the longer people live the worse they become!"

"At midsummer, 1806, the whole family removed out to Arsta. Like all children, we were enchanted at being allowed to go on a journey—such a long journey—a whole twenty English miles. And during the preceding eight days we were busy, every leisure moment, packing and unpacking again and again all our toys and dolls. At last came the happy day, and in three large carriages the whole family proceeded to the country. I remember exceedingly well, that, on our arrival, both Fredrika and I thought that the large, palace-like edifice, with its projecting turrets, its high lattice windows, with small glass panes set in lead, and its dark walls, from which in many places the plaster had fallen off, did not look well at all. If we had understood the meaning of the word mean, we should certainly have thought of it on beholding the then dilapidated old Arsta, built nearly two hundred years before by Mrs. Barbro Akes's daughter, Natt-och-Dag, while her husband, Admiral Bjelkenstjerna, was out in the German Thirty Years' War."

"When we had alighted from the carriage, and entered the spacious, vaulted hall, rising through three stories, with its high stone peeling and doubling, the preceding eight days we were delighted, and asked permission to run up and down them, which was willingly granted, as being the best means of keeping us out of the way while everything was taken out of the carriages. We must have been indulging in this pleasure of running up one pair of stairs and down another a long time, for I remember our being very hot and very tired when we were called in to eat our supper and go to bed."

"Now came a happy time for us. When we had finished our lessons at one o'clock, we were allowed to go down into the large garden, and to take long walks in the afternoon with 'Bonne Amie,' after she had had her tea. We thought it wonderfully delightful to run out and play about. In town we had scarcely ever permission to go out. Happy beyond measure were we to hear the little birds sing; to gather flowers and fruit; but as happy as the curate's children, that we clearly saw we should never be. One day, when our carriage-horse had to be exercised, 'Bonne Amie' took us for a ride to pay a visit to the curate's wife."

"In the little yard before the red-painted house lay a hillock eight sand, and on it were lying four children, busy with large wooden ladies digging out walks and flower-beds. We were so fortunate as to be allowed to join in their play that afternoon, but never again."

"The summer passed quickly away. We read and studied industriously, and were a great deal out in the open air."

"When autumn and cold weather set in at last, my parents moved to town, and during several succeeding years we lived winter after winter, each week like the last: much reading, little eating, and rarely permission to go out. Another difficulty was now added to our other troubles. My mother considered it very wholesome for us children to be dressed in bare neck and arms. We shivered with cold. It was probably cold in our rooms, which were large, and at that time double windows were unknown. I recollect very well that, for days together, we could not look out of the window, the panes being covered with ice."

"We are not alone in having learned that this unnatural restraint of such a nature should lead to peculiar developments."

"From seven till ten years of age, little Fredrika began to manifest strange dispositions and inclinations. Occasionally she threw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon—pocket-handkerchiefs, the younger children's night-caps, stockings and tights. The servants complained to my mother, and Fredrika was interrogated. She confessed at once; and the only reason she could give for her delinquency was, that it was so delightful to see the flames. In spite of scoldings and prohibitions, she frequently repeated this pleasure. If a knife or a pair of scissors happened to be lying about, they, and Fredrika too, disappeared immediately. She then walked about alone, meditating; and, if nobody happened to be present, she cut a piece out of a window-curtain, or a round or square hole in the front of her dress. She looked very awkward if interrupted in her proceedings. One day, our parents being out, she fell upon the idea of quietly stealing into the drawing-room and double-locking the door. Old Lena, suspecting that some mischief was on foot because Fredrika had disappeared, looked for her everywhere, and coming to the drawing-room, which she found locked, she knocked, calling to Fredrika to open the door. 'Yes, immediately,' answered Fredrika; but it took some minutes before she unlocked the door; probably she wanted first to finish her work. When she had unlocked the door, Lena went round the room to see what Fredrika had been doing, and was terrified when she discovered that she had
Fredrika Bremer.

Cut a large round hole in the middle of the silk covering of one of the large arm-chairs, and had poked a piece of her own dress, cut out of the front breadth, into the hole.

"With the knife she experimented upon the arms and legs of her dolls, to find out what they contained; and one poor doll had to lose its head. Then we had to cut out what was inside of it. When Fredrika had performed any cutting or carving, and Lena was ordered to go and find it out, Fredrika always used to follow her, silently and calmly, as if she had done no wrong; and when Lena had found out what she had cut and chopped to pieces, and began to moralize, Fredrika walked up to Lena, started at her and took her own pin and turned round and walked off without saying a word. If the discovery took too long, Fredrika lost her patience, and pointed silently in the direction in which Lena ought to go.

"One day Fredrika and I had each got two beautiful figures of French porcelain as presents from my mother. Before the evening, Fredrika had tried whether one of these figures would break it thrown upon the stone flags lying before the stove; the brittleness of the other was tried upon a load of fire-wood, which the servant was carrying into a room to make a fire. Of course, she succeeded in breaking them both; but this did not in the least trouble her. Another day she came to my mother tendering a penny, the only one she had left in her little purse, asking at the same time her forgiveness for having broken a decanter and three glasses, for which she wished to make compensation with her penny. My mother could not help laughing. Fredrika got a slight scolding, but was immediately put again into her place.

"Fredrika and I had each three dolls, with very handsome wardrobes for them. As I was of a very quiet nature, and very orderly, my dolls were as carefully tended as if they had been little children, and I felt for them as a real mother. They were undressed every evening and put to bed, and were dressed again regularly every morning. Fredrika's dolls, on the contrary, were often much neglected. They remained occasionally dressed for a fortnight together; and if they happened to be once undressed, they usually remained undressed for an equally long time, and were then lying about in their chemises in the corners of the nursery. At last she got quite tired of her dolls, and I, who used to pity them very much, undertook to attend to them; but I got tired of this after some time, and complained that it was really too much for me to manage six children. Fredrika then made an agreement with little Hedda, that if she would take charge of her dolls she should have a piece of gingerbread every time Fredrika got any, and also, now and then, a piece of confectionery; but not every time that Fredrika got any, because she was very fond of it herself. Hedda held boldly out for the confectionery, and the matter was ultimately arranged to her satisfaction; but Fredrika undertook to dress her dolls elegantly every time they were invited to a ball.

"Every Christmas Eve, our parents had the kindness to give us as much pleasure as possible. In the large drawing-room a Christmas table was set out, literally covered with all kinds of good things. Each child had its jul-bögg, or yule-head, of salted beef, bread and wheaten cakes, and, besides, plates full of raisins, almonds, nuts, and sweetmeats; and before every hearth stood a three-branched wax candle.

"A great number of Christmas-boxes, wrapped up in paper and sealed, were thrown into the room by a masked figure with horns on its head, called the yule-butter. We each received the presents which were given to us, and the presents we decided to give to others. We played round and round the presents after the various parcels, dancing about on the floor, and great was the delight when she whose name was written on the parcel happened to pick it up herself. That evening was not like any other evening in the whole year, and I never saw my parents so happy as at the happiness which they gave the children; but our part were inexpressibly delighted and grateful. All fear of our parents was gone; we only ran about thanking them and kissing their hands for every new present we got. Besides many useful presents, we got also a great number of toys, which afforded us great delight during the whole time that the presents lasted. Fredrika soon began making her experiments, and long before the next Christmas all her beautiful playthings were gone."

"I have heard it said that Fredrika was not an agreeable child. A child myself, I was unable to judge. Very kind she was always; ready to give away anything allowed her to keep her possessions which had been given to her," as she says of Petrea in 'The Home.' In later years I found that her eyes were very handsome, thoughtful, and expressing goodness and vivacity; but the head was large in proportion to the small and slight figure; and the nose filled up a large place in her physiognomy. Her eyes were probably never have been so large if she had not, from her earliest childhood, been displeased with its form, and therefore had determined to improve it; but all her experiments to this effect resulted in making her nose swell considerably, become larger and larger, and often very red. Fredrika, when a child, was uncommonly low forehead. She had frequently heard my mother remark this, and she undertook, therefore, one day, to make it high, by cutting away the hair at the roots all round the forehead. While occupied with this operation, she heard my mother's step, and was as terrified as if she had committed a crime. My mother, who did not at once perceive what Fredrika had been doing, probably thought that she looked unusually well, and said to her, later in the day, 'Your forehead is, after all, not so very low,' and Fredrika was enchanted with her successful handiwork. But in a few days the hair began to grow again, sticking out like bristles.
was then her distress to find out how this was to be prevented in future, and Fredrika was obliged to walk about for some time with her bristles, until the hairs had grown so long that they could be seized with a pair of tweezers, when she tore them out, root and all. They continued, however, to grow; but Fredrika persevered patiently to pull them out, and produced ultimately in this way a fine high forehead, which became her much better than the low one which nature had given her.

"Fredrika was already, as a child, very inquisitive and eager for information. She wanted to know everything; was very restless, and put all kinds of questions, especially on certain days, which I used to call her 'inquiring days.' "Bonne Amie" got tired, and told her to be quiet; and Lena also got tired, and gave no other answer than "saucebox!" Fredrika was occasionally excessively wild and frolicsome, and then again she would dissolve in tears, especially if she had been scolded—and scolding she got, in abundance. A part of them, particularly during our stay in the country. There we had permission to go out, and in our rambles Fredrika always managed to lose her pocket-handkerchief, gloves, or garters; or she tore her dress, or came home too late for dinner. She could never learn to be punctual, and in this my father was very strict; although she had an unusually good memory for studying, yet she could never remember what was told her in daily life. She was very anxious to please her parents, and it grieved her deeply that she could not remember what they told her, and to see them displeased with her. Her childish freaks to burn her things, cut her clothes to pieces, and so on, brought upon her many a severe scolding; this was also the case with her obstinacy. It was one of her juvenile faults, as also to give saucy and pert answers, which always irritated my father, so that he became excited and angry, and not able to correct the delinquent with gentleness. But poor Fredrika got indeed so many scoldings for mere trifles, that his mind became at times embittered.

"My mother felt annoyed at all this, and Fredrika always forgetting the reprimands which she continually gave; my mother treated her rather severely, believing that this would improve matters, and that, as Fredrika had an excellent memory for learning, she ought to have an equally good memory in everything that was told her. Strange as it may appear, that memory can be as it were twofold; such was the case here, and Fredrika could not help it, that everything which she was told to remember was forgotten a moment afterwards.

"Notwithstanding my mother's severity, Fredrika entertained for some time a really passionate love for her, and tried every means to please her. My mother was always very elegant in her deportment and toilet; she had exceedingly agreeable manners, and Fredrika's admiring gaze followed her every movement.

"My father was very taciturn and reserved, and his temper was melancholy and gloomy. During the disastrous war which was raging in Finland, in 1808, and ended in its being lost to Sweden, he was more gloomy than ever. In the evenings he was in the habit of walking incessantly—sometimes for two or three hours together—up and down in the dark, in the dining-room in town, for he would not have the candles lighted; and we often imagined that we heard him weeping. 'Bonne Amie's' room was next to the dining-room, and as long as my father was walking there, we did not venture to go through it. When tea was brought in, at six o'clock, he broke off his walk, but he resumed it as soon as he had finished tea."

* * * * *

"Between the age of nine and twelve Fredrika and I studied the English and German languages; made great progress in history, geography, &c., &c., and underwent regularly every year an examination before my father's early friend, the Rector of St. Clara's Church, afterwards Bishop Freminson. He was pleased with our studies in general, but astonished at the progress which we had made in geography. This we owed to 'Bonne Amie's' excellent method of teaching. On the map lying before us, she made us a present of empires and kingdoms in those parts of the world which we were studying for the time. When, for instance, I got France and Fredrika England, we were very anxious to become thoroughly acquainted with all the provinces, towns and rivers, bays and boundaries of the country which we were governing, and this afforded us a great deal of pleasure. But Fredrika always knew all the produce of her kingdom much better than its boundaries; the latter she could never remember.

"Fredrika had an innate aversion to all kinds of needle-work. She turned upside down or inside out what she had to sew, constantly lost meshes when she was knitting, and would never take them up. When she dropped any meshes, she did not say a word, but, quickly lighting, she threw the stocking under her chair, and ran out of the room. 'Bonne Amie' used to be very much amused at this manœuvre. We knew perfectly well what was the matter, when Fredrika, silently and in haste, made off, and the stocking was lying under her chair.

Concerning this unhappy period of her life, Fredrika says in her autobiography, written at thirty:

"I had an ardent and enthusiastic feeling for all heroic virtues, a boundless capacity to love and to sacrifice myself with joy, in small things as in great, for the good of those whom I loved; a desire to give, to make happy, and to comfort. Yes, if I could have done it, I would have given to the hungry the flesh of my own body. I loved my mother most tenderly and passionately, and longed, above everything else in the world, to please her. I failed herein completely. I walked badly, sat badly, stood badly, coursed badly; and many bitter moments this cost me, because my mother wished that her daughter..."
should be perfect, as the heroines of romance are perfect, by birth and nature. This, of course, we sincerely wished to be, but to me Dame Nature was rather unfriendly, throwing all kinds of difficulties in my way. None of those who surrounded me understood how to guide a character like mine to good. They tried to curb me by severity, or else my thoughts and feelings were ridiculed. I was very unhappy in my early youth, and, violent as I was in everything, I formed many plans to shorten my life, to put out my eyes, &c., merely for the sake of making my mother repent her severity; but all ended in my standing on the margin of the lake, looking down into the water, or feeling the pricking of the knife in my eyeball. Unhappy at home, because I was a restless, passionate creature, without the least of what one would call tact, my soul clung ardent to the events of the outer world. The war against Napoleon stirred within me all my deepest feelings. I determined to flee from home, to proceed to the theatre of war, which I imagined would be an easy matter, and, disguised in male costume, to become page to the Crown Prince (afterwards King Charles XIV.), who at that time appeared to me to be little less than a demi-god. I entertained these plans more than a year, until they melted away slowly, like snow in water. Gradually my patriotic and warlike feelings were lulled, but only to make room for new ones of another kind.

Of this latter strange freak her sister tells us:

"She wept bitterly for not having been born a man, so that she could have joined her countrymen to fight against the general disturber of peace and oppressor of nations; she wanted to fight for her native country; longed to distinguish herself to win renown and glory. She felt that she should not be wanting in courage if she could only get over to Germany. There she would disguise herself; perhaps be made page to the Crown Prince. With her head full of these dreams, and how, to begin with, she was to get to Stockholm, she one day took her little shawl upon her arm, and set out upon the high road to the capital, in the hope that some chance,—but of what kind she did not know—might favour her design. She got no farther this time than to the so-called 'red-gate,' a short distance from Arsta. Thence she returned home, unhappy that she had failed in her attempt, and revealed to me in the evening all her plans. I prayed her by all means not to entertain such a silly idea, representing to her that she could do nothing as a warrior; and I spoke of the sorrow which she would cause our parents. But she was not at all convinced that she could not, with the courage which she felt herself to possess, distinguish herself in war; and once again in the summer she set out, trusting that this time chance would be more favourable to her.

"She continued her march about a mile. Here she remained standing for nearly half an hour, in the expectation of seeing some family with whom she might be allowed to go to town. Disappointed in this hope, she returned home. 'No carriage, not even a cat,' had she seen during her walk. A long time did these warlike notions occupy her mind, but at last they gradually died away."

As she grew older, her surroundings did not seem to become more tender or congenial, and the period of romance came. The studies of the sisters progressing, the governess "promised us that at the age of fifteen we should be allowed to read aloud to her some good novels in the evenings, after we had finished our lessons for the day. In order that we both might share this great pleasure, she let Fredrika read with me, although one year younger than myself; and Fredrika was beyond measure happy, when, on my fifteenth birthday, we began 'Les Petits Emigrés,' by Madame de Genlis. We were not permitted to read more than half an hour each at a time, and for this hour we longed the whole day. After having gone through "Les Petits Emigrés," we read Miss Burney's interesting and cleverly written novels, "Camilla," "Evelina," and "Cecilia," abounding, however, as I afterwards discovered, in romantic adventures.

"How little profitable such reading is for young girls, especially at our age, and so entirely inexperienced as we were then, soon became manifest by all the fancies and imaginations which we got into our heads about ourselves and what might happen to us. We only longed to escape from our convent-like seclusion at Arsta. We did not at all doubt that, when we came out in the world, we should become the heroines of romance, and, like the heroines in novels, find many admirers, and meet with many adventures of which we had not even dreamed previously. Who could answer for it that even now, before we came out in the world, some extraordinary adventure might not happen at Arsta? During the whole autumn I was listening every evening in the dusk to hear a ladder raised against the wall under one of the windows of my room; and, although the escape down the high ladder might be a break-neck affair, yet I felt a kind of foreboding that, like the lovely Indiana in 'Camilla,' I should be carried off, I did not know by whom—this I could never guess—but the hero would perhaps afterwards discover and declare himself.

"Fredrika had also forebodings of abductions: either she or myself was to be the object; but neither did she know by whom we were to be carried off; she was sure that it was going to happen in broad daylight, on a Sunday, and on our way from church, to which we drove as usual, accompanied by 'Bonne Amie,' to attend divine service. Fredrika was, therefore, sitting in the carriage, looking with eager attention, first to the right, and then to the left, to see whether any horseman would be rushing out of the forest, commanding the coachman to stop.
When therefore, Sunday after Sunday we came back to Arsta without any adventure, Fredrika found herself greatly disappointed.

"After having been locked up the following winter, as usual, in Stockholm, Fredrika and I felt a greater desire than ever to walk out and take exercise in the fresh air; but how this was to be managed we were at a loss to understand. We discussed the matter together, and it was determined that we should ask my mother's permission to go out occasionally, at all events twice a week. With a palpitating heart I preferred my request. My mother answered that she did not like it, and that it would not look well for young girls to go out alone in the streets; that if we were in want of exercise, we might stand behind a chair, hold on to the back, and jump. When I came back to Fredrika with this answer, she was in despair, but what was to be done? I proposed that we should begin the jumping that same evening, after we had said 'Good-night' to our parents and come into our room. We did so, and that night I made two hundred jumps behind my chair, resting now and then for a moment; but Fredrika had not performed one hundred before she gave in, began to cry, went to bed and fell asleep, glad to sleep to forget everything. I continued jumping in my mother's every evening, and persuaded Fredrika now and then to try the same, fancying that it did me a great deal of good, which it also might have done her, being deprived as she was of other exercise, but I could seldom induce her to do so. In one thing, however, we agreed, namely, that no novel writers ever would fall upon the idea of their heroines jumping behind chairs, by way of taking exercise. They would, no doubt, have hit upon a more agreeable manner of gaining their object. Meanwhile I found myself thriving very well under this régime of jumping, and continued it this and the following winter. It had the same effect upon me as two cups of elder tea, and I slept excellently."

The feelings buried in her inmost soul in these days, and in which no one shared, are thus revealed in her own story:

"Like two all consuming flames, the desire to know and the desire to enjoy were burning in my soul, without being satisfied for many long years. The mere sight of certain words in a book—words such as Truth, Liberty, Glory, Immortality—roused within me feelings which vainly I would try to describe. I wanted in some way or other to give vent to and express the same: and I wrote verses, theatrical pieces, and a thousand different kinds of essays; composed music, painted pictures, some of them greater trash than the others. I was brought out into the world, went out visiting, went to evening parties, balls and concerts, and very rarely enjoyed myself anywhere except at the theatre, and there my soul was thrown into a state of topay-turvy.

"My nose, naturally large, used to become illuminated in hot places, and, I had almost said, become double its ordinary size, darken-
ber, not without a pleasant sensation, this first silent, friendly harmony of my soul with another's. We parted. I gave him a carnation and a curl-paper, and he gave me a few sprigs of lavender. I cried the whole night after our parting, and for a long time afterwards I sighed his name in my heart very calmly.

"In order to please my parents I had laboured very hard. I had gone to get dyes. I succeeded, because I had then, as now, a very strong will, although I rarely understood how to give it the proper direction. I also worked and laboured hard at my piano, and rose at four in the morning, merely for the purpose of playing the scales. I wrote theatrical pieces in honour of every birthday in the family; arranged small fêtes, and began to flatter the heads of the family in a delicate manner. In a word I became a complete courtesan, and rose with my parents to the rank of favourite. By means of this favouritism I wished, however, to get an opportunity of serving my sisters, and I succeeded sometimes, but not often. Nowhere had I found so many impossibilities for every-thing, except for very long journeys, as in our house. I wrote during this time some humorous and some tragic pieces, which I believe gave promise of something better; but nobody cared to take the trouble of trying to develop this promise. I had no idea of being able, by industry, to make something of myself in the way of intellect and knowledge.

"All my actions during many years were devoid of plan or order. In 1821 we worked through our continental trip, and journeyed in covered carriages, and 'toiled on our weary way' through Germany, Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands. For all the treasures of the lands we saw, as in the genius of Tegner, I would not again make this journey in the same way. I will only speak of the suffering which more particularly fell to my share. The desire for knowledge and the desire for enjoyment were reawakend within me anew, all-consuming fire, at the sight of the master-pieces of music and of Art.

At length the journey finished, they returned to the old dull life in the country-house:

"In the long, dark autumn evenings at Arsta we all assembled in the 'yellow drawing-room.' At ten minutes to six the footman entered to lay the cloth for tea, and shortly after came the housekeeper, who was to make and pour out tea. Our party consisted always of my mother and father, our governess and my eldest brother's tutor, Fredrika, Hedda, and myself. When they all had had their tea, with the exception of us three sisters, who were mere lookers-on, the housekeeper—fortunate woman—disappeared, and we sisters remained sitting, with our books, on a sofa in one corner of the room. My mother sat down in a corner of a sofa, and my father beside a table in the centre of the room, reading aloud until supper-time—nine o'clock. My father, who was only interested in classical literature, chose in preference historical works, which were rather tire-

some for his young daughters to listen to, especially as they were written in German and in English, my father's favourite languages, which he read beautifully, but which we did not then understand well enough to follow when he was reading aloud.

"After the first ten minutes my mother fell asleep, and we were often ready to follow her example. Fredrika wakened till the idea of tears trickled down her cheeks; and if my brother's tutor, the good Mr. R—, had not hit upon several tricks to keep us awake, I do not know how we should have fared. But sometimes we were on the point of being found out; for instance, when we were seized with an irresistible youthful desire to laugh, which fortunately my father did not notice, as we were sitting far away from him. Once, however, while we were nodding, half asleep, Mr. R— happened to strike his hand so loudly upon the table, that my father looked up and said, "What was that?" 'It was—it was'—answered Fredrika, quite frightened, 'the table that was going to jump.' My father looked displeased at nothing for a moment and after a time continued his reading. In this manner we laboured through Schiller's 'Thirty Years' War,' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and Robertson's 'History of America,' the two last in English.

"After supper we all went into my father's library to converse until ten o'clock. When we came back to our own room, Fredrika often sat down to cry, and, dejected as we were ourselves, neither Hedda nor I could offer her any consolation.

"The monotonous, joyless, and inactive life which we led was felt by us all, but especially by Fredrika. One year was exactly like the other. We had certainly occupation, we read, after a time embroidered, played scales, sonatas, and themes with variations, and Fredrika wrote both prose and verse; but she was often, and said that nobody understood her. The relation between my father and Fredrika had certainly become much better than formerly; and when, on his or my mother's birthday, she wrote some little play, which was performed by us children, my father was much amused and pleased; and when it was my mother's birthday that was to be celebrated, he copied out the parts himself.'

This monotony was varied by an occasional country wedding, the details of which are thus described:

"Almost every autumn one or more such weddings were celebrated in our large dining-room, with the ceremonies customary in the district. There was something so old-fashioned, so peculiarly medieval in the costume of the brides, and in the appearance of the bridal-train, that they are well deserving of a more detailed description.

"On the evening before the wedding-day, the bride and her two bridesmaids came to the manor-house with the 'forming,' as it was called. The bride was too grand to carry anything herself, but the bridesmaids carried each a gigantic round pewter dish with wheaten
bread, cakes, tarts, pastry, and a variety of flowers from the greenhouse was fastened in the front of the bride's dress. Two or three chains were hung round her neck, and a gold band encircled her waist by way of sash. But now comes the drollest part of the whole costume. To this sash were tied all the bridegroom's presents, consisting of a black silk neckerchief; one or two cotton dito; and white handkerchief for the head, embroidered with coloured cotton thread; one or two pairs of gloves, &c., &c. All these things were hanging straight down her dress, so that the body looked like an itinerant clothes-shop; whereas her head looked as if it had belonged to a queen of the Middle Ages.

"The psalm-book, which was also one of the bridegroom's presents, was held in her left hand, together with a white pocket-handkerchief spread out, and so large that it looked like a towel."

"When the bride and the bridesmaids at last were ready, the latter dressed in white, with enormous bouquets of artificial flowers, not always of the prettiest, but full of gold tinsel, stuck in their bosoms, they were conducted to the upper storey, in order that the bride might admire herself in the pier-glasses in the large drawing-room, and there she wandered about a good while from one glass to the other, and thought that she was 'crudely grand.'"

"There was a popular belief in our parish that the one, of those who were going to be united for life, who first should catch a glimpse of the other before the ceremony, would be the one who should afterwards obtain the sway in the house. We sisters were of course very anxious that the bride should first catch a glimpse of the bridegroom; but nobody was more anxious about this than Fredrika, and she always stood on the lookout, that she might call the bride when she saw the bridegroom with his train riding up."

"This train of bridegroom's men, all on horseback, was most amusing to look at. It was headed by two musicians playing the violin, who had the greatest difficulty in the world to manage their horses, which seemed to be the case more or less with all the equestrians, as the horses dashed hither and thither during their cavalcade up to the court-yard. When they were assembled there, and the riders had got off their steeds, and the female part of the assemblage had alighted from their vehicles, and they all had entered the large hall, the bride, who a short time before had gone down into the housekeeper's room with her bridesmaids, made her appearance, giving her hand to her future husband, curtseying to him at the same time. Two processions were then formed; a fiddler scraping his violin, preceded the male procession, which was headed by the bridegroom, with a large bouquet of artificial flowers stuck on his breast, and followed by his groomsmen, all with smaller bouquets, and by a number of other people; the other fiddler led the female procession, which was headed by the bride and her bridesmaids. Each procession"
walked up a separate flight of stairs to the upper storey, to the accompaniment of music; and the fine large hall with its granite columns and double flight of stairs, all crowded with people, presented a grand appearance. The crowd then entered the dining-room, where, as soon as the clergymen arrived, my parents and we children made our entrance, saluting the company.

"After the ceremony, my parents, in going up to the newly-married couple to congratulate them, gave the signal to all the rest to do the same, and then began a bowing and scraping and curtseying that seemed as if it would never come to an end, and was very amusing to behold. Thereupon my parents sent round wine, cakes, and sweetmeats, for which the guests returned thanks to us by innumerable bows and curtseys.

"Finally, the whole company marched off and went to the house of the bride’s parents to eat, drink, and dance. The festivities often lasted for a whole week.

"One of the brides who was dressed and married at Arsta this autumn had a complexion as dark as a gipsy. While dressed in her bridal costume, and looking at herself in the pier-glass in the drawing-room, she said: ‘I don’t know what can be the reason that I am so red in the face! Sure am I that I have done everything to get white. Every time I was washing linen at home, I scrubbed myself with soap-lye, and then laid myself down beside the linen on the bleaching-ground in the sunshine, and I have done it many times besides; but it has been of no use.’ I do not remember whether any of us had the heart to tell her that she and the linen could not be bleached by one and the same process; the thing was incurable now.

"If the wedding was celebrated on the large estate, Galón, belonging to Arsta, then the bride and bridegroom, each with their train, arrived in boats decorated with foliage; and when the procession returned, the bride sat in the first boat, with her parents and bridesmaids and musicians, heading a long line of boats full of people in holiday dress. On a fine day in autumn, such a procession, with its music on the calm waters, was very imposing and pleasant to behold.

"We children were always invited to these weddings, but were never allowed to go. The housekeeper and steward always accompanied the bridal-train, and were, together with the clergymen, the guests of honour at the wedding dinner, which usually lasted three or four hours; after which dancing began, which I believe frequently was rather boisterous, when the bridal crown was to be danced off, as it was called, and when there was a fight for the bride between the married and the unmarried women, which, of course, was to end in such a way that the married ones triumphantly carried her off."

Such was the life of this young, ardent, sensitive, restless spirit. What wonder that her soul cries out, ‘I suffered like Tantalus,’...

"Our home became to us a prison, compared with which a real prison would (so it appeared to me) have been a delicious retreat. We saw nobody in our house, and those whom we saw in the houses of others were unkind and unfriendly to us on account of our foreign journey, and on account of the airs which people fancied we wanted to give ourselves. Year after year a heavier and darker cloud lowered itself over my home, and still more over my soul. Gradually all illusions vanished. With a soul infinitely lively and active, I found myself shut out from all activity. If a charitable hand had then pointed out to me the road to light and future usefulness, through cultivation of my intellect and judicious division of the time to be devoted to this purpose—oh! then so many years would not have rolled past me like zeroes, and I would have borne better every day’s bitterness and pain. But my soul was still, as it were, in its swaddling-clothes. I read heaps of novels; they awakened within me a longing for happiness and love, which could not be realized. I read large quantities of sermons, which did not make me a bit better or less unhappy. I played the piano, and occupied myself in one way or other, but more and more listlessly. I waited for a turn in events, in order to enter into activity, but no such events happened. Embroidering an interminable gray neckerchief, I became more and more benumbed; that is to say, in my vital powers, in my desire to live. The sense of pain did not become benumbed; it became, on the contrary, more sharp, every day, like the frost in a steadily increasing winter. The flame in my soul was flickering fearfully, and wanted only one thing—to be extinguished forever. My sisters suffered with me; they suffered in me and I in them. During the common sorrows of our continental journey, we had become sincerely and closely united. During the common sufferings of our domestic life, we became still more tenderly united; and under affliction and tears those ties were knit which nothing can make stronger, which nothing can tear asunder, and which are now the chief source of my life’s happiness. Years rolled past, and everything remained in the same state; physical pains, caused by inward pains, seized me; an eruption covered my face; my eyes became yellow. I felt, both in body and soul, a sense of the utmost discomfort; a kind of frost; a sensation as if I was becoming mouldy. I had a fear and horror of people looking at me. My position, with respect to them and to myself, was insupportable. The fate of women in general, and my own in particular, appeared to me to be frightful. I saw assurance and courage in men’s looks; heard them express openly their thoughts and feelings, and I—was doomed to silence, to live without life. I was conscious of being born with powerful wings, but I was also conscious of their being clipped, and I fancied that they would always remain so. I saw that I was disagreeable and repugnant in the eyes of others, and I felt that it could not be otherwise, for I was dissatisfied with myself, with my inward and outward being."

“But during all this suffering, a certain
strength was called into life within me. My glance penetrated deeply into the dark mysteries of human life; I understood everything called suffering; and in my own name, and in that of all unhappy beings, I raised a painful and rebellious cry to Heaven:

"My cheek was pale, my eyes were running o'er
With bitter tears; my heart in desolation,
Saw suffering, like a vast and rankling sore,
Prey on the vitals of God's fair creation.

'I looked for dawn—I found but nightly gloom,
No hope of happier days, no blessed faith;
Life turned like some wild meteor on a tomb
In my sad heart—I only prayed for death."

"Now I stood in need of faith; now I stood
In need of religious comfort. Wildly impatient,
I prayed for it; my agony remained the same.
Exasperated, I turned away my looks from heaven and asked, with my eyes riveted upon the night of human misery, a shuddering wherefore?

No voice, either from heaven or from earth, returned an answer; my faith and my hope were shaken in their deepest foundations. Everything was tottering; I doubted, I despair ed, and now I understood—hell. I suffered so deeply, so dreadfully, but at the same time so quietly, that just thereby I felt a kind of superiority over other people; because, during this suffering, I became so good, so gentle, that I would willingly have suffered still more to save the most insignificant insect a pang. And I knew nobody so good as I. God (may He forgive my weakness this irreverence or blindness?) permitted this suffering. Man humbled me, because I was a kind of Lazarus, at any rate in my own imagination; but I overlooked mankind; in my soul raged giant agony. I felt that I could suffer, and that I suffered more than others.

I beheld at this hour I should have found it easy to achieve any great and noble action, even at the sacrifice of my life, yet I must in truth confess, that, on the other hand, I have never looked upon crime and vice with so little abhorrence as then, and it is only Him, who rules events and circumstances, to whom I ascribe the innocence of my actions. One thing only afforded me some consolation during this long time of suffering, and this was painting. Seated at my easel, I frequently forgot for hours together my agony and the bitterness of my life; and in creating the beautiful with my pencil, I found therein consolation for not being able to re-create myself, for I was ever weak for the poverty and penurious manners for assuaging affliction which made my heart bleed to hear mentioned, I tried to earn money with my paintings. I painted little portraits of the Crown-princess, whom I had seen in the theatre; painted that of the King; sold them in secret, and within a year I earned nearly two hundred callings. To obtain this sum afforded me for a moment a healing balm."

We have given this much space to the details of Fredrika Bremer's childhood life, because it seems to furnish the key to all that passionate restlessness which animated her being, and throve through all her writings. Here was a nature which needed tender, guiding love, and constant, healthful employment for body and mind. None of these conditions were vouchsafed it. A marvellous providence it was which saved her from morbid ruin and led her mind to health and happiness. The progress of her development, and the history of her first appearance in the literary world, she gives us as follows:

"By degrees there awoke within me an intensely deep desire for improvement of, and for conciliation with, my better self. I did not hope to arrive at light and truth until after death, that dear, longed-for dawn of a better life. So it appeared to me in my calmer moments.

"In the country around me, near and far, there were many poor and sick. I became their physician, nurse, and helper, as far as I had it in my power. I felt an intense pleasure in exposing myself to and braving cold, tempests, snow-storms, even hunger; because the food which I took with me on these excursions I gave away. Battling with hunger, and solitude, I felt with delight the moral strength of my being. I submitted joyously to the most loathsome medical employments. My bodily feelings were disgust, my mental feelings were delight at suffering in order to soothe and heal. I denied myself all kinds of comforts in order to give them to others. In a word, I was, during two years, a Catholic enthusiast, but became, in the mean time, a better, purer, and more virtuous being than I had been before. I studied the Bible assiduously. I was often, very often, on my knees; yes, rose in the night to pray for light and peace. A breath of the celestial children's wings fanned now and then my soul. The fruit of such a moment is the passage in 'The Solitary One,' beginning with 'Now is peaceful, blessed rest,' &c., &c. I had indeed moments of inexpressible happiness; but my feelings, like billows, rose and fell; I felt no settled calm. A warm feeling of piety filled my soul. My doubts were not solved, but I had faith and hope; I had a measureless care for all sufferers; for all who were in affliction; for all unhappy ones. To exercise this love unwaveringly, during the whole remainder of my life, became my sole wish, and I made the firm determination, that, as soon as I should become my own mistress, I would enter a hospital as a 'Sister of Charity,' and devote my days to tending and comforting the poorer classes, little caring for what the world or my own family would say of it; so little was at that time the right application of the 'principle of usefulness' understood by me. With my soul full of the determination to devote my life to God in this way, I drove one Sunday, a gloomy winter's day, along to concrute myself, as it were, to a new life by taking the sacrament. I remember still, with a feel-
ing of pleasing melancholy, how I was sitting alone in my pew, shivering with cold, while with a calm pleasure in my soul I contemplated the altar-piece, representing the Resurrection, and being moved by the sight, rose with heavy footsteps walked up the aisle and entered the pews. All of a sudden the sun shone out brightly, and threw his life-giving rays upon me. They continued during the whole service to warm me gently, and with blissful tears I felt this as a blessing from Heaven. At the foot of the altar I laid down the offering of my whole life, but found, during the holy act, and after it, my feelings to be less warm than I had wished. However, everything now became better than it had been previously. I imagined that I had closed my accounts with the world; the desire for its life and enjoyments was extinguished within me. My soul became pure and at the same time true. My incessant activity gave me a delightful consciousness of being here in this world a consoling atom. In consequence of frequent and fatiguing exercises in the open air, my body became invigorated, my blood flowed more freely, my health improved.

"One day, about the end of March, I walked across snow-covered fields just as the sun was setting; the tear of gratitude and joy of one, to whom I had just then given comfort, had fallen like balm upon my heart. I had been walking very fast to avoid coming home in the twilight, and I had stopped a moment to recover breath and to inhale the mild, pure air. I stood still, with my eyes turned to where the sun was sinking in a flood of purple and golden glory beneath the western sky. Then came towards me, sweeping across the wide expanse of snow, a breath of air delicious and full of a foretaste of spring. I drank in its life-giving freshness with body and soul. I collected my excited feelings, more conscious than usual, and turned, with full consciousness of the state of my being, my thoughts upon myself, with this question: 'Would I now wish to die?' For the first time during many years, I felt that I could answer, 'No!' Oh, moment of immeasurable delight! Now awoke within me the hope of a resurrection to happiness even on earth—a hope which has not been deceived, but which has been beautifully realized.

"During this period of my life, a rather unusual circumstance contributed to give my mind a new direction. A noble-hearted and estimable lady, who then learnt to know me in my outward, and partly, also, in my inward life, conceived for me a friendship which amounted almost to a real passion. She was, and is still, one of the few friends whom God has given me, and to whom I can say: 'Go, and she goes; come, and she comes; do this, and she does it. I felt that it was only through the ennobling of my own being that I had gained this power over her, and I used accordingly still higher in my own estimation. To describe all my own feelings would be impossible. There is something so gigantic and so full of the infinite in every deep feeling which fills my soul, that words cannot express it. A medical treatment, which I prescribed for myself during this time, contributed essentially to restore the equilibrium of my whole being, and to make me find some comfort in myself. I bathed frequently in lukewarm water, which had an inexpressibly beneficial effect upon me; and I was repeatedly bled. This drew from my poor head a quantity of blood which used to rush into it, and which caused all my uneasiness. At last I applied a seton to each arm. They made the eruption of the face disappear, and the raw body the humours which had accumulated therein for years. My complexion became clear, and I became bodily like one new-born.

"During the last winter which I spent alone in the country I wrote the first volume of the 'Sketches of Everyday Life.' It afforded me much pleasure; but I felt, while trying to produce something as an author, how very chaotic was my world of imagination, and I had no idea that within me could lie any talent in that way. The chief motive for having my little book printed, was the hope of getting a little money to assist the poor in the country. When my brother August wrote to me that Mr. Palmblad, the publisher, was willing to pay for it one hundred rix dollars, my sisters and I danced with delight.

"I now accompanied Agatha to town to spend the winter there. I had determined to go nowhere, and obtained at last permission, although with infinite difficulty, to live quietly. "I had of late read a few good books, which in some measure reconciled me to my sufferings on earth, by showing me their unavoidableness and their aim. Herder's 'Ideen' made a deep and soothing impression upon me. When I came to town with my improved complexion and my calmer soul, I found, as a visit, to be not a distant relative, with arms and crest on his seal, with a major's title, and an estate in the country. Honest soul! I listened patiently to his Lasonic French; played to him, 'Welcome, O moon, my ancient friend;' and got from him an offer of his heart and hand, and his crest, and his estate in the country. My sisters agreed perfectly with me in giving him a friendly refusal.

"I also made the acquaintance of another gentlemen, who inspired me with a pure and warm feeling, which, although it was never responded to, yet had a powerful influence upon my development, and which still lives silently and ennobling in my heart.

"During the summer of 1829, I wrote, encouraged by an occasional eulogy on my little book, the second volume of my 'Sketches.' "The better feelings which I had experienced, I exposed to a certain extent in 'The Solitary One,' and in 'The Consoled.' That kind of humour which is found higher in my own estimation. To describe all my own feelings would be impossible. There is something so gigantic and so full of the infinit
during the previous winter, 'Christmas in Sweden.'

"The following winter my father's long and last illness began. Towards the spring I offered to H——, the printer in Stockholm, my manuscript of the second volume of my 'Sketches.' He was at first willing to receive it, but, after having had it some time for perusal he refused to print it or to pay anything for it. Then my opinion of my talent as an authoress received a heavy blow indeed. Nevertheless, I had my manuscript offered to my former publisher, Mr. Palmblad, who at once undertook to print it in the course of the summer. Meanwhile we nursed and watched over my father. It did me good to tend him and to watch over him during his last long suffering, borne with heroic fortitude. He seemed to improve a little, and we went with him to live at a place in the environs of the town. There he enjoyed for a few days the summer air, but soon got worse, and died calmly, with my mother and sisters surrounding his bed. It was a comfort to see him at rest after a troubled life, to be able to come to an reconciliation upon his cold brow and forehead."

Shortly afterwards we removed to Arsta, where we led a quiet, retired life. In October the second volume of my book made its appearance, and I soon reaped a rich harvest of eulogia and compliments from all quarters.

"Soon after we moved to Stockholm, and I now passed a winter which, in many respects, was rich and full of importance to me. I got a great deal of praise and distinction for my book. The Swedish Academy awarded me a gold medal, accompanied by a very flattering letter. I had now what I had so warmly coveted in my early youth—distinction; and now it gave me but little pleasure; nay, I felt frequently even cold and indifferent to it all."

"But at this time I made the acquaintance of Miss Francis L——, and, through her, of Bentham. She showed me that the more knowledge I could acquire—the more clearness and perspicuity to which I could train my intellect—the greater would become my means to labour for the benefit of mankind, and to become happy myself. Bentham gave me, in his 'Principles of Utility,' a new light, and at the same time I had an opportunity of frequently conversing with distinguished and highly intelligent people. A new world opened within me; I beheld a new sun, and in his light a paradise. My happiness at this new resurrection within me was inexpressible. My old plans, to which I had hitherto adhered, fell to the ground. I soon saw the road which I ought to follow. Oh, delight! Now I would and I could rise higher and higher to light and truth, and every one of my steps would bring with it some fruit for my fellow-men. My soul rejoiced.

"Letters arrived about this time; one for my mother and one for me. The young gentleman, who therein offered me his hand and heart, spoke with such warmth and sincerity, goodness, and real excellence of soul, and with so much candour and openness of himself, that I was deeply touched by it. I felt no aversion for him; but I did not wish to marry. By the refusal which I gave, I considered, that I had forever placed a barrier between myself and marriage. I did not fear that the fullness of my duties as a wife and a mother would not be my chief aim if I entered into the married state; but it became clear to me that my mission as an authoress would then become totally neglected, because I knew and I felt that one cannot unite these two vocations without falling in both; while by devoting myself exclusively to the latter—that of an authoress—I believed that I could make myself as useful at my power admitted.

"The third volume of my 'Sketches,' which I wrote in the winter of 1831, in a hurry and scurry, appeared in print in the following spring, and the success which it met with, together with the advice of several highly estimable persons, determined me to devote myself seriously to the life of an authoress, and to develop my talent as much as possible."

The career of this gifted woman from this point, at which she commenced to act in a measure independently for herself, is familiar to all Americans of the present day. Many there are who remember well the plain, unobstrusive little woman, who, a few years since, came among us, and visited in our homes, for the love she bore this free land of America, in which, with her clear vision, she could discern so much of future greatness and glory. Nor can we forget with what a kindly spirit she wrote of her impressions of the country and the people, reviewed our work, commended our achievement and criticized our needs.

She never married, but devoted her entire energies with her pen, her fortune, and her personal influence to the elevation of mankind, and to the particular needs of her own sex in her own land.

"Fredrika was permitted to live to see four important events realized at which her heart always warm and sympathizing for all progress in a noble and good direction, felt the sincerest joy: the abolition of slavery in the United States of America; a law passed in Sweden, that unmarried women should attain their majority at twenty-five years of age: the organization in Stockholm of a seminary for educating female teachers; and the parliamentary reform in Sweden, carried through in such a dignified manner."

She left a name pure and spotless, revered as none other in her native land, and loved through all the Christian world. She died at Arsta at the age of sixty-four years, December 31st, 1865."
NOTICE OF THE LIFE OF MADAME DE TENEIN.
(In Two Parts.)

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

PART II.

The comfort which de Comminge found in the belief of Adelaide’s affection was soon after taken from him. A billet is dropped into his prison, through the iron bars of the window, and his joy at recognizing the signature of his beloved is quickly changed into despair by the contents of the letter. It announces that she has discovered the sacrifice which his generosity had conceded, and the misery it had entailed on him; that his father having made her marriage with another the condition of his freedom, she had consented (though probably it would occasion her death) to marry the Marquis de Benavides, whose character prepared her for many sufferings.

This letter contains all that virtue, delicacy, and self-abnegation, mingled with a passionate love never more to be avowed, could express. Its perusal reduced de Comminge almost to madness and death, from which last he is only saved by the pity of the servant employed to convey his food to the prison. He wins on this man’s commiseration to let him absent himself from his dungeon for eight days, in order to seek Adelaide, and implore her not to marry Benavides. He leaves the chateau, accompanied by this man, and at the close of the evening encounters his mother returning from the direction he was pursuing. She insists on his dismounting and entering her carriage. He dared not question her, such is his fear of evil tidings; but she tells him that she was coming to the chateau to release him from prison, with the consent of his father.

“Adelaide is then married!” cried he, in agony. His mother’s silence convinces him of the fact, and his despair plunges him into a state of total prostration of strength, which terminates in a violent fever. His mother’s tender and unceasing attention restores him to convalescence. She confesses that, fearful that his imprisonment would inevitably destroy his health, and aware that his father would not release him from it while Mademoiselle de Sussan was free, she had, by representing to that young lady the hardships and danger to which her son was exposed, induced her to marry. The choice of Adelaide, to the surprise of all around her, had fallen on the Marquis de Benavides—the least good-looking and most disagreeable in temper and manners of her numerous suitors; but this strange choice was dictated by her love for de Comminge, and, as a proof how little her feelings were interested in a marriage formed solely to restore him to freedom. de Comminge determines to behold once more the object of his passion, and sends a confidential person in search of her, through whom he learns that she has been removed, by her stern and harsh husband, to a distant estate of his near Biscaye. He also discovers, through his agent, that the Marquis de Benavides required an architect, and, having once been in that profession, he had offered himself in that capacity, had been accepted, and was thus established in the same house with the fair Marquise, who was leading a most secluded life, the jealousy of her husband being such that he feared to permit his own brother to see her, except in his presence. This brother was represented to be as amiable as Benavides, with the reverse, and was said to be greatly attached to his unfortunate sister-in-law. St. Laurent, the confidant of de Comminge, informed the latter that he had prepared Benavides to receive him as a painter (for whose services he had occasion). The lover departs for the chateau of Benavides, is received as an artist, and is lodged in the same chamber with the pretended architect, and the following day begins his task of painting a room. He sees the lady of his love pass beneath his window the evening after his arrival, accompanied by a dog he had formerly given her, and the languor and pensiveness so evident in her appearance add new charms to her. Dom Gabriel, the brother of Benjamin, notwithstanding the supposed difference in their rank, treats de Comminge with the kindest familiarity, and, after some days of intimacy, reveals to him that he is the victim of a hopeless passion, of which de Comminge discovers that Adelaide is the object. Too well assured of the virtue of the Marquise de Benavides, de Comminge feels no jealousy towards Dom Gabriel; his only dread, however, is lest the passion of this young man might expose her to fresh hardships from her tyrannical husband. Dom Gabriel shortly after conducts Adelaide to the chamber which de Comminge is painting. She recognizes him, and instantly retires, saying that the odor of the paint is too strong for her. The despair of de Comminge is greater than ever. She had not deigned to give him even one glance of kindness, and he believes himself no longer beloved—perhaps wholly forgotten. He determines to see her, to speak to her once more, and then to leave the chateau for ever. For several days he watches for an opportunity to see her alone. Some days after, finding that Dom Gabriel had left home, and hearing the voice of Benavides talking to his farmers in
another direction, he hastily enters the chamber of Adelaide, who, the moment she perceives him, seeks to leave the room. He passionately reveals his feelings to her, throws himself at her feet, and, though she repeatedly commands him to rise, he still remains at her feet, holding her robe to prevent her escaping, when Benavides throws open the door, and, finding him with his sword, when De Comminges, draws his, and throws himself between Benavides and Adelaide. Benavides assails him with fury, wounds him severely in the shoulder, and De Comminges in return inflicts so grave a wound on him, as to lay him prostrate and insensible at his feet. The Marquis, rush into the chamber. They behold De Comminges withdraw his sword from the body of their master, they seize and disarm him without his even attempting to defend himself, so overcome is he by the sight of Adelaide overwhelmed with grief, stretched on the floor by the body of her husband, whom he believes to be dead. He is torn from her presence by the servants and locked up. In the night Dom Gabriel enters his prison. "I come here," said he, "by the order of Madame de Benavides, who has had sufficient esteem for me to confide all that concerns you. Perhaps," said he, "if she knew all," and then sighed deeply, "she would not be so confiding in me. I will, however, justify her confidence, I will save you."

De Comminges vainly urges his desire to remain and prove the innocence of Adelaide, but Dom Gabriel explains to him that Benavides, though dangerously wounded, is not dead, and that any attempt to serve the cause of his wife, would only destroy De Comminges and draw greater evils on her head. He counsels De Comminges to hasten to a neighboring monastery, there to conceal himself until the search, which will inevitably be made for him, has ceased; he gives him a letter for one of the monks, and leads him from the chateau. He reaches the monastery by break of day. This monk has his wound dressed, tends him with the most humane care, and to ease his mind, sends in search of Saint Laurent, who is found hidden in the environs, and who is led to the monastery. De Comminges despatches him to learn tidings of Madame de Benavides. Saint Laurent returns after eight days, reports that de Benavides is still severely suffering from his wound, that Dom Gabriel affects to have an active search for the fugitives, and that Adelaide is plunged in grief.

The monk becomes the confidant of De Comminges, and through him the unhappy lover learns all the particulars of the situation. Adelaide lives in greater seclusion than ever, the marquis is still weak from his wound. The monk urges him to leave the convent, while he is most reluctant to depart. Dom Gabriel, after a long absence, arrives there one day, and reveals the death of Adelaide, which occurred during her own sojourn in a distant quarter, to which he had been despatched on a mission by his brother, who had discharged all the domestics of the chateau, except one in whom he had confidence. The grief and despair of De Comminges at this sad intelligence opens his wound, and he is reduced to the verge of death, and is only saved by the care of the monk Jerome; and Dom Gabriel, who, in the depth of sorrow, had lain down on his abode in the convent, with the intention of proceeding to Hungary, when he was able to undertake the journey. De Comminges determines to devote the rest of his days to a religious seclusion. He writes all that has befallen him to his mother, bestows all that he possesses, saw the portrait and letters of Adelaide, to St. Laurent, who is to take charge of the letter to his mother, and departs for the Abbey of T-—.

He demands the habit of a monk, undergoes the proofs desired of his vocation, satisfies the superior that it is irrevocable, and finds a sort of consolation in the austerities of that life—abode of silence and prayer, and of the solitudes and lonely woods that surround it, in which he passes many hours every day, contemplating the portrait of his lost Adelaide and rereading her letters which he bathes with his tears. Three years have thus passed, when he is one day summoned by the bell to the couch of one of the dying brethren to administer the last sacrament. The dying man presses the permission of the Abbot to speak, and reveals that instead of a brother; those around her beheld only a poor sinful sister, sent to that sacred retreat by a profane passion. She relates all the particulars of her love, her marriage entered into, to free her lover from prison, the combat of her husband and lover, and the results. Her having been shut up two years in a tower in the chateau of her husband, who had reported her death, and her having been only released by the death of her husband; the servant, who had supplied her with food, having allowed her to depart. That unable to obtain any tidings of the sole person for whom she wished to die, she had determined on passing the rest of her days in a convent; that she assumed male attire the better to conceal herself. That in passing the monastery in which she now was, on her road to the one where she had been educated, an irresistible impulse led her to enter the church in which, among the voices of the brethren there singing, she distinguished a voice that touched her heart, and notwithstanding the change wrought by sorrow, and the austerities he had practised, she recognizes her lover. She follows him, assists him in his religious duties, and in the diurnal occupation of digging his grave, but never reveals herself lest it might disturb the tranquillity of the place. Adelaide lives in greater seclusion than ever, the marquis is still weak from his wound. The monk urges him to leave the convent, while he is most reluctant to depart. Dom Gabriel, after a long absence, arrives there one day, and reveals the death of Adelaide, which occurred during her own sojourn in a distant quarter, to which he had been despatched on a mission by his brother, who had discharged all the domestics of the chateau, except one in whom he had confidence. The grief and despair of De Comminges at this sad intelligence opens his wound, and he is reduced to the verge of death, and is only saved by the care of the monk Jerome; and Dom Gabriel, who, in the depth of sorrow, had lain down on his abode in the convent, with the intention of proceeding to Hungary, when he was able to undertake the journey. De Comminges determines to devote the rest of his days to a religious seclusion. He writes all that has befallen him to his mother, bestows all that he possesses, saw the portrait and letters of Adelaide, to St. Laurent, who is to take charge of the letter to his mother, and departs for the Abbey of T-—.

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Notice of the Life of Madame de Tenein.

everywhere. One day she finds him in a wood near the monastery, wholly lost in the contemplation of some writing in his hand; in his hand, she steals noiselessly behind him, and sees her own portrait and letters which he had drawn from his breast. She finds that far from possessing the peace which she had so greatly feared to trouble, he was still the victim of a sinful passion. Fearing to draw on him the divine vengeance, she prays the Almighty to convert him, in order that she may effect his conversion. The severity of her penitence produces a malady that has led to her approaching death. She prays that her lover still exists, still commits the sin of loving her, that he will cast his eyes on that wretched creature which he once loved, and behold the state to which she is reduced, for in which he too must soon prepare. De Comminges has recognized the voice of Adelaide. His soul is filled with pity, love, and despair. The dread of losing a single word of her discourse, prevented his uttering the cries of grief that almost suffocated him; but when he discovered that her lips were sealed for ever, they burst from him with such vehemence that the monks raised him in their arms. He struggled so violently that he got free, flung himself on his knees by the corse of Adelaide, seized her hands, and bathed them with his tears. The superior and monks take pity on him, consent to his retiring to a solitary hermitage to prepare for his death, and promise that his ashes shall be united in the grave with those of his beloved.

There is nothing in the novel of which we have given a sketch, that would imply that its author was a woman of licentious conduct; nor is there any appearance that she wrote under a constraint, for the style is easy and the sentiments mild and pure, not part of a defect. If not the most amusing, “The Count de Comminges” is certainly the most free of all the writings of Madame de Tenein from the defects to be expected from a writer of such a character. It was so well received by the public, that Monsieur d’Arnaud took the subject and incidents for a drama, which was, however, much less interesting than the novel. “The Anecdotes of Edward II. of England,” which was not published until after the death of Madame de Tenein, was said to owe its third and concluding part to the pen of Madame Elie de Beaumont, and it must be admitted that it falls infinitely short of the spirit and ease of style of the two first. In “The Siege of Calais,” many incidents may be found to remind the reader of some of the scandalous sins attributed to its author, and to prove that her notions of female purity and dignity were neither refined nor accordant with morals. Her “Malheurs de l’Amour” was said to contain her own history; but this statement was incorrect, although many circumstances related in the novel might justify the suspicion. The style of her writings is always good, easy, graceful, and unaffected; and for the freedom of the incidents introduced, some excuse might be urged by the licentiousness of the time in which she lived, and the freedom tolerated, if not approved by society. The great fault of her works, besides immorality, is to be found in the effect produced by the over-fertility of her imagination, which often led her to introduce a fresh story before the original one was concluded; and by so doing, drew the attention away from, and weakened the effect of the first. This defect is very apparent in “Des Malheurs de l’Amour.”

Her letters to the Duc de Richelieu betray the ambitious and unprincipled political intrigueuse, who was ready to sacrifice anything, or everything, for the accomplishment of the object at which she aimed. To govern the mistress of the king,” and through her to serve her own plans, was then her ambition; and this aim, with complaints of the indifference of the king to the letters and suggestions of her brother, are the chief subjects of the letters to Richelieu prefixed to her works.

It was said that Madame de Tenein was assisted in the composition of her novels by her nephews, the Count d’Argental and Monsieur Pont de Veye. Neither of these gentlemen were, however, disposed to trouble themselves so far. They entertained no peculiar affection for their aunt, and had quite sufficient occupation of their own to fill up their time. There was another motive too, very likely to prevent their rendering this service to Madame de Tenein, which was the bitter enmity existing between her and Madame du Deffand, to whom Monsieur Pont de Veye was devoted, and the Count d’Argental (his brother) very friendly. Neither would have lent their aid to extend the literary reputation of the woman she hated, even though that woman happened to be the Aunt of both. Nor do the writings of Madame de Tenein betray any inequality of style that would support the supposition that she had been indebted to another pen for some of their merits. Though clever, they do not possess so very great a superiority as to prompt a doubt of their being wholly her own. The style of Pont de Veye was much more remarkable for a freedom approaching to licentiousness than for elegance or delicacy—the qualities for which the writings of Madame de Tenein were the most admired. But it was then in France, as it is now everywhere, the custom to assert that every female writer was indebted to some male friend for assistance in her works—an assertion seldom, if ever, founded in truth.

While De Tenein was at Rome, carrying on a system of intrigue to attain the cardinalship, her sister was no less active at Paris in forwarding his views. Her boudoir, hitherto the rendezvous of the gay and licentious, became filled by Prelates, over whom she exercised her influence in favour of the Archbishop of Embrun—for such was De Tenein previously to his ob-

* The Marquise de la Tourneuf, and subsequently her successor, the Duchesse de Châtenoux.
taining the rank of cardinal. The Government, no longer deterred by the dread of displeasing the Cardinal Dubois, who had then been dead some time, and alarmed at the boldness with which Madame de Tenein carried on her schemes, sent secret instructions to her to leave Paris, and she established herself for some time in the vicinity of Orleans. This exile from Paris, the theatre where she shone most to her taste and abilities—was a heavy trial to Madame de Tenein; and bitterly did she regret that Cardinal Fleury, with whom the measure originated, was of an age and character over whom she could obtain no influence. Her exile was not, however, of long duration. Her brother's elevation to the cardinalship placed him in a much more important position in France than he had previously filled, and led to her being permitted to return to the French capital. The truth was that Cardinal Fleury was a man of too quick an apprehension not to perceive the utility which he might derive from the services of the sister and brother, and was too timid not to dread the effect of the love and esteem which the two conjured up in his mind. If they turned their talents for intrigue against him, he preferred having them in his interest, to their remaining his enemies, and therefore conciliated them, while entertaining a very bad opinion of both. Monsieur le Duc de Bourbon, who became first minister to Louis XV., on the death of the Regent Orleans, was governed by a most unwise Pry, whose idea of objectionable reputation, and who entertained a violent aversion to Cardinal Fleury, who, being the preceptor of the youthful monarch, she dreaded becoming his chief adviser, and thus impairing the power of her royal lover. Nor were her fears unfounded, for, although the Duc de Bourbon, to counteract the influence she dreaded, arranged the marriage of the king with Marie Leszczynski, the daughter of the deposed King of Poland, believing, by this measure, to ensure the gratitude of that princess and her services in his favour with the sovereign, he only retained his high post three years; and Louis XV., yielding to the public opinion expressed against the Duc de Bourbon, and the private counsel of Fleury, exiled his relative to Char-tilly. De Tenein, during this struggle for power between the Duc and Fleury, had assiduously, though not openly, paid his court to the Duc: but no sooner had Fleury succeeded him in office than he placed himself at the feet of the new minister. The advanced age and feeble health of Fleury encouraged the ambitious projects of De Tenein, who, holding the same ecclesiastical rank, and remembering that the infamous Cardinal Dubois had once held the reins of government, saw no reason why he also might not grasp them. He left no effort unmade to win the friendship of Fleury. All his arts and skill in flattery were exerted, and Fleury, with a dissimulation not inferior to his own, affected to be imposed on by him. Finding that Fleury might, notwithstanding his advanced age and weak health, keep him for years out of the post he longed to fill, a thought suggested itself to De Tenein that could scarcely have entered any brains less fertile than his own, or have led to any hope of realization with a person less experienced in intrigue: this was, to induce Fleury to resign the premiership in his own favour, in exchange for an election to the papal throne. The knowledge and experience which De Tenein acquired in the negotiations to obtain a similar grade for himself, or scarcely less so—induced him to think that he could elevate Fleury to the rank of Pope. Something of this De Tenein insinuated, if he did not fully explain to Fleury, and with an affection of disinterestedness and devotion to the minister that might have deceived any one less wary and suspicious than this cunning statesman. But Fleury was not to be deceived, and one can easily imagine him smiling in the consciousness of having detected the ruse of his would-be rival, when he replied: "My health becomes weaker every day; my son enjoys my functions, and I think seriously of retiring. Your Eminence is in the maturity of your age; you possess all the vigour of your mind, and you owe its powers to your Master and your country."

The wily De Tenein, judging from this cunning speech that his real motive was seen through by Fleury, declined the false offer implied by it, with the air of a man who has weaned his mind from all earthly prospects of grandeur, and who had no personal object in his desire to elevate Fleury to the throne of St. Peter. This last individual proposed to appoint M. d'Argenson to a place in the Cabinet with De Tenein, on the plea of assisting him in carrying out the details of office, well convinced that D'Argenson was not a man who would consent to play a second part in the Administration. After much apparent hesitation, De Tenein allowed his simulated scruples to be vanquished by the Premier, and he and D'Argenson entered office the same day; but De Tenein, although without a portfolio, firmly convinced that with the aid of the Court of Rome, and the talents for intrigue of his artful sister, he would inevitably fill the place at present occupied by Fleury. Nothing could have so much deteriorated the satisfaction of De Tenein at holding office as having D'Argenson as a colleague, though he endeavoured to lead the latter to believe that he wished it. D'Argenson was not his dupe, and afterwards defeated many of his schemes. The want of confidence in De Tenein had led Fleury to keep him as much as possible from coming into personal contact with the youthful Sovereign. The Parisian world was for a considerable time ignorant of the real position of De Tenein in the Cabinet, and looking on him as the future successor of Fleury to the Premiership, treated him with a respect to which he was little entitled, while to his sister was offered a homage of which she was equally undeserving. There is no more dangerous an
demoralizing an example to a people than the elevation of unworthy persons to high station and fortune achieved by cunning, intrigue, and vice. It corrupts those whose principles of right are not firmly fixed, and tempts them to pursue a similar course of evil by the hope it affords of a similar result, while it disgusts and scourges the good to see vice not only unpunished, but triumphant. Such was the effect produced by the successful career of turpitude of the brother and sister, whose lives were so intimately connected that the history of one cannot be given without entering into some details of that of the other. Who shall say how far their baneful example may have influenced society at the time they lived, and have prepared the way to that state of general demoralization which tainted all classes in France, and some years subsequently drew down on it the fearful horrors of a revolution for which if it offered a palliation, it could not serve as a justification? The union of brilliant talents and a high cultivation of the arts, with gross sensuality, unbridled profligacy, and an avowed heresy that swept away all the wholesome constraints imposed by religion, was a phase in the times to which we refer that could not fail to lead to the most terrible results.

This dangerous union was offered in the society of the literary men; and worse still, in that of the literary women of that day, and no one who looks dispassionately beneath the surface of the current that was then rapidly rising to submerge all moral institutions, can deny that, as the example of vice in women is even more dangerous than in men, so the réunions held in the houses of Madame de Tenein and others of the remarkable women among her contemporaries, as well as their conduct, were calculated to sap the foundation of society to its very base, and have entailed evils the effect of which have not yet ceased.

Foiled in his ambition to obtain the power which he believed within his grasp, Cardinal de Tenein severely felt his disappointment without knowing how to conquer the impediments that impeded his success. His clever sister, aware of his incapacity for public business, had suggested to him the expediency of employing the young Mably, whose talents and applications she thought might be very useful to him. Mably advised him to solicit the king's permission to deliver his counsel and official reports in writing, instead of verbally, and drew up those papers himself, evincing an intelligence and ability for which no one had ever given De Tenein credit, but which greatly served him. It was Mably who, in 1743, drew up the treaty between France and Prussia, which Voltaire was employed to present to Frederick the Great. Without the aid of Mably, it is probable that De Tenein would not long have retained the place, uninfluential as it was, which he held in the cabinet.

The insignificant part her brother was filling in the Government vexed and mortified Madame de Tenein even more than it did him. His accession to power she had fully expected would inevitably lead to hers. She calculated that, being infinitely his superior in intellect, she should in reality govern him who governed France, and her quickness of apprehension, which enabled her to see the mediocrity of his position, and the little influence permitted him in the Cabinet, humiliated and enraged her. Hence her hatred to D'Argenson and Mauressas, and the schemes developed in her letters to the Duc de Richelieu, to enable her brother to obtain an influence over the mistress of the King. But if Madame de Tenein failed to obtain the political influence she had expected to derive from her brother, she had acquired a literary one scarcely less important, and becoming every day more powerful.

Duclos, who knew her well, declares that she was as ardent in her friendships as in her hatreds, and that it was by the arbour of her character that she exercised the extraordinary influence she held over the most remarkable literary men of her time. "The persons of mediocrity attached themselves to her because they wanted her assistance," she writes, "and the persons of merit because they feared her." When some one was one day vaunting the affability and softness of manner of Madame de Tenein, the Abbé Trublet replied, "Yes, if it was her interest to poison you she would select the sweetest poison for the purpose."

"People of talent commit many faults," observed Madame de Tenein, "because they never believe that the world is so stupid as it is"—a remark full of wisdom and knowledge of the world. Marmontel relates, among many pieces of good advice given to him by this remarkable woman, one which is very honourable to her sex: "Try to make female friends in preference to male ones; for through women one may make men do whatever is required. Besides, some men are too dissipated, and others too much occupied with their own personal interests, not to neglect yours, while women think of the interests of their friends, if only from idleness. Speak this evening to a female friend of any affair that touches you, and to-morrow at her wheel or at her embroidery you will find her reflecting and searching in her head the means of serving you. But with her whom you think could be useful to you, take especial care never to be anything else than a friend; for between lovers, when clouds and quarrels and ruptures occur, all is lost. Be always assiduous, complaisant, even gallant towards her if you will, but nothing more." Marmontel adds: "Thus in our confidential conversations the perfect naturalness of her language imposed on me so wholly that I never took her wit to be other than good sense."

Madame de Tenein continued to receive the most eminent literary men of her day up to the last year of her life, and to exercise over them her wonted influence.
A FRAGMENT.

The English reader will probably be surprised to find my name associated with a work of the present description, and inclined to give me more credit for my attainments as a linguist than they deserve. As I would not willingly be guilty of a deception, I will state as shortly as I can my own share in the compilation, with the motives which led to it. On my arrival in Venice in the year 1816 I found my mind in a state which required study, and study of a nature which should leavle little scope for the imagination, and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit. At this period I was much struck, in common, I believe, with every other traveller, with the Society of the Convent of St. Lazarus, which appeared to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution without any of its vices. The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the brethren of the order, are well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that "there is another and a better" even in this life.

These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and a noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to Slavery without infringing its duties. Speechless they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of "the house of bondage," who has lately multiplied her many mansions.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of Peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny, and it has been bitter—whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe; and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become not less attractive. If the scriptures are rightly understood, it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed—Armenia which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated, and the dove alighted. But, with the disappearance of Paradise itself, may be dated almost the unhappiness of the country; for, though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one; and the satraps of Persia and the pachas of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God has created man in his own image.

Byron.

From Missolonghi, Sept. 16, 1825.

MADAME,

I was determined to write to you from Missolonghi, and until now I have been detained by duty elsewhere. Greece had a very narrow escape this year, and Missolonghi has saved Greece. Now the great danger is over; had this place fallen, very probably Greece was lost. Missolonghi alone, with a small garrison, stood against a swarm of barbarians five months—this defence has been most glorious.

We may be proud to think that Lord Byron's care and generosity have proved most useful to its defence, as the best fortifications were executed by his advice and at his expense. His memory is venerated here and through the whole of Greece by everybody and all parties. The church where the last honours were rendered him is quite destroyed by cannon-shot. The other, St. Nicholas, where a part of him is still lying in veneration, is still existing...
Our Paris Correspondent.

My dear C——,

Ever since the elections our political horizon has continued cloudy. All wondered how his Majesty would act in the dilemma; rumours whispered a probability of a "Coup d'État" if the Corps Législatif became too troublesome, and the manner in which that body was sent home for the summer months, urged on that way of settling the question. Then the projected "Senatus Consultum," for the modification of our constitution, brightened up the hopes of the sanguine, and the general amnesty accorded by the Emperor on the 15th of August, his fête day, and the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon I., seems to have calmed the Parisians a little, although the wise observations of our venerable senators in their discussions on the momentous question irritate our nerves, and almost make us think that Government is only amusing us a little; but it is the firm belief that more liberty we must have. En Attendant Commune is very slack, and villainy very prosperous. Mr. Pic, editor of the "Etendard," a gentleman thought to be rolling in thousands, proved to have been robbing an assurance office for years, with the aid of the cashier, Mr. Taillefer. What use inspectors are, good-ness knows, and there is never an office in France without inspection. Mr. Pic has twelve years' hard labour for his pains, but he is considered worthy his Majesty's pity, so that a petition is signed for the mitigation of the sentence. The Saint Napoleon brought trainfuls and trainfuls of visitors from the provinces and from foreign parts, and Paris swarmed with spectators to the yearly festivities, which differed but little from those of the preceding years. The opera was besieged for the gratuitous representation, as soon as three o'clock on the afternoon the day before, where, in spite of a little rain, the "amateurs" remained, dicing and breakfasting on the spot, not the least curious scene in the day's rejoicings. And what a rush when the doors were opened, and what enthusiasm when the general approbation was excited! and these untrained judges are very good critics, and exact good execution, which the artists know, and, generally speaking, vie with each other in displaying their talents to the best advantage. The people also are very jealous in being served as well as if they paid for their places; at one of these first gratuitous representations, a lady "en petit bonnet," was very indignant at seeing so many singing at once in the choruses.

"It is only because we are poor people and do not pay," said she, "the lazy creatures! that they sing all at once to get it over sooner, it's a great shame, the Emperor ought to know it." Every theatre this year had its "concile" in honour of the old Emperor, whose memory his nephew has very cleverly invoked before the public by every possible means, and writers are prolific in their anecdotes on the illustrious founder of the reigning dynasty. Amongst others, those on the hatred between Napoleon and Madame de Staël, continued the events between the two great ladies, and each with the other. The Emperor expelled the celebrated lady, but she, in revenge, wrote books against him, which now serve his enemies as arguments against the then all powerful Caesar; this proves that ladies always will have the last word. Some insinuate that the origin of Madame de Staël's hate is not so pure or moral as might be expected, that is if the following anecdote be authentic: Talleyrand one day gave a grand fête to young Bonaparte, Madame de Staël in conversation asked him who, in his eyes, was the first woman in the world, alive or dead. "The one," replied the general, "who has given birth to the most children." The lady bit her lips, and for a moment remained silent, but endeavoured to overcome her surprise by observing that the general had the reputation of loving women very little. "I beg your pardon, Madame," returned Bonaparte, "I love my wife very much indeed." This was an answer to a letter that Madame de Staël had written to him a few days before, and in which she had said: "It has been a whole forest burnt in honour of the death of a hero; it is like the chestnut tree in the Tuileries garden, the 20th Mars, that buds forth every year in honour of the imperial family.

The Empress went to Cherbourg the other day and slept on board her yacht; a lady's whim. As early as seven in the morning, she was up and alone with Madame Carette, her only lady in attendance with her, was on shore walking about the pier, and happening to meet a man who had attended her on a former visit, she stopped him, had a few minutes' chat on things around her, and slipped a twenty franc piece into his hand, with a gracious smile into his heart on leaving him. The poor dear lady has been passing a very monotonous season at St. Cloud, a séjour that she dislikes very much at any time; when palaces abound, one becomes difficult. She and the Emperor also, while away an hour or two, the other day embarked on board a small boat at St. Cloud and went up the Seine; and to the great amazement of the dancers, landed in a village called Futeaux,
where the Parisians love to hire to eat rabbit and "tip the light fantastic toe." Fancy if the appearance of the august personages interrupted their dance! Their Majesties seemed to enjoy themselves extremely, and appeared half inclined to dine on rabbit and "piquette," the small sour wine in the environs of Paris, in the open air, under the boughs of creeping vine, the palace of those joyous children of the capital. However, they did not indulge in that caprice, but returned to St. Cloud. It is thought that the Emperor will not leave that residence this year, Eugénie is soon to start on her oriental tour. She is to go Lyons and be received in state there, but after that she will travel incognito.

The Emperor has "come down handsomely," having given his wife several millions of francs for the expenses of her journey; a good example to other husbands, who sometimes are very "screwing" when their poor wives want a trifling addition to their quarterly allowance.

Marshal Niel's death was rather sudden; how many of our men in office are taken off! The other day it was Monsieur Troplong, President of the Senate, and now it is our war minister. The Emperor wished the marshal to be buried at Invalides, but the dead warrior desired to repose between his father and brother at Muret, their family residence, and his wife wishes being accomplished, so that after the grand funeral accorded him the other day at the Invalides, the corpse was conveyed by train to Muret. The Marshal began his career under Louis Philippe and was highly esteemed by the Orleans princes. In speaking of Mr. Troplong, reminds me of the present President of the Senate, Monsieur Rouher, who, it is said, cannot cease to regret his ministry; as for Madame Rouher, she can scarcely turn round in the petit Palais du Luxembourg, and curses hard fate that has deprived her of her spacious residence at the ministry. I ask, what would she do were she reduced to the house she was born in, or even the one she inhabited before her husband played a part in the government of the empire?

There are renewed rumours abroad of Monsieur Hausmann's intentions of resigning office, and giving up the Hotel de Ville to another occupant. What will poor Madame Hausmann do should such a thing happen to her, after living so long in the handsomest and largest palace in Paris?

A passing thought from "la vie parisienne:" all the chefs-d'œuvres of human genius are in the dictionary. The secret is to choose the right word and put it in the right place.

Monsieur Renan has again sent forth his prose, and after "La vie de Jesus," "Les Apotres," we have now St. Paul arranged à la Renan; that is in a very clever and poetical manner, but not exactly as Christians love to see their favourite apostle, A man of genius all you like, but no divine inspiration. Monsieur Renan seems to have undertaken the arduous task of putting things in order on high, and of disarraying on earth all heavenly things. The young Cavaignac who, last year refused to be crowned at the distribution of prizes at the Sorbonne, by the son of his father's greatest enemy, the Prince Imperial, was this year examined for, and received a B.A. Monsieur Patin, a learned professor in the university, was questioning him on the tragedy of "Cinna." The young man had to read verses on ambition, which say that when ambition is satisfied, our minds never being contented, aspires always to something else; and not being able to remain stationary, would rather descend when at the height of power. The last words are these:

"Toujours vers quelque objet pousse quelque désir,
Il se ramène en soi, n'ayant plus ou se prendre,
Et, monté sur le faite, il aspire à descendre."

At this last verse the professor stopped the young man, and said: "There is in our contemporary history an historical word that might be compared with these lines of Corneille." That word was said by a great citizen, who, at the height of power, pronounced these words, "I will not fall, I descend." The General Cavaignac, the young man's father, pronounced those words. Tears came into the son's eyes, and the audience were about applauding, when the professor quietly said—"continue, sir." This action has been much commented, and Monsieur Patin may be sure that he at any rate will not be named Senator.

S. A.

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THE GOOD OLD MAN.

Linger yet awhile, old man,
We do not wish you to go;
For cheering is your smile, old man,
To each toiler to and fro.

Linger yet awhile, old man,
Linger yet awhile:
We shall miss that smile, old man;
We shall miss that smile.

As the ripple upon the lake, old man,
At eve and at morning's glow,
Looks up and laughs in Sol's face, old man,
From the quiet depths below;

So that smile comes on your face, old man,
From a heart at peace also;
We shall miss that smile, old man,
When you to your long home go.

Linger yet awhile, old man;
We want you here to show,
That life spent as a life should be
Is heaven begun below.

Then linger awhile with us, old man,
And teach us while you may:
For as it is better; and you, old man,
Are ready to go or stay.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

KING GOLDENHAIR.

(An old tale retold.)

The house was in an islet of the forest, just where the tall trees stood apart. The eglantine with its little four-leaved rose, and the honeysuckle with its fairy trumpets overran its walls, and shaded its casement-windows. In the summer-time gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground, luxuriant creepers hung their silver blossoms in the sun, and deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath.

In this house Goldenhair was born. His real name was Godfrey, but his mother, who died when he was only five years old, called him Goldenhair, and King Goldenhair, for his hair shone like gold, and though he was the youngest of the family, he was taller and stronger than any of his brothers, who might have been jealous of his superiority to them in every way had not Goldenhair been quite as generous and good-natured as he was strong and handsome. When the children went into the depths of the forest to pick berries, or to search for booty from the rushy dyke, Goldenhair would run on in front, armed with the bough of a tree, and the others would follow after. In this manner they would pass through the gloomiest thicket, and even when the moon peered through the slender tops of the dark fir-trees; and then Goldenhair, who was a very fortunate boy, would speak of forest-ladies, and would call the changing moon his muses, from which they saw overhead through the branches of the many trees, plumed hunters returning from the chase, and the tiny winged loiterers which the laughing summer brings, and which repose at night in the painted cups and bells of flowers, fairy-folk in splendid masquerade, who kept their joyous pranks a mystery from mortals, but his brothers did not understand what he meant, they never did when Goldenhair talked like that.

One evening the children had tired themselves out with their sports in the forest, and Goldenhair especially had so over-heated himself in play that his face glowed like the sky at sunset. He had now fallen into one of his dreamy moods, and paused to hear the otter rustling in the sedgy mere, and the echo near the haunted oak, which gave him back his words so strangely, but his brothers wanted to go home, and broke in upon his pleasant visions. "Let us get out of the forest," said the eldest boy, "it begins to grow dark." "See, there is the rising moon!" said the second. "I want my supper," cried the third; "come on, Goldenhair!"

But Goldenhair stood quite still, looking very much like a young wood-god, though he did not know it; a power of enchantment seemed to breathe through his being, and he thought he could hear the silky foot-steps of the silent fairy crowd, like a river in the air, gliding around him.

All at once light streamed through the dark sweeping boughs of the fir-trees, and there sat—oh, so wonderful a being! Her light silvery garments half hid, half disclosed a form which seemed made of condensed moon-beams, her eyes shone like stars, and she span, with a crystal spindle, a fabric as fine as a cobweb, and nodded her graceful head to Goldenhair, and sang:

"The snow-white Finch, the Rose of gold,
The King's crown 'neath the billows cold."

She might have sung more but her thread broke and she disappeared immediately, like an extinguished light. The moon, too, hid her face under a cloud, so that it was totally dark.

Goldenhair's brothers, with a perfect bowl of terror, sprang one this way, and the other that, and the children lost one another.

Day and night Goldenhair wandered in the spacious forest, but he did not find one of his brothers, or his father's house, or even a trace of foot-steps, for he got into the thickest part of the woods, whose recesses were like ministeries, and where an almost death-like silence reigned. Here stood majestic pines which had never felt the woodman's ax, and dark between showed the oak's proud trunk, like some chieftain's scarred and frowning tower. The blackberries, which grew around in profusion, stilled his hunger and quenched his thirst, or he would have miserably perished. At last, on the third day, the forest grew lighter and lighter, and Goldenhair presently found himself in a pleasant green meadow, over which nests were spread, for a fowler lived near who caught the birds which flew from the solemn forest and carried them to the nearest town for sale.

"Such a boy is just what I want," thought the fowler; "his good looks would help to sell my birds." So he flung a net over Goldenhair, who had laid himself on the sunny grass and was gazing with a poet's rapture up into the deep blue sky, and told him laughingly that he was a prisoner now, and must stay with him and learn to catch and sell birds as he did; and Goldenhair was willing to remain where he was, for he fancied one must lead a merry life amongst the cheerful birds. You see he had lost his mother, and his father thought more of golden guiness than of golden locks, and though he loved his brothers, he was quite weary of searching for the home he could not find.
Goldenhair's beauty, as the fowler anticipated, brought him many customers, but before long it became quite clear that the handsome, graceful boy must have been stolen by his employer, who was bandy-legged and pockmarked; and poor Goldenhair got black looks and sharp words from his master in consequence.

"Let us see what you have learnt," said the fowler one day to the boy. Goldenhair took the net with a smile of careless sweetness, and he almost immediately caught a beautiful snow-white finch. He was so pleased with his success, that he did not observe how dark with anger his master's face was, as he inquired on his return how he had come by the wonderful bird.

"It is not a bird," said Goldenhair, fervidly, "it is, it must be, a spirit!"

"Ah, so I thought," replied the fowler, "but I do not wish to have anything to do with witchcraft. Be off; you are in league with the evil one!" As he spoke he thrust Goldenhair roughly from his door and out of the meadow, and he should have barbarously crushed the beautiful delicate finch under his feet, but she slid through his fingers like a ray of light, and darted aloft with a heavenly scorn, basking her snow-white plumes in the azure of the sky.

Goldenhair watched her till she was lost to his sight, and then went sorrowfully, but yet hopefully, back into the forest, and tried again to find his father's house. Day and night he scrambled over mossy stones and the stems of fallen trees, and often stumbled, and often found himself entangled in the briars and brambles, but he was no more successful in reaching home than he had been before.

On the third day, however, the forest again grew brighter, and Goldenhair stood to admire himself in a beautiful well-kept garden, full of all kinds of rare plants and flowers, so fresh, so sweet, it seemed a place where angels might repair and tune their harps amid its fragrant bowers. The gardener did not at first see Goldenhair, for the boy stood under the tall sunflowers, and his golden hair shone in the sunshine just as their blossoms did, but no sooner had he caught sight of him, than he said: "Such a boy is just what I want; his good looks would help to sell my flowers," and he shut the gate of the garden, and told Goldenhair that, as he had entered without permission, he must now stay, and learn to tend and sell the plants and flowers as he did. Goldenhair was willing to do so, for he fancied one must lead a luxurious life amongst the lovely scented blossoms, and he was quite weary of searching for the home he could not find. Goldenhair's beauty, as the gardener anticipated, attracted the attention of the ladies who bought his bouquets, and brought him many customers; but, the handsome gardener's wife grew jealous of the attention lavished upon the new comer, for she had a son of her own about Goldenhair's age, whom she loved dearly, and while her boy was treated as a rustic, Goldenhair was courted and caressed, and presented by a lady, who was perhaps more generous than judicious, with a suit of velvet, in which he looked like a young prince.

It is true the gardener's wife took the clothes from Goldenhair and put them on her own son, but Jack, to her great mortification, did not know how to move in such dainty garments, and begged for his suit-and jacket and corduroy trowsers again.

"Out into the forest!" said the gardener one day to Goldenhair, "bring me a wild rose-stock, that I may graft garden-roses upon it."

Goldenhair went, and returned with the most lovely gold-coloured roses, which looked as if they had been manufactured by the cleverest of goldsmiths for the table of a king. His delight at the beauty of the flowers prevented him from observing how astonished and grave his master looked as he inquired how he had come by the rose-stock.

"I found it in the forest," said Goldenhair, innocently, "but I think it was sent me from Elfland."

"I have hitherto taken your part," said the gardener, gruffly, "but I shall do so no longer. Perish these enchanted flowers! You are in league with the evil one!"

As he spoke he thrust Goldenhair roughly from the garden, and he would have ruthlessly destroyed the beautiful rose-stock, but he wounded his fingers so deeply with his guardian thorns that he flung it with a malediction over the garden wall, back into the forest, where Goldenhair presently found it, and carefully planted it amid the cool green moss-beds from which he had taken it, and not one of the slender leaves drooped, but the tiny golden roses seemed to wink their yellow eyes with quite a significant meaning.

On the third day the forest for the third time grew lighter and lighter, and Goldenhair suddenly found himself standing beside the blue sea, which spread before him an immovable distance, and the heavens seemed like another blue ocean hung on high: the sun was glissing his face in the mirror of the deep, and the waves all around were like liquid gold, and upon them floated pretty pleasure-boats, with long, flying pennants. Some fishermen were in a graceful bark on shore, into which Goldenhair stepped, and looked with admiring astonishment at the glorious scene around him.

"Such a boy is just what we want," whispered one of the fishermen to the rest. "His good looks would help to sell our fish."

And immediately they pushed from shore. Goldenhair was willing to accompany them, for he fancied one must lead a charming life on the shining billows, and he was quite weary of searching for the home he could not find. The
Jack and Maggie.

BY HERB, THE GERMAN BURNS.

There's only one I'm after,
And she's the one, I vow!
If she was here, and standin' by,
She is a gal so neat and gay,
So neat and gay;
I'd be in glory now!

It's so—I'm hankerin' for her,
And want to have her, too.
Her temper's always gay and bright,
Her face like posies red and white,
Both red and white,
And eyes like posies blue.

And when I see her comin',
My face gits red at once;
My heart feels chokin'-like, and weak,
And drops o' sweat run down my cheek,
Yes, down my cheek,
Confound me for a dance!

She spoke so kind, last Tuesday,
When at the well we met:
"Jack, give a lift! What ails you? Say!
I see that somethin' 's wrong to-day:
What's wrong to-day?"

No, that I can't forget!

I know I'd ought to tell her,
And wish I'd told her then;
And if I wasn't poor and low,
And sayin' it didn't choke me so
(If it choked me so),
I'd find a chance again.

Well, up and off I'm goin':
She's in the field below:
I'll try and let her know my mind;
And if her answer isn't kind,
If 'tisn't kind,
I'll join the ranks, and go!

I'm but a poor young fellow,
Yes, poor enough, no doubt:
But ha'n't, thank God, done nothin' wrong,
And be a man as stout and strong,
As stout and strong,
As any round about.

What's rustlin' in the bushes?
I see a movin' stalk:
The leaves is openin': there's a dress!
O Lord, forbid it! but I guess—
I guess—I guess
Somebody's heard me talk!

"Ha! here I am! you've got me!
So keep me, if you can!
I've guessed it ever since last spring,
And Tuesday morn I saw it all,
I saw it all!
Speak out, then, like a man!

"Though rich you a'n't in money,
Nor rich in goods to sell,
An honest heart is more than gold,
And hands you've got for field and fold,
For house and fold,
And—Jack—I love you well!"

"O Maggie, say it over!
O Maggie, is it so?
I couldn't longer bear the doubt:
'Twas hell— but now you've drew me out,
You've drew me out!
And will I? Won't I, though!"
"FORMOSA," AT DRURY-LANE.

A controversy has, during the past month, sprung up (raged would be the emphatic word) regarding the morality of Mr. Dion Boucicault's new experiment upon the public taste on the Drury Lane boards—a drama of the Brompton demi-monde, under the singular title of 'Formosa.' This pretentious production, with a general flash-in-the-pan sort of effect about it, is, however, so skilfully set off with dramatic colouring, light, and shade, that it keeps the attention awake, and in the most lively state, during the whole of four long, but nevertheless amusing acts. Almost every scene is brilliant and redolent with vivacity; but then it is the life of a thoroughly corrupt "society" contrasted with that of respectability and humbly-conditioned people, the latter being always "indifferent honest." The piece commences with a representation of the Old Swan Boat-house, on the banks of the Thames, near Oxford, where the crew of the "dark blue" are being coached by Sam Boker, a retired prize-fighter. Sam and Mrs. Boker have a daughter, Jenny, from whom (in the belief that she has been leading a reputable life in town) they have received presents from time to time as the fruits of her industry. It soon transpires, however, that Jenny has been the celebrated courtesan whose names have been variously Lady Arthur Pierrepont, and "Formosa"—a name given to her by her peculiar male friends. Her recognition in "humble life" by two fast men, named Compton Kerr and Major Joram, places the repentant barmaid in a very painful position. With the knowledge they possess they can influence Jenny Boker to resume her old station in the demi-monde at Brompton and Fulham, Formosa's old quarters. Influenced partly by jealousy, Jenny consents to become their accomplice in luring to destruction Tom Burroughs, a young man of large means and good family, who is an Oxford graduate and the "stroke" in the impending University boat-race. A young girl named Nelly, in love with Tom, has been brought up by an old Dr. Doremmas, a Fellow of St. John's College, as his daughter; but she is claimed by a released convict, named Bob Saunders, who proves, by a written document, that she is his daughter, and thus a love-affair between her and Tom is broken off. In the second act, the gang of sharpers, with Formosa to assist them, are seen hastening the ruin of Tom, who now occupies chambers in the Albany, is fleeced at cards by the Major and the tribe of "rooks" in his employ, and is enthralled by the blandishments of the courtesan, who occupies a showy villa at Fulham, most gaudily furnished and as gaudily peopled. The scenes of the residence of Formosa are represented with a bright moon and a well laid-out garden, the other being a resplendently gaseous interior. In the third act Formosa shows some reluctance to further the designs of the conspirators, and a powerful situation occurs when she throws off the associations of a "gay" life, and implores her parents (who have tracked her to her heart) to permit her to return to the paths of virtue. The fourth act represents the storming of the sponging-house where Tom Burroughs has been incarcerated for the debts he has contracted through the machinations of his infamous plunderers at play, and his rescue time enough to permit his taking his place in the match. The Oxford crew come in victorious. Tom Burroughs marries Nelly, whose convict-father shows signs of atonement for his past misdeeds; and the villains, Compton Kerr and Major Joram, are handed over to the police, to answer at Bow-street for the forgeries they have perpetrated. The controversy which we spoke of as having been provoked by "Formosa" raises the question whether the drawing-room of a licentious character and a courtesan is not too immoral a scene to be transferred to the stage; whether, in fact, such a character ought to be parodied, with all the alluring ways of an accomplished actress, before the eyes of play-goers? It is common enough on the French stage for this sort of thing to be done; but it is managed with much art, or finesse, by Parisian comedians; whereas English actors are sometimes coarse and vulgar in their delineations of the characters that require to have the deformities of their moral nature glossed over by means of the touch of some good fairy's silver wand. Again, French actors dress well—especially the ladies. We recur to the question of the morality (or the immorality) of Mr. Boucicault's new drama, and on this point we shall be exceedingly brief, as it is a topic which we feel we ought to approach with reserve, lest we inflict on our readers an essay on the prurience of the manners of the British Theatre. Our opinion on "Formosa" is this: If such a character, and its surroundings and followings, are objectionable objects on the stage, we say then, that at least nothing is said or even done throughout the play which is actually prurient or offensive. There are far better old acting plays (even Shakespeare's) more reasonably to be objected to on the score of prurience than "Formosa." We recall to mind the "Beaux Stratagems," one of the wisest of the old comedies, as an instance of an immoral play. The licentious scenes between Archer and Mrs. Sullen are a blot on the entire comedy. To cite other examples of in-
There is little to record of the last month's contributions to novelty at the other summer theatres. At

THE GAIETY,
a new drama, by Mr. Gilbert, entitled "An Old Score," has had a short run, but has been withdrawn, and Mr. Robertson's more substantial play of "Dreams" reproduced.

A revival of Handel's serenade of "Acis and Galatea, with all its beautiful music and lovely pastoral scenery, has been eminently attractive at the

PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
Messrs. Vernon, Rigby, Montem Smith, Herr Formes, Miss Cole, and Miss Somers adequately singing the classical and melodious music of the opera. Another new drama, by Mr. Boucicault, is promised, with which the enterprising manager of the Princess's, Mr. George Vining, intends inaugurating his autumn and winter season. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews will re-appear in the new piece announced to be produced in the course of the present month.

A new farce, called "Sea Gulls," was produced at

THE ROYALTY,
on the 10th ult., which has had a run, chiefly on account of the rattling way in which Mr. Philip Day (whom an amateur actor) performed the smart character of Valentine Rattleby.

Miss Oliver is an admirable manageress, who has kept the fashionable little Dean-street Theatre open for a succession of long seasons, meeting always with liberal support from her patrons, friends, and the public. E. H. M.

BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woo,
Through summer's heat, or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.
MADAM WALDOBOROUGH’S CARRIAGE.

On a bright particular afternoon, in the month of November, 1855, I met on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in Paris, my young friend Herbert J—

After many desolate days of wind and rain and fallen leaves, the city had thrown off her wet rags, so to speak, and arrayed herself in the gorgeous apparel of one of the most golden and perfect Sundays of theseason. “All the world” was out of doors. The Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, the bridges over the Seine, all the public promenades and gardens, swarmed with joyous multitudes. The Champs Elysées, and the long avenue leading up to the Barrière de l’Etoile, appeared one mighty river, an Amazon of many-coloured human life. The finest July weather had not produced such a superb display; for now the people of fashion, who had passed the summer at their country-seats, or in Switzerland, or among the Pyrenees, reappeared in their showy equipages. The tide, which had been flowing to the Bois de Boulogne ever since two o’clock, had turned, and was pouring back into Paris. For miles, up and down, on either side of the city-wall, extended the glittering train of vehicles. The three broad, open gateways of the Barrière proved insufficient channels; and as far as you could see, along the Avenue de l’Impératrice, stood three seemingly endless rows of carriages, closely crowded, unable to advance, waiting for the Barrière de l’Etoile to discharge its surplus living waters. Detachments of the mounted city guard, and long lines of police, regulated the flow while at the Barrière an extra force of custom-house officers fulfilled the necessary formality of casting an eye of inspection in each vehicle as it passed, to see that nothing was smuggled.

Just below the Barrière, as I was moving with the stream of pedestrians, I met Herbert. He turned and took my arm. As he did so, I noticed that he lifted his brand-new Parisian hat towards heaven, saluting with a lofty flourish one of the carriages that passed the gate. It was a dashy barouche, drawn by a glossy-black span, and occupied by two ladies and a lapdog. A driver on the box, and a footman perched behind, both in livery,—long coats, white gloves, and gold bands on their hats,—completed the establishment. The ladies sat facing each other, and their mingled, effervescent skirts and flounces filled the cup of the vehicle quite to over-foaming, like a Rochelle powder, nearly drowning the brave spaniel, whose sturdy little nose was elevated, for air, just above the surge.

Both ladies recognized my friend, and she who sat, or rather reclined, (for such a luxurious, languishing attitude can hardly be called a sitting posture), fairy-like in the hinder part of the shell, bestowed on him a very gracious, condescending smile. She was a most imposing creature,—in freshness of complexion, in physical development, and, above all, in amplitude and magnificence of attire, a full-blown rose of a woman, aged, I should say, about forty.

“Don’t you know that turn-out?” said Herbert, as the barouche with its lovely freight floated on in the current.

“I am not so fortunate,” I replied.

“Good gracious! miserable man! Where do you live? In what obscure society have you buried yourself? Not to know Madam Waldoborough’s Carriage!”

This was spoken in a tone of humorous extravagance which piqued my curiosity. Behind the ostentatious deference with which he had raised his hat to the sky, beneath the respectful awe with which he spoke the lady’s name, I detected irony and a spirit of mischief.

“Who is Madam Waldoborough? and what about her carriage?”

“Who is Madam Waldoborough?” echoed Herbert, with mock astonishment; “that American, six months in Paris, should ask that question! An American woman, and a woman of fortune, sir; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina or elsewhere; and one that occupies a position, go to! and receives on Thursday evenings, go to! and that hath ambassadors at her table, and everything handsome about her! And as for her carriage,” he continued, coming down from his Dogberry strain of eloquence, “it is the very identical carriage which I didn’t ride in once!”

“How was that?”

“I’ll tell you; for it was a curious adventure, and as it was a very useful lesson to me, so you may take warning by my experience, and, if ever she invites you to ride with her, as she did me, beware! beware! her flashing eyes, her floating hair! do not accept, or, before accepting, take Iago’s advice, and put money in your purse: put money in your purse! I’ll tell you why.

“But, in the first place, I must explain how I came to be without money in mine, so soon after arriving in Paris, where so much of the article is necessary. My wos all arise from vanity. That is the rock, that is the quicksand, that is the malestrom. I presume you don’t know anybody else who is afflicted with that complaint? If you do, I’ll but teach you how to tell my story, and that will cure him; or, at least, it ought to.

“You see, in crossing over to Liverpool in the steamer, I became acquainted with a charming young lady, who proved to be a second cousin of my father’s. She belongs to the aristocratic branch of our family. Every family tree has an aristocratic branch, or bough, or little twig at least, I believe. She was a Todworth; and
having always heard my other relations mention with immense pride and respect the Todworths, as if it was one of their greatest satisfactions of inferior to be able to speak of my 'uncle Todworth,' or 'my cousins the Todworths,' I was prepared to appreciate my extreme good fortune. She was a bride, setting out on her wedding tour. She had married a sallow, bilious, perfumed, very disagreeable fellow, except that he too was an aristocrat, and a millionaire besides, which made him very agreeable; at least, I thought so. That was before I rode in Madam Waldorough's carriage; since which era in my life I have slightly changed my habits of thinking on these subjects.

"Well, the fair bride was most gratifyingly affable, and consoled me to my heart's content. Her husband was no less friendly; they not only petted me, but I think they really liked me; and by the time we reached London I was on as affectionately familiar terms with them as a younger brother could have been. If I had been a Todworth they couldn't have made more of me. They insisted on my going to the same hotels with them, and taking a room adjoining in their suite. This was a happiness to which I had but one objection, my limited pecuniary resources. My family are neither aristocrats nor millionaires; and economy required that I should place myself in humble and inexpensive lodgings for the two or three weeks I was to spend in London. But vanity! vanity! I was actually ashamed, sir, to do the honest and true thing, afraid of disgracing my branch of the family in the eyes of the Todworth branch, and of losing the fine friends I had made, by confessing my poverty. The bride, I confess, was a delightful companion; but I know other ladies just as interesting, although they do not happen to be Todworths. But vanity! vanity! I should never have thought of committing the folly; and still less, I assure you, for that piece of perfumed and yellow-complexioned politeness, her husband. It was pride, sir, pride that ruined me. They went to Cox's hotel, in Jermyn-Street; and I, simpleton as I was, went with them, for that was before I rode in Madam Waldorough's carriage.

"Cox's, I fancy, is the crack hotel of London. Lady Byron boarded there; the author of 'Child Harold,' himself used to stop there; Tom Moore wrote a few of his last songs and drank a good many of his last bottles of wine there; my Lords Top, Dick, and Harry, the Duke of Dash, Sir Edward Splash, and Viscount Fizz, and These and other notables always honour Cox's when they go to town. So see honoured Cox's. And a very quiet, orderly, well-kept tavern we found it. I think Mr. Cox must have a good housekeeper. He has been fortunate in securing a very excellent cook. I should judge that he had engaged some of the finest gentlemen in England to act as waiters. Their manners would do credit to any potentiary in Europe: there is that calm self-possession about them, that serious dignity of deportment, sustained by a secure sense of the mighty importance of their mission to the world, which strikes a beholder awe. I was made to feel very inferior to their presence.

"We dined at a private table, and these ministers of state waited upon us. They brought us the morning paper on a silver salver; they presented it as if it had been a mission from a king to a queen. Whenever we went out or came in, there stood two of those magnates, in white waistcoats and white gloves, to open the folding doors for us, with stately mien. You would have said it was the Lord High Chamberlain and his deputy, and that I was at least Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. I tried to receive these overpowering attentions with an air of easy indifference, like one who had been all his life accustomed to that sort of thing, if you know; but I was oppressed with a terrific sense of being out of my place. I couldn't help feeling that these serene and lofty highnesses knew perfectly well that I was a green Yankee boy, with less than fifty pounds in my pocket; and I fancied that, behind the mask of gravity each imperturbable countenance wore, there was always lurking a smile of contempt.

"But this was not the worst of it. I suffered from another cause. If noblemen were my attendants, I must expect to maintain noblemen. All that ceremony and deportment must go into the bill. With this view of the case, I could not look at their white kids without feeling sick at heart; white waistcoats became a torture to the sight of an August neckcloth, bowing its solemn attentions to me, depressed my very soul. The folding-doors, on golden hinges turning—figuratively, at least, if not literally, like those of Milton's heaven—grated as horrible discords on my secret ear as the gates of Milton's other place. It was my gold that helped to make those lords and ladies; I should doted merely for the sake of enjoying the society, not of my dear newly-found cousins, but of two phantoms, intangible, unsatisfactory, unreal, that hovered over their heads—the phantom of wealth and the still more empty phantom of social position. But all this, understand, was before I rode in Madame Waldorough's carriage.

"Well, I saw London in company with my aristocratic relatives, and paid a good deal more for the show, and really profited less by it, than if I had gone about the business in my own deliberate and humble way. Everything was, of course, done in the most thoroughly known. Instead of walking to this place or that, or taking an omnibus or a cab, we rolled magnificently in our carriage. I suppose the happy bridgroom would willingly have defrayed all these expenses, if I had wished him to do so, but pride prompted me to pay my share. So it happened that, during nine days in London, I spent as much as would have lasted me as many weeks, if I had been as wise as I was vain—that is, if I had ridden in Madame Waldorough's carriage before I went to England.

"When I saw how things were going, bank.
ruptedly staring me in the face, ruin yawning at
my feet, I was suddenly seized with an irresis-
tible desire to go on to Paris. I had a French
fever of the most violent character. I declared
myself sick of the soot and smoke and uproar
of the great Babel— I even spoke sightly of
Cox's Hotel, as if I had been used to better
things—and called for my bill. Heavens and
earth, how I trembled! Did ever a condemned
wretch feel as faint at the sight of the priest
coming to bid him prepare for the gallows, as
I did at the sight of one of those sublime sub-
tinaries bringing me my doom on a silver sal-
er? Every pore opened; a clammy perspi-
ration broke out all over me; I reached forth a
shaking hand, and thanked his highness with a
ghastly smile.

"A few figures told my fate. The convict
who hears his death sentence may still hope for
a reprieve; but figures are inexorable, figures
cannot lie. My bill at Cox's was in pounds,
shillings and pence, amounting to just eleven
dollars a day. Eleven times nine are ninety
nine. It was so near a round hundred, it
seemed a bitter mockery not to say a hundred,
and have done with it, instead of scrupulously
stopping to consider a single paltry dollar. I
was reminded of the boy whose father bragged
of killing nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons
at one shot. Somebody asked why he didn't say
a thousand. "'Thunder!' says the boy, 'do you
suppose my father would lie just for one
pigeon?" I told the story, to show how coolly
I received the bill, and paid it—coined my
heart and dropped my blood for drachmas,
rather than appear mean in the presence of my
relatives, although I knew that a portion of the
charge was for the bridal arrangements for
which the bridegroom alone was responsible.

"This drained my purse so nearly dry that
I had only just money enough left to take me
to Paris, and pay for a week's lodging or so in
advance. They urged me to remain and go to
Scotland with them, but I tore myself away,
and fled to France. I would not permit them
to accompany me to the railway station, and see
me off, for I was unwilling that they should
know I was going to economize by purchasing
a second-class ticket. From the life I had
been leading at Cox's to a second-class passage
to Paris, was that step from the sublime to the
ridiculous which I did not wish to be seen taking.
I think I'd have thrown myself into the Thames
before I would thus have exposed myself; for,
as I tell you, I had not yet been honoured with
a seat in Madam Waldorough's carriage.

"It is certainly a grand thing to keep
grand company; but if ever I felt a sense of
relief, it was when I found myself free from my
cousins, emancipated from the fearful bondage
of keeping up such expensive appearances;
when I found myself seated on the hard, cushion-
less bench of the second-class car, and nibbled
my crackers at my leisure, unoppressed by the
awful presence of those grandees in white wait-
coats, and by the more awful presence of a
condemning conscience within myself.

"I nibbled my crackers, and they taste
wetter than Cox's best dinners; I nibbled, and
contemplated my late experiences; nibbled, and
was almost persuaded to be a Christian, that is,
to forswear thenceforth and forever all company
which I could not afford to keep, all appearances
which were not honest, all foolish pride, and silly
ambition, and moral cowardice; as I did after I
had ridden in a certain carriage I have mentioned,
and which I am coming to now as fast as possible.

"I had lost nearly all my money and a good
share of my self-respect by the course I had
taken, and I could think of only one substantial
advantage which I had gained. That was a note
of introduction from my lovely cousin to Madam
Waldorough. That would be of inestimable
value to me in Paris. It would give me access
to the best society, and secure to me, a stranger,
many privileges which could not otherwise be
obtained. 'Perhaps, after all,' thought I, as I
read over the flattering contents of the unsealed
note; 'perhaps, after all, I shall find this word
quite as much as I expected.' Eleven times
nine are ninety-nine, and I foresaw that it was actually destined to procure
me an invitation to ride out with Madam Wal-
dorough herself, shouldn't I have been elated?

"I reached Paris, took a cheap lodging,
and waited for the arrival of my uncle's goods
destined for the Great Exhibition—for to look
after them (I could speak French, you know),
and to assist in having them properly placed,
was the main business that had brought me
here. I also waited anxiously for my uncle and
and a fresh supply of funds. In the mean time
I delivered my letters of introduction, and made
a few acquaintances. Twice I called at Madam
Waldorough's hotel, but did not see her; she
was out. So at least the servants said, but I
suspicion they lied; for, the second time I was
told so, I noticed, O, the most splendid turn-
out!—the some you just saw pass—waiting in
the carriage-way before her door, with the
driver on the box, and the footman holding
open the silver-handled and escutcheoned panel
that served as a door to the barouche, as if ex-
pecting some grand personage to get in.

"Some distinguished visitor, perhaps,"
thought I; "or, it may be, Madam Waldor-
borough herself; instead of being out, she is
just going out, and in five minutes the servant's
lie will be a truth." Sure enough, before I left
the street (for I may as well confess that curiosity
came to me to linger a little) my lady herself ap-
peared in all her glory, and bounded into the
barouche with a vigour that made it rock quite
unromantically; for she is not frail, she is not a
butterfly, as you perceived. I recognized her
from a description I had received from my
cousin the bride. She was accompanied by
that meagre, smart little sprite of a French girl,
whom Madam always takes with her—to talk
French with, and to be waited upon by her, she
says; but rather, I believe, by way of contrast
to set off her own brilliant complexion and im-
perial proportions. It is Juno and Arachne.
The divine orbs of the goddess turned
haughtily upon me, but did not see me—looked
through and beyond me, as if I had been nothing but gossamer, feathers, air; and the little black, bead-like eyes of the insect pierced me maliciously an instant, as the barouche dashed past, and disappeared in the Rue de Rivoli. I was humiliated; I felt that I was recognized—known as the rash youth who had just called at the Hotel de Waldoborough, been told that Madam was out, and had stopped outside to catch the hotel in a lie. It is very singular—how do you explain it?—that it should have seemed to me the circumstance was something, not for Madam, but for me to be ashamed of! I don't believe that the colour of her peaches checks was heightened the shadow of a shade; but as for me, I blushed to the tips of my ears.

"You may believe that I did not go away in such a cheerful frame of mind as might have encouraged me to repeat my call in a hurry. I just coldly enclosed to her my cousin's letter of introduction, along with my address; and said to my master: 'No, sir, I'll introduce my dearest friend, the little flower she has slighted: she'll know she has put an affront upon [a connection of the Todworths]! I was very silly, you see, for I had not yet—but I am coming to that part of my story."

"Well, returning to my lodgings a few days afterwards, I found a note which had been left for me by a liveried footman—Madam Waldoborough's footman, O Heaven! I was thrown into great trepidation by the stupendous event, and eagerly inquired if Madam herself was in her carriage, and was immensely relieved to learn she was not; for, unspeakably gratifying as such an Olympian compliment, would have been under other circumstances, I should have felt it more than offset by the mortification of knowing that she knew, that her own eyes had beheld, the very humble quarter in which a lack of means had compelled me to locate myself.

"I turned from that frightful possibility to the note itself. It was everything I could have asked. It was ambrosia, it was nectar. I had done a big thing when I fired the Todworth gun; it had brought the enemy to terms. My cousin was complimented, and I was welcomed to Paris, and—the Hotel Waldoborough!

"'Why have you not called to see me?' the note inquired, with charming innocence. 'I shall be at home to-morrow at two o'clock; cannot you give me the pleasure of greeting so near a relative of my dear, delightful Louise?'

"'Of course, I would afford her that pleasure! 'O, what a thing it is,' I said to myself, 'to be a third cousin to a Todworth!' But the two o'clock in the morning—how should I manage that? I had not supposed that fashionable people in Paris got up so early, much less received visitors at that wonderful hour. But, on reflection, I concluded that two in the morning meant two in the afternoon; for I had heard that the great folks commenced their day at about that time.

"At two o'clock, accordingly, the next after-
noon—excuse me, O ye fashionable ones! I mean the next morning—I sallied forth from my little barren room in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, and proceeded to Madam's ancient palace in the Rue St. Martin, dressed in my best, and palpitating with a sense of the honour I was doing myself. This time the concierge smiled encouragingly, and ascertained for me that Madam was at home. I ascended the polished marble staircase to a salon on the first floor, where I was requested to have the obligeance d'attendre un petit moment, until Madam should be informed of my arrival.

"It was a very large, and, I must admit, a very respectable saloon, although not exactly what I had expected to see at the very summit of the social Olympus. I dropped into a fauteuil near a centre-table, on which there was a fantastical silver-wrought card-basket. What struck me particularly about the basket was a well-known little Todworth envelope, super-
scribed in the delicate handwriting of my aristocratic cousin (my letter of introduction, in fact), displayed upon the very top of the pile of the pile of billets and cards. My own card I did not see; but in looking for it I discovered some curious specimens of foreign orthography—one dainty little note to 'Madame Valto-
burea,' another laboriously addressed to 'M. et Mme. Jean Val-d'Etat,' and still a third, in which the name was conscientiously and industriously written out, 'Guilldobre-
reaux.' This last, as an instance of spelling an English word à la Fragasie, I thought a remarkable success, and very creditable to people who speak of 'Lor Berong,' meaning Lord Byron ('Be-wrong' is good!), and talk glibly about 'Prongclong,' and 'Vashington,' meaning the great philosopher, and the Father of his Country.

"I was trying to amuse myself with these orthographical curiosities, yet waiting anxiously all the while for the appearance of that illustrious ornament of her sex, to whom they were addressed; and the servant's 'petit moment' had become a good 'petit quart d'hier,' when the drawing-room door opened, and in glided, not the Goddess, but the Spider.

"She had come to beg Monsieur (that was me) to have the bounty to excuse Madam (that was the Waldoborough), who had caused herself to be waited for, and who, I was assured, would give herself 'le plaisir de me voir dans un tout petit moment.' So saying, with a smile, she seated herself; and, discovering that I was an American, began to talk bad English to me. I may say execrable English; for it is a habit your Frenchwoman often has, to abandon her own facile and fluent vernacular, which she speaks so charmingly, in order to show off a wretched smattering she may have acquired of your language—from politeness, possibly, but I rather think from vanity. In the mean time Arachne busied her long agile fingers with some very appropriate embroidery; and busied her long agile fingers with some very appropriate
embroidery; and busied her mind, too, I couldn't help thinking, weaving some intricate web of mischief; for her eyes sparkled as they looked at me with a certain gleeful, malicious expression, seeming to say, 'You have walked into my parlour, Mr. Fly, and I am sure to entangle you!' which made me feel uncomfortable.

'The 'touz petit moment' had become another good quarter of an hour, when the door again opened, and Madam (Madam herself, the Waldoborough) appeared! Did you ever see flounces? did you ever witness expansion? have your eyes ever beheld the (so to speak) new-risen sun trailing clouds of glory over the threshold of the dawn? You should have seen Madam enter that room; you should have seen the effulgence of the greeting smile she gave me; then you wouldn't wonder that I was dazzled.

'She filled and overflowed with her magnificence the most royal fauteuil in the saloon, and talked to me of my Todworth cousin, and of my Todworth cousin's husband, and of London, and America, occasionally turning aside to show off her bad French by speaking to the Spider, until another quarter of an hour had elapsed. Then Paris was mentioned; one of us happened to speak of the Gobelins: I cannot now recall which it was first uttered that fatal word to me, the direful spring of woes unnumbered! Had I visited the Gobelins? I had not, but I anticipated having that pleasure soon.

'Long as I have lived in Paris, I have never yet been to the Gobelins!' says Mrs. Waldoborough. 'Mademoiselle' [that was Arachne] 'm'accuse toujours d'avoir tort, et me dit que je dois y aller, n'est ce pas, Mademoiselle?'

'Certaintemme!' says Mademoiselle, emphatically; and in return for Madam's ill-spoken French, she added in English, of even worse quality, that the Gobelins' manufacture of tapsteric and carpet, was the place the most curious and interessante which one could go see in Paris.

'C'est ce qu'elle dit toujours,' says the Waldoborough. 'But I make great allowances for her opinions, since she is an enthusiast with regard to everything that pertains to weaving.'

'Very natural,' that she should be, 'being a Spider,' I thought, but did not say so.

'However,' Madam continues, I should like extremely well to go there, if I could ever get the time. Quand aurai-je le temps, Mademoiselle?'

'Sink as she is, the same is more than has you another day, Madam,' says the Spider.

So the net was completed, and I was caught thus: Mrs. Waldoborough, with an hospitable glance at me, referred the proposition; and I said, if she would like to go that day, she must not let me hinder her, and offered to take my leave; and Arachne said, 'Monsieur perhaps he likes it too?' And as Madam suggested ordering the carriage for the purpose, of course I jumped at the chance. To ride in that carriage! with the Waldoborough herself! with the driver before and the footman behind, in livery! O ye gods!

'I was abandoned to intoxicating dreams of ambition, whilst Madam went to prepare herself, and Mademoiselle to order the carriage. It was not long before I heard a vehicle enter the court-yard, turn, and stop in the carriage-way. I tried to catch a glimpse of it from the window, but saw it only in imagination, that barouche of barouches, which is Waldoborough's! I imagined myself seated luxuriously in that shell, with Madam by my side, rolling through the streets of Paris in even greater state than I had rolled through London with my Todworth cousin. I was impatient to be experiencing the new sensation. The moments dragged: five, ten, fifteen minutes at least elapsed, and all the while the carriage and I were waiting. Then appeared—who do you suppose? The Spider, dressed for an excursion. 'So she is going too!' thought I, not very well pleased. She had in her arms—what do you suppose? A confounded little lapdog, the spaniel you saw just now with his nose just above the crimson line.

'Monsieur,' she says, 'I desire you know the King François.' I have lap-dogs; but, in order to be civil, I offered to pat his majesty on the head. That, however, did not seem to be court-etiquette; and I got snapped at by the little despot. 'Our compagnon de voyage,' says Mademoiselle, pacifying him with caresses.

'So, is he going too?' thought I—so unreasonable as to feel a little dissatisfied; as if I had a right to say who should and who should not ride in Madam Waldoborough's carriage.

'Mademoiselle sat with her hat on, and held the pup, and I sat with my hat in my hand and held my peace; and she talked bad English to me and good French to the dog, for, may be, ten minutes longer, when the Waldoborough swept in, arrayed for the occasion, and said, 'Maintenant nous allons.' That was the signal for descending; as we did so Madam casually remarked that something was the matter with one of the Waldoborough horses; but she had not thought it worth the while to give up our visit to the Gobelins on that account, since a coupé would answer our purpose—and the coupes in that quarter were really very respectable.

'This considerate remark was as a feather bed to break the frightful fall before me. You think I tumbled down the Waldoborough stairs? Worse than that: I dropped headlong, precipitately, from the heights of fairy dreams to low actuality; all the way down, down, from the Waldoborough's barouche to a hired coach, a voiture de remise, that stood in its place at the door.'

'Mademoiselle suggested that it would be quite as well to go in a coupé,' says Mrs. Waldoborough, as she got in.

'Oh, certainly,' I replied, with pretentious cheerfulness. But I could not have killed the Spider, for I suspected this was a part of the plot she had been weaving to entangle me.

'It was a vehicle with two horses, and some
for four; one driver in a red face—the common livery for your Paris hackmen; but no footman, no footman, no footman!” Hubert repeated, with a groan. “Not so much as a little tiger clinging to the straps behind! I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that beggars must not be choosers; that, if I rode with Madam, I must accept her style of turn-out.

“‘AUX Gobelins,” says Mrs. Waldoborough, to the driver; “mais allez par l’Hôtel de Ville, le pont Louis Philippe, et l’église de Notre Dame—n’est-ce pas?” referring the question to me.

“I said ‘As you please.’ And off we drove.

“We stopped a few minutes to look at the Cathedral front; then rattled on, up the Quai and across the Pont de l’Archevêché, and through the crooked, countless streets until we reached the Gobelins; and I must confess I did not yet experience any of the sublime emotions I had counted upon in riding with the distinguished Madam Waldoborough.

“You have been to the Gobelins? If you haven’t, you must go there, not with two ladies and a lapdog, as I did, but independently, and you will find the visit well worth the trouble. The establishment derives its name from an obscure wool-dyer of the fifteenth century, Jean Gobelin, whose little workshop has grown to be one of the most extensive and magnificent carpet and tapestry manufactories in the world.

“We found liveried attendants stationed at every door and turning-point, to direct the crowds of visitors and to keep out dogs. No dog could be admitted except in arms. I suggested that King Francis should be left in the coach; when Mrs. Waldoborough asked, reproachfully, ‘Could I be so cruel?’ And the Spider looked at me as if I had been a complete savage. To atone for my inhumanity I offered to carry the cur. He was put into my arms at once; and so it happened that I walked through that wonderful series of rooms, hung with tapestries of the richest description, of the times of Francis I., Louis XIV., and so forth, with a detected lapdog in my hands. However, I showed my heroism by enduring my fate without a murmur, and quoting Tennyson for the gratification of Mrs. Waldoborough, who was reminded of the corridors of ‘The Palace of Art.’

And so forth, and so on. I continued my citations in order to keep Madam’s mouth shut; for she annoyed me exceedingly by telling everybody she had occasion to speak with who she was.

“‘Je suis Madame Waldoborough; et je désire savoir this thing or that—whatever she wished to inquire about; as if all the world knew of her fame, and she had only to state, ‘I am that distinguished personage,’ in order to command the utmost deference and respect.

“From the show-rooms we passed on to the work-rooms, where we found the patient weavers sitting or standing at the back of their pieces, with their baskets of many-coloured spools at their sides, and the paintings they were copying behind them, slowly building up their imitative fabrics, loop after loop, stitch after stitch, by hand. Madam told the workmen who she was, and learned one had been at work six months on his picture. It was a female figure kneeling to a colossal pair of legs, destined to support a warrior, whose upper proportions waited to be drawn out of the spool-baskets. Another had been a year at work on a headless Virgin with a baby in her arms, finished only to the eyes. Sometimes ten, or even twenty years, are expended by one man upon a single piece of tapestry; but the patience of the workmen is not more wonderful than the art with which they select and blend their colours, passing from the softest to the most brilliant shades, without fault, as the work they are copying requires.

“From the tapestry-weaving we passed on to the carpet-weaving rooms, where the workmen have the right side of their fabric before them, and the designs to be copied over their heads. Some of the patterns were of the most gorgeous description—vines, scrolls, flowers, birds, lions, men; and the way they passed from the fastening brain through the fingers of the Weaver into the woolen texture was marvellous to behold. I could have spent some hours in the establishment pleasantly enough, watching the operatives, but for that terrible annoyance the dog in my arms. I could not put him down, and I could not ask the ladies to take him. The Spider was in her element; she forgot everything but the toil of her fellow-spiders, and it was almost impossible to get her away from any piece she became interested in. Madam, busy in telling who she was and asking questions, gave me little attention; so that I found myself more in the position of a lackey than a companion. I had regretted that her footman did not accompany us; but what need was there of a footman as long as she had me?

“In half-an-hour I had become weary of the lapdog and the Gobelins, and wished to get away. But no—Madam must tell more people who she was, and make further inquiries; and as for Arachne, I believe she would have remained there until this time. Another half-hour, and another, and still the good part of another, exhausted my strength and the endurance of my soul, until at last Mrs. Waldo—
Oh! then how pleasantly,
Once more again,
From the dimmed heaven
Falleth the rain.

When golden Autumn-days
Once more have fled,
When all their treasures are
Dying or dead,
When all earth's glories
Day by day wane,
Oh! then how gloomily
Falleth the rain.

Like tears in bitterness
Shed by the old,
As life's light fadeth
As joys grow cold;
When they no longer
Here may remain,
Mournfully, mournfully
Falleth the rain.

Falling Rain.

Ere the Spring cometh
Gentle and mild,
While the wind bloweth
Rudely and wild,
From the dull cloud line
Dark o'er the main
Sharp as the arrow
Falleth the rain.

Dreary, oh! dreary
Is all around,
Leafless the woodland
Sodden the ground.
Streams hasten onward,
Sweeping along,
Murmuring hoarsely
Winter's dull song.

When the Spring cometh
Pleasant and fair,
When the clouds silver grey
Float in the air,
While the blade springeth
Upward again,
Midst golden sunbeams
Falleth the rain.

Like tears in childhood
Soon wiped away,
Brief thoughts of sorrow
Soon lost in play;
So in the spring time,
In the green lane,
While hedges blossom
Falleth the rain.

While the long Summer
Parches the ground,
While droop the flowers
Mournful arrayed,

The Death of the Dove.

The song-birds met in the weeping asb,
And the mournful mavis said,
"No more let our harps be turned to mirth,
For the turtle-dove is dead,

"Go, seek the field where the lambkin plays,
And gather the snowy fleece,
Weave a silken shroud, and with blossoms make
A pall for the bird of peace."

Then the finches gathered the thistle-down,
And rode the cherry blooms;
And the linnets toiled on the apple-boughs,
As weavers by crimson looms.

And the lark embroidered the blooming hay
By curtains of clover-beds;
While the blackbirds toiled in the tangled brake
With mosses and silver threads.

Then ere the dial of day went down,
They finished the work of love;
And when the lamps of the glow-worm burned,
They buried the turtle-dove.

And the robins piped a funeral dirge
From sprays of the golden broom;
And the swallows, beautiful architects,
Were the builders of the tomb.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

CROCHET TASSEL

FOR ORNAMENTING COUVERETTES, CURTAIN-HOLDERS, ETC.


This tassel is worked in crochet with moderately sized knitting cotton.

Work with a whole skein of cotton as follows: * Make a foundation chain of 50 stitches, miss the last 9, and work 6 times alternately in the next stitch, 1 double, 4 chain, missing the same number of stitches under the latter, lastly 1 double, 8 chain, 1 double in the last foundation chain. Repeat 75 times more from *. On the upper end of this fringe work 1 row of double stitches, always inserting the needle into the chain of 2 fringe skeins, thus drawing the skeins tight together. Roll up the skeins and sew them together at the upper edge. Then make a foundation chain of 16 stitches, join them into a circle, and work in rounds till the work is 2 inches high, working in such a manner that the right side of the work is turned inside. Then work the outer covering of the heading of the tassel in the following manner:

1st round: 1 treble in every stitch, divided 1 chain.

2nd. 1 treble in every chain stitch of the preceding round, 1 chain stitch between.

3rd. Like the second, only working 2 chain after every 2 treble stitches. Then work 3 rounds of double stitches worked backwards and forwards in ribbed crochet stitch, and then the 7th. Alternately 2 double, 2 chain, missing 2 stitches of the preceding round under the latter. On the other side of the tube-like part 2 inches high, work a similar part as the one just described; then push the middle tube-like part on a lead pencil, and wind cotton round it; draw also cotton through the open-work crochet parts on both sides, and lace them together with fine cord crosswise, always drawing the cord through 2 chain stitches of both parts. At the top of the tassel fasten 3 rows of loops of cotton, which are to be worked over a mesh two-fifths of an inch wide, like fringe. Take a piece of white cord ten inches long, fold it together in the middle, join the ends together with a knot, and draw it through the tassel, so that the knot is covered by the skeins of the tassel, and then through the tube of the heading. At the top of the latter, and at the same time on the cord, the rows of loops must be fastened, so that the cord cannot slide out.

THE YEW AND ITS BERRIES.

Cast on nine stitches on three needles (No. 20); three stitches on each needle, with drab Berlin wool split in two; knit one plain round, fasten on a bright pinkish scarlet shade of Berlin wool split, work one more plain round; in the next increase one stitch at the beginning of every needle; knit four or five plain rounds and cast off all the stitches. Cover a piece of leto, or very fine wire, with the thread of the same scarlet wool; sew this round the scarlet edge of the little cup just made; when the two ends of the wire meet, continue to sew one of them round the edge so as to bring it exactly opposite to the other; turn down both ends inside the cup, make a little ball of drab Berlin wool, or cotton wool covered with drab silk, about the size of a young green pea; place it in the scarlet cup, gather the drab stitches; twist the wires together to make a stem, and cover it with green wool.

Leaves.—If chenille is used, as it can be procured stiffened with wire, it will be sufficient to fold the chenille in two for each leaf, and tie one leaf alternately on each side of the branch; after ten or twelve leaves place one berry, and begin another similar bough. The boughs are afterwards added together in the same manner as the leaves have been, that is to say, one at the top, and the others alternately on each side of the branch.

If Berlin is used for the leaves, cover with green wool, split a few inches of the finest leto you can find; take a piece of Berlin wool, not split, of bright though rather deep shade of green, place it across your leto near one end of it; twist the leto tight two or three times, cut the shortest end close to the twist, turn down both ends of the Berlin wool along the remaining leto, fasten both Berlin wool and leto together to a piece of wire, with a thread of brown half-twist silk split in two, and continue as directed for the branch of chenille leaves.
EVENING TOILETS.

First Figure.—Round skirt of blue silk, trimmed at the bottom with two gathered flounces, having a ruche at the head, and the edge in rounded points, which are bordered by a small ruche. Between the flounces there is also a ruche. All these ruches are of blue silk and fastened down along the middle. Corsage plain, with tight sleeves, trimmed near the top with a blue ruche fastened down the middle. Jacket of the same, with large paniers behind, something in the coquille or shell shape, and trimmed like the tunic. Close-fitting corsage without sleeves. Blue silk waistband. Lace cuffs. Pearl-grey kid gloves. Ivory fan covered with pink-tinted silk.

Second Figure.—Pink costume, with a round skirt. Louis XV. corsage, close-fitting and without sleeves; a pink bow on the shoulders. Over this corsage comes another of very, fine black-spotted white tulle, high, close-fitting, and trimmed with black lace disposed in rows slightly drawn, and descending from the shoulders towards the waist. The plain sleeve is terminated at the wrist by a black lace trimming, and also a frill of the same material as the body, with a black lace head. Pale pink kid gloves.

Third Figure.—Sea-green costume, with a close-fitting corsage, having half-tight sleeves, profusely trimmed with black gimp. A deep black silk fringe goes round the top of the back, falls over the sleeve, descends in front nearly to the waist, and then slants to meet the middle of the band. This costume forms a puff behind with a panier. Flat collar, fastened by a small bow of pink velvet. Cuffs to match.

Fourth Figure.—Dress of very thin India muslin. Round skirt trimmed with five quilled flounces, having very small heads. Louis XV. corsage, cut low and square in front; it is trimmed on the edge inside with a ruche, which descends to the waistband. Round waistband of white silk with flat loops in the front. Habitskirt of very fine nansook, having a collar embroidered in satin stitch. Under-sleeves to match. Black lace cravat tied in a knot, having no loops, but four ends of unequal length. Saxony gloves. Black gros grain boots.

I predict for the benefit of those of your fair clients, who desire to look in advance into the glass of fashion, that costumes of cloth will take an important place in the modes for autumn; and we not unfrequently see them substituted already at the sea-side for lighter woollen fabrics when excursions or yachting is in question. The favourite form of costume is a jupon, finished round the bottom with a bias or flounce with a long redingote cut absolutely square before; the corsage high, and fastened by bows of gros grain or velvet, or if half open in front, with a flap in the middle, on which is a knot of the same colour as those on the corsage. The sleeves are demi-tight with revers of gros grain. If the redingote is of black silk the revers must be of a different colour, iris, or blue, or vésuée but of a very bright tint; but if the redingote is of cloth, the revers should be black, as a fantaisie, some few double the redingote with silk, and relieve the corners of the flounce behind and below with gros grain. As much as possible the habit of the gardes françaises, but for all that it is very elegant and very young, though the eccentricity of such a fashion is neither convenient nor becoming to all women. That which is a symptom of the best taste and is highly elegant, is an absolutely assorted toilet, in which case there should be but two shades, neither more nor less. A toilet altogether uniform as much resembles a woman as a stick of sealing-wax; a dress of a variety of colours is represented by good taste. The toilet which is always comme il faut is composed of two colours, black and white, it is very difficult to create it of other shades. However, some persons have the taste to make mauve and straw colour, maroon and blue, grey and green, and green and blue appear together in perfect harmony; vésuée and black are all the vogue at this moment. We have rather too much autumn with us already, but fortunately, though mixed fabrics are worn they are often white, white alpaca for instance is ornamented with bands of black velvet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: "Crowned with May;" "One Year ago" (under consideration); "The Wreck;" "For ever Fled."

Declined, with thanks: "Duty;" "Out with the Tide;" "An Eve in June;" "I have a Treasure."

Prose received, with thanks: "The Salted Claim;" "The Turner's Daughter;" "Who would have Thought it;" "Alice Bourne's Settlement;" "Beyond the Realm."

PERIODICALS, &c.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the "Life Boat;" and "Old Fellows' Magazine;" but owing to the Editor's absence from town, there has not been time to notice them this month.

Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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THE PURSER'S DAUGHTER.

(A Tale.)

BY LADY S—

CHAP. I.

Captain Moses Brown, as he liked to be called, though he had no right in the world to the title of gentleman, was a respectable man in his way, rough as a Polar bear, using at times most forcible language, quite unfit for ears polite, apt to indulge when at home in violent passions, still, honest and trustworthy, fulfilling all the duties of the situation in which providence had placed him, to the perfect satisfaction of his superior officers and the ship's company generally. To look at this rough specimen of the genus homo, you would hardly have thought it possible for this man ever to have felt the tender passion of love; you could never have fancied he could in any sort of way have framed that rough voice of his to a tender tone, have ever been in a melting mood, or that he could ever have asked a beautiful woman to love him and become his wife, yet once when on shore a longer period than usual he married, for when my story begins he was a widower, with two daughters. The eldest, Beatrice, was a fine handsome girl, with large dark eyes, a nose which betrayed, however remote and mixed with other races, that she originally sprang from Jewish origin; a large mouth, with a good-humoured expression of countenance, but with nothing showing much intellect. You have now before you Beatrice Brown. I ought perhaps to add, she was rather above than below the middle height. One evening her father hearing her sing a little childish song, in tolerable tune, voice and time, for her age, resolved that she should be taught music as a profession. It was a sad day for the little girl when he took this determination, for adieu to all her pretty dolls, her play things, donkey-rides &c.; music was now to be the order of the day, and as long as it was possible to keep a young child of her age practising music and singing, was now the doom of poor little Beatrice; any complaints made by her instruc-
nine o'clock to-morrow for Signor Romano, she will give me nothing but water-gruel for my dinner, and that she knows when our father returns home in the evening, if any fault is found, I shall catch it. I wish I were you; I would even like to change places with that little eat little, and eat as I am, a slave to the piano. I hate music, always shall hate it, and that with a bitter hate. Oh, that dreadful cross Signor, he is so severe, he does so box my ears if I do not play or sing only the ghost of a wrong note; do try, Judy dear, see if you can sing, then you could take my place upstairs, and I would try and do your work in this bright kitchen."

Judith smiled, kissed her sister, then, continuing her employment, merely said, "You would soon tire, dear Ciss, of my work, you are the lady of the family, at your piano. Aunt Abigail told Miss Wilcox the other day you may perhaps by your voice, when you are older, earn a lot of money, while I shall never rise higher than being a sort of servant; so, dear, you had better return to your practising."

Time passed on, Beatrice grew up a fine young woman, her features were perhaps a trifle too large and masculine, still she was a handsome girl. During the last few years, many changes had taken place: Judith, the plain Judith, had married, and really married well, considering her position in life and the few opportunities she had possessed of making any acquaintances. The young man to whom she was united was a stationer, with a little money of his own, a tolerable connection, and already a much improving trade, owing to his great industry and good knowledge of business. Miss Abigail Flint had quietly departed this life, having been suddenly seized with a faintness, after a great spring cleaning of the house, from which attack of illness she never rallied. Captain Brown found his hitherto bright, cheerful hunting costume but what it had been; his house, small as it was, untidy and comfortless, his dinners ill-cooked and badly arranged, his little maid-of-all-work dirty and slatternly-looking, now that all was left to the sole superintendence and direction of his eldest daughter; for Beatrice, though she could now play you an overture, sing you a song out of many an opera with tolerable execution and many good notes in her voice, still, she could neither help or direct the cooking of even the plainest dinners, or could she mend her father's linen or even iron his shirts. Had she been obliged to give the servant exact orders how the dinners should be cooked, I greatly fear it would have been somewhat in the fashion of a curious story I once heard respecting a very ignorant bachelor's cook, hired with a wonderful character, particularly as regarded her culinary abilities. She had, soon after her arrival, a good dinner to cook for her master's friends, and it is said she actually boiled the turbot, leg of lamb and vegetables altogether. The fragments, or rather all such portions as were not entirely spoilt, were, I believe, saved, and served up in the best way possible by a neighbour's clever wife, who volunteered her services in the hour of distress.

Captain Brown was frequently very angry at the various petty domestic miseries it was now his fate to encounter; but the predominant idea in his mind was what might eventually, with good management, be made of Beatrice's musical abilities. If they could be turned to a tolerable account, a good clever housekeeper and a respectable servant might be well afforded.

A few days after this cogitation, the captain invited some musical friends of wide-world celebrity to dine with him, "to eat his mutton and place their feet under his mahogany," as he elegantly expressed it; he asked Il Signor Marco, La Signora Monaco, and many more Signors and grand musical performers, whose names I can scarcely remember. To make wide for their proper entertainment Cap- tain Brown took very good care sometime previous to the party to beg his married daughter Judith, now Mrs. Coulson, to take the management of his house for the day, and also requested her to bring one of her own servants with her; Mr. Coulson was of course invited. Beatrice was bidden to practice her best songs most diligently. The important day arrived, the captain bought the provisions, all good of their kind, which were well cooked under the careful direction of Judith—I beg her pardon—Mrs. Coulson, who had brought with her a few trifles in the shape of pastry, creams, and fruit, which greatly added to, and smarten up, the dinner. All went off well, everything looked nice, the guests seemed satisfied with their entertainment. After tea Beatrice was desired by her father to sing to the musical judges assembled to pass sentence upon her voice; gladly would the poor girl have escaped this trying ordeal, had such a thing been possible, but Captain Brown's orders in his own family were absolute commands, not to be trifled with; so, blushing and frightened, she took her place by the piano. Il Signor Romano playing the accompaniment, she sang some Italian songs, then German, and, lastly, two English ballads. Never in outward appearance had Beatrice looked so well as she did on this evening. She was dressed in a deep blue cashmere, with some cerise ribbon in her hair, the colour contrasting well with her dark braid, the rich blushes mantling on her cheek, increased by her timidity at being obliged to sing before so many strangers, whose excellent ears would quickly discern the slightest fault. If, however, only added greatly to her good looks; it was the lispthing childish girl suddenly springing into charming womanhood. Several of the professional people assembled kindly favoured their host with some delightful music, then La Signora Monaco was obliged to leave for a private engagement at the house of a rich lady who was giving that evening a soirée musicale,
and the gentlemen returned to their punch and cigars, and the Coulsons went home.

Beatrice, the tired, the tormented Beatrice, who had received a very small meed of praise, and even thought she had detected some quizzing of her performance on the part of La Signora, heartily wished all music at the bottom of the sea, and all belonging to it in the same place, also sought her couch.

CHAP. II.

The next morning at the breakfast hour, Captain Brown very plainly informed his daughter of the verdict of the musical critics on her singing; it was not nearly as favourable a one as he had hoped; they said she had a rather powerful voice, a louder one than a lady usually possesses, but there must have been great negligence in her practicing or of her teaching, as there was a frequent want of correctness in the notes she sang. “So now, miss,” and the captain did look severe, “practice you shall much more frequently, and you must take likewise greater pains than you have hitherto done; mind, I will be obeyed, or it will be the worse for you.” Beatrice cried and trembled, for well she remembered many acts of severity she had had to endure. When she was calmer, Captain Brown continued: “Also, there is a lack of sweet notes in your voice. To supply this deficiency I have been advised to take you to the soft air of Italy; and, as I am determined nothing shall be omitted on my part to complete your musical education, I have made up my mind to the expense of taking you there, and trying if that country, so famous for improving and ameliorating harsh singing, frequently rendering the human voice flute-like and extremely harmonious, may not supply what is lacking in yours; but remember, Betty, you must really use your best endeavours, it is no use piping your eyes: do you remember the story of Malibran’s great success with the public? In spite of her magnificent voice, she often made one great mistake in a particular note, which greatly offended the fine taste of her musical father, at length, so enraged was he at not being able to cure her of this defect, that he vowed the very next time he caught her so tripping, he would cut her throat. One night at the opera she again transgressed. In accidentally turning round, her quick eye caught sight of her father standing at the side scene with an open knife in his hand, with a furious look and menacing gesture, ready to receive her on her exit. So terrified was Malibran, that her scream of natural terror brought forth such high notes, and no doubt many very sweet ones, that her success was complete after that night. I do not say I will either stab you or cut your throat, but mark my words, if I catch you idle or not trying your hardest in Italy, I promise you a rare good thrashing, and no mistake.” So saying, the captain went to arrange about giving up the tenancy of his small house in the suburbs of London, and soon after father and daughter left England for the sunnier climate of the South.

A long and tedious journey, and they arrived at Leghorn, and soon after at Sienna, where it had been settled before leaving England they should locate themselves at the house of La Signora Angelina Ginbeletti, a widow, and distant relative of Signor Romano’s, whose son, being now at home on account of delicacy of health, would also be an advantage, “For the Signor,” he added, “would, most likely, for a very small consideration, instruct La Signorina Beatrice, no one could do it better.”

The captain and his daughter found themselves comfortably lodged at La Signora Ginbeletti’s sunny house: to the gentleman she gave a most comfortable bed-room on the ground-floor, while Beatrice had her youthful wishes gratified by possessing a much larger apartment than she had ever before enjoyed all to herself, with a bed etc., in an alcove, behind a curtain, which could at pleasure be drawn, so forming a very pleasant sitting-room; the prospect from the windows was also a most lively one. In addition to these rooms, the Brown’s were allowed the privilege of sitting, when they liked it, in the public drawing-room. The meals were taken with the family and the other lodgers, in the dining-room.

Beatrice’s musical instruction commenced soon after her arrival. Captain Brown was frequently present during these lessons. Her new master was most attentive and painstaking in his instructions, often watching her practicing. She did her best, fearing her father’s angry frowns when she made the slightest mistake. Occasionally she was taken to see the far-famed beautiful Florence, and to the opera to improve her ear, which was, to tell the truth, a little faulty.

The young girl, on the whole, enjoyed herself at Sienna, which is a pretty place, but being situated on the declivity of a mountain, the streets are very steep, and it is one continual going up and down hill, there is much to see, some of the churches are well worth a visit; the marble fountain in Piazza del Campo is very curious, and the wolf on the granite column near it is interesting from the legend attached to it of its being the representation of the one who suckled Romulus and Remus; there are also many fine public buildings.

Beatrice was taken many pleasant walks by her father, and shown all that was worth seeing, though still obliged to devote many hours a day to an accomplishment she did not like, and in which she could not take that interest which would have been the most likely means for her to have excelled in it; yet still Beatrice, like most young girls, was delighted with the novelty of being abroad, and the immense change of scene from London to Sienna; also she was now free of the burden of housekeeping, which had kept her in a constant state of agitation and
alarm, since Judith's marriage had taken place and the reins of domestic management had been handed over to her. She had been very heedless, constantly forgetting her father's orders respecting some favourite dish, or spoiling it in the preparation, so that at their English home the dinner-hour was one continued scene of terrific explosions of anger on the Captain's part, tears, trembling excuses, and promises of more attention for the future on Beatrice's. Now, all this misery was at last at an end. Il Signor Alberto Ginbeletti was a more gentle, good-natured master than her late one; his mother, La Signora, was kind and obliging, most anxious to meet the wishes and please the tastes of the various inmates. With all this it is not therefore surprising that the exchange from the smoky atmosphere of London to that of the pure air of Italy was not a little exhilarating to Beatrice's youthful spirits.

One bright sunny day, in the beginning of February, when all looked gay and cheerful, giving the promise of spring, Beatrice stole away from her daily practising of music and, book in hand, ensconced herself in the recess of her warm bed-room window, basking herself in the pleasant sunshine. Her father had gone to Florence for the day, so Il Signor Ginbeletti was ill, so she could fearlessly give herself up to the idle pleasure of watching the many passers-by. Many she saw, about whom she did not care in the least, saw nothing in them at all interesting, but after sitting an hour thus amusing herself, she observed a young officer ride past, his horse suddenly starting just as he approached the window where Beatrice sat. Their eyes met, and, with this quick exchange of glances, she caught one of evident admiration, from such a pair of beautiful, dark, expressive eyes, as only Italy can produce; he bowed, and continued on his way. Beatrice knew it was wrong, thus to look at, and return the salutation of, a perfect stranger, but still she did it; and, in the secret recess of her youthful heart, there lurked an ardent wish to see the stranger of the bright eyes again.

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CHAP. III.

A few days after this occurrence, Beatrice was asked one morning by La Signora Ginbeletti if she would like to accompany her that evening to a concert, having just had two tickets given her; she regretted she had not another to offer the Captain. No objection was made, many thanks given, and Beatrice was only too happy to have this amusement, and escape the constant weary long games of backgammon and drafts, that she was always called upon to play with her father, to amuse him on those evenings he spent at home.

Beatrice devoted some time to the arranging her glossy dark hair in the most becoming manner: she tried various different ways before she was quite satisfied with the effect produced. Then she looked over her wardrobe, which, it must be confessed, was but a scanty one; at last she chose a rather handsome black silk dress. To relieve this dark colour, she placed some crimson velvet in her hair, fastened her small lace collar with her best brooch, and throwing over her shoulders a white cashmere red cloak, likewise trimmed with crimson, Judith's parting gift, she left with La Signora for the concert.

They arrived early, but a short time after the concert had commenced she perceived the handsome officer enter, and she could plainly see he looked much at her. During a short interval while the performers rested after their labours, Beatrice saw him bow to her chaperon, who, returning it, offered him a vacant seat by her side; thus was Beatrice introduced to the young stranger by the name of Antonio Fiengo. He was, she found, a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, the headquarters being at Florence; he was on a furlough, and happened to be in Sienna. Delighted was the young girl to become a little acquainted with this good looking Italian. Still, as it is not the custom abroad for a young gentleman to converse with a young unmarried lady, very few words passed between them; but there is in all countries the male language of the eyes, and, as has been said before, Antonio fixed his on Beatrice, and the expressive ones, with all the fire, and yet at times all the melting softness so peculiar to the south. After this, Beatrice met Antonio with La Signora twice in coming out of the beautiful cathedral, where they had gone for early mass: he joined them there. Also one day when she was shopping with Bettina (La Signora's active maid), though on this last occasion he only bowed, he yet contrived, unseen by the maid, to slip into her hand a tiny note.

To rush up into her room was the affair of a moment to the young girl: she read it with eager eyes and a beating heart. It was an ardent request that she would meet him the next morning at a tolerable early hour at a public walk in Sienna, at that hour generally deserted; but to conform to Italian customs, of which, as he expressed it, in his own flowery language, as a beautiful English girl she might be totally ignorant, it would be as well if she brought a servant with her. She then remembered having heard that even allied lovers, with the full consent of their parents, never meet without the presence either of a mother, grandmother, or some discreet female relative, to afford a proper protection to the betrothed. Beatrice felt most agitated at the reading of these few lines, which, the help of a dictionary, and the little Italian she had already learnt, enabled her to pretty well comprehend. The next morning she remembered her father mentioning his intention of going out for the day with some friends, so one grand difficulty was removed; but then arose the question in her mind, ought she to meet a young man, whom she had never but a few times, with whom she had so tender
an acquaintance, and that principally consisting of looks of admiration; certainly La Signora Ginbeletti had spoken well of him, as they returned the evening of the concert, saying she had known him from a child, he was always amiable, and bore a good character in Sienna. She had likewise known his mother many years ago, but still neither Beatrice or her father were really acquainted with him, to the latter he was a perfect stranger. It however must be remembered as some palliation of this girl's imprudence, that her mother had died when her daughters were still very young. Beatrice had never known a mother's tender care, or those wise gentle admonitions in riper years, that can never be so kindly given, or so well received as from a mother. A mother whom we have loved from our earliest infancy, we must believe her and obey her; other people's counsel and advice, however good and well meant, we too often set at nought. Over this little note Beatrice paused long and thoughtfully.

With her outward garments removed, her magnificent dark hair escaping from the comb which fastened it falling in luxuriant tresses around her well-formed throat, her dreamy, yet tender upturned look, she would have made a charming study for a painter. At last, after much deliberation, she considered she would not agree to this interview. How she wished she had dear Judith by her side! but then not unlikely she would pronounce a most decided negative on wishes. Then came the puzzling question, who could she take with her to this stolen meeting, for maid she had none, and even could Bettina have been spared for that hour, which she well knew she could not be, she would gladly have intrusted her secret to a strange servant, and that servant another's. At length she recollected a little girl of perhaps twelve, who for Italy was rather respectably dressed, upon the whole a genteel looking girl, at the circulating library, where sometimes hired a few French volumes, and occasionally an English one, of a light amusing kind: this girl she thought it just possible she might be able to hire for a short time. The breakfast hour was nine, therefore Beatrice fancied she might be able to arrange her intended project, as she was allowed to walk out short distances alone. It was her first love affair. Antonio was her first admirer, this the first note she had ever received from any young man, so some slight excuse may be made for her. Had she had any kind female friend or relative near her I make no doubt, although she might not formally have asked their advice, yet still she would have possibly related this affair to them, and very likely have listened to some kind word of womanly counsel. And perhaps they have been frightened from the idea of this purpose of meeting a young man, of whom she actually knew so little, and who had probably little else but a fine pair of dark eyes, and a good figure to recommend him to a fair lady's notice. The note spoke of trying to gain her favour, that after a time he might please her sufficiently to win her as his bride. Independently of any love-sick, girlish fancies, the idea of marriage was most pleasing to Beatrice, for since their residence in Italy she had only felt a still more decided repugnance than ever to the operatic life carved out for her by her father. Music was no real pleasure to her, she never felt like those persons to whom it is an all-absorbing delight. There are people who can sit entranced over the notes of some beautiful air; who can remain for hours spell-bound, realising in music the most charming images of poetry, or composing beautiful variations forgetting time, hunger, everything, over their all-absorbing occupation. Beatrice felt not like this; she learnt her lessons, vocal and instrumental, as a task, and having played her allotted time, was only too pleased to run like a child to her book or fancy work. She found her dislike to her future public life increase daily: one day she had even endeavoured to alter her father's firm determination as regarded her musical career. Bracing up her nerves, she informed him of her great dislike to become a public singer. She was quickly silenced by his angry tones and loud voice: "Well Betty" (so he spoilt her pretty name), "you must be a greater goose than ever I took you for, after all the trouble I have had with you, having but one end in view, having spent lots of good money upon masters to teach you your do-re-me-fas, a pretty round sum first and last I can tell you, and my money was hardly earned too; and now this journey to Italy, all undertaken for your voice, can you for one minute think that I could agree to this sad waste of time and money? No, it is but fair now that I should have some return for what I have spent. I have had much trouble to keep you to your practice, and now you want me to sacrifice everything to your absurd whims, all I have laid out in hope of future gain to be a dead loss to me. What uncommon fools girls are! I must have no more such childish nonsense, you will of course do as you are bid, you will find a singer a very pleasant life, and if ever you have the good luck to become a prima donna, our fortune will be made, your life will then be one great success." Beatrice dared not speak any more upon this subject to her father, she saw that any further endeavours to shake his resolution.
would be worse than fruitless, and only expose her to angry reproaches, but her own wishes remained the same; therefore in marriage, and in marriage alone could she see any escape from the life in store for her, a life she was sure she should hate.

The interview took place at the appointed hour. As a great favour for a very small consideration, she was allowed to hire Paulina, the little girl she had remarked at the library, for an hour. No sooner had Beatrice reached the walk named, than she saw Antonio holding a lovely bouquet in his hand, which he presented to her, profusely rendering her a thousand thanks, uttered in the soft, pretty words of his own language, expressing his deep-felt gratitude for the great honour she had so kindly conferred on him by giving him this meeting. How long this interview would have lasted it is impossible to say, had they not been interrupted by Paulina’s telling them she was sure the hour was nearly spent, and the Padrone would be inquiring after her. This of course brought all this pleasant meeting to an abrupt termination. As a matter of precaution, they each walked off in different directions, but before they parted they had agreed to meet when possible. This on Beatrice’s side was a very difficult matter to arrange; it was however settled that every morning at about half-past nine, when the movements of her father and the plans of the day would be pretty well known, she was to place a single flower in a niche of the open window of her bedroom, if she believed she could give Antonio a meeting. If impossible, no flower was to appear; she was generally in her room at this hour, breakfast being then finished.

CHAP. IV.

The winters in Italy are mild generally and of short duration. The Browns were favoured by many sunny days, at times however interspersed with cold ones; for sometimes a bitter piercing wind prevails, called the Tramontana. When it blows, those who brave it dress warmly, pulling up the collars of their cloaks to protect them from its fury. Occasionally, as the weather permitted, Captain Brown’s engagements took him to Florence, where he was sometimes tempted to pass a couple of days, or now and then he went long excursions into the country about Sienna; all these opportunities were embraced by Beatrice. On the mornings her father mentioned his intention of leaving Sienna for one of these various, before spoken of, wanderings from home, where at least he was safe for the day, the flower was regularly put in the window, and the interview between the lovers took place. It was not long before Beatrice confided to Antonio the fixed determination of her father, that as soon as her musical education was completed, and competent judges deemed it prudent, he intended to bring her out on the stage at Florence, Milan, or whatever city offered the most likely means of success. She of course mentioned her great repugnance to this plan of her father’s, she was quite certain, she added, she should be most miserable to lead such a life; she also related how she had endeavoured to shake her father’s stern resolve, but that it had been all in vain. To all this Antonio lent an attentive ear. Though young he was cautious, like his countrymen he was crafty, calculating, and fond of making money. Even into a love affair, did this young man carry out his powers of calculation, and he summed up quietly to himself what profit hereafter Beatrice’s voice might prove to him; however, he saw now he must dissimulate, it would be time enough to mention his future plans when she became his wife. So now, in the sweetest tones, he gave her all the consolation and sympathy she required in the gloomy anticipations she had expressed as to her future musical career. “Carrissima, he would exclaim with the utmost fervour, in spite of all his secret feelings in favour of the Captain’s plan, only altering the person who was thereby to be benefited by it, “carrissima!” if you will consent, if I am so far fortunate as to be able to persuade you to become my cara sposa, never shall you, my little darling, fear being dragged against your own will upon the stage of an opera house. Beatrice carrissima you shall only play for your own pleasure, when so inclined, and to delight my dear mother and myself with your bellissima voce;” adding his mother would indeed be in raptures with the charming English Signorina. “How pleased she would be with such a daughter!” Then, as to himself, he vowed with all a lover’s rapture to adore her all the days of his life, with a deep and passionate devotion such as could never be felt by any cold Englishman; then, instead of returning to live in the chilly fogs of barbarous London, she should dwell with him in Italy’s sunny clime; he would teach her his own melodious language, fit sounds to be uttered by her own pretty rosy mouth; the natural sweet words, he added, would be softened by falling from such lips.

Of course the usual amount of nonsense was spoken by this youthful pair, on these occasions, that always have been, and probably always will be, spoken in all ages by lovers.

After each interview, Beatrice felt herself becoming still more delighted with Antonio’s society. Such a strong hold had he already taken upon her affections, that, hopeless as she knew it would be, she asked her father’s consent to her marriage, or to mention in any way the affair to him, which she knew would only have the effect of putting him into a violent rage, and his preventing most likely any further intercourse between herself and Antonio—yet hopeless, therefore, as she knew her case to be, she never denied herself the pleasure of a stolen meeting whenever possible; nor did she place the slightest check over her
own feelings; in her headstrong love she totally forgot the natural and proper duty due from a child to a parent; still, in spite of her fears, and real fears they were, Beatrice felt very happy, an exquisite glamour was thrown over her whole life, everything now appeared to her une couleur de rose aspect. Love greatly adds to female beauty, often even rendering plain women pretty, at least for a time; if therefore Beatrice was handsome before, she was doubly so now. Never had her brilliant eyes looked so sparkling, or the rich red and creamy whiteness of her complexion looked so lovely. Just when she was as to outward appearance grown most attractive, Captain Brown was unexpectedly called to Ireland upon business that admitted no delay. He was therefore obliged to leave his daughter in Italy for the continuation of her musical studies.

Before his departure the Captain informed Beatrice that he had made every necessary arrangement to facilitate her obtaining an engagement at the best opera house in Florence, but of course much would depend upon the verdict given by Il Signor A——, the musical director to the manager of the famous opera house, whose opinion was all powerful. He had promised to come over one day soon to hear her sing; he regretted that he should then be absent; of course no important steps towards an engagement could take place, should she be lucky enough to please the director, till the Captain’s return to Italy. She must therefore see the absolute necessity of redoubling her usual endeavours, so that she might satisfy the correct ear of Il Signor A. He was quite sure if she wished to please her father she would do this, and the director would be perfectly contented with her vocal powers; so pleased perhaps as either to offer her an engagement, or at least a trial. It would, added Captain Brown, be a proud day for him, when he saw his own little Betty upon the stage of the grand opera: she should indeed have some beautiful smart dresses for the occasion. How he should like to hear her pipe her pretty voice amongst the finest of the Italian singers! "And you yourself," continued he, "would like well enough to be encored and applauded. Many fine big nose-gays would be thrown at your head, such as would last you in sweet smells for a month at least; now and then they would perhaps throw even a glittering bracelet and trinkum trankum ornolm trifles, perhaps some real gold things at your feet, such as you women delight in. You might get up to the top of the tree, and be so applauded, you would be the queen of the evening." So saying, Captain Brown gave his daughter a hearty embrace, bid her be good and study her music well, and left this young girl alone in a foreign country. Certainly he had not the most distant idea of her possessing even the shadow of a lover, far less that she had not only a lover, but had had many stolen meetings with him. Nay, that to this young man she had completely surrendered all her youthful affections, and that above all he was only a poor lieutenant in an infantry regiment, with little, or rather no private means: the small sum of money his widowed mother possessed would certainly eventually come to him, but not till after her death. Of all this Captain Brown was profoundly ignorant. Beatrice had certainly been much admired by the male inmates of La Signora Ginbeletti’s house, but then all these attentions had been most coldly received by the young lady. Had there been a mother, aunt, or elderly cousin of the party, the Captain might have been enlightened and his fears awakened, for men, however clever they are in many important events, showing that strong firm sense and good judgment in the affairs of life, that can never be equalled by the softer sex, yet frequently display much weakness and folly in the management of young girls. I do not of course wish to defend Beatrice’s guilty conduct, but still her youth must be remembered, her present situation was a most unprotected one, and the captain would have acted a wiser part, as they were both catholics, he should have placed her during his absence in a good convent, under the care of some pious devout Lady Abbess, where she would have been safely preserved from the possibility of seeing any young man, and have been found in proper custody upon his return. As it was, Beatrice was left to her own guidance, not having been entrusted even to the guardianship of La Signora Ginbeletti.

For the first few days after her father’s departure, the young girl diligently studied her music. The weather was rainy; and when it does rain in Italy it is rain indeed; no imitation rain or Scotch mist, but that heavy determined rain that absolutely defies your putting on your bonnet and cloak. Beatrice’s only consolation was the sitting in her solitary room when her lessons were finished, half reading her book, half idly musing over her last most interesting interview with Antonio; now and then she gazed with much tender affection upon the small pretty turquoise ring he had then placed upon her wedding finger, only to be removed by a still more precious one. This stone is frequently selected by lovers for the old superstition, that should either party prove inconstant, it will change its blue colour to a green one. With the exception of bon-bons, and various lovely bouquets, for which Italy, and particularly Florence, is so famous, this was her lover’s first gift. Beatrice possessed few trinkets: one other ring she had of hermother’s—a rather heavily-shaped sapphire, set round with pearls. Of broaches she was only the mistress of two: her best was a coral one set in the old-fashioned manner, peculiar to thirty or forty years ago. So, independently of more tender feelings, she doubtly prized this elegant ring, as it encircled the slender finger on her well-shaped hand, for Beatrice was finely formed.

(To be continued).
A GLIMPSE OF THE DANISH CAPITAL.

BY ROLF ROMAYNE.

The home of Thorvaldsen, and the city where, amid the rocks which made him famous, the great sculptor is sleeping, contains food for more than a passing study. Already the first glimpse of it, as you enter the splendid bay, and afterwards as the steamer rounds the fortress of "Tri Krone," (three crowns) gives an admiring and favourable impression.

As you pass through the long lines of shipping of different countries which ride at anchor, the eye falls first upon the ancient ramparts, (the same that were shattered by the English in their bombardment) upon the white promenade, with its tall trees at the edge of the water, upon the royal dock with its dismasted line-of-battle ships, and upon the city itself, with its numerous spires with their gilded balls; and upon the noted buildings, among which the palace of the king stands prominent. When the steamer is within a few hundred yards of the quay, she swings around and takes her place among the other vessels, while from the stone steps which lead down to the water, a miniature fleet of boats push out to her side to convey you to the shore.

You land amid a number of officials, some of whom conduct you into yonder great building, over which a crimson flag, traversed by two white stripes at right angles, is flying. The flag is the national ensign of Denmark, and the building it covers the Custom-house, through whose gates (after a due inquisition of packages) admittance can alone be gained into his Danish Majesty's capital.

Copenhagen, devoted, as it appears, from the beginning, to commerce—since the composition of its name "Riopen" and "Haupt," would denote it to be the merchant's haven—although inhabited by a people of northern race and customs, is, nevertheless, almost as gay a city as Paris itself. Blessed as it is with a delightful view out upon the harbour, and a fertile expanse of country beyond its walls, with theatres, museums, and galleries of art; with a well-known university, fine music, and the hitherto unequalled garden for the recreation of the public, called the Tivoli; it merits the rank in polish, culture, and refinement of the Queen City of the North.

The Tivoli just spoken of is the great feature of the city, which is not wanting in monuments of interest. In the minds of many it is the strongest link which binds their memories to days spent in Denmark. Many a Romeo has met by day his Juliet under the delightful shadows of the trees which overhang some of the pathways; and scores of happy pairs have paced its paths by moonlight to the sound of music artistically concealed by the foliage. But to describe it may perhaps be a more difficult task than to praise it.

It might suffice to say, that a company of gentlemen, having purchased a garden, through which flows a tiny river, have gradually been changing it to the charming resort, where aristocratic strangers and natives and the humblest classes of the people mingle unrestrained every evening with equal delight. Since it has been laid out, there have been erected, in tasteful style, concert-rooms, a theatre, a circus, Russian mountains, carrousels, refreshment-houses, bazaars, fountains, shooting and bowling galleries, in fact, almost every thing to gratify the eye and ear of the richest and poorest, highest and lowest.

The best means of understanding the truly unique and comprehensive plan of this establishment, is for the reader to suffer himself to be conveyed, if not in reality, at least in imagination, through it.

Crossing one of the bridges at the outskirts of the town, he will notice a high mast, crowned with flags of every nation, just emerging from the waving branches of tall trees in the distance. Were no cicerone at hand to impart the information, he might easily divine from the crowd of people going in that direction that he was near the Tivoli. Advancing along a shaded avenue, he sees at the left hand a gate, whose arch bears the inscription: "Vauxhall and Tivoli," to the right and left are ticket-houses, in the centre a barrier, on each side of which stands a boy dressed in Zouave costume, being a detachment from the Boy Zouave Guard, whose parades and guard duties are one of the features of the garden.

Paying the moderate sum of a marc, equivalent to about fivepence, and passing between these youthful militaires, whose arms have known as yet neither Magentas or Palestras, you enter, taking to yourself as you do so a large square programme, to which, bewildered by the sight of so many amusements, you are sure soon to refer. You may notice upon it: at seven, concert, first part; at half-past seven, pantomime; at eight, circus; at nine, theatre; at ten, a display of fireworks, etc., etc. Strolling then forward to obtain a general view and impression of the Tivoli, you perceive at the left in a kind of amphitheatre, formed by the terrain, a stage with all the accessories of a theatre. A little farther on is a pretty concert-hall, built in the Moorish style. In its interior, together with much other tasteful decoration, the walls bear the escutcheons of all civilized countries, among which the American sees, with no
little pride, the “glorious eagle,” bearing the symbol of all his mighty confederacy.

A sufficient space is devoted to the orchestras, under the direction of a popular leader, whose delightful “motives” and dance-music are there certainly well appreciated and patronized. Chairs are provided for everyone, and these concerts alone, where the audience are quiet and respectable, and where the music is interpreted, by well-trained artists, strangers often declare worth much more than the fee for admission to the garden.

Beyond the concert-hall are the banks of a little river, and boats with gay awnings, prepared to take you on a trial-trip down its waters. In the middle of the widest part is a charming isle rising in the form of a hill, with a concert-room on the top, which you reach by crossing a bridge and mounting through zig-zag paths screened with trees to the summit. At a short distance you notice the Russian mountains, one of the greatest sources of amusement to those who are not timid and love exhilarating motion.

Before you, separated by a long interval, are two large amphitheatres connected by winding roads for small carriages, which, leaving the summit of one, first descend rapidly in curved lines some distance, rising then again by the impetus they have attained nearly to the top of the other tower. The mountains (there are two of these side-by-side) are so constructed that while the wagons descend in swift succession, they are mounting on the other with equal rapidity. Much shriveling is at first indulged in by the female occupants of the vehicles, but their sterner companions generally succeed by their heroic examples in quelling their alarms, whether real or fictitious. These mountains are naturally summer resorts of those who restore warmth to the blood and animation to the spirits of boyards and mujiks in the depth of piercing winters by the Neva.

Near these is a circular inclosure, to which four outer passages give admission. If you chance to enter, drawn thither by some sudden outburst of applause, you will find seats arrayed in amphitheatre form, and in the midst perhaps some fair equestrienne, resplendent in rouge and tinsel, poised lightly upon the point of a satin shoe, and flying in graceful attitudes around the ring amid the plaudits of spectators, a great body of whom are enthusiastic students. The equestrian performances may not always be of unsurpassable order, nor the couriers endowed with the fire of the full-blooded Arabian, nor yet the accessories be in a line with those of the Paris Hippodrome. But the crowds of both sexes who fill up every available standing-place around the inclosure show that this open-air circus is not to be despised, since it is at least popular.

The little theatre near the gate is principally in use for pantomime. The Pierrot, who shares each night its performance with Harlequin, Columbine, etc., has the most sublime faculty of contortions of the visage we ever remember to have met with. It would go hard with either an American Indian, a Genuet pastor, or a Greek patriarch, if he were not forced into laughter by the outrageous leer, the knowing contraction of the eye, and the irresistible grin of this funniest of Merry Andrews. Also, thick persons are invariably taken with a fit of choking, thinner ones with one of ague (provided they hold their ground), while the faces of the younger familien parties are touched with the most wonderful and delightful manner. Singularly enough, the individual who answers for all this spasmodical cackhinition is afflicted with a profound melancholy. The people are considerably interested about this person, although they say well, that in view of the number of necks he nightly puts in danger, his mournful feelings are no subjects of wonder.

After this little theatre come in second line the concert-rooms, in each of which are song-stressers who sing to instrumental accompaniment, songs in the Danish, Swedish, German, &c. Of course all are not equally good, and the little room on the island before-mentioned, seems to be more attractive than any of the others, partly from its delightful situation, partly from the beauty and talent of the vocalists.

Should you, however, after leaving the droll representation of Pierrot, desire to hear music rather among the trees than in the blazing gas-light, you may wander along the walk under the prettily-arranged grove, numbers are enjoying it from a band, rendered by the thick shrubbery invisible. Several walks, skirted with bowers, and, in the centre of all, a rustic house for refreshment, afford in this direction pleasure to many a day-worn artisan, as well as many a refined beauty.

Reader, you will now suppose, after such a diversity of amusement, that you have exhausted the lists of entertainments at this garden, almost as productive as the lamp of Aladdin itself. It is not so. In addition to the final display of fireworks, which on remarkable occasions is a very grand one, you may see if you wish it the tombola (lottery), the menagerie, and the aviary, not to mention the parachute ascensions, and other features introduced for the sake of variety; while, if you should come on some ensuing evening, you may yet discover some nook or corner which had at first escaped your attention. This is the much and justly celebrated Tivoli, the beau ideal of a public garden, neither inaccessible from its price nor unattainable by reason of its vulgarity: the resort of all citizens, where even the king has sometimes honoured his subjects with his presence among them, as we witnessed on the evening of his birthday, when lamps of every colour shed their light among the trees and from the buildings, and his Majesty sat down to a banquet to which all might purchase access. It is the means of passing agreeably many a long summer evening, and almost a sure meeting-place for friends and acquaintances, while it brings to the proprietors a very large and gratifying revenue. So great,
Mary Dyer’s Martyrdom.

MARY DYER’S MARTYRDOM.

BOSTON, JUNE FIRST, 1653.

With his household, quaint and simple,
In his manly prime,
By the fire-light sat a Quaker,
In the winter time;
Moved in feeling by the pealing
Of the Christmas chime:
Little looked he to the outward;
Feasts and holy days,
To his inward faith and worship,
Were as worldly ways;
But he scoffed not at the symbols
Of the people’s praise.
Little loved he art or music,
And his fire-light falls,
In fantastic shape and semblance,
O’er ungarthewed walls:
But he loved the blessed teaching
Which the chime recalls.
All so still he sat, and solemn,
While his own high thought,
Throned upon his ample forehead,
Such a stillness wrought,
That the mystic spell of Silence
All around him caught.
Sweetly looked they in that circle,
Wife and children three;
Two brave boys beside the mother
Hushed their boyish glee;
And a fair young girl was kneeling
At her father’s knee.

“Father, tell us of the Quakers,”
(Did the children say),
“How the cruel Pilgrim rulers
Drove the Friends away;
Tell us how they whipped and killed them
In that olden day,
When they hung poor Mary Dyer—
Cruel men were they.”

Fearful was the inward conflict
Ere he made reply,
For his nature, brave and martial,
Broke so bold and high
Into flame along his forehead,
Lightning from his eye,
As the martyrs of his people
Passed in spirit by,
Looked he like a warrior waiting
For the battle-cry.
So the fiery indignation
Through his pulses run,
For a moment, ere the Christian
Triumphed o’er the Man;
And his tones were deep and thrilling
As the tale began:

“Sate the Puritanic rulers,
In a stately row,
Endicott, with scowl and scowring
On his lip and brow,
While the herd of vulgar bigots
Thronged the court below;
Then came Michelson the Marshal,
Filled with savage ire,
Through the motley crowd of gazers,
Thrusting Mary Dyer,
With her quiet, grave demeanour,
In her quaint attire;
As the people pressed assunder
Round her footsteps close,
From the bar she gazed serenely
O’er a host of foes;
Then the clerk commanding silence,
Endicott arose:

“Are you that same Mary Dyer,
With blasphemous breath,
Whom our erring mercy saving
From the gulf beneath,
Banished from the jurisdiction
Under pain of death?”

“Calm and steadfast then she answered:
‘Truly I am she,
Whom your General Court appointed
To the gallows-tree,
Where ye sent our faithful martyrs
When ye banished me.
Lo! I come again to bid ye
Set God’s servants free!’

“By the council that condemned you
You were fairly tried;
And we re-affirm the sentence,’”
Endicott replied;
‘In the prison until morning
Safely you abide;
Then be hanged upon the gallows
Where your brethren died.
Look not for a second respite—
Hope for aid from none;
Fixed the awful fate that waits you
With to-morrow’s sun.”

“Then,” replied she, slow and solemn,
‘Let God’s will be done;
To the power that kills the body
He hath bid us yield;
Weapons of a carnal warfare
Are not ours to wield;
He will clothe us in His armour—
Guard us with His shield.”

“Then she seemed to rise in stature,
And her look was high;
And there was a light of glory
Beaming from her eye,
As she were by angel-presence
Touched by prophecy.”
Mary Dyer's Martyrdom.

179

Startled by the transformation
Sate the rulers proud;
Wondering at her awful beauty
Gazed the vulgar crowd;
While her words went through the stillness,
Ringing clear and loud.

"Now I feel prophetic visions
Filling all my soul;
In their light the mists and shadows
From the future roll.
I see a power arising
Ye shall not control;
E'en the Lord of Hosts, in mercy,
Seeking all your land;
Judge and ruler, priest and people,
In His presence stand;
And your boasted power He holdeth
In His mighty hand.

Cease your cruel persecutions
 Ere these days expire,
And He cometh in His judgments
With consuming fire,
As of old He came to Edom,
To Sidon and to Tyre,
And ye reap a bloody harvest,
Reap as ye have sown,
And the lofty spires ye builded
Reel and thunder down,
And the woe of desolation
Fills your ruined town;
In deserted habitations
Ouly Death may dwell,
When God leaveth no one living
Of His wrath to tell.
Cease, oh! cease your persecutions—
All may yet be well.'
So she ended. Awe and silence
Over the council fell.

"And did God," asked little Mary,
"All the town destroy?"
"Wait and hear the story ended,"
Said the elder boy:
"If they ceased their persecutions,
God would not destroy."

"At the marshal's brutal summons
Came she firm and meek,
Saying: 'All this show to escort
One so poor and weak?'
But they beat the drums the louder
When they heard her speak.

"Arms were clashing, eyes were flashing,
In that thick array,
As the Puritan exulting
Rode along the way;
For he led the hated Quaker
To her death that day.
Where they men, brave men, and noble,
Chivalrous and high.
Marshalled thus against a Woman,
And no champion by?
Were they husbands, sons, and fathers,
And their households nigh.
When they led a wife and mother
For her faith to die?

"On the scaffold Mary Dyer
Stood steadfast now
With the Martyr's crown of glory
Kindling round her brow:

And her meek face bent in pity
On the crowd below;
Then Priest Wilson, full of scornings,
Cried: 'Repent! Repent!'
But she answered: 'I have sought you,
By our Father sent;
Sought you, persecutors,
That you might repent!'

"Will you leave us, leave us ever,
Vex us no more,
If your vagrant life we give you,
As we gave before:
To your distant home and kindred
Once again restore?"

"Moved the mighty deep within her
For a little space,
And a surge of human feeling
Broke across her face;
Then out-shone the greater glory
Of the heavenly grace,
As all loves of earth desceeded
To their lower place,
Seemed she in transfiguration;
Such a light was shed,
Like a halo from her spirit
Round about her head,
That o'er all the ghastly gibbet
The effulgence spread.

Then one Webb, the sally captain,
Rising, roughly said:
'Mary be your blood upon you;
Falsely you are led;
By the Law, which you have broken,
Not to us, 'tis shed.'
And he gave the fearful signal,
While she meekly bowed;
Fell the fatal drop beneath her;
Women shrieked aloud,
And a cold and dismal shudder
Ran through all the crowd.

"For the people stood awe-stricken
When the deed was done;
Some who seemed to feel a shadow
Stealing o'er the sun,
Feared the dreadful day of vengeance
Had at that hour begun;
Some believed they saw the spirit
With their outward eyes,
In its shining shape and semblance
Glorified, arise,
With a slow majestic motion
Floating to the skies;
Ever upward, upward ever,
Starlike, out of view,
Smiling as it joined the angels,
Smiling still, adieu;
And all these believed the martyr's
Faith and word were true."

* Mary Dyer was the wife of a reputable inhabitant of Rhode-Island, and the mother of several children. Believing it to be her duty to accompany two friends to Boston, to induce the authorities to repeal the sanguinary laws against Quakers and other dissenters, they went there in September, 1659. The three were arrested for being Quakers, tried as heretics, and banished under pain of death, being allowed two days to depart. Found subsequently, Mary Dyer and one other were hanged.
ELIZABETH ELSTOB, THE SAXONIST.
Outlines of the Life of a Learned Lady, in the (so-called) Augustan Age of English Literature.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

CHAP. I.

On the morning of the 20th of October, 1672 (vide Parish Register), the bells of Allhallows Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were ringing uneasily in honour of the wedding of Ralph Elstob, merchant-clothier, and Jane Hall, a merchant's daughter of the same town. In those days, it is probable that the affections played a more active part in matrimony than at present. At any rate, men in the middle ranks of life did not make the possession of £300 a year a sine qua non before entering the holy state, or mock the purity of the institution by bestowing on the woman so honoured in the "St. Luke's little summer" which precedes the winter of age; the reversion of their remains, moral and physical.

Young people desirous of making the journey of life together, were fain to start, like other travellers in those bygone days, betimes in the morning, when the shadows are shortest; content to help each other through difficult places, and if some "weary all hill" lay in their way, the view from its summit became the fitter for the mutual struggle it had cost them to reach it, every step of which could be recalled with all the loving words of encouragement, the fond looks, and hand-in-hand endeavours by which they had helped and urged each other up the toilsome way. Not that any impediments seem to have blocked the path to prosperity in the case of the young merchant, who at twenty-three years of age was upon himself the cares of husbandhood. He probably inherited, as the eldest son, his father's business, his only brother of whom we find any mention being in the church.

Like all persons of good descent, Ralph Elstob and his wife were proud of their mutual pedigrees. The Elstobs derived their name from a village in the county of Durham, and were proprietors of land, and residents in the neighbouring hamlet of Foxden for many centuries. A record is still extant in the Herald's Office, of a grant of land from Wm. De la More Master of the Knights Templars, 1304, to Adam Elstob, on the payment of 24s. to their house at Shoten. While Mrs. Elstob, as her after-celebrated daughter loved to recollect, in the days of her prosperity, traced her origin to the old kings of Wales. She was descended from the famous Brockmayr Ysgithrog, or Brockwell, a British prince who was present at the slaughter of the monks of Bangor, mentioned by Bede and other historians.

In our own young days it was customary in Kent, and maybe elsewhere in England, for persons of the rich yeoman class to have their "coat of arms" hanging framed and glazed in the best parlour—a goodly custom that I could fancy obtained in the home of the young merchant-clothier, and inspired his children with an early sense of the respectability involved in the possession.

In the year after their marriage, the birth of a son (William, whose name as a Saxonist is twin in fame with his sister's) must have perfected the domestic happiness of the young couple; but though we incidentally hear of the existence of another son further on in our history; no mention is made of an increase to their family till the birth of Elizabeth, on the 29th of September, 1653.

Everything seems to have promised prosperity to the little girl. Wealth and honours had flowed in upon Ralph Elstob, who is now one of the incorporated company of "merchant adventurers," and in this same year has had the honour of the Shrievalty of Newcastle conferred upon him by his fellow-townsmen in testimony of their respect, and his own deservings.

The merchant's house was situated in the then suburban parish of St. Nicholas, and the pinnacled tower and flying steeple of the ancient church, which stands on the site of the old Roman wall, must have been one of the earliest objects with which the Elstob children were acquainted. Here they were christened, and here lie buried the merchant and his wife.

The stately church, the storied tombs within it, the traditional beacon-light that had formerly burned in the lantern-tower, the annual ringing of the pancake-bell at noon on Shrove-Tuesday, with many other local customs and old-world traditions, may insensibly have moulded the taste of the brother and sister for those antiquarian studies with which they subsequently became so deeply imbued, for it is curious how much our very early associations and surroundings affect our future predilections and pursuits. A love of learning on the mother's side seems to have been inherent in the children. Nichols,* author of the "Anecdotes, states that she was related to Dr. Hicks, of Oxford, the well-known Saxonist, but no

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* It appears, from a careful examination of the letters (Ballard's), and the scanty autographic sketch of E. E.'s life, that Dr. Hicks was no relation whatever. The passage in a letter of E. E.'s, which doubtless led to the supposition runs something in this way: "I send you [Mr. Ballard] some portraits—one of dear Dean Hicks. I think you will like to see a likeness of my grandfather; he was remarkable for the sweetness of his countenance."
Elizabeth Elstob, the Saxonist.

proof of it appears in the Ballard MSS., whence almost all that is known of the Elstobs is taken. That he was on intimate terms of friendship with her is evident, and this friendship was shared not only with her husband, but continued to their children, in whose pursuits and welfare the doctor's correspondence exhibits his active and unflagging interest.

Her daughter has described Mrs. Elstob as a woman of pious and studious habits, a great admirer of learning in others—especially in her own sex. From her, in all probability, her little son received his first mental impressions, and her conversation would naturally lead to precocity of intellect, and a love of books. Of course the intellectual influence of such a mother would continue to make itself felt, even after he had passed into the hands of masculine teachers; and her maternal supervision and assistance would only cease on his removal to Eton, in 1684, when his little sister had seen but one birthday, and he himself was only eleven years of age. A year later, the merchant's business began to flag, and he appointed a prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral, where we shall have to return to him by-and-by.

Thus far the Elstob family are sailing with the wind. The "merchant adventurer" (both as a citizen and an individual) has received the highest honours in the power of his fellowship: his family has done well; and now many men in commercial life have not yet rounded the "Cape of Storms," which is henceforth to be the Cape of Good Hope to them. He is happy in his home and children, and prospering in business, which incidentally we find the shrievalty has not interfered with; for in the record of local cases tried before the Mayor of Newgate, under the date of May 2nd, 1657, an apprentice is fined for abusing "a master craftsman and a soldier in Mr. Elstob's shoppe," where the latter was probably engaged in buying cloth. The honour of serving as Sheriff, however, had, in all probability, proved an expensive one. A man cannot wear the gold chain of office without other corresponding splendours in equipage and hospitality. At any rate, when twelve months later (April 13th, 1658), Ralph Elstob, Esq., passed out of the mystery of life to the deeper mystery of death at the early age of thirty-nine years, he left his family but slenderly provided for.

There is a little talk of "gentle fortune," but nothing is said of wealth, if we except a passing expression long years afterwards in Elizabeth's memoir of her brother, with regard to the conduct of his guardian, their uncle Charles, who withdrew the lad from Eton twelve months after his father's death, and entered him at "Catherine Hall," Cambridge, "in a station below his corresponding splendours in equipage and hospitality." Probably as a sizer. At this season of sorrow and trial the widowed mother seems to have endeavoured to wean her thoughts from the premature grave of her husband, in St. Nicholas,

by occupying herself with the education of her little daughter. The child discovered an aptitude for learning, and this love of books, she herself tells us, her mother fostered. Dr. Hicks, too, on the occasions of his visits, or by letter, would probably prescribe the little maiden's intellectual pabulum; for in those days, though education (so called) was not so common as in our own, where real knowledge and mental cultivation were meant, it was more thorough—at least in the case of women. It was also less conventional, and parents did not leave it wholly to a teacher's system; but thought it of sufficient importance to make it a matter of consideration to their relatives and friends when they possessed learned or clever ones, and took counsel with them as to matter and methods—an old-fashioned idea, as we may learn from the letters of Pliny, the younger, who was not unfrequently consulted thereon. One day, not more than three years after her father's death, the little girl closed her book at her mother's side, and her lessons there were all ended. Mrs. Elstob, left behind her the "handsome and young (1691-2), leaving Elizabeth, then eight years of age, to the guardianship of her uncle, Charles Elstob, who, as a prebend of the cathedral, appears to have resided at Canterbury, till his patron, Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset (to whom he was chaplain), on becoming Chancellor of the University, preferred him to the living of Tellington, in Sussex, where he subsequently resided, except when obliged to visit Canterbury.

To a girl at any age the loss of such a parent as we imagine Mrs. Elstob to have been, is the greatest misfortune that can befall her; and in this light Elizabeth Elstob never ceased to regard her mother's death. There had been not only the tie of the most tender relationship between them, but, as far as it could exist in persons of such a different age, a similarity of taste and inclination; and it is natural to believe that the widow, in her loneliness and desire to fill the place of "father and mother both," had made their companionship one of such perfect sympathy as no other's could be to her child.

Mrs. Elstob's own love of learning had been so in harmony with the little girl's predilections, and these again so in unison with her aspirations for her, that though at the period of her death, Elizabeth had only just finished her accidence of grammar, the rudiments of her extraordinary education had been acquired, and the bias given to her mental faculties.

In this true story "Uncle Charles" does not play a much more sympathetic part than that usually ascribed to guardians in melo-drama; his moral temperament seems to have been like that of his native county, which Defoe describes as hard and old; and having placed his elder, her brother William, in the lowest and cheapest grade of his college, and, "being no friend to woman's learning," he commences his rule by at once putting his veto on Elizabeth's course of education, and especially interdicted the learning of any language but her own. We
hear nothing of the prebend’s personal scholarly attainments, and he obviously has not much interest in the encouragement of learning in others. His own, and Dr. Hicks’s opinions upon these matters do not run in the same groove, and he meets the lingual cravings of his precocious little niece with the threadbare fustian of the Miltonic school, of one tongue being sufficient for a woman, and ruthlessly, but I have no doubt with what he considered great good sense, adds to the child’s loss of parent and teacher, the loss of her beloved studies also. But then we must remember that in those days, to quote the language of Macaulay, “ignorance and frivolity were thought less unbecoming in a lady than the slightest tinge of pedantry.”

There is something truly pitiable in the condition of the child at this early period of her orphanhood. The old home and all familiar things left behind, with the gracious of her parents at Newcastle, alone with strange faces and uncomprehending hearts, her grief made more poignant by her premature intelligence; and forbidden even the solace of those tasks in continuing which she was carrying out the wishes of her beloved mother. In regarding Elizabeth Elstob, even at this age, we must not measure her sensibilities and temptations by the standard of ordinary child-nature. She was older than her years, as all children are who are brought up in the companionship of grown-up people—a small, quiet, quaintly-serious child. We could imagine her fond of poring over books and pictures, and taking a silent interest in subjects usually thought too dry and difficult for the comprehension of boys or girls of her age. Those were the days when children and young persons in the presence of their elders, were expected to be “seen and not heard,” and we do not think that the little Elizabeth was likely to break the rule, while she was precisely the child to benefit by it, by unconsciously storing such crumbs of information as her uncle’s visitors let fall.

Archaeology and antiquities were at this period engrossing much of the attention of clergymen and scholars, and the conversation of visitors to Canterbury and its cathedral, must naturally have involved such subjects; even the old prebendal house within the precincts of the cathedral close, with its venerable surroundings and the adjacent (and at that time comparatively undevastated ruins) of St. Augustine’s monastery, must have fed the natural bias of her mind for ancient lore and the love of antiquity, which she subsequently developed. Her very play hours were spent amongst these objects, and we can fancy her peeping down the “dark entry” and vaulted passages, and trying to discover the mystery of half-buried doorways, closed arches, and stairs channelled in the walls, while the traditions of the cathedral itself, the old world curfew bell still solemnly sounding the edict of the Conqueror, the very wheeling and caving of the jacks and drums above bell Harry’s steeple, and its own sonorous pealing, must have made indelible impressions on such a child. One joy we know she had during the first year of her sojourn with Uncle Charles, in the birth of her cousin Elizabeth, whose baptism in the November of 1602 is recorded to have taken place at the cathedral. All little girls find a delight in babies, and this event must have helped to lighten her early troubles, throughout which she had neither the companionship or sympathy of her brother, of whom indeed at this period, she could have known very little.

A mere infant when he had left home for Eton, her opportunities of seeing him during the five years he remained there, must have been limited to his visits at vacation time, and since then he had been at Cambridge, with few opportunities of undertaking the long, hazardous and expensive journey to the north. Probably the first heartfelt recognition of their near kindred revealed itself to them on this occasion of their mother’s funeral, when their mutual tears mingled perchance above the still forrør which had embodied so much solicitude and tenderness for them both. At any rate, however much the affectionate and gentle heart of the youth might have felt and suffered for the desolation of his child sister, he was utterly unable to influence or interfere with his uncle’s plans for her.

His own situation at this period was not without its trials. He was consumptive, and the damp air of fenny Cambridge was as little agreeable to his constitution as his position was to his inclinations; his studious, sedentary life increased his tendency to disease, till at length it was necessary to remove him, and through the interest of his uncle, and probably Dr. Hicks, this was effected, and he exchanged the banks of the Cam for those of the Isis, and was entered a commoner of Queen’s College, Oxford. Here he remained for some years, engrossed in those studies which have made him famous as a scholar, and which added to his modest manners; and amiability of disposition procured him the friendship of the masters, Dr. Charllett, Dr. Hudson, and others, through whom he was elected in 1696 Fellow of University College. During the latter portion, if not the whole of this time, it is probable that instead of accompanying her uncle’s family to the Sussex parsonage, Elizabeth remained at school in Canterbury, in one of the stately old “pensions” patronized by the county families, and the fame of which had not departed in our grandmother’s days.

We gather indirectly that her education proceeded in the interim, upon the then usual model for young ladies of good birth and circumstances, a scheme much more liberal than we can imagine a country village like Tellington could have afforded, and she kept up in after years an intercourse with families in the ancient city and its neighbourhood, which looks like the maintenance of old associations and acquaintances. But instead of those lingual exercises for which she longed (for we are told that from an early age
Elizabeth Elstob, the Saxonist,

she exhibited a special aptitude for the acquisition of languages, the spinnet, the pencil, the dancing master, and all the petty pretty frivolity with which the needle, scissors, and tambour-frame filled up the indoor hours of a gentlewoman a century and a half ago, were imposed upon her. In drawing she appears to have made great progress; she was fond of it, and subsequently turned her skill to good account in the decorations of her works, and in delineating illuminated type from ancient MSS. &c. She also, as we incidentally learn, acquired the arts of spinning and knitting, humble acquisitions when put in the place of literary studies, but which afterwards proved a very serviceable kind of knowledge to her. Indeed, I doubt if it is right to call any manner of information, any power of hand, or brain unworthy, for it not unfrequently happens that the most simple and despised of our attainments, is the one which at some period of our lives, is of the most practical use to us. But her natural inclination and persistent desire for the study of languages at length conquered; she had found out that they might be self taught, and her guardian, feeling it useless to deny her under these circumstances, reluctantly permitted her the pleasure of learning French. This seems to have been the only language besides her own in which she had made any proficiency at the period of her joining her brother at Oxford. An event the precise date of which I am unable to fix; but Nichols, the apprentice, and subsequent partner of the famous Bowyer, the publisher, who personally knew them, tells us she was a mere girl at the time; and judging from the tenderly affectionate disposition of William Elstob, nothing is more probable than that he should desire to take her under his care as soon as his circumstances would permit of it. This would be on the attainment of his fellowship in 1696, but as Elizabeth was not much more than thirteen years old, it is probable that she did not leave school till 1698, when she was twenty-five years of age, and she between fifteen and sixteen—an age which exactly tallies with Nichol’s description.

In this year other cares are pressing on the young man beside the guardianship of his sister, business of an unpleasant nature has brought him to London from his quiet rooms in "University"; and we find him writing, May 14th, 1698, to his friend, Dr. Charlelt, "from Mr. Pains, in Cursitor Alley, near the Stone-cutters," of family trouble and great sorrow, "and all this," he says, "has been occasioned by some evil course which my brother has fallen into through the means of ill-company, which has withdrawn him from his obedience to his captain; but, what is worst of all, he is not to be seduced or made willing to prevent his own ruin. I would fain, after so much time and endeavour laid out on him, effect somewhat for his advantage, but fear I shall be forced to leave him without success." Evidently this brother is the "nee’r-do-well" of his family, the broès, the "thorn in the flesh," through which the quiet student life of William and Elizabeth Elstob is to suffer disturbance and inquietude.

What his profession was, we do not learn; in all probability, being wild and wilful, he had, with the usual predilection of such lads in seaport towns, quitted school, and the guardianship of his uncle, for the adventurous life of a sailor. He may have recklessly entered without regard to the proprieties in the first craft that offered—a cabin-boy in a Newcastle-coller, for instance; and his friends, finding it hopeless to dissuade him from his purpose, may have done all in their power to place him in a better position, and more respectable grade of the Merchant Navy, for we know that in neither of the Royal Services would disobedience to his captain have been condoned.

In all probability he had returned from a foreign voyage to the port of London, to fall in with the "evil company" that William Elstob complains of; for it is obvious that he was in town at the above date, and that William had been summoned thither to remonstrate with him, and, if possible, prevent the consequences of his perverseness and folly. Singularly enough, throughout the Elstob correspondence, we find no farther mention of this brother: whether he settled abroad, or, accepting the fate his own inferior nature and recklessness provided for him, sank into hopeless courses, and at length shook off all intercourse with his family, we know not. His future is as much hidden from us as his existence had been previous to this cursory and unsatisfactory mention of him.

At the date of this visit, London, and the roads to it, were beset with dangers and annoyances. The peace had added to the ranks of foot-pads and highwaymen; many desperate persons, who, being discharged from the army and without any calling or means of livelihood, had, in the language of the craft, "taken to the road," which, however divergent, seem in their case ultimately to lead Westward-ho! * While the travelling conditions of the highways, even in the immediate vicinity of Town, are best illustrated by the fact that, some years after the date of William Elstob’s journey, the King’s death was not so much to be attributed to the stumbling of his horse "Sorrel" on a mole-hill in Hampton Park, by which his collarbone was broken, as to the jolting of the coach on the rugged road to Kensington, which made it necessary to reduce the fracture again. Nor did this accident lead to any improvement of them, for we find Mrs. Pendarves writing from Dublin, thirty two-years afterwards, that the roads in Ireland were better than those at home.

In London the streets were not safe even in broad day; murders and robberies were frequent; and, if one escaped from professional thieves and cut-throats, shooting and sword exercise were so much in vogue with every class

* The slang phrase for Tyburn.
of the community, that a man of peace had not only to be upon his guard in passing through the streets, but, out of his own set, to count his words before uttering them in coffee-houses or taverns, lest he should have a quarrel fathered on him by some one or other of these warlike gentry, just to enable him to settle a question of practical skill in the use of his weapon, "pinking" especially being just then in the very bloom of fashion.

Other adventures, just as little to the taste of a shy, grave man of studious habits, offered themselves on every hand—for the galanties and gallantries of the upper classes of society permeated all grades of it, and city maids and "city madams," in adopting the sacque and mask of the ladies of fashion west of Temple Bar, adopted the easy morals, which, according to some scandalous writers on these articles of dress, occasioned the wearing of them.

It is true that neither Oxford nor Cambridge affected exemption from the prevailing vices of the times; but William Elstob's rooms in the ancient college—whose foundation, according to De Foe, is lost in the darkness of ages—were to the student what the walls of his cell were to the anchorite of old, and as effectually separated him from all but the world of thought and letters. Heavier in heart than heretofore, by the remembrance of his brother's wilful folly, but otherwise glad to regain the sanctuary of his study, and the society of his books and learned friends, William Elstob returned to Oxford. Queen's College, where he had graduated, was in this year (1698), according to Nichols, "a nest of Saxonists," who, with all the enthusiasm of antiquaries and the interest of scholars, were busy in resuscitating from the dead language in which they had been buried from times prior to the Norman Conquest, the writings of the Latin fathers of the Saxon Church. Mrs. Hicks, Rawlinson, Warneley, Brome, Thwaite, &c., were amongst the most earnest of these septentrional scholars of whom William Elstob was one.

Into the midst of this band of grave and learned men came Elizabeth Elstob, in all her girlish bloom and girlish eagerness for acquisition. The old love of philology had not diminished while improving her French, by reading Mademoiselle Scudery's novels, which were then at the height of their reputation. On the contrary, it is probable that the erudition displayed by the clever and indefatigable Frenchwoman (whom her countrymen were wont to rank next to Madame de Genlis) acted as an incentive to the development of the young reader's talents, and innate desire for literary exercises. At Oxford a new life to that which she had had in the quaint cathedral town of Canterbury, or at her guardian's parsonage at Tellington—a new life of congenial and delightful contrast opened for her. Her brother's ideas on the education of women appear to have been diametrically opposite to "Uncle Charles's." No longer debarred the privilege of learning, or proscribed the study of languages, she found her love of them encouraged, and their attainment rendered comparatively easy by her brother's assistance. Henceforth it is impossible to separate the story of the lives of the brother and sister. They lived together, and, did we not know that such an arrangement would be contrary to collegiate discipline, there is an expression of Rowe More's—who knew and visited them—that would almost induce us to imagine that she resided in his college-rooms; for he tells us that she shared his studies, and was (not speaking, of course, in the academical sense) "a female student in the University." This phrase, an Oxford friend suggests, means simply that she entered deeply into the learned pursuits of the place, attended lectures, &c., as many of the wives and sisters and daughters of members of the University do now. Most likely William Elstob took lodgings sufficiently near his college to enable him to attend chapel, and dine at the Fellows' table, while his sister superintended the arrangements of their mutual home, and under his guidance and encouragement set herself earnestly to those studies which made her for a brief period the wonder of her own times, and in industry and devotion an ensamblar for our own. His ten years' seniority must have dignified the relation between them, and in addition to his learning, which he venerated, and his amiability, which she adored, have endowed him with a tender influence as her companion, teacher, and protector, while it enabled and enlarged their sympathetic attachment, which is outlined in that of the brother and sister Scudery, but has no parallel in the annals of literature, save that of Mary and Charles Lamb.

It is pleasant to think how like a breath of spring must have been the whisking of the young girl's garments in the student's rooms. How her presence must have brightened them, and her pretty womanly ways have comforted and gladdened the even then ailing scholar. How their understandings must have re-acted on each other; how helpful even to the man the clear sharp mother-wit and sprightly comprehension of the girl! Here, then, she began to live in earnest, her mind fed and strengthened not only by this fraternal nurture and acquaintance with the treasures of the Bodleian, amongst which her own works were one day to be counted; but by daily intercourse with such men as Drs. Charlett, Wotton, Hudson, Hicks, and many others, who were her brother's frequent visitors; and amongst whom he had long since been admitted not only to the intimacy of their studies, but into the very heart of their friendship.

At this time William Elstob was employing the comparative leisure which his fellowship afforded him, in the study of Runic rhymes, and in the preparation of his translation of the Saxon Homily of Lupus, into Latin, with notes,
Elizabeth Elstob, the Saxonist.

which he had undertaken for Dr. Hickes. Elizabeth looks on at his work, is interested in it, and bringing pencils and paint-box, delights herself in re-producing and colouring the ornamental and symbolical initial letters with which the original manuscript is adorned. By-and-bye we find her familiar with the characters, interested in the literature embalmed in them, and finally taking up the study of Saxon as earnestly as any of the learned men at "Queen's."

Nor is Saxon her only lingual study. What order she pursued in the acquirement of languages we are not told; but that she must have had an organized plan is evident; for in a few years we find her mistress of Latin and six other languages beside her own. Yet her understanding was not, it is said, of a rapidly acquisitive character, but steadily and slowly progressive; it had the more reliable quality of retaining what it grasped.

It is the old story from the mythic times of Minerva to our own; it is contact with the male brain that gives solidity and expansiveness to the mental faculties of women! I know of no instance, remote or modern, of great learning, or of large psychological power on their part, which is not to be traced to a masculine education or companionship with educated and large-minded men. Elizabeth Elstob's literary fruit was of such grafting. In daily intercourse with ripe scholars her love of learning "grew by what it fed on," and resulted in an amount of erudition that, had she been a man, would have made her distinguished among the greatest scholars of the time.

Interest in her brother's work, and a desire to assist him in it, appears to have been her first ambition—an ambition in which Dr. Hicks encouraged her, and in the accomplishment of which, as I have before said, she was directed and perfected by her brother; to whom Nichols tells us, "with the exception of what may be attributed to her own diligence and application," she was indebted for all her linguistic skill. But William Elstob, who best knew how large a share these had in creating her attainments, sums up her pains-taking assiduity and love of learning in another spirit, and gives her industry and application due praise. Subsequently (if I remember aright) in the dedication that must have rewarded all her love and labour, he calls her tenderly, "Dulcis, et indefessa studiorum meorum comes."

No wonder she should have been the pet of grave college dons and learned university doctors, and the admiration of her brother's Oxford friends!

In 1701, William Elstob produced his translation of the Saxon Homily of Lopus, a work so important in the estimation of the Oxford Saxons that it led to his being appointed in the following year rector of St. Swithin's and St. Mary Bothaw's, in London, both livings (which had been separate previous to the great fire) having been united through his uncle Charles's interest with the Chancellor of the University. To comprehend the interest felt in the writings of the Latin fathers of the Anglo-Saxon church at this period, it is necessary to remember the condition of the church of England divided (alas! when had it been united?) into high and low church—titles as expressive of politics as of religion—and further disunited during the past reign by the succession of an army of non-jurors with the seven bishops at their head; unsettled also by the undisguised Romanist predilections of the Stuarts, which had culminated in King James's obeisance by proxy to the Pope, and the public consecration of catholic bishops in the Royal Chapel.

It would seem, then, that part of the Oxford doctor's design in resuscitating these writings was to condemn modern popery on its own evidences.* Here we have the key ecclesiastical to the printing of the Anglo-Saxon homilies; but beside this occasion, a natural desire existed on the part of the learned and literary men of the day to fix the English tongue upon some ascertained basis. Thus Mr., afterwards Bishop, Gibson, writing to Dr. Thwaite's, from Lambeth, May 20th, 1697, observes: "By a letter from Dr. Mill I perceive you begin to resume the thought of publishing the Pentateuch in Saxon. Had we a collection of all the texts of Scripture that are occasionally quoted in the homilies, it might be conveniently joined to your design, and if you should run over the homilies for that purpose I hope you'll have an eye to all the passages against popery. I doubt not, by what I have had an opportunity of seeing, a collection of that kind would be pretty large, and it would be undeniable evidence to all posterity that the..."

* We read that Archbishop Parker, "anxious to prove that in one point, and that the very important one of transubstantiation, the reformed church of England only went back to the doctrine held by the Anglo-Saxons years prior to the Norman conquest, supported this opinion by the celebrated Paschal homily of Elain, one of his predecessors in the see of Canterbury, and was so intent on forcing his view on the English people that he procured his chaplain, John Joscelin, to publish the Paschal homily with an authentication, to which was attached his own signature, with that of the Archbishop of York, and those of thirteen English bishops. To make the book more attractive, or to give it a greater appearance of authenticity, he was at the expense of having a frontispiece of Anglo-Saxon type cast which was used in the publication; and thus printed in Anglo-Saxon and English, edited by Joscelin, and authenticated by the benediction of bishops, two editions were published by old John Day, "dwelling over Aldersgate"; they were both without date, but were issued it is supposed in 1566-7, and since that time, whenever the church of Rome has been thought to be gaining proselytes, the book has been reprinted."
belief of our papists at this day is a very different thing from that of our Saxon ancestors.

Upon this edition of the Saxon Pentateuch William Elstob had been engaged, and we find Bishop Nelson writing to Mr. Thwaites, in the same year, that he has had a specimen of the book from him by the last post. Hence William Elstob's presentation, which his friends probably regarded as a step to future preferment, was intended not only as a reward, but an incentive, though the last was not necessary to make him continue to work indefatigably at the task he had set himself—a task in which both he and his sister, with a natural love of the dialect of their native North, which retains more of the language of our Danish ancestors than any other part of the kingdom, went heart and hand with their revered friend, the Dean of Worcester.

The latter has published his opinion that nothing was unworthy of the English name, nor could there be a baser reproach to a learned and honourable people than to be able to bear with patience that the books of their forefathers, venerable from their antiquity, should contract mould and filth, or be polluted with dust, or gnawed by moths, or corrupted by rottenness; or, which is even as perilous to the commonweal of letters, that they should, like evil angels, be reserved in everlasting chains under darkness. Truly it shamest Englishmen to say that the English, who excel in learning and genius, can bear, can suffer, can endure, what neither the Gauls, nor the Batavians, the Danes, nor the Swedes would tolerate.

CHAP. II.

Bush Lane, had it ever I wonder a natural right to be so called. Bush Lane, "by London Stone," is one of those unobtrusive places, that lying out of the line of sight have not been meddled with in the course of modern improvements. A narrow river-side lane, running down a slight descent from Cannon Street to Thames Street, with dull-looking, flat-faced brick houses on either hand; those on the right as you enter it from Cannon Street, being nearly all converted into warehouses, while the opposite ones, with their narrow windows and fan-lighted doors, with here a triangular pediment, and there a cornice by way of ornament, remain pretty much as they re-appeared after the great fire in 1666 when Bush Lane was rebuilt.

Dull and disagreeable enough at present looks Bush Lane, with its stinted footpaths on either side, scarcely wide enough to clear the kirts of a passenger when a loaded waggon abours up or down the narrow roadway; but with a few bright windows and a brass plate here and there, bespeaking a latent gentility. Its proximity to St. Swithin’s church was, I have no doubt, the primary reason for William Elstob’s choice of it as a place of residence; rent also (for he complains of being at the charge of a house, and there was no rectory attached to the living then) might have been less expensive than in more pretentious situations; while looking at it from a literary point of view, its very seclusion must have been an advantage in the estimation of the students. Here, at any rate, out of the architectural glory of aesthetic Oxford—out of the sweet freshness of its mead-bordered river, its academical groves and gardens, came the brother and sister Elstob. Oh for the fair quadrangle of “University College,” where as yet the Radcliffe Library was not, the level Christ Church meadows, and tree-shaded “water walks” of “Magdalen.”

True, the Thames at this period was not the fluvial sewer it has since become, but the air that blew from it into Bush Lane, taking the busy waterside thoroughfare in its way, must have ever been tainted with the various merchandise stored in the vicinity, and sea scents from the craft that loaded and unloaded at the various wharfs. Ground, however, at this period, was of so little worth compared with its present value, that it would not be at all wonderful if the house in Bush Lane had its garden with trees and flowers, that in their season filtered the breeze of its impurities before it found its way into Mrs. Elstob's parlour, or the pleasant study in which the brother and sister spent the greater portion of their time. I venture on this adjective in the dull face and present platitude of Bush Lane; but if souls make the home, then even in the dreary first month of the year, when (if residence followed immediately on his appointment), the young clergyman and his sister took possession of their new abode, the room sacred to their familiar companionship, congenial pursuits, and interchange of thought, must, in the best and highest sense of the term, have been a pleasant one.

Yet after the scholastic quiet, and graceful, sympathetic life of Oxford, Bush Lane, river side, London, must have been for a time sufficiently depressing; even his preferment, however important in an honorary point of view, does not appear to have been a very profitable one in a worldly sense. It had other drawbacks beside the situation, for we find him writing from Christ Church, Canterbury, under the date of January 11th, 1702, to his friend Dr. Charlett, announcing his induction to the two united livings of St. Swithin's and St. Mary Bothaws at London Stone, not at all triumphantly; but to remind him, that though the value of the presentation (about £140 per annum) surmounts what the college statutes allow, yet that he goes very bare into it, having no house, nor any hopes of one in many years, and has already been at great charges for stamped instruments, &c., so that he begs of the doctor and his good brother “as much of their grace and favour as to the time of his further continuance in their society, as they can reasonably grant or as has been usual in like cases.” His request appears

* Unmarried ladies were called Mrs., in these days.
to have been aquisiced in, for the formal resignation of his fellowship does not follow until January 2nd, 1703.

During this time the brother and sister had settled down to their new duties and occupations, and had accepted philosophically enough, I have no doubt, the conditions of their position. With little pay, it is possible the rector possessed considerable leisure, for in the course of 1703, we find him busied with a translation of Roger Ascham's letters, which, together with his sermons, and parish duties, and antiquarian excursions, of which his sister tells us he was fond, and his application to runic rhymes and Anglo-Saxon literature, and the time he devoted to Elizabeth, could not have left him very much of it unoccupied.

Bush Lane was more central in those days, when people affected the city rather than the suburbs, than it is at present, and afforded, by Hackney-coach, sedan, or wherry, access to any part of the town; nor was the locality itself without interest. Wren's great church wall not yet finished, though service had been performed there since 1693, rose close at hand, and London Stone, a special object of interest to an antiquarian, appeared, not modestly imbedded as at present in St. Swithin's Church wall, but standing boldly out in the public road, so that if the rector lifted his window on a summer’s day, he could hear the thuds of the heavily-laden waggons lumbering against it by reason of the narrowness of the street, and at the same time unfortunately, the oaths and altercations of the carters at the accidents and hindrances it occasioned.* It was easy however to shut all this out, and within was the quiet refined home, which the habits and predilections of two such persons as William and Elizabeth Elstob would naturally create.

We learn from a letter of the latter to Ballard, that her brother was a man of elegant tastes, he was fond of paintings, books, and sculpture; tastes which she also shared, and by her skill in drawing and engraving—for she appears to have been equally facile in the use of burin and pencil—contributed to gratify and encourage. At this period the condition of the rural clergy of the Church of England could scarcely be lower than it was. Whatever talent, or learning, or men of good birth it boasted, were sent into the towns. London especially was supplied with such men, and hence William Elstob's appointment assumes a value much higher than its emoluments. Yet his timidity, or it may be the inertia that results from physical weakness—for the tendency to consumption which he exhibited in youth had increased with years—prevented his promotion, and for the whole period of his residence in the

* Until 1725 London Stone stood out adjoining the public carriageway. The street then being exceedingly narrow, it was necessarily exposed to damage from collision, and being also considered a great obstruction to the traffic, it was removed to the foot pavement; and now, as we have seen, in 1742, it was placed against the church wall. Ultimately, in 1798 it was built into the church wall.—** Correspondent of the Athenaeum, January 2nd 1854. **

united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Bothaw, he remained without preferment of any kind.

Years indeed pass by without his seeking it, and then it is for the sake of his beloved studies, and the power of enlarging his field of research by the purchase of books which his stipend will not afford him. The only ambition he possessed appears to have been that of a literary man and scholar: he is conscious of his inability to force his way by the dash and vigour that help men to the foremost places in the social arena. "I have neither" (he observes in a letter which I shall hereafter quote), "the strength, nor at least the assurance requisite for a man to improve his fortune by popular preaching;" and Dr. Hicks writing on his behalf to Mr. Harley, remarks that, "with all his (Mr. Elstob's) learning, his modesty rendered him an obscure man"—

hints of a gentle, inoffensive, and retiring disposition, that exactly accords with the sweet temper, that hardly anything could make show of resentment, which his sister describes him as possessing. Having finished his edition of the Epistles of Roger Ascham (Theoerby, the antiquarian, calls it the best edition), which was published at Oxford in 1703, we incidentally find from a letter to his friend and philological ally, Dr. Charlett, that he and his sister visited Bath in the autumn of that year. "A spot of ground," says Defoe, "which our countrymen esteem as a particular favour of Heaven," and which old Dr. Venner in 1628 had pronounced "more delectable and happier than any other city of the kingdom." A weary journey, however, in those days precluded the traveller's arrival at this charming resort of Hygeia and idleness. The coach started from the Saracen's Head, Friday Street, at so early an hour, that it was usual for travellers to sleep at the inn over-night. The coach "breakfasted" at Colnbrook, famous, we are told, for its "exorbitant charges and small common,"* and dined at Reading.

At Theale the "passengers regaled themselves with cake and ale, for which the house was famed, and were subsequently joined on to Newbury, where they were supposed to rest for the night. There was an easy freedom about the whole affair: the ladies shared their sandwiches and cakes with the gentlemen, the gentlemen paid for whatever the ladies ate or drank on the road. Instead of sleeping, the sentimental portion of the passengers in summer-time strolled off in search of moonlight effects or views by starlight, while those who loved a carouse, spent the hours in drinking and smoking." On the morrow of the second day, they arrived at Marlborough to breakfast, and after having endured a martyrdom from the rugged inequalities of the road and the fear of encounter with the highwaymen who infested it, arrived at Bath on the night of the second day. Whether Elizabeth Elstob, who is just nineteen, made one amongst the young ladies who were brought in close chairs, dressed in their bathing clothes, to the Cross-bath, where music played

* "Objects of interest in the city of Bath and its neighbourhood," Bath-Peach.
them into the bath, and the women who attended them presented each with a little floating dish of lacquered ware, into which the lady placed her handkerchief and nosegay, and then (attended by a guide if a novice, or otherwise alone), traversed the bath, and amused herself as the other bathers did for an hour at least, in promenading up to the neck in water, talking and flirting with their acquaintances, male and female, for both sexes were admitted to the promenade. We have no means of ascertaining. It was the local fashion of the time, and fashion reconciles us to most things, however unsuited to our tastes or inclinations. This same letter of William Elstob's gives us a casual glimpse of the shillers people were put to, to avoid the uncertainty and expense of correspondence in those days, when the "boys riding post" were so frequently set upon by the "gentlemen of the road," who ripped the mail bags, and scattered their contents if not of sufficient value to make booty of.

"Your very kind letter with Mr. Lapton's excellent sermon from Windsor, came to me at Bath, from which place your great civilities to myself and sister were acknowledged in another letter sent by a gentleman of my acquaintance, which he, not meeting with you at Oxford, has returned to me. I could not therefore but think myself obliged to return mine and my sister's thanks for the favour expressed in yours from Windsor as well as all your other civilities, which I could be glad to express by an happy opportunity of some real service rather than words."

Back again in Bush Lane, the brother and sister draw their books around them, and resume with renewed delight their interrupted studies.

In the November of this year on the night of the 26-7th, occurred what is still known as the "great storm," which, according to Haydon, destroyed in London alone £2,000,000 worth of property. This tempest which rolled up the lead from the roofs of many of the churches as one would run up rolls of parchment, and stirred them over the tops of houses into distant streets, which made the city (from the delapidation) look as if it had suffered a siege, is not likely to have left St. Swithins unmolested, or the tenements in Bush Lane without evidences of its awful fury. St. Swithins probably fared no better than the Temple Church, which was patched with reeds and canvas for a long time afterwards; and it is not improbable that the poor rector found himself burdened with the necessity of repairs before the first year of his residence in London had expired.

There were yet more serious drawbacks to the contentment of the new rector. It was a period fraught with anxiety to a Christian gentleman, whether lay or clerical, but specially to the latter. It was a time of open and avowed atheism: the very mysteries of the Christian religion were publicly derided. Swearing and drunkenness were common, and almost general vices; and although, according to Burnet, the example of the king and queen occasioned a reformation in manners, and a considerable improvement in public practice, the whole nation in morals and principles was deeply corrupted. "And it must be confessed," continues the Bishop, "that the behaviour of many clergymen gave atheists no small advantage, for while they kept fasts and holidays, their mode of life was too often in open defiance of every Christian duty." It was in the face of these disheartening circumstances that William Elstob commenced his clerical duties, which from all we learn of him he conscientiously fulfilled. From an expression of his own, already quoted, it is evident he wanted oratorical power; but his simple Christian life, his kind and charitable nature, and the honour in which he himself held religion, making his literary work subservient to it, appears fully to justify his sister's final estimate of his character.

In this year, 1703, he published at Oxford "Aschem's letters," which were highly thought of by the scholars of that day; and for some years he appears to have been occupied with the duties of his profession and in the preparing of materials for future works, but we do not find that he published any till six years subsequently. Amongst other things, for he was full of literary projects, he proposed publishing a Saxon transcript with Latin translation of the Homily on the Birthday, that is the deathday of St. Gregory, giving an account of the conversion of the English from paganism to Christianity, and his sister resolved to accompany it with an English translation and preface. How beautifully this oneness of design—this accordance of thought and action marks the perfect sympathy between them! But her share of the work shall be lovely as pen and pencil can make it, with frontispiece, head and tail pieces, and "blooming letters." Dr. Hicks is delighted, and loses no opportunity of encouraging her in the execution of her original and congenial task. While her brother, proud of her undertaking, bestows, we may be sure, his loving praise and admiration without stint, so that the girlish woman grows with the consciousness of being the first of her sex who had become intimate with the language and learning of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. A conscious pride in this circumstance peeps out in the apology with which, in her preface to the Saxon Homily, she answers the objections made to female learning by quoting that "glory of her sex," as she calls Mrs. Anne Maria Schurman, between whom and herself, I am reminded by a clever friend, that the parallel runs on all four, for besides liberal sciences, both were skilled in painting, drawing, engraving, &c. The very nature of literary life renders it uneventful. Its best and happiest course is a quiet one, for all the while that fortune smiles upon its followers, their history is comprised in the simple catalogue of their works.

In the beginning of the year 1709, Ralph Thornbury, the possessor of the Stonehouse and

* The high church party fasted in Lent on fish, herbs, porridge, farinuity, &c., and for seven weeks, Swift tells us, "he hated Lent."
Fairfax collection of coins and medals, which his father had purchased, and thus we read laid the foundation of his son's antiquarian taste, noted in his diary under the date January 22nd:

"Visited parson Elstob, who has published the most correct edition of Roger Ascham's Epistyles, and his ingenious sister, Eliza Elstob, who was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She has already printed a French version, and some composures of her own, and is going to oblige the world with some Saxon tracts, and particularly a correct edition of the psalms; that of Sir John Spelman's being indeed intolerably bad, to which end she has learned Latin as well as Saxon. She draws and paints curiously, they both wrote Saxon mottoes in my album* and presented me with her translation of Monsieur Scudery 'On Glory,' from the French."

At this time the writings of Madamoiselle Scudery were held in such repute, that a course of them was deemed essential to the educational studies of ladies in the higher ranks of life; and, at the suggestion of her brother, Elizabeth undertook the translation of the then celebrated "Essay on Glory," "A sufficiently inflated performance," as Mrs. Penderves, who read it because it was the fashion to do so, observes of it. At least it exercised Elizabeth's knowledge of French, and was in all probability a repaying literary speculation. The visits of friends, especially the scholar in the person of "Parson Elstob," as Thoersby calls him—these are the breaks in the monotony of the authors' occupation, and these we may be sure the brother and sister enjoyed thoroughly. "He was fond," observes Elizabeth, writing of the former in after years to her friend the Reverend George Ballard—"He was fond of antiquities of all countries, but especially of our own, and had been at pains and expense in visiting places in search of them;" but she adds, "whatever time or money he could spare from divinity was chiefly given to Saxon learning." In the March following Ralph Thoersby's visit, we find Elizabeth Elstob writing to him as follows:

* About the middle of the 16th century it became the fashion to collect autographs, and the gentry, we read, carried white paper books about with them to collect and preserve the signatures of persons of eminence. The antiquary's album was one of these books, and the Saxon mottoes supplied the characteristic autographs of the Elstobs; but the kindliness of Elizabeth did more than this, for she added to his collection a letter of Charles 2nd to M. Testard, a French minister, signed with the king's own hand, a gift which doubtless Thoersby appreciated.

Nichols, author of the "Aecedotes," made a most extensive and correct collection—_Athenaeum._

"WORTHY SIR,—The favour you did us when you were last in town, brings this trouble upon you, first to return our thanks for that favour, and to assure you that both my brother and myself were very sorry that we had not the happiness of seeing you again; and likewise, to give you trouble of this specimen, which you were so kind as to say you would show among your friends. The frontispiece of the Homily I desire you will accept. It is St. Gregory giving commission to St. Augustine to preach the gospel in England. There will be other ornamentals as borders, and letters, which will make the book somewhat dear, but I would willingly have it as beautiful as possible. I design a Latin translation, which I hope will not make it less acceptable to the learned. If any are kind enough to encourage this work, I beg the favour of their names, because I design to print them. Be pleased to accept of my brother's humble services with mine, and excuse this, from your most humble servant,

"ELIZABETH ELSTOB."

The custom of publishing books by subscription has in the present time, happily and naturally fallen into disuse. Only in exceptional instances, when a work is of such rare or costly a description, that it becomes necessary to ensure the author or publisher against risk, or on the other hand, when the poverty of the writer is his best inspiration and sole passport to the printing house, and his book only a finer sort of begging circular, do we find it resorted to. But at the beginning of the eighteenth century it was far otherwise—Pope published his Iliad by subscription; and the "Homily" was thus published, as it would be most likely in the present day, from the limited nature of its interest, even to scholars, and the cost of the type and embellishments, and this is the encouragement Elizabeth's letter points to.

Such works require time; and, bursled with the labour which they love, the fair summer days and long winter evenings return, and find the students' undertaking still unfinished. In the meantime there are distractions that none know of but themselves. Elizabeth's interest, her love, her compassion, are all exercised and engrossed on behalf of the student and his studies. None knew, as she did, the physical weakness and pecuniary difficulties with which she struggled; for, throughout these and subsequent years the "gentle fortune" of both ebbed slowly away. Miss Elstob is not so good a housewife and economist as she is a clever and learned woman. Her need of books is urgent as her brother's, and in the purchase of these, the occasional gratification of refined but expensive tastes common to both of them, the necessary outlay on the sick fancies of the consumptive scholar, his private charities, and the medical attendance essential to him, occasion an expenditure of which his stipend of £140 per annum could have made but a small part.

Yet the subtle hopefulness, which is a feature of his disease, throws its delusive rays a long way in advance of the young Rector's present. The translation of the Saxon Homily is but a small part of his scheme with regard to the Saxon writings, as is always the case in litera-
The Wizard's Spring.

The heath and clover blossomed fair,
The lark had soared to sing,
And gaily through the morning air
A hunter's horn did ring,
As lone I roamed, oppressed by care,
To seek the Wizard's Spring.

His silver horn the hunter wound—
The echoes answered back;
I saw the flying steed and hound,
But not upon his track;
And then I caught the fountain's low sound
Beneath the yew-tree black.

Into the water, cautiously,
I stooping, dropped a ring;
"Give me this day," said I, "to see
Some dark and hidden thing;
For I would learn from destiny
What coming hours shall bring."

I leant above the fountain clear,
And saw therein a face,
Bent o'er that hunter gay and dear
Who went forth to the chase;
My soul grew faint with sudden fear,
I turned and fled the place.

The hunter rode not home again
To gladden watching eyes;
In endless dreams of fear and pain,
Betwixt me and the skies,
With cruel smile of fierce disdain,
I see that face arise.

And yet it most of all to me
Should hope and comfort bring;
Why did I ever seek to see
Some dark and hidden thing?
Would I could blot from memory
The fatal Wizard's Spring!

Never expect that your son will follow your good advice, if it be not impressed on his heart by your own good example.
GENEALOGY OF JEWELS.

There is nothing new under the sun. Imagine not, therefore, dear ladies, that your most cherished ornaments have the least novelty about them—even if you can produce the newest fashioned necklace, bracelet, clasp, chain, or locket. From the beginning of the world women have always fixed their affections on these trifles: and you, also, in valuing them so highly, only follow the track made by thousands of the daughters of Eve who have gone before you. For instance, in the patriarchal tent, gold and gems were well known. Abraham’s servant presented Rebecca with ear-rings and bracelets; Judith prepared for her fatal visit to Holofernes by taking off her sackcloth and adorning herself with jewels. The prophet, also, reproving the daughters of Israel with their vanity and love of finery, says: “In that day the Lord shall take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their networks, their crescent-shaped jewels, their chains, their bracelets, their spangled ornaments, and the pearls that overhang their brows.”

All the surrounding nations of Israel supplied the prophet Isaiah with examples of this pageantry. The Egyptian tombs disclose to light jewels as remarkable for cunning workmanship as for intrinsic value: the golden scarabs, necklaces, rings, and bracelets, engraved, chased, or enamelled in a thousand different ways. Cleopatra’s famous pearl, and its fate, are remembered by everyone. The women of Nineveh, Media, and Persia, lavished gold and pearls upon their garments. The Greek women, according to Homer, were well acquainted with our golden girdles, rich clasp, crescent-shaped ear-rings, and bracelets, adorned with precious stones. All these figures in the figure of Penelope. Amongst the Grecian jewels, the ring of Polycrates is the most celebrated. Oenomus, King of Egypt, having heard Polycrates described as the most fortunate of men, sent him this caution: “Your prosperity fill me with alarm; for the jealous gods suffer not that any mortal should enjoy unchanged felicity. Endeavour to bring upon yourself some loss, or misfortune, to counterbalance the dangerous favours of the gods!”

The tyrant of Samos, struck by this advice, threw into the sea a ring on which he set great value. Some historians declare it to have been an emerald, adorned, by a skilful engraver, with a lyre surrounded with bees. Pliny asserts that it was one entire sardonyx. The ring in question, having been swallowed by a fish, made its appearance three days after on the king’s dinner table!

The ladies of Athens sometimes wore a golden grasshopper in their hair; and stones, cunningly carved, formed an important part of their costume. They served to clasp the tunic upon the shoulder, the mantle on the bosom, to confine the folds of the veil, and to fasten the sandal.

The Romans wore jewels even during the Republic. The ring among them was a sign of nobility. It is well known that, after the battle of Cannae, three bushels were filled with the rings of the knights. As for the Roman ladies, their love for jewels amounted to infatuation. The riches of the world, the spoils of vanquished nations, flowed through their hands in every variety of decoration. Diamonds sparkled in their black hair; their robes were brilliant with the starry gleam of jewels; their purple mantles were adorned with golden palm-leaves, and sometimes also with precious stones: rings glittered on their fingers, bracelets of gold and pearls encircled their arms, and they wore chains and necklaces with pendants. These latter were sometimes formed of coins or medallions.

Lollia Paulina, the reputed wife of Caligula, is said, by Pliny, to have appeared at a simple family repast, adorned with pearls and emeralds worth forty millions of sesterces. Her head, breast, arms, and fingers were loaded with the spoils of the provinces. Precious stones were sometimes chiselled into the form of a cup and used at table.

The Roman matrons borrowed from the women of Gaul their blond tresses; from the eastern women their mitres of gold tissue and jewels. And the men themselves, when the empire was declining, gave themselves up to these frivolities. Heliogabalus appeared in public with an embroidered tiara, and a flowing robe adorned with jewels. Incredible sums were given for engraved stones, mounted as seals or rings; and the iron circles of the Roman knights were replaced by rings set with the most costly gems. There were rings for summer and rings for winter. The women had balls made of amber to rub between their hands, as it was imagined that the friction had an invigorating effect. A few of the patrician families remained faithful, nevertheless, to the ancient customs, and wore no other than ornaments of iron.

The barbarians had a strong appreciation for this splendour which made such eloquent appeals to the eyes. The movable huts, and tents of skins, belonging to the soldiers of Generica and Attica, were filled with treasures. The Gotthas had obtained possession of no less than a hundred basins filled with gold, pearls, and diamonds—a plate of gold weighing five hundred pounds, and a table formed of one single emerald, surrounded with three rows of pearls, and sup-
ported by massive golden feet inlaid with jewels.

Charlemagne succeeded in recovering some of these innumerable treasures; for, having vanquished the Saxons and Huns, he discovered the secret caves where these grandchildren of the barbarians (former conquerors of the world) had collected the spoils of their forefathers.

Eginhard relates that the soldiers of Charlemagne entered by torchlight into the citadel of Panonia, and there found heaps of gold and silver. Armour, enriched with rubies, sceptres, and ancient crowns, the heritage of a hundred nations, celebrated in former times. The chief part of this wealth was bestowed upon the churches and abbeys of France, since plundered at the time of the Revolution. The jewels from the tombs of martyrs, the wealthy spoils of the consuls, passing through many hands, are at length melted and absorbed in commerce.

Our Gallic neighbours also adorned themselves with jewelry. No places or bracelets were worn by the men: they ornamented their helmets with branches of coral. The women fastened their hair with curiously-fashioned pins: and in their ancient burying-places specimens of these rough ornaments were found. The early queens of Gaul crowded their long flowing hair with a circlet of fluted gold, or a crown composed of gems and pearls. But if the material of these ornaments was precious, the workmanship was not only simple, but clumsy—as may be proved by the seal and the carved bees found at Tournay in the tomb of Childeric.

In vain did the kings enact sumptuary laws against the increase of luxury, and the rage for jewels. Nobleman and peasant alike vied in transgressing them. The women wore golden chains, jewelled crosses, rings, and purses. The men adorned even their arms with precious stones; they wore around the neck heavy chains of gold, from which sometimes a precious reliquary depended. The Byzantine jades were much sought after, adorned with enamel and frosted silver, curiously engraved.

The Crusades served to increase this love of finery, by disclosing to the Europeans the riches of the Orient. At that time, as occasionally in ours, linen was extremely scarce, though jewels abounded; and if a grand lady adorned her coronet with rubies and sapphires, the peasant's wife also had her carcanet of gold, her cross, and amulet. Louis, king and saint, presented Queen Margaret with a ring, bearing an engraved cross surrounded with lilies and daisies (marguerites), with this inscription: "Hors cet amour pourroit trouver amour?"

This inventory of the rings and jewels of Charles V. proves that this king possessed forty fine rubies, nine sapphires, twenty emeralds, and one turquoise, all mounted in rings; specimens of workmanship in amber, chaplets of pearls, and sapphires, tiarums or stones engraved with Hebrew characters, endowed, by the credulity of the age, with supernatural virtues; also twenty golden crowns garnished with diamonds and rubies, ten caps of gold adorned with pearls and the Balass ruby, and fourteen girdles with jewelled clasps belonging to the queen; without counting commit-boxes, cups, and larger vessels, where jewels glittered upon the massive silver and gold.

Diamonds were well known during this age. History relates of Peter the Cruel that he gave all the diamonds he had with him to the pilot who conducted him to Tunis, when he was hard pressed by the troops of Henry of Trastamara. But at this time no extraordinary value was set upon diamonds, because the art of cutting them was not known. A young nobleman of Burgos named Louis Berghem, first remarked that two diamonds rubbed together would polish each other; and thus he easily learned the art of making "diamond cut diamond." The first cut diamond, called the "Sancy," was worn by Charles the bold, who lost it at the battle of Nancy. It was found on the field, and sold for almost nothing to some poor shepherds; then to a priest for three florins. It afterwards passed into the family of Harlay, at Sancy, and now belongs to the French crown.

It was not until the reign of Charles VII. that women began to wear bracelets formerly appropriated by the men. The Dukes of Burgundy, who were great lovers of pomp and prodigality, had amassed vast treasures of jewels and golden vessels. The collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece sparkled with gems; and it is well known how strange was the contrast between the magnificence of Charles the Bold, the splendour of his raiment, and the jewels of his ducal crown, in comparison with the worn doublet, and the little images of lead, sole jewels of Louis XI.

The discovery of America brought treasures into Europe; by which, however, it has scarcely been enriched. In one night a captain was seen to win and lose the famous gold chain suspended in the Temple of the Sun, at Quise; and his companion paid 1,000 golden pieces for a cake of Indian-wheat. Ferdinand and Cortes lost, in a shipwreck, on the coast of Algiers, fire emeralds of inestimable value, cut by the Indians into the shapes of a cup, a horn, a row, a bell, and a fish. Perhaps one day they may be found beneath the sands of that shore.

The foreign influx of wealth caused the jeweller to increase still more. At the court of Francis I. the ladies wore girdles of wrought-gold, and shoulder-knots set with diamonds. Numbers of jewels were chiselled for them by Benvenuto Cellini.

The queens of the house of Valois are generally represented as gleaming with pearls and precious stones. Mary Stuart, in her portrait, is often adorned only with the pearls of her beloved Scotland; but Elizabeth seems to bend beneath the weight of her jewels; and even in her old age she had a passion for this kind of decoration.

Henry III. had a woman's admiration for trinkets, and wore necklaces of pearls beneath his open doublet. Queen Anne, of Austria,
added to the treasures of the crown a string of splendid oriental pearls, which her son, Louis XIV., wore over his cuirass at great festivals. The ladies of the court used their jewels for embroidering their robes. The men wore jewelled shoe-buckles and garters; every button on their coat was a precious stone; and often even their hats were adorned with gems. Louis XIV. was said to be the most simply-dressed person at court, excepting at a grand festival or a marriage-ceremony, when he would be arrayed in jewels worth nine millions of money. At the reception of the Persian ambassador, in February, 1715, this king wore a coat of black and gold, laden with twelve million brilliants, and so heavy that he was obliged to disem- barrass himself of it before dinner. A nobleman of Genoa, having offered to Louis XIV. a pearl of singular shape, bearing some resemblance to the bust of a man, that king had it set in such a manner as to represent a Roman warrior. Apropos of the reign of Louis XIV., we must not forget the emerald ring, given by the Duchess of Orleans, on her death-bed, to Bos- suet, who, in his funeral oration dedicated to this princess, makes a delicate and touching allusion to the gift.

The system of law, which dispersed so many fortunes, gave fresh scope to luxury. The parvenus boasted of silver articles of furniture, and gems of fabulous value. St. Simon—who advised the Regent to obtain for the crown the famous diamond bearing his name—gives us the following description of a pearl belonging to the kings of Spain, seen by him during his embassy. "This pearl, called la Pérgrine, is of the finest colour, shaped and marked precisely like those small, musk-flavoured pearls, called 'Sept-en-gueule,' which arrive at maturity after the strawberry season. Their name is intended to indicate the smallness of their size; nevertheless, no human mouth could contain more than four at once. The pearl is as large and long as the small pear of this kind, and larger by comparison than any other pearl. It is therefore unique; and is indeed declared to be the companion of the identical pearl ear-ring dissolved in vinegar and drunk by Cleopatra in an extravagance of folly and love."

Now we cannot vouch for the truth of this genealogy; nevertheless, all famous diamonds have their history. The "Sancy" was found on a battle field; the "Regent" belonged to the Pitt family before it became the most magnificent jewel of France; the diamond now adorning the sceptre of the Czars was formerly the single eye of an Indian god. But the diamonds of the fatal necklace of Marie Antoinette are all dispersed; and Napoleon I., on his marriage with Josephine, could only boast a diamond ring of very ordinary value.

In Germany, each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning; and every month of the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We furnish our curious reader with a list:

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<th>Month</th>
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<td>December</td>
<td>Turquoise</td>
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Fidelity to promises.  
Control of the passions.  
Courage and discretion.  
Repentance, and also Diamond, Innocence.  
Happiness.  
Long life and health.  
Oblivion and grief.  
Conjugal felicity.  
Preservative from Folly.  
Misfortune, and also Opal, Hope.  
Friendship.  
Success.

Fifty years ago, rings were made with precious stones, of which the initials formed a name or a work. For example: the name of Sophia would be expressed by the following jewels: a Sapphire, Opal, Pearl, Hyacinthus, Jasper, and an Amethyst. This was at once an ornament and souvenir: for we all like to have something dedicated to the memory of those we love.

The unhappy princess of Swartzemburg wore a necklace of medallions, engraved with the names of her eight children; and when she fell a victim to her maternal love, this ornament alone caused her remains to be recognized.

We will not enumerate the ornaments of our own day. This is a question of fashion; and the fashions are subject to change, now, as in the olden time.

The newspapers have made mention of a ruby ring, which forms a microscopic stereoscope; and in its depths can be distinctly seen the portraits of two of our most distinguished princes—a strange union of modern discoveries with gems dating their origin from the foundation of the world! And where are they now, all those treasures of old? The spoils of pagan temples, of Christian churches, of the palaces of Greece and Rome? A part has been destroyed by fire, buried in earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the depths of the sea; the rest, perhaps, melted a hundred times in the crucible, pass at last into our hands under the form of money, plates, cups, and jewels of every description.

So, through manifold transformation, the hands that are now become nameless dust transmit to our keeping the gold and gems with which they were once adorned, when the pulse of life throbbed in them as now in our own, till we also—caring no longer for the gleaming pearl, the lustrous emerald, or the flashes of the keen-glancing diamond—shall, in our turn, relax our grasp and consign our treasures to succeeding generations.

Employment.—Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as having none at all. The mind will contract a rust, and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.
THE OVERSHADOWED FACE.

(A Cradle Thought.)

What mournful shade is dark'n'ing
The depth of those blue eyes,
So swift from brow and dimple
The world in such a hurry flies?
Percance the great world-shadow
Hath fall'n athwart thy breast;
God grant his love to lighten it,
My holy one, my blest!

Percance vague, earnest memor'sies
Of angel-friends and home,
Strange thoughts of old companions
Like clouds around thee come;
Heaven's deep, heart-echoed music,
And, mingling with the strain,
Percance earth's wall of anguish,
Man's low, soft cry of pain.

One little footprint only,
Oh life's bleak rock-girl strand!
And art thou yearning after
The silent spirit-land?
Oh! love, our world is eerie,
Its mighty king is Care,
And when I dream him near thee,
My heart grows still with prayer.

In summer days of pleasure,
In winter 'eve of care,
May angel's love float round thee,
Like soft, balm-laden air;
Eternity's dark ocean
Flows like a shore-bound lake
Beside that love my spirit
Entreats for thy dear sake.

It fires those burning scrapings
That gird the throne above,
But man's heart oh! it needeth
The sweet, sweet human love;
Tho' God's right hand be lifted
In blessing over thee,
Still, still the frail heart craveth
For brother's sympathy.

For when the prayerful spirit
Flows Godward like a dove,
To earth's vast plains returning,
It needs the rest of love;
May God grant thee, my blest one,
Some heart most true and deep,
To smile when thou rejoicest
And when thou wepest weep.

One who when soft dew falleth
O'er brow and heart o'erwrought,
Will meet thee in the silent,
The weird dream-land of thought,
And feel the same deep fancies
That o'er thy spirit roll,
Till heart with heart holds converse,
And soul flows forth to soul—
A friend whose holy presence
Will sanctify thy care,
Will make thy joy more holy,
Thy earth, thy heaven more fair.


GATHERED HOME.

BY EDIN E. REIFORD.

I sat in the dim, grey twilight
That folded the homestead in,
And the wind in the tall, swaying maples,
Kept up a melodious din.
My thoughts were away with my darlings,
Afar 'neath the Southland skies,
And I asked of myself, if the fair moon
Looked into my brave boys' eyes?

I said to myself—"Are they thinking
Of mother and home to-night?
Perhaps they are stationed on picket,
And maybe they've been in a fight.
Oh! wind, from the south, can you tell me?
Know you aught of my dear ones afar?
Can you tell me if now they are looking
With me, at the evening star?"

And then from the portals of Heaven,
I heard a grand, sweet voice,
As soft as the winds of Eden,
And it said to me—"Rejoice!
For the ones thou gav'st to thy country,
I have gathered home to me,
And down by the banks of the river
They wait with a welcome for thee.""

Then I knew that my boys had fallen,
And my heart stood still with pain;
I knew there had been a battle,
And they were among the slain.
I knew that I never should meet them,
Till over the mystic tide,
I should cross with the silent boatman,
To the land on the other side.

And then from the hills of heaven,
That voice, so grand and so calm,
Fell down on my wounded spirit
Like a sweet, refreshing balm—
"Oh, mother! weep not for thy children,
For they dwell among the blest;
But get thee ready to meet them
In the Golden City of Rest."

And then I rose up in the twilight,
And lifted my eyes to our God,
To the beautiful City Celestial,
That mortal foot never hath trod,
And I cried—"Oh, my boys! I will meet you
By-and-bye, on the beautiful shore,
That lieth just over the river,
Where partings are known never more."

Each day I look out for the boatman
Who shall ferry my freed soul o'er
To the land where my boys are waiting
For their mother's kiss once more.
I stand each day by the river,
And look out over the tide,
And listen and long for the summons
To come from the other side.
O N E  O F  M Y  C L I E N T S.

After a practice in the legal profession of more than twenty years, I am persuaded that a more interesting volume could not be written than the revelations of a lawyer’s office. The plots there discovered before they were matured, the conspiracies there detected

“Ere they had reached their last fatal periods”—

the various devices of the Prince of Darkness, the weapons with which he fought, and those by which he was overcome, the curious phenomena of intense activity and love of gain, the arts of the detective and those by which he was eluded, and the never-ending and ever-varying surprises and startling incidents, would present such a panorama of human affairs as would outfly our fancy, and modify our disbelief in that much-abused doctrine of the depravity of our nature.

To illustrate, let me introduce to you “one of my clients,” whom I will call Mr. Sidney, and with whom, perhaps, you may hereafter become better acquainted. His counterpart in personal appearance you may find in the thoroughfare at any hour of the day. There is nothing about him to attract attention. He is nearly forty-five years of age, and weighs, perhaps, two hundred pounds. His face is florid and his hair sandy. His eyes are small, piercing, and grey. His motions are slow, and none are made without a purpose. Intellectually he is above the average, and his perceptive faculties are well developed. The wrinkles in his lips are at right angles with his mouth, and a close observer might detect in his countenance self-reliance and tenacity of will and purpose. But with ordinary faculties much may be accomplished: in this sketch, let us see how much in two particulars.

His first entrance into my office was in the spring of 1853. He handed me a package of papers, saying, if I would name an hour for a professional consultation, he would be punctual. The time was agreed upon and he withdrew. On examination of his papers, I found that his letters of introduction were from several judges of supreme courts, cabinet officers, and one was from a candidate in the last election. Those directed specially to me were from a Q.C. and a Member of Parliament, both of whom were my personal friends, men in whose judgment I placed great confidence. They all spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Sidney’s integrity, ability, and energy, and concluded by saying I might implicitly rely upon his judgment and be governed by his counsel.

What man of the masses can this one be, thus heralded by the authorities of the nation, and what his labour, so commended by the rulers? I glanced at him mentally again. Perhaps he is labouring for the endowmen of some great literary or benevolent institution, for the building of a national monument. No. Perhaps he has some theory that thousands of facts must prove and illustrate; or it may he is a voracious gatherer of statistics. The last is the most probable; but the more I mused, the more the fire burned within me to know more of his mission.

I awaited impatiently his coming. It was on the stroke of the hour appointed. The object of that interview may not with propriety be stated, nor the results described; but it may be said that that hour was the most intensely exciting of any of my professional life, causing the blood to chill and boil alternately. The business was so peculiar, and connected with men so exalted in position, and conducted with such wonderful ability and tact, that now, years after, scarcely a day passes that my mind does not revert to those hours and do homage to those transcendent abilities by which it was conducted, till I sometimes think the possessor of them was an overmatch for Lucifer himself. My eyes were for the first time opened to the marvellous in his department of knowledge and art; and the region of impossibility was materially circumscribed, and the domain of the prince of the powers of the air extended ad infinitum. Into those regions it is not my present purpose to delve.

After a business acquaintance of several years with Mr. Sidney, I have learned that he was formerly a rich manufacturer, and that he was nearly ruined in fortune by the burning of several warehouses in which he had stored a large amount of merchandise that was uninsured. The owners of these store-houses were men of wealth, influence, and respectability. Alone of all the citizens, Mr. Sidney suspected that the block was intentionally set on fire to defraud the insurance offices. Without any aid or knowledge of other parties, he began an investigation, and ascertained that the buildings were insured far beyond their value. He also ascertained that insurance had been obtained on a far greater amount of merchandise than the stores could contain; and still further, that the goods insured, as being deposited there, were not so deposited at the time of the fire. He likewise procured a long array of facts tending to fix the burning upon the “merchant princes” who held the policies. To my mind they were convincing. He therefore confronted these men, accused them of the arson, and demanded payment for his own loss. This was, of course, declined. Whereupon he gave them formal notice, that, if his demands were not liquidated within thirty days, never thereafter would an opportunity be afforded for a settlement. That the notice produced peculiar excitement was
evident. Yet the thirty days elapsed and his claim was not adjusted.

From that hour, with a just appreciation of the enormity of the offence which he believed to have been committed, he consecrated his vast energies to the detection of crime. His whole soul was fired almost to frenzy with the greatness of his work, and he pursued it with a firmness of principle and fixedness of purpose that seemed almost madness, till he exposed to the world the most stupendous league of robbers ever dreamed of, extending into every county and city of the kingdom, and numbering, to his personal knowledge, a hundred men of influence and power, whose business as a copartnership was forgery, counterfeiting, burglary, arson, and any other crimes that might afford rich pecuniary remuneration.

I will not now stop to describe the organization of this band, which is as perfect as that of any corporation; nor the enormous resources at its command, being computed by millions; nor the great responsibility of its directors and state agents; nor the oaths and forfeitures by which the members are bound together; nor the places of their annual meetings; nor a thousand other particulars, more startling than anything in fiction or history. Nor will I enumerate the great number of convictions of members of this gang for various offences to which Mr. Sidney had contributed. It was on this authority that Mr. Sidney had determined on his employment, a fact which in less than six hours thereafter was known to the directors, and within that space of time five of them had arrived and paid over to their attorney the sum of thirty-five hundred pounds for some purpose,—the attorney being no less a personage than an honorable member of a superior court. The service desired of Mr. Sidney he was willing to perform on the condition that he should not be called upon to prosecute any other parties than those to whose conviction he had sworn to devote his life.

As a detective Mr. Sidney was unequalled. Vidoeq may have been his superior in dissimulation, but in that alone. He certainly had not the tithe of Mr. Sidney's genius and strength of mind and moral power to discern the truth, though never so deeply hidden, and to expose it to the clear light of day.

"His blood and judgment were so well commingled,"

that his conclusions seemed akin to prophecy. But it is not as a detective that Mr. Sidney is here presented. This slight sketch of this remarkable man is given that the reader may more willingly believe that he possessed, among other wonderful powers, one that is not known ever to have been attained to such a degree by any other individual, namely:

"The power of discerning, in a single specimen of handwriting, the character, the occupation, the habits, the temperament, the health, the age, the sex, the size, the nationality, the benevolence or the purulence, the boldness or the timidity, the morality or immorality, the affectation or the hypocrisy, and often the intention of the writer."

At the age of thirty-five, the genius of Mr. Sidney as a physiognomist, expert, and detective remained wholly undeveloped. He was not aware, nor was his friends, of his wonderful powers of observation, dissection, and deduction.
Nor had he taken his first lesson by being brought in contact with the rogues. How, then, did he acquire this almost miraculous power?

After he had ascertained the names of the doctors and agents of the band, he collected many hundred specimens of their handwriting. These he studied with that energy which was equalled only by his patience. In a surprisingly short time he first of all began to perceive the differences between a moral and an immoral signature. Afterwards he proceeded to study the occupation, age, habits, temperament, and all the other characteristics of the writers, and in this he was equally successful. If this be doubted by any, let him collect a number of signatures of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, or, what is still better, of Jews of all nations, and at least in the latter instance, with ordinary perceptive faculties, there will be no difficulty in determining the question of nationality; a person with half an eye need never mistake the handwriting of a Jew. Many can detect pride and avarice, and most persons the sex, in handwriting, how much soever it may be disguised.

"The bridegroom's letters stand in row above, Tapering, yet straight, like pine-trees in his grove; While free and fine the bride's appear below, As light and slender as her jasmine grow."

Why, then, should it be strange, if remarkable powers of observation, analysis, and patient and energetic study should accomplish much more? In this department the Government had afforded Mr. Sidney great facilities, till at last he would take the letters dropped during the night in the post-office of a great city, and as rapidly as a skilful cashier could detect a counterfeit in counting bank-bills, and with unwrapping certainty he would throw out those suspiciously superscribed, "In each of these nine," he would say, "there is no letter, but money only. This parcel is from the W— Street office. These are directed to men that are not called by these names: they are fictitious, and assumed for inquisitive purposes. Those are from thieves to thieves, and hint at opportunities," and so on.

Travelling over the principal railways of the country without charge, entertained at hotels where compensation was declined, Mr. Sidney was in some instances induced to impart to his friends some of that knowledge which he took much pains to conceal, believing, by so doing he should serve the purposes of his life. Whether he desired this remarkable power to be kept from the rogues, or whether he thought he should be too much annoyed by being called upon as an expert in handwriting in civil cases, or what his purpose was, is not known, and probably a large number of his intimate friends are not aware of his genius in this.

On one occasion he was in a Canadian city for the first time, and stopped at one of the principal hotels. When about to depart, he was surprised that his host declined compensation. The landlord then requested Mr. Sidney to give him the character of a man whose handwriting he produced. Mr. Sidney consented, and, having retired to the private office, gave the writer's age within a year, his nationality, being a native-born Frenchman, his height and size, being very short and fleshy, his temperament and occupation; and described him as a generous, high-toned, public-spirited man, of strong religious convictions and remarkable modesty, all of which the landlord pronounced to be entirely correct.

The hotel-register was then brought, and to nearly every name Mr. Sidney gave the marked character or peculiarity of the man. One was very nervous, another very tall and lean; this one was penurious, that one stubborn; this was a farmer, and that an clergyman; this name was written in a frolic; this was a genuine name, though not written by the man himself, and that written by the man himself, but it was not his true name. Of the person last specified the clerk desired a full description, and obtained it in nearly these words:--

"He, sir, was not christened by that name. He could never have written it before he was thirty. He has assumed it within a year. The character is bad, very bad. I judge he is a gambler by profession, and something worse. He evidently is not confined to one department of rascality. He was born and educated in New England, is aged about thirty-nine, is about five feet ten inches in height, and is broad-shouldered and stout. His nerves are strong, and he is bold, hypocritical, and mean. He is just the kind of man to talk like a saint and act like a devil!"

The little company raised their hands in holy horror:--

"As to age, size, nerve, etc.," said the landlord, "you are entirely correct, but in his moral character you are much mistaken"; and the clerk laughed outright.

"Not mistaken at all," replied Mr. Sidney; "the immorality of the signature is the most conspicuous, and it is more than an even chance that he has graduated from a prison. At any rate he will show his true character wherever he remains a year."

"But, my dear sir, you are doing the greatest possible damage to your reputation; he is a boarder of mine, and—"

"You had better be rid of him," chimed in Mr. Sidney.

"Why, Mr. Sydney, he is the clergyman who has been preaching very acceptably at the Church these two months!"

"Just as I told you," said Mr. Sidney; he is a hypocrite and a rascal by profession. Will you allow me to demonstrate this?"

The landlord assented. A servant was called, and Mr. Sidney, having written on a card, sent it to the clergyman's room, with the request that he would come immediately to the office. It was delivered, and the landlord waited patiently for his reverence.
"You think he will come?"

The landlord replied in the affirmative.
Mr. Sidney shook his head, and said, "You will see."

A short time after the servant was again ordered to make a reconnaissance, and reported that there was no response to his knock, and that the door was locked on the inside. Whereupon Mr. Sidney expressed the hope that the religious society were responsible for the board, for he would never again lead that flock like a shepherd. It was subsequently ascertained that the parson had in a very irreverent manner slipped down the spout to the kitchen and jumped from there to the ground, and, what is "very remarkable," like the load of voters upset by Sam Weller into the canal, "was never heard of after."

"Individual handwriting," says Lavater, "is inimitable. The more I compare the different handwritings which fall in my way, the more am I confirmed in the idea that they are so many expressions, so many emanations of the character of the writer. In every country, in every nation, every city has its peculiar handwriting. And the same might be said of painting; for, if one hundred painters copy the same figure, an artist will distinguish the copyist."

Some years since a certain bank placed in my hands two promissory notes for large amounts, purporting to be signed by a Mr. Temple, and endorsed by a Mr. Conway, and which both maker and endorser pronounced forgeries. Both notes were written on common white paper, and were purchased by the bank of a certain broker at a time when it was difficult to make loans by discount in the usual manner. Before the maturity of the notes the broker, who was a Jew, had left for parts unknown. He left behind him no liabilities, unless he might be holden for the payment of the notes above specified, and several others signed and endorsed in the same manner in the hands of other parties. Several attempts had been made by professional experts to trace ressemblances between the forgeries and the genuine handwriting of said Temple and Conway, as well as the broker, but all had reluctantly come to the conclusion that the signatures were as dissimilar as well could be. The cashier was exceedingly embarrassed by the fact that Mr. Conway was one of the directors of the bank, and he was presumed to have been so familiar with his signature as to be incapable of being deceived. After a most diligent investigation and the expenditure of much time and money, and after skillful experts and detectives had given up in despair of ascertaining either the whereabouts of the Jew or anything further till he could be produced, the holders of this paper had settled down quietly in the belief that the broker was the guilty party, and that all further effort was useless. At this point of time, when all excitement had subsided, these notes came into my possession. I immediately telegraphed to Mr. Sidney, and it was with great joy that I received the reply that he was on his way. At three o'clock in the morning I met him at the railway station. He complimented me by saying there was not another man living for whom he would have left the city of —— on a similar message. I thanked him, and we walked to the office. Before arriving there I informed him that I desired his services in the investigation of a forgery that baffled our art. He demanded all the papers. I produced the forged notes, several genuine checks and letters of Mr. Temple and Mr. Conway, and several specimens of the handwriting of the broker.

Long as I live I can never forget the almost supernatural glow that came over his features. I could almost see the halo. No language can describe such a marked and rapid change of countenance. His whole soul seemed wrapped in a delightful vision. I cannot say how long this continued, as I was lost in admiration, as he was in contemplation. I spoke, but he seemed not to hear. At last his muscles relaxed, and he began to breathe as if greatly fatigued. Every country, every nation, in all the world, every city, every town, every school, every shop, every house, has its peculiar handwriting. And the same might be said of painting; for, if one hundred painters copy the same figure, an artist will distinguish the copyist."

"Sure!"

I asked him what was sure. A few minutes elapsed, and he said more loudly: "As sure as you are born"—without seeming to have heard my inquiry.

I proposed to state what could be proved, and the suspicions that were entertained of the cashier. He objected, and said: "Take my departure from these papers. Mr. Temple is aged thirty-eight, a large, well-built man, full six feet high, strongly nerv'd, bold, proud, and fearless. His mind is active, and in his day he has been professor of a college. He fares well and is fashionably dressed. I think he is not in any legitimate business. He is a German by birth, though he has been in this country several years. He is somewhat affected and enormously hypocritical. I think he is a gambler and dealer in counterfeit money. He certainly is not confined to one department of rascality. This is not the name by which he was christened, if, indeed, he was ever christened at all. He could not have written it in his youth, and must have assumed it within a year and a-half." (Exact in every known particular.)

"Mr. Conway I at first thought an attorney-at-law, but he is not. I imagine he administers estates, acts as guardian, and settles up the affairs of the unfortunate in trade as their assigns, in connection with his business of notary and note-shaver. He is aged fifty-six, and was born and educated in England, and is probably a native of this city. He is tall, lean, and bony. His nerves are not steady, and he is easily excited. He probably has the dyspepsia, but he would not lose the writing of a deed to be rid of it. The remarkable feature of his character is stinginess. His natural abilities being good and his mind strong, he must therefore be a man of means, and I think it matters little to his conscience how he comes by his
wealth. At the same time, he has considerable pride and caution, which, with his interest, keep him honest as the world goes. If he were not an old bachelor I should think better of his heart, and he would be less miserly.

"The Jew's signature is the most honest of the three. Timidity is the marked character of the man. He could not succeed in any department of forgery. It is physically, as well as mentally, impossible for him to have any connection with the forgery. He could be frightened out of his wits at the very suggestion of his complicity."

"And so, Mr. Sidney," said I, "you know all about these parties and the particulars of the forgery?"

"Nothing whatever," he replied, "save by these specimens of their handwriting. I never heard of the forgery, nor of these men, till this hour."

To which I replied:

"I cannot believe that you can give such a perfectly accurate description of them (saving their mental characters, of which I know little) without other means of knowledge. It must have been that you knew Temple to be a German, Conway to be the most puerile old bachelor in town, and the broker the most timid. And how, in the name of all that is marvellous, could you have known Conway to be afflicted with dyspepsia?"

"Then," answered Mr. Sidney, "you are not prepared to believe one other thing, more strange and paradoxical than all the rest. Listen! These notes are forgeries both of the maker and the endorser. And who think you are the criminals?"

"The Jew?"

"No."

"The cashier?"

"No, but, as sure as you are born, these notes are in the handwriting of Temple and Conway, and the signatures are not only genuine, but they are forgeries also; for both had formed a well-matured and deliberate design of disputing them before placing them on the paper. And, sir, from my notion of Conway's character and temperament, as expressed in his handwriting, I venture the assertion that I can make him own it, and pay the notes. He shall even faint away at my pleasure. Temple is another kind of man, and would never own it, were it ten times proved."

A meeting of the directors of the bank was to be held at twelve o'clock of the same morning. None of them knew Mr. Sidney, or were known by him. It was arranged that he should meet them, Mr. Conway included, and exhibit his skill, and if he should convince them of his power of divination, he should discuss the genuineness of the signatures of the supposed forgeries.

For several hours he was on trial before the board, with a very large number of specimens of handwriting of men of mark, and he astonished them all beyond measure by giving the occupation, age, height, size, temperament, strength of nerve, nationality, morality, and other peculiarities of every one of the writers. His success was not partial, it was complete. There was not simply a preponderance of evidence, it was beyond a doubt. The directors did not question the fact; but how was it done? Some thought mesmerism could account for it, and others thought it miraculous.

The first experiment was this. Each director wrote on a piece of paper the names of all the board. Eleven lists were handed him, and he specified the writer of each by the manner in which he wrote his own name. He then asked them to write their own or any other name, with as much disguise as they pleased, and as many as pleased writing on the same piece of paper; and in every instance he named the writer.

As an example of the other experiments take this one. The superscription of a letter was shown him. He began immediately:

"A clergyman, without doubt, who reads his sermons, and is a little short-sighted. He is aged sixty-one, he is six feet high, weighs about one hundred and seventy, is lean, bony, obstinate, irritable, economical, frank, and without a particle of hypocrisy or conceit. He is naturally miserly, and bestows charity only from a sense of duty. His mind is methodical and strong, and he is not a genius or an interesting preacher. If he has decided upon any doctrine or construction of Scripture, it would be as impossible to change him as to make him over again."

The company began to laugh, when one of them said:

"Come, come, Mr. Sidney, you are disclosing altogether too much for my father-in-law."

And now the supposed forged notes were handed him. He gave the characteristics of the signatures very nearly as he had before done in the office, but more particularly and minutely. He analyzed the handwriting—showed the points of resemblance, where before none could be discerned—showed that the writing, interpreted by itself, was intended to be disguised—explained the difference between the different parts of the notes—pointed out where the writer was firm in his purpose, and his nerves well braced, and where his fears overcame his resolution—where he had paused to recover his courage, and for a considerable time—where he had changed his pen, and how the forgery was continued through several days—what parts were done by Temple and what by Conway—

"Till all the interminable motion was brought so vividly and truthfully to mind, that Mr. Conway fell to the floor as if dead. The cashier, relieved from a pressure that had for weary months been grinding on his very soul, burst into tears. A scene of strange excitement ensued, during which Mr. Conway muttered incoherent sentences in condemnation
of Temple and then of himself—now with penitence, and then with rage. Recovering his composure, he suggested the Jew as the guilty party. Mr. Sidney then dissected the handwriting of the Jew, and demonstrated that there was as great a difference between his ichnography and an Englishman's as between the English and Chinese characters—showed how the Jew must have been exceedingly timid, and stated the probability that he had left the city not because he had taken any part in the forgery, but because he had been frightened away. Then, turning to Conway, he gave him a lecture such as no mortal before ever gave or received. The agony of Conway's mind so distorted his body as made it painful in the extreme to all beholders. "His inmost soul seemed stung as by the bite of a serpent." When at last Mr. Sidney turned and took from his purse a small, metal plate, which Conway recognized as his own, "the terrors of hell got hold of him," and his anguish was indescribably horrible. The little safe had been by some unknown and unaccountable process taken from a larger one in Conway's office, and was unopened. Neither Mr. Sidney nor the directors have ever seen its contents; but in consideration that it could not be opened, Mr. Conway confessed his crime in the very form of Mr. Sidney's description, paid the notes before leaving the bank, and remains a director to this day. As is often the case, the greater criminal goes unwhipped of justice.

Mr. Sidney, besides the faculty I have described, had another, less wonderful perhaps, but still quite remarkable, and which was of incalculable assistance to him in the prosecution of his Herculean labour. He was a most rare physiognomist. And by physiognomy is here intended, not simply the art of discovering the character of the mind by the features of the face, but also the art of discovering the qualities of the mind by the conformation of the body, and still further (although it may not be a legitimate use of the word), the power of distinguishing the character, mental and moral, the capacity, occupation, and all the distinctive qualities of a person, by his figure, action, dress, deportment, and the like; for Sterne said well, that "the wise man takes his hat from the peg very differently from a fool."

The ancient Egyptians acquired the greatest skill in this science; and Tacitus affirms, not without reason, that their keen perception and acute observation, essential in communicating their ideas in hieroglyphics, contributed largely to their success. Certainly, few better proofs of the existence of the science have been furnished than that given by the Egyptian physiognomist at Athens in the days of Plato. Zopyrus pronounced the face of Socrates to be that of a libertine. The physiognomist being derided by the disciples of the great philosopher, Socrates reproved them, saying that Zopyrus had spoken well, for in his younger days such indeed had been the truth, and that he had overcome the proclivities of his nature by philosophy and the severest discipline.

Pliny affirms that Apelles could trace the likeness of men so accurately that a physiognomist could discover the ruling passion to which they were subject. Dante's characters, in his view of Purgatory, are drawn with accurate reference to the principles of physiognomy; and Shakspeare and Sterne, particularly the latter, were clever in the art; while Kempf and Zimmermann, in their profession, are said seldom to have erred as physiognomists. Surely it is a higher authority, and more practical, which saith, "A wicked man walketh with a froward mouth; he speaketh with his feet; he teacheth with his fingers. A man is known by his look, and a wise man by the air of his countenance." And yet again, "The wickedness of a woman changeth her face."

If it be true, as Sultzer declares, that there is not a living creature that is not more or less skilled in physiognomy as a necessary condition of its existence, surely man, with all his parts fitly joined together, should be the most expert; and there are circumstances and conditions, as well as qualities of mind and body, which will conduct him more surely along the pathway of his research, and direct him in the onward towards the goal of perfection. Consider, then, the characteristics of Mr. Sidney, the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the school in which he was taught, in order to determine if there were in him the elements of success. Chiefllest among the essential qualities is to be named his astonishing strength of nerve. No danger could agitate him, however imminent or sudden. No power could deprive him of his imperturbable coolness and courage. Perils seemed to render his mind more clear and his self-reliance more firm. (And yet I have heard him say, that there was among the band of criminals before mentioned one woman of greater strength of mind and nervous power than any person he had ever seen, whom alone of all created beings, whether man or devil, he dreaded to encounter). Had not Mr. Sidney been thus potently armed, he must, without doubt or question, have become almost a monomaniac; for, secondly, he was for years enraged almost to madness that his entire estate had been swept from his grasp, as he believed, by the torch of the incendiary; and he was to the last degree exasperated, and with just indignation, that the merchant-Princes who he supposed had occasioned his impoverishment yet walked abroad with the confidence of the community, and were still trusted by many a good man as so very salt of the city. Nevertheless, Mr. Sidney, solitary and alone, had arraigned them before a criminal tribunal. He was therefore driven to his own resources, and there was no place in his nature, or in the nature of things, for the first retrograde step. All his vast energies were therefore concentrated to, and concentrated in, the detection of crime. And from the time that he was refused...
payment for his loss, so far as my observation extended, he seemed to have been governed by no other purpose in life than the extermination of that great gang of robbers which he subsequently discovered. Add to these incentives and capacities his extraordinary perceptive faculties and power of analytical observation, together with his wonderful patience, and it must be granted that he was qualified to discover in any incident connected with his pursuits more of its component parts than all other beholders, and had greater opportunities than almost any other man by which to be informed how it is that "the heart of a man changeth his countenance."

If I remember rightly, it was some two years after our acquaintance commenced that I became aware of Mr. Sidney's proficiency as a physiognomist, and it was then communicated, not so much by his choice as by a necessity, for the accomplishment of one of his purposes.

The object of Mr. Sidney's visit to the city of L——, at that time, was nothing less difficult than the discovery and identification of an individual of whom no other knowledge or description had been obtained than what could be extracted from the inspection, in another city, of a single specimen of his handwriting in the superscription of a letter. So much from so little. Within three days thereafter, with no other instrumentalities than that were suggested by Mr. Sidney's unerring eye, he had identified the character in handwriting and his proficiency as a physiognomist, the result was reached and the object happily attained. In the prosecution of the enterprise, it was important, if not essential, that I should believe that the data were sufficient by which to arrive at a correct conclusion, and that I should confide in Mr. Sidney's skill in order that there might be hearty co-operation by both of us. My office was so situated, that from its windows could most advantageously be observed, and for a considerable distance, the vast throng that ebbed and flowed, hour after hour, through the great thoroughfares of the city. For the part of three consecutive days I sat by Mr. Sidney's side, watching the changing crowd through the half-opened shutters, listening incredulously, at first, to the practical application of his science to the unsuspecting individuals below, till my derision was changed to admiration, and I was thoroughly convinced of his power. As my friends of both sexes passed under the ordeal, it was intensely bewitching. Hour after hour would he give, with rapidity and correctness, the occupation and peculiarity of character and condition of almost every individual who passed. This was not occasional, but continuous. The marked men were not singled out, but all were included. He was a stranger, and yet better acquainted with the people than any of our citizens. And this was the manner of his speaking:

"That physician has a better opinion of himself than the people have of him: he is superficial, and makes up in effrontery what he lacks in qualification. The gambler yonder, with a toothpick in his mouth, has of late succeeded in his tricks. The affairs of this kind-hearted grocer are troubling him. Were we within a yard of that round-shouldered man from the country, we should smell leather; for he works on his bench, and his unmarried. Here comes an atheist, who is a joker, and stubborn as a mule. There goes a man of no business at all: very probably it is the best occupation he is fitted for, as he has no concentration. And that schoolmistress crossing the street is an accomplished teacher, is very sympathetic, and has great love of approbation. That lawyer is a bachelor, and distrusts his own strength. This merchant should give up the use of tobacco, and pay his notes before dinner, else he will become a dyspeptic. Here comes a man of wealth, who despises the common people and is miserly and hypocritical; and next to him is a scamp. I think it is Burke who says, 'When the gnawing worm is within, the impression of the ravage it makes is visible on the outside, which appears quite disfigured by it;' and in that young man the light that was within him has become darkness, and 'how great is his darkness.'"

Of some qualities of mind he would occasionally decline to speak until he could see the features in play, as in conversation. Some occupations he failed to discover, if the arms were folded, or the hands in the pockets, or the body not in motion. It is not my purpose to specify any of the remarks by which he was governed, though they differed materially from those of Lavater, Redfield, and others, nor the facts from which he drew his conclusions, but simply to give results.

I selected from the crowd acquaintances of marked character and standing, and obtained accurate descriptions of them. Of one he said, "He is a good merchant, and is doing a large business. He carries his business home with him at night, as he should not. He has been wealthy, and is now reduced in circumstances. His disaster weighs heavily upon him. He has a high sense of honour, a keen conscience, and is a meek, religious man. He has great goodness of nature, is very modest and retiring, has more abilities than he supposes, and is a man of family and very fond of his children."

Another he accurately describes thus: "He is a mechanic, of a good mind, who has succeeded so well that I doubt if he is in active business. Certainly he does not labour. He is very independent and radical, can be impudent, if occasion requires, gives others all their rights, and pertinaciously insists upon his own." Here the mechanic took his hands from his pocket. "Hold! I said he was a mechanic. He is not,—he is a house-painter."

I desired to be informed by what indications he judged him to be a painter. He replied that he so judged from the general appearance and motions, and that it was difficult to specify. I insisted, and he remarked that "the easy roll of his wrists was indicative."

After obtaining similar correct descriptions of men well-known to me, I spied one whom I did
not know, and who was dressed peculiarly. I inquired his occupation, and Mr. Sidney, without turning a glance towards me, and still gazing through the half-opened shutters, replied, "Yes! you never saw him before yourself. He is a stranger in town, as is evident from the fact of his being dressed in his best suit, and by the manner of his taking observations. Besides, there is no opportunity in these parts for him to follow his trade. He is a glass-blower. You may perceive he is a little deaf, and the curvature of his motions also indicates his occupation."

Whether this description was correct or not I failed to ascertain.

Mr. Sidney contended that any man of ordinary perceptive faculties need never mistake a gambler, as the marks on the tribe were as distinct as the complexion of the Ethiopian,—that, of honest callings, dealers in cattle could be most easily discovered,—that immorality indicated its kind invariably in the muscles of the face,—that sympathetic qualities, love, and the desire of being loved, taste and refinement, were among the most perspicuous in the outline of the face.

A man of very gentlemanly appearance was approaching, whom Mr. Sidney pronounced a gambler, and also engaged in some other branch of iniquity. His appearance was so remarkably good that I doubted. He turned the corner, and immediately Mr. Sidney hastened to the street and soon returned, saying he had ascertained his history: that he was in the counterfeit department, that his conscience affected his nerves, and consequently his motions, that he was a stranger in town, and was restless and dissatisfied, that he would not remain many hours here, as he had an enterprise on hand, and was about it. I remarked, that, as the contrary never could be proved, he was perfectly safe in his prophecy, when Mr. Sidney rose from his chair, and, approaching me, slowly said, with great energy:

"I will follow that man till it is proved."

The next day but one I received a note from Mr. Sidney, simply saying, "I am on his track."

He followed the supposed counterfeit to R—, where he ascertained that he had passed bills of the —— bank of ——. Mr. Sidney obtained the bills the gambler had passed to compare with the genuine. Failing, however, to find any of the same denomination, he presented the supposed counterfeit to a broker skilled in detecting bad bills, and was surprised to be informed that they were genuine. At B—— he repeated the inquiry at the counter of a well-known banker relative to other similar bills, and received the same response. So again in W——, D——, C——, and several other cities whither he had followed the suspected man, and invariably the reply of the cashier would be, "We will exchange our bills for them, sir."

In some cities he was offered a premium on the bills he had collected. At St. L—— he obtained known genuine bill of the bank in question, and in company with a broker proceeded to examine the two with a microscope. The broker pronounced the supposed counterfeits to be genuine. In the meantime the gambler had left the city. Two days after Mr. Sidney had overtaken him. So great were his excitement and vexation that he could scarcely eat or sleep. In a fit of desperation, without law and against law, he pounced upon the suspected man and arrested him. He beat a parley. It was granted, and the two went to the gambler's apartments in company. In a conversation of several hours, Mr. Sidney extracted from him the most valuable information relating to the gang he was so perniciously prosecuting, and received into his possession forty-seven hundred pounds in counterfeits of the aforesaid bank, some of which I now have in my possession, and which have been pronounced genuine by our most skilful experts.

It would be gratifying to all lovers of science to be informed that the practical knowledge acquired by Mr. Sidney had been preserved, and that at least the elementary principles of the arts in which he became so nearly perfect had been definitely explained and recorded. I am not aware, however, that such is the fact, but am persuaded that his uniform policy of concealment has deprived the world of much that would have been exceedingly entertaining and instructive. That this knowledge has not been preserved is owing mainly to the fact that he considered it of little importance, except as a means for the accomplishment of his purposes, and that those purposes would be most effectually achieved by his withholding from the common gaze the instrumentality by which they were to be attained.

That he intended at some future period to make some communication to the public I am well assured, and some materials were collected by him with this view; but the hot pursuit of the great idea that he never for an hour lost sight of would not allow sufficient rest from his labours, and he deferred the publication to those riper years of experience and acquirement from which he could survey his whole past career.

It may be comforting for all rogues to know that he left behind him no note of that vast amount of statistical knowledge which he possessed, whether appertaining to crimes or criminals in general or particular, and that with him perished all knowledge of this organized band of robbers, etc., and the names of all the parties therewith connected. They also have the consolation, if there be any, of knowing that he was sent prematurely to his grave by a subtle poison, administered by unknown hands and in an unknown manner and moment, and that he died in the firm faith of immortality.
I said I would go to Liverpool. But at that time I might as well have ordered the captain of the royal yacht to steam me up the Nile, or have sent for Mr. Macgregor’s little “Rob Roy” canoes to take me a voyage round the world; or chartered the Cremorne balloon on an excursion to the man in the moon. It is easy enough for a poor mortal to say he will do a thing: doing it is rather more difficult. Circumstances will go against him. In any case “circumstances” meant health, money, and opportunity. I am not a slave, nor a pauper, nor a bedridden individual; and yet these three things, sometimes by turns and sometimes altogether, ordained that I should stay at home. When I had been less extravagant than usual, and was able to afford a journey, I found that I could not get away; and when my time happened to be my own, bodily ills were sure to pay me a visit. In its case it was useless to say “Not at home.” But notwithstanding all this, I gave it out wherever I went that I was going to Liverpool, and I was much amused at the remarks my assertion provoked. A city friend said that I ought certainly to see Liverpool, and make South Castle-street my point of observation. “There are men there, sir, worth half-a-million, who commenced life by sweeping the office floor,” I told my intention to a child of Thespis, who had been playing Richard and Macbeth in the provinces, but soon found himself amongst the general utilities when he was engaged at a London theatre. He was enthusiastic about the city on the Mersey. “No hiding talent under a bushel. Managers give a fellow a chance. True, they generally come to grief; but what matters the bankruptcy of a manager, if the public get a chance of seeing genius in a leading part?” A seafaring acquaintance tried to give me some idea of the Docks, but he found the subject too vast for description. “See ‘em yourself, my boy. Saint Katherine’s, the London, and the Commercial Docks all joined together would be nothing in comparison.” And, lastly, a wicked friend hinted that I wished to see the Lancashire Witches.

Why did I wish to go? Well, it was not a very great many years ago that I became really acquainted with the First City in the Land; for, though London-born and bred (snobs would be ashamed of owning themselves Cockneys; not being a snob I glory in the honour), my youth was spent in the suburbs, and fourteen years had glided peacefully over my head (as I should say were I writing a novel) before I was familiar with the streets that are paved with gold. True, I had often been “taken” to the Modern Babylon on visits to friends and relations, but though not quite so ignorant as a friend who thought Cheapside the West End, and took the Duke of York’s Column for the Monument, my ideas of metropolitan geography were fearfully hazy. And what jolly times I had on Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays! Other boys played cricket and football. I studied the Post-office Directory Map, and took the train to London. There is nothing so delightful as first times. Who does not remember with pleasure his first visit to a theatre; his first ball; or his first love? Such things happen over and over again in a man’s lifetime: but, alas! often pall sadly on repetition. At first I was as confused as a foreigner fresh from La Belle France; but it was not long before I found my way about as easily as a London errand-boy; and at last a time came when I had seen everything, and, like the warrior of old, sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. The West-End, with its Rotten Row, drawing-room days, swells, cafés, and opera; the East with its cheap theatres, penny gaffs, Victoria Park on a Sunday, poverty and misery; and the City itself, with its money-making crowd, change, luncheon-bars, Tower, and Custom-house Quay, were as familiar to me as the scenes of childhood. So I thought what a nice thing it would be if I could find myself in a large city, where everything would be fresh and new. And that was why I wanted to go to Liverpool.

After church one autumn Sunday evening I took a long country-walk, and rested for a time at a roadside-inn. Sitting there I suddenly made up my mind to go to Liverpool the next day. People thought me mad (some folks have an idea that a long journey requires about three weeks’ preparation). I let them think so. The Monday was fine and warm—just the sort of day for travelling; and with the least possible amount of luggage, I found myself at Euston Square, waiting for the train. Unfortunately, soon after we started it became dark; so that I was able to see very little of the country. A thick fog was rising over the fields and lanes, making it seem as if we were rushing through immense sheets of water. And I soon began to experience the miseries of a long railway-journey on a cold evening. As there were ladies in the carriage, smoking was out of the question. I tried to read, but after straining my eyes for ten minutes, gave it up as a failure. As my travelling companions were all asleep, conversation was impossible; so not being able to sleep myself I had nothing to do but keep wondering where we were. Then I had the cramp. First it seized me in the left leg, and I was obliged to stand up and do a few steps of the “Cure;” then my arms suffered, and during the gymnastic exercises that followed, I very nearly pummelled an old gentleman on my left; and at last I was seized all over, and had
nothing to do but grin and bear it. Happily we then reached Rugby Junction, and I was able to get out and promenade the platform for half an hour, whilst our train was shunted off somewhere to allow the express to pass. Next time I got into a smoking carriage. My companions were three fishermen, laden with the spoils of the briny. They told me they made the journey two or three times a week; but as their business was merely to hawk fish about the streets of Liverpool, how they made it pay seemed to me a mystery. We stop in the midst of a large station, full of life and bustle, and I get occasional glimpses of Birmingham: we tear through the Black Country, where the furnaces, glowing in the darkness, look like so many earthy pandemoniums; we halt for a few minutes at Wolverhampton; and at last, when it seems as if I had been at least three days sitting in a railway-carriage, we reach our journey's end, and I find myself on the platform of the Lime-street Station, Liverpool.

People in want of a new sensation should enter a large city, long after dark, being perfectly acquainted with the place, and having no particular destination. Such was my case. Happily on quitting the Lime-street Station you find yourself in the very centre of the town, in what I may call the Trafalgar Square of Liverpool. Opposite, across an immense stone-paved square, is St. George's Hall, one of the finest buildings in England. To the right and left are several wide, well-lighted streets; so that, having studied the map, I understood where I was at once. To find an hotel was an easy thing in a city which is always full of travellers; and I was not sorry to find myself seated in a well-furnished coffee-room, which looked immensely cheerful after sitting all day in the trains. If good company and moderate charges, and quick attendance are necessary to dining, then the Liverpool hotels are model houses of entertainment; and here I must mention something, trifling in itself, but still one of the "customs of the country." At one end of the coffee-room was a glass-door, leading to a smaller apartment, on that door was painted "Smoke Room." The same expression was used all over Liverpool. In London we say smoking-room; but in Wales that particular chamber is called "The Smoky." The beer-language of the North is rather apt to confuse a Southerner. Stout is an unknown word; neither have they London porter at twopence a pint, their only black beer being porter at twopence a glass, equal, if not superior, to our best stout, and with a "cauliflower" on the top, such as is seldom seen except in those wonderful paintings of bread, cheese, and beer generally hanging up in the parlour of a Kentish country-inn. The Liverpool ale has a "head" with a slight strawberry flavour, and, though it is generally threepence a glass, no one can grumble at the extra penny; for on tasting it I was able to imagine what the beverage was like that Hebe handed round to the jolly Olympian deities. Before quitting such a very low subject as beer, I must relate one more circumstance.

A large brewing firm has bit upon quite a novel and picturesque form of advertisement. Hanging in front of their customers' public-houses are large barrels, painted many colours, and with gas-jets inside. As there are dozens of these barrels on each side of all the principal streets, the effect at night-time is quite Oriental, and gives the town the appearance of a gigantic Cremorne, specially illuminated for the proprietor's benefit.

After dinner I read the local papers, and made myself acquainted with what was "going on" in the town. Then I wandered out, across the stone-paved Square, past Saint George's Hall, and into Whitechapel—not to be compared with our Eastern High-street, but more like the Haymarket—cafés here, cafés there, and cafés everywhere. Where there are not cafés there are public-houses. The cafés are of two sorts. The better sort are showy-looking places with plenty of looking-glasses and gilding, and refreshment served in a style that even Spiers and Pond could not improve upon. Here meet the fast young men of the town. Liverpool, it must be remembered, has no aristocracy; and the yesterday nobodies, to-day large merchants, are the principal men of the place. They work hard, make money fast, and spend it faster; for there is much of the American element about them. To see well-dressed young gentlemen going Tommy Dodd for bottles of champagne may not be a very intellectual sight, but that is what I saw. The lower cafés were much more amusing, if less refined. Generally kept by Germans, there was a certain order and respectability about them, which, alas! we only expect to see in foreign places of amusement. With real Fratilenis behind the bar, drawing the ale of Vienna or the beer of Bavaria; with Lüdwig or Johann politely attending upon the customers; and with a quadrille-band playing the dreamy waltzes of Strauss and Gungl, it wanted very little imagination to fancy ourselves in Fatherland. The café chantant is chiefly frequented by sailors; and the specimens I saw were very different from the conventional Jacks ashore. Quiet, sober men, silently playing at cards or dominoes, smoking cigars, and sipping lemonade, were certainly an improvement upon the rackety Jacks which Nelson commanded and Captain Marraty immortalized. There were also cafés dansante, where Bill Bowling and Ben Bunting danced polkas and redowas (sailors only dance hornpipes on the stage now) with Poll and Sue; but as those young ladies would just as soon bite off Jack's ear as mix his grog, and were more likely to pawn his clothes than mend them, the less said about them the better. For it seems hard that Jack, whose only idea of "shore" is a place where he can be jolly, should become the prey of a set of Tigresses, who only leave him when his last penny is spent and his last rag is dirtied; though until lately such was his certain fate; but now there is a Sailor's Home in Liverpool, where Jack is well taken care of; and it is by no means an unusual thing for him to set out on a fresh voyage with
the greater part of his savings snugly lodged in the bank.

Sitting in one of these cafés late at night, I get a sermon on fast life far more telling than many preached from a pulpit. It is furnished like a drawing-room—Brussels carpet, elegant chairs and sofas, pictures, mirrors, and gaslight in abundance. There is no stage; but the lady and gentlemen professionals sing standing by the piano. At a first glance everybody seems to be overflowing with happiness; but all is not gold that glitters. Next to me is a comic-singer, in the approved evening-dress, looking the picture of misery. Whispering together across a table are two would-be fast young men (ten years ago they would have been called boys), who seem anything but “jolly” to-night. And not far off are a couple of “ladies,” dressed a la Mable, one of whom is drinking unlimited hot whisky and water, and telling her troubles to the other. The comic-singer makes me his confidant. He has not been able to sing for three weeks—something the matter with his throat; if he is not better by Saturday, he will lose his engagement. What will he do then? Perhaps end his troubles (?) by throwing himself into the Mersey. What will the music grows fasten on the “boys” have to say. One has lost his situation—refused a character, owes money, and quarrelled with the “guvnor.” The old story, betting and billiards. And yet his companion, instead of taking the warning, only boasts of his numerous acquaintances on the “turf” and amongst the “fancy.” Then their conversation is drowned in the chorus—such a chorus!

“I swore I’d follow her everywhere,
Every—everywhere where-r;
She’d cherry-red lips and pretty blue eyes,
That girl with the golden hair.”

The “lady” calls for more whisky- and-water hot. “O, I love it,” she says, draining the glass; “I’ve spent three fortunes in drink, and I’d spend three more if I had ‘em.” She went to the doctor that morning.—rapid consumption. Her rent is due, and her landlord threatens. “I have a little boy at home, such a sweet little fellow! His father says he will take it and bring him up like a gentleman if I promise never to want to see him again; but when he puts his little arms round my neck, and kisses me, I feel that I could do anything, anything sooner than part with him.”

And then they all sing about the “girl with the golden hair.”

Well, if this is fast life, let me be the slowest of the slow.

The streets are still crowded. A policeman tells me that the young men make a boast of never going to bed sober. At all events, they get inebriated, as the English are supposed to take their pleasures—very sadly. No Jolly Dogs, no Rollicking Rambos to disturb the sleeping Londoners with their midnight choruses; but gangs of quiet men, who stand at bars as long as the publics remain open, and then loiter lazily home to bed.

At my hotel everybody is up, though it is past one o’clock. The coffee-room is full of night birds, of course all staying in the house. As I came to see Liverpool life, I join them. The room is decorated with real and artificial flowers; and on the sideboards I see every variety of red and green Bohemian glass. There is something particularly luxurious about coloured glass. In one respect the Liverpudians show their sense, they smoke long clay pipes. In London this would be considered low; but now that every office-boy and barber’s clerk sports a cheap meerschaum, I cannot see why it should be so. Tobacco tastes much nicer in a clay, especially a long one; and the Liverpool long clays were the best I ever met with, nearly twice as long as those sold in London, and tipped with green sealing-wax.

Seeing so many gentlemen smoking long pipes gave the scene the appearance of one of Hogarth’s pictures.

During my stay in Liverpool I made good use of my time, and saw, I think, all that was worth seeing in the great northern city. I had two enemies, who did all in their power to prevent my getting about, the wind and the rain. It was not a wind that one could hear indoors, and take precautions against accordingly, neither was it a rain you could depend upon. When I went out in the morning there was every prospect of a fine day; but as soon as I found myself in an unsheltered spot, a cool, raw, boreas commenced cracking his cheeks, and Aquarius emptied his watering-pot. Scotland-road is about one of the longest roads up and down which I have wandered, beginning with large shops, such as we have in the Borough and Ludgate Hill (where the useful is more considered than the ornamental), and ending amongst the squallid dens of the poor Irish. Poor Irish, indeed! Whenever they manage to get a “quarter” at all it is sure to be in the lowest and least healthy part of the town. Here boots, shoes, and stockings, are evidently considered unnecessary luxuries, men, women, and children; going about barefooted. In fact I never entered a minor theatre or music-hall without seeing as many bare feet in the pit and gallery as I saw boots. But considering the ills we suffer from corns and bunions, to say nothing of our feet growing into different shapes from what nature intended, I think those people were rather to be envied than pitied. Scotland-road is one way to the docks; considered in Liverpool the eighth wonder of the world. Certainly such a number of ships, from every country in the world, are never seen together in one place. In “sweet summer-time” those docks must be a delightful lounging place, the walk along the outer basin, and the Mersey dashing against the walls, and the fine view up and down the river, being quite romantic; but as the wind seemed determined to blow me over the unprotected edge whenever I went near it, regard for personal safety overcame my love of the picturesque, and I was
obliged to retreat into safer quarters. Close to the docks are the Custom-House and Exchange, right in the midst of the haunts of the Liverpool merchants, a name which gained such unenviable notoriety some nine years ago in consequence of a certain letter sent to the modern Caesar. The landing-stage is a very lively place; steamboats departing and arriving every minute. Seeing so many different sorts of people continually passing to and fro in one place, reminded me of a set scene in a grand opera at the "garden;" and I could almost imagine that Mr. Augustus Harris had been specially engaged to superintend the grouping, and that Mr. W. H. Payne would suddenly appear as the principal citizen.

Once I was sold. Seeing a green space in the map marked "Recreation Grounds," I thought I would go there and recreate myself; but I found only a small enclosed space, apparently without an entrance, entirely deserted, and looking more like a " pound" than anything else. Not far off is Everton, the realization of the sweetest poet's dream; or a rather a sweetstuff place; the inhabitants of which mostly, in some way or the other, get their living by the manufacture and sale of the famous toffee. If I had only been a schoolboy, with a shilling or two in my pocket, what a happy day I might have passed in Everton, and what a week I should have had afterwards. Having reached their long sleep, I cannot say certain of that," I hear somebody say, I "did" Everton in five minutes; and then went in search of fresh fields and,—but I fancy that expression has been used once too often.

The Botanical Gardens looked very pleasant, even at a time of the year when the ground was covered with leaves, and the fair summer flowers were sleeping their long sleep. I cannot say much for the parks. At present they are only in their infancy, and in no way to be compared with the " lung" of London. And I was surprised to find that, in a large place like Liverpool, no one seemed to take advantage of the breathing-grounds supplied to them by a corporation at least sensible of the advantage of open spaces in large towns. The heavy swells, the dainty daughters of fashion, the perambulator-wheeling nursesmaidens, with their tall, military attendants, the ragged children playing at "touch" amongst the trees, so familiar to Londoners, had no representatives in Liverpool. I sat some time in one of the parks, and was only passed by an errand-boy and a postman, who only used the place as a short cut.

Theatrically speaking, Liverpool can be proud. Such handsome and comfortable theatres, such actors and actresses, and such critical audiences, have their equal nowhere, taking them all together. Liverpool is now the recognised school of the drama. Andrew Halliday, who ought to know something about the stage, in an "All the Year Round" article, called Liverpool a "Seat of Theatres;" and the author of "King o' Scots," could not have given it a better name. No matter where you go, you are sure to come across some Temple of the Drama; either a handsome building lately erected by some enterprising capitalist, or else a tumble-down house, famous for its ancient tradition. Many of our principal dramatic authors prefer having their plays brought out in Liverpool, knowing that if they there gain a favourable reception, their success is certain everywhere else. Byron's "Lancashire Mail," Robertson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and Gilbert's burlesque of "The Vivandiere," all first saw the light of the Liverpool lamps. During my visit, Italian Opera reigned at the Alexandra, and Mr. Mapleson's "stars" were nightly drawing crowded houses. At the Amphitheatre, Barry Sullivan and Miss Kate Saville were doing the legitimate; and the way that Shakespeare was appreciated gave a good idea of the intellectual capabilities of the inhabitants. Perhaps the prettiest theatre in Liverpool is the Prince of Wales's, the Strand of the North. Under the régime of Mr. Henderson, and of the old H. J. Byron (a native), this fairy tale or rather a sweetstuff place, the inhabitants of which mostly, in some way or the other, get their living by the manufacture and sale of the famous toffee. If I had only been a schoolboy, with a shilling or two in my pocket, what a happy day I might have passed in Everton, and what a week I should have had afterwards. Having reached their long sleep, I cannot say certain of that," I hear somebody say, I "did" Everton in five minutes; and then went in search of fresh fields and,—but I fancy that expression has been used once too often.

Certainly not an aristocratic audience, by no means a star company, but what melo-dramas! I seemed to be in a theatre of the last century. The general appearance of the theatre reminded me of the old Edinburgh before it was turned into the New East London. Smoking was allowed; the audience fought and quarrelled between the acts; and when the scene scene came, everybody stood upon the seats. Here I saw, of course, a version of "After Dark," express train and all; and here I saw (extremely well played, too), a long-forgotten piece, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street."

Liverpool is also well off in Music Halls, from the "Star" in Williamson-square, down to "penny gaffs" and free concert-rooms; but as at most places well-known London performers were engaged, who sang songs they had been singing months back in the metropolis, the entertainments wanted the charm of novelty as far as I was concerned. But wherever I went, always found crowded audiences, who perfectly understood the rules of music-hall etiquette, two of which seem to be: "Always invite your neighbours to drink out of your glass;" and "Join in the chorus whether you know the words or not."

Liverpool is certainly literary, although the newspapers are not up to much; but there is a weekly comic journal, the "Porcupine," which combines the best features of "Punch," "Fun," and "The Tomahawk," and is perfectly original notwithstanding. The "Porcupine" is a paper to be "read, not merely to be "looked at."
Our Paris Correspondent

surprised to see no reviews, and a town like Liverpool should certainly boast of at least one monthly magazine for men, famous in the world of letters, hail from the city on the Mersey, amongst whom was poor Robert Brough, who gave us so many pictures of Liverpool society.

Liverpool is a great city, with a little of the American element about it, and it is increasing both in size and population every day. Beyond the town are colonies of villas, large, handsome houses, with coach-houses and stabling; and further on, every available plot of ground appears to be given up to bricks and mortar—a sure sign of increasing wealth and prosperity. But at present Liverpool, especially young Liverpool, is much too fast. Like all people who have suddenly become wealthy, the Liverpudlians play at ducks and drakes with their money, gambling, speculating, buying and selling all day, and going in for unmistakable “high ginks” all night. Liverpool is nothing if not commercial; and though commerce showers her favours thickly on her favourites, if they neglect paying her sufficient homage, she has her revenge by condemning them to universal smash.

But literature, science, and art, are making gigantic strides; and I think there is a brilliant future for the Second City in the Land.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C.,—

It is a bad state of things methinks, when the indisposition of one man can spread alarm all over Europe, stagnate commerce, and make everything depend on the daily bulletin of his health. So it is when Napoleon III. passes an agitated night or loses his appetite, or is unable to show himself to the anxious Parisians. It may be very flattering to his Majesty’s vanity, but I repeat, it is a bad state of things. There has been a complete panic for this last month in Paris, and so contradictory have the newspapers and public rumours been as to the danger of the Dictators malady, that we have not known what to believe. No doubt there has been great exaggeration on both sides, as there ever is on such occasions, particularly when it was known that an additional physician had been called in, and that the Emperor remained in bed, which, it seems, he readily does when indisposed. If his Majesty has had the twentieth part of the different diseases accorded him by his affectionate subjects, his recovery is a perfect miracle, but as to say truly what he has been suffering from I know not which to choose. However, he has been out several times in his carriage, has gained his appetite and the Empress her usual serenity and spirits, and her projected oriental journey is again become probable, although it had been entirely abandoned. Her visit to Corsica with the Prince Imperial was saddened with anxiety, and was no doubt realized at that moment in order to calm public disquietude. The Corsicans of course were overjoyed to welcome the august lady and her son to their island, the cradle of the Napoleon race. The night they returned to St. Cloud, the Emperor detained the young prince by his bedside until past midnight, listening to the child’s account of his journey, his observations and pleasure. Since it has been proposed to create his Imperial Highness Duke of Corsica, others have asked for him to be made king of Algiers. The Corsicans have never yet had a duke, but they have had one king, who reigned over them during eight months with despotic sway, satisfying his passions and hanging his subjects without ceremony. All have heard of the singular adventures of the famous Theodore de Neuhoff, once lieutenant in the regiment de la March, belonging to the Duke of Orleans, and who at last, possessing nothing in the world but creditors in every kingdom in Europe, went to try his fortune in Corsica, at the moment that those hardy mountaineers were up in arms against Genoa. They greeted Theodore de Neuhoff with enthusiasm and proclaimed him king, and a regular king Stork he proved. At the end of eight months his Majesty perceiving that his popularity was gradually declining, and fearing his vindictive subjects, very wisely left them privately, by escaping on board a fisherman’s boat, to Leghorn, where he was immediately accosted by a vigilant creditor. In vain he offered his kingdom in pawn; the place became too warm for him, and after many ups and downs, he at last managed to escape to London, where he died. Horace Walpole gave him a tombstone, on which he had engraved: “Fortune accorded him a kingdom and refused him bread.” During the Emperor’s illness the papers again took up the subject of who should succeed him in the event of death, and the “Opinion Nationale” warmly sustained the Prince Napoleon’s candidature, either as Emperor or Regent, for evidently the Regency would conduct to sovereignty. The Prince is proud of his resemblance to Napoleon I, and no doubt counts on that and his talent, but he is not very popular. He passes for being afraid of risking his person before powder and shot; and, although he professes very liberal principles, he cannot forget that his mother was a German princess of ancient race, and his wife an Italian princess-royal of no less pure blood. His late speech at the Senate was as usual very eloquent, and it so annoyed the late Prime Minister, Mr. Rouher, that he bounded again in his presi-
dental chair in thinking that he was no longer minister, and could not answer the prince. However, the famous Senator-Consul was voted, and it appears that a new era of liberty is about to gleam forth on France—responsible ministers and a constitutional Emperor. Time will prove. Report also says that in March, when the Prince Imperial will have attained his 14th year, the Emperor intends abdicating in his favour, reviving an old custom in the French royal annals, of declaring the heir to the throne of age at 14. The young prince was said to have exclaimed at his first communion, that as soon as he was emperor, he would banish every other religion from his dominions except Roman Catholicism. Strange principles to have inculcated into the young mind of a prince issue of the Revolution!

There has been great dissatisfaction amongst the liberal party about the way Ledru-Rollin is treated by the amnesty, he alone being excepted in the general pardon, and that under the plea that he was complicated in an attempt to assassinate the Emperor. But the complicity has never been proved and the Government certainly does Ledru-Rollin too much honour in rendering him so important a person. An exile always creates sympathy.

The opening of the shooting season has emptied Paris of what remained of Parisians who possess a piece of ground out of the capital, or even the sad remnants from abroad that can offer them a field or wood to try their skill in. No man who has the least claim to fashion or to be somebody, could pass through September without shouldering his gun and wandering forth in quest of partridges; though I have seen many when once in the country, and far from those who know them, get behind a hay-stack, pick a comfortable corner, pull out a cigar and a book, and leave the partridges in perfect security, to chirp about with their pretty little ones, as if September had yet to dawn.

The sea-side season has not been very agreeable, so much wind and cold, and yet Trouville has again been full of company, many attracted by the ex-Queen of Spain, who spent a month there with her family. Her mother, the Queen Christine, was at Havre, and during the daughter's sojourn at Trouville, she and her husband went to Havre to pay their respects to Christine. They went by steamer, and the captain hoisted the Spanish flag in compliment to their Majesties' presence, which courtesy pleased the Spanish Consul's friends.

The meeting of the two dethroned monarchs rather amused the French spectators, for as soon as Isabella and her husband landed, Christine, who was on the pier waiting them, opened her arms to receive her son-in-law; he, instead of running into them, fell down at her feet and gallantly kissed her hand. General Prim has been in Paris, it was said that the Emperor would not give him audience; however, his Majesty received the General at St. Cloud, and had a long conversation with him.

Apropos of the quarrel you are having in England about Mrs. Beecher Stowe's assertion that she has found out the real cause of Lord Byron's separation from his wife. The poet was black enough without embellishment, and methinks they might let him rest in peace in his tomb. His once beautiful mistress, the Countess Guiccioli, now the famous Marchioness de Boisot, protests against what the American authoress asserts, and she affirms that she has daily intercourse still with the noble poet, and that before witnesses. Doctor Cézal, two years ago, assisted at one of these visits of his Lordship's spirit. The lady addressed a letter to the poet, then put a large sheet of foolscap paper, such as Byron used to write on, before her, then she fell into a kind of transport, raised her eyes to Heaven, and her hand, holding a pen, ran over the paper after a few minutes, as if pushed by some unseen force, wholly without the lady's will, her eyes continually fixed on high. The letter announced, that day, that as American author was about writing a book on his (Lord Byron's) life, full of horrible and false things. It does seem odd that Mrs. Beecher Stowe should have made a discovery in the poet's life, after the researches of small hosts of enemies, that would have so sweetly gloried in adding another sin to the sinning nobleman's account—and infamy, too!

We have just lost an aged publicist, who was once the nephew of a famous actress. Monsieur Charles Maurice died more than eighty years of age. He flourished when Mlle. Georges and Talma excited the enthusiasm of the Parisians, and was then editor of the Courier des Théâtres, and we are to those who mounted the stage without subscribing to his paper. "The elephant Cunny plays to-night at the Port St. Martin; Mlle. Georges also makes her début at the Odéon—curious coincidence!" Mlle. Georges was very stout and had not subscribed to his Courier. The next night: "Masons are employed ever since yesterday to prop up the theatre; it shook when Mlle Georges entered." The actress bit her lips, but resisted. "Yesterday the king passed a review in the Champ de Mars, in the midst of torrid heat; the perspiration ran down the soldiers' faces. All at once a refreshing sensation passed over them, a shade darkened the sun, it was Mlle. Georges that passed, and her shadow intercepted the burning rays." The lady was obliged to submit, and hostilities ceased. Talma, in all the lustre of his genius, was a more difficult foe; Maurice could find nothing to exercise his criticisms on; however, one day he wrote: "Talma is inimitable, the majesty of his gestures in particular is something wonderful. He has three that are really remarkable. The first consists in placing his hand on his heart (No. 1); the second in stretching out his arms before him (No. 2); the next in throwing his two arms before and in bringing them gracefully on his bosom (No. 3)." Talma laughed, but did not take the Courier. The next day Maurice wrote—"Talma was marvellous.
MADAM WALDOBOURGH’S CARRIAGE.

“Arrived at the Hotel Waldoborough, accordingly, I stepped out of the coupé, and helped the coachman to shut the doors, then going in with them, as a matter of course. But the Spider said, ‘Do not give yourself ze pain, Monsieur!’ and relieved me of King François. And Madam said, ‘Shall I order the driver to be paid? or will you retain the coupé? You will want it to take you home. Well, good day,’ offering me two fingers to shake. ‘I am very happy to have met you; and I hope I shall see you at my next reception. Thursday evening, remember; I receive Thursday evenings. Cocher, vous emporterez ce monsieur chez lui, comprennez?’

‘Bien, Madame!’ says the cocher.

‘Bon jour, Monsieur!’ says Arachne, gayly, tripping up the stairs with the king in her arms. ‘I was stunned. For a minute I did not know very well what I was about; indeed, I should have done very differently if I had had my wits about me. I stepped back into the coupé, weary, disheartened, hungry; my dinner-hour was past long ago; it was now approaching the candle-lit dinner-hour, and I was sent away fasting. What was worse, the coupé was left for me to pay for. It was three hours since it had been ordered; price, two francs an hour; total, six francs. I had given the driver my address, and we were clattering away towards the Rue des Vieux Augustins, when I remembered, with a sinking of the heart, the money I had never seen my equal in the world—at least in this part of the world—thanks to my Todworth cousin; that I had, in fact, only fifteen solty sous in my pocket!

‘Here was a scrape! I had ridden in Madam Waldoborough’s carriage with a vengeance! Six francs to pay! and how was I ever to pay it? ‘Cocher! cochery! I cried out, despairingly, ‘attendez!’

‘Qu’est-il?’ says the cocher, stopping promptly.

‘Struck with the appalling thought that every additional rod we travelled involved an increase of expense, my first impulse was to jump out and dismiss him. But then came the more frightful nightmare fancy, that it was not possible to dismiss him unless I could pay him! I must keep him with me until I could devise some means of raising the six francs, which an hour later would be eight francs, and an hour later ten francs, and so forth. Every moment that I delayed payment swelled the debt, like a ruinous rate of interest, and diminished the possibility of ever being able to pay him at all.

And of course I could not keep him with me for ever—go about the world henceforth in a
hired coach, with a driver and span of horses impossible to get rid of.

"Quoi veut, Monsieur?" says the driver, looking over at me with his red face, and waiting for my orders.

"That recalled me from my hideous reverie. I knew I might as well be travelling as standing still, since he was to be paid by the hour; so I said, 'Drive on, drive faster!'"

"I had one hope—that on reaching my lodgings I might prevail upon the concierge to pay for the coach. I stepped out with alacrity, said gayly to my coachman, 'Combien est-ce que je vous dois?'; and put my hand in among my fifteen sous with an air of confidence.

"The driver looked at his watch, and said, with business-like exactness, 'Six francs vingt-cinq cents, Monsieur.' Vingt-cinq cents! My debt had increased 25 cents. whilst I had been thinking about it! 'Avec quelque chose pour la boisson,' he added with a persuasive smile. With a trifle besides for drink-money; for that every French driver expects.

"Then I appeared to discover, to my surprise, that I had not the change; so I cried out to the old woman in the porter's lodge. 'Give this man six francs for me, will you?' 'Six francs! echoed the ogress, with astonishment: 'Monsieur, je n'ai pas le sou!'

"I might have known it; of course she wouldn't have a sou for a poor devil like me; but the reply fell upon my heart like a death-sentence.

"I then proposed to call at the driver's stand and pay him in a day or two, if he would trust me. He smiled and shook his head.

"'Very well,' said I, stepping back into the coach, 'drive to number five, Cité Odiot.' I had an acquaintance there, of whom I thought I might possibly borrow. The coachman drove away cheerfully, seeming to be perfectly well satisfied with the situation; he was having employment; his pay was going on, and he could hold me in pledge for the money. We reached the Cité Odiot: I ran in at number five, and up stairs to my friend's room. It was locked; he was away from home.

"I had but one other acquaintance in Paris on whom I could venture to call for a loan of a few francs; and he lived far away, across the Seine, in the Rue Racine. There seemed to be no alternative; so away we posted, carrying my ever-increasing debt, dragging at each remove a lengthening chain. We reached the Rue Racine; I found my friend; I wrung his hand. 'For Heaven's sake,' said I, 'help me to get rid of this Old Man of the Sea—this elephant won in a raffle!'

"I explained. He laughed. 'What a funny adventure!' says he. 'And how curious that at this time, of all others, I haven't ten sous in the world! But I'll tell you what I can do,' says he.

"'For mercy's sake, what?'

"'I can get you out of the building by a private passage, take you through into the Rue de la Harpe, and let you escape. Your coach man will remain waiting for you at the door until you have traversed half Paris. That will be a capital point to the joke, a splendid finish for your little comedy!'

"'I confess to you that, perplexed and desperate as I was, I felt for an instant tempted to accept this infamous suggestion. Not that I would willingly have wronged the coachman; but since there was no hope of doing him justice, why not do the best thing for myself? If I could not save my honour, I might at least save my person. And I own that the picture of him which presented itself to my mind, waiting at the door so complacently, so stolidly, intent only on sticking by me at the rate of two francs an hour until paid of, without feeling a shadow of sympathy for my distresses, but secretly laughing at it, doubtless—that provoked me; and I was pleased to think of him waiting there still, after I should have escaped, until at last his beamng red face would suddenly grow purple with wrath, and his placidity change to consternation, on discovering that he had been outwitted. But I knew too well what he would do. He would report me to the police! Worse than that, he would report me to Madame Waldorough!

"'Already I fancied him, with his whip under his arm, smilingly taking off his hat, and extending his hand to the amazed and indignant lady, with a polite request that she would pay for that coupé! What coupé? And he would tell his story, and the Goddess would be thunderstruck; and the eyes of the Spider would sparkle wickedly; and I should be damned forever!'

"Then I could see the Parisian detectives (the best in the world) going to take down from the lady's lips a minute description of the adventurer, the swindler, who had imposed upon them, and attempted to cheat a poor hack-driver out of his hard-earned wages!

"'No,' said I; 'this is impossible! If you can't help me to the money, I must try—but where, how can I hope to raise eight francs (for it is four hours by this time, to say nothing of the drink-money)—how can I ever hope to raise that sum in Paris?'

"'You can pawn your watch,' says my false friend, rubbing his hands, and smiling, as if he really enjoyed the comicality of the thing.

"'But I had already eaten my watch, as the French say: it had been a week at the Mont de Piété.

"'Your coat then,' says my counsellor, with good-mannered unconcern.

"'And go in my shirt-sleeves?' for I had placed my trunk and its contents in the charge of my landlord, as security for the payment of my board and room-rent.

"'In that case, I don't see what you will do, unless you take my original advice, and dodge the fellow.'

"I left my fair-weather acquaintance in disgust, and went off, literally staggering under the load, the ever-increasing load, the Pelion
Madame Waldoborough’s Carriage.

upon Oessa, of francs, francs, francs—despair, despair, despair!
“‘Eh bien?’ says the driver, interrogatively, as I went out to him.
‘Pas de chance!’ And I ordered him to drive back to the Cité Odior.
‘Bien!’ says he, polite as ever, cheery as ever; and away we went again, back across the Seine, up the Champs Elysées, into the Rue de l’Oratoire, to the Cité, my stomach faint, my head aching, my thoughts whirling, and the carriage wheels rattling, clattering, clattering all the way, ‘Two francs an hour, and drink-money! Two francs an hour, and drink-money!’

Once more I tried my luck at number five, and was filled with exasperation and dismay to find that my friend had been home, and gone off in great haste, with a portmanteau in his hand.

‘Where had he gone? Nobody knew; but he had given his key to the house-servant, saying he would be absent several days.
‘Pensez-vous qu’il est allé à Londres? I hurriedly inquired.

‘Monsieur, je n’en sais rien,’ was the calm, decisive response.

‘I knew he often went to London; and now my only hope was to catch him at one of the railway stations. But by which route would he be likely to go? I thought of only one—that by way of Calais, by which I had come, and I ordered my coachman to drive with all speed to the Great Northern Railway Station. He looked a little glum at this, and his ‘Bien!’ sounded a good deal like the ‘bang’ of the coach-door, as he shut it rather sharply in my face.

‘Again we were off, my head hotter than ever, my feet like ice, and the coach-wheel saying vivaciously, as before, ‘Two francs an hour, and drink-money! Two francs an hour, and drink-money!’ I was terribly afraid we should be too late; but on arriving at the station, I found there was no train at all. One had left in the afternoon, and another would leave late in the evening. Then I remembered there were other routes to London, by the way of Dieppe and Havre. My friend might have gone by one of those! Yes, there was a train at about that time, my driver somewhat suddenly informed me—for he was fast losing his cheerfulness: perhaps it was his supper-time, or perhaps he was in a hurry for his drink-money. Did he know where the stations were? Know, of course he did! There was but one terminus for both routes; that was in the Rue St. Lazare. Could he reach it before the train started? Impossible; but his horses were jaded. Why didn’t I tell him before that I wished to stop there?

‘We reached the Lazarus-street Station; the train was about starting; but, owing to the strict regulations which are enforced on French railways, I could not even force myself into the passenger-room, much less get through the gate. Nobody could enter there without a ticket. My friend was going, and I could not rush in and catch him, and borrow my—ten francs! I laugh now at the image of myself, as I must have appeared then, pouring forth torrents of broken and hardly intelligible French, questioning, cursing, imploring, and receiving the invariable, the inexorable reply, always polite, but always firm, ‘On ne passe pas, monsieur.’

‘Absolutely no admittance! The train started, and I was ruined forever!
‘I went back to my hackman. His serenity had vanished as mine had arrived.

‘Who will pay me? he demanded, fiercely.

‘My friend,’ said I, ‘it is impossible.’ And I repeated my proposition to call and settle with him in a day or two.

‘And you will not pay me now?’ he vociferated.

‘My friend, I cannot.

‘Then I know what I shall do; I turning away in a rage.

‘I have done what I could, now you shall try what you can,’ I answered, mildly.

‘Turning once more upon me, he said, ‘I go to Madam. I demand my pay of her. What do you say to that?’

‘A few minutes before I should have been overwhelmed by the suggestion—I was not pleased with it now. I ought to have had the courage to say to Mrs. Waldoborough, when she had the coolness to send me off with the coupé, instead of my dinner, ‘Excuse me, Madam, I have not the money to pay this man! I would have been bitter, that confession; but better one pill at the beginning of a malady than a whole boxful afterwards. I had, through my folly, placed myself in an embarrassing and ludicrous position, and I must take the consequences.

‘Well,’ said I, ‘that is the best thing you can do; but say to madam that I expect my uncle by the next steamer, and that you not only refused to wait till his arrival, but also put me to a great deal of trouble. You fellows should be more accommodating.’

‘True! true!’ says the driver, ‘but I must have my pay all the same. I shall tell Madam what you say.’

‘He was going; and now happened one of those wonderful things which occur in real life, but which, in novels, we pronounce improbable. Whilst we were speaking a train arrived, and I noticed a withered old man coming out of the building. I looked at him earnestly, because he, although old and withered, yet seemed happy, whilst I, so young and fresh, yet so miserable; and I was wondering at his self-satisfaction, when I saw—what think you?—something fall to the ground, out of one of the pockets of the coat he was carrying on his arm. It was—will you believe it?—a pocketbook, a well-filled pocketbook—the pocketbook of a millionaire, by Jove! I pounced upon it like an eagle upon a rabbit. He was passing on, when I ran after him, politely called his attention, and surprised him by returning that which he supposed was safe in his coat-pocket.
"Is it possible!" said he, in very poor French, which betrayed him to be a foreigner like myself. 'You are very kind, very honest, very obliging—very obliging indeed!"

"If thanks and smiles would answer my purpose I had them in profusion. He looked at the pocketbook, and, feeling satisfied it had not been opened, again and again thanked me. He seemed very anxious to do the polite thing, yet still more anxious to be passing on; but I would not allow him—I held him with my glittering eye.

"'Ah!' said he, 'perhaps you won't feel yourself insulted by the offer' (he saw that I was well-dressed, and probably hesitated to reward me on that account), and, putting his hand in his pocket, he took it out again, with the palm covered with glittering gold pieces.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am ashamed to accept anything for so trifling a service; but I owe this man—how much is it now?'

"'Ten francs and a half,' said the driver, whom I had stopped just in time.

"'Ten francs and a half,' I repeated.

"'Mais n'oubliez pas la boisson' he added, his persuasive smile returning.

"'With something for his dram,' I continued; 'which, if you will have the kindness to pay him, and at the same time give me your address, I will see that the money is returned to you without fail in a day or two.'

He paid the money, with a smile, saying it was of no consequence, and neglecting to give me his address. And he went his way well satisfied; and the driver went his, also well satisfied; and I went mine, infinitely better satisfied than either of them.

Well, I had got rid of Madam Waldoborough's carriage, and learned a lesson which I think will last me the rest of my life. But I must hasten and tell you the dénouement of the affair.

"I was not so anxious to cultivate Madam's acquaintance after riding in her carriage, you may well believe. For months I did not see her. At last my Todworth cousin and her yellow-complexioned husband came to town, and I went, with my uncle, to their hotel. They were delighted to see me. A card was brought in. My cousin smiled, and directed that the visitor should be admitted. There was a rustle—a volume of flounces came sweeping in, and a well-remembered voice cried, 'My dear Louise!' my Todworth cousin was clasped in the embrace of Madame Waldoborough.

But what did I behold? Following in Madam's wake, a withered old man, whose countenance was strangely familiar to me. I considered for a moment, and the scene in the Rue St. Lazare flashed across my mind. I remembered him well.

"Madam released Louise from her arms, and greeted the yellow-complexioned one. Then she was introduced to my uncle. Then the bride said, 'You know my cousin Herbert, I believe?'

"'Ah, yes!' says Waldoborough, 'I recognize him now!' giving me a smile and two fingers. 'You have been to one or two of my receptions, have you not?'

"'I have not yet had that pleasure,' said I.

"'Ah, I remember now! You called one morning, didn't you? And we went somewhere together—where did we go?—or was it some other gentleman?'

"I said I thought it must have been some other gentleman; for indeed I could hardly believe now that I was that fool.

"'Very likely,' said she; for I see so many—my receptions, you know Louis, are always so crowded! But, dear me, what am I thinking of? Where are you, my love?' and the steamer brought the skirt alongside.

"'Louis, and gentleman,' then said my lady, with a magnificent courtesy, the very wind of which I feared would blow him away—but he advanced triumphantly, bowing and smiling extravagantly—'allow me the happiness of presenting to you Mr. John Waldoborough, my husband.'

"How I refrained from shrieking and throwing myself on the floor, I never well knew; for I declare to you, I was never so caught by surprise and tickled through and through by any dénouement of situation on or off the stage! To think that pigmy, that wart, that little grinning monkey of a man, parchment-faced, antique—a mere money-bag on two sticks—should be the husband of the great and glorious Madam Waldoborough! His wondrous self-satisfaction was accounted for. Moreover, I saw that Heaven's justice was done: Madam's husband had paid for Madam's carriage!

Here Herbert concluded his story. And it was true; for the day had closed, as we walked up and down, and the sudden November night had come on. Gas-light had replaced the light of the sun throughout the streets of the city. The brilliant cressets of the Place de la Concorde flamed like a constellation; and the Avenue des Champs Elysées, with its rows of lamps, and the throngs of carriages, each bearing now its lighted lantern, moving along that far extended slope, looked like a new Milky Way, fenced with luminous stars, and swarming with meteoric fire-flies.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HARDWICK'S MANUAL: for Patrons and Members of Friendly Societies.—(Manchester: John Heywood, 141, 143, Dean-street; London: Simpkin, Marshall Co.).—The importance of friendly societies in these days, both from the numbers enrolled under their various denominations, the grand sum total of their accumulated wealth, and their effect upon the habits, characters, and condition of the working men of Great Britain, can scarcely be overrated. Hence the condensed information in the small volume before us (which has already reached a second edition), is replete with interest, not only for the political economist and utilitarian, but for the philanthropist and thoughtful readers generally. Mr. Hardwick brings to his task the authority of many years of practical knowledge of his subject—knowledge derived while holding the highest office in connection with one of the most popular and powerful of these societies, "the Manchester Unity of Independent Oddfellows." He has evidently gone to the fund of the matter, and is at pains, while urging the excellence of such institutions, to open the eyes of less far-sighted and more numerous classes of persons, to the real advantages in the rules, and management of some of these associations on which the workman bases his hope of help in the hour of sickness and adversity. The chapter entitled, "The General History of Friendly Societies," is exceedingly interesting; in it the writer shows that such co-operative endeavours to guard against the exigencies of accident or poverty, are by no means modern. Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle, alludes to associations among the Athenians, and the citizens of other Greek states, "having a common chest, into which a certain monthly contribution, paid by each individual was deposited, so that a fund be raised for the relief of such members of the society as should in any manner have experienced adverse fortune." "A species of association or college, much resembling the modern burial club," existed amongst the Romans, and the laws of the society, inscribed on marble, remain to testify the fact in our times.

The ancient guilds of the Anglo-Saxons were, according to Sharon Turner, friendly associations "made for mutual aid and contribution to meet the pecuniary exigencies which were perpetually arising from burials, legal actions, penitual mutes, and other payments or compensations." Dr. Hicks has printed several documents belonging to these guilds. "A Gilde-scope" Exeter shows that "its objects," observes our author, "were not unlike those of the modern friendly societies, although relief during sickness does not appear to have engaged their attention." "Each family or hearth" covenanted to subscribe one penny on the death of a member, male or female. This subscription was paid to the canons of the cathedral, who, in consideration there of, performed the necessary rites for the "Soile Scot." The rules of several associations, which date back to the Norman Conquest, are preserved, and Mr. Ansell remarks that they were established for the express promotion of religion, charity or trade. From these fraternities the various companies and city corporations in the kingdom are derived. One is sometimes tempted to think that ideas lie in the human brain like the germs of plants in the ground, to germinate from time to time as circumstances bring them to the surface. Mr. Hardwick observes, that, by none of the associations referred to, was the article of feasting and conviviality ignored; the self-inflicted fines of the members formed a separate fund in aid of the expenses of an annual entertainment, of which the general public had a share, as they generally ended with an interlude or pageant. It is interesting to know that in 1696 Defoe published a work ("Essay on Projects") advocating a plan for the formation of societies "formed by mutual assurance for the relief of members in seasons of distress." By way of experiment, he proposes to establish one for the support of destitute widows. "The same thought," he adds, "might be improved into methods that should prevent the general misery and poverty of mankind, and at once secure us against beggars, parish-poor, almshouses, and hospitals, by which not a creature is miserable or so should claim subsistence as their due, and not ask it of charity." From this Mr. Hardwick infers that not only were no such societies then in existence, "but that the author of the immortal 'Robinson Crusoe' was the first to suggest their formation." He is careful to show, that, however Englishmen pride themselves on the Anglo-Saxon love of freedom, that the labouring classes of that period had no share of it; that two-thirds of the population were slaves, and that the real emancipation of the working people may be said only to have commenced towards the end of the last century. As late as 1768, an act passed, which compelled all London tailors to work from six in the morning to seven in the evening, with the interval of an hour only for refreshment. "The said act likewise decreed that the wages of the free English fabricator of clothing should not exceed two shillings and seven pence per day, except at a period of general mourning, when, for the space of one month, he was permitted to demand the sum of five shillings and three half-pence! For paying or receiving other than the sums specified, the offender was subjected to two months' imprisonment, and hard labour!" But we must not linger over this interesting "general history," or we shall have no space for other portions of
the work. The earliest occasion upon which friendly societies received the sanction of either branch of the legislature was in 1773. From the returns of the registrar the number of friendly societies enrolled and certified, and now in existence in England and Wales, is about 20,000, and the number of the members exceed 2,000,000, with funds exceeding £9,000,000. We cannot follow Mr. Hardwick though his carefully-prepared account of the statistics of these societies. One of the most important chapters of the work is that entitled the "Danger of Insolvency"; it is one that deserves most careful attention on the part of present or intended members of friendly societies, and who are tempted to join impracticable ones, the liberal schemes of which must end in disappointment and loss. Figures represent very stubborn facts in our author's use of them, and prove in this chapter that for want of proper calculations many of the existing societies are, or soon will be, without proper reformation, in a state of bankruptcy. He points out the defects in their rules and organization which leads to this conclusion, and shows the means of averting and preventing it. According to the "pastgrand master of the Manchester Unity's" own showing, that society itself is not safe unless a reformation of its system is generally entered into by the various lodges; but, having shown in a very searching investigation of the accounts of an aggregate of twenty-four lodges, their financial prospects, and the errors in their executive he takes heart to observe that "the dictates of common sense and moral principle alike demand that we investigate calmly the cause of past error, and regulate our future proceedings in accordance with our improved knowledge of the operation of natural laws. No ignorance of ours, either wilful or blind, can stultify a fact; but, if we boldly look the evil in the face, I for one fear not that patient labour and integrity of purpose will eventually accomplish all that is desired." Mr. Hardwick, under the heads of "Conditions of Security" and the "Future," deals almost exhaustively with his subject; and the chapters on education and social advantages are full of hope for the working-people of England. We congratulate not only the members of the Manchester Unity, but those of friendly societies generally, upon the author's earnest and honest inquisition of their existing defects, ad the sterling advantages to be derived from it. The work is one that will be regarded as an authority upon the matters of which it treats.

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF ODDFELLOWS. — (Manchester).—Address to the subject of Mr. Hardwick's "Manual," which we have just discussed, appears a paper in these pages by the same hand (the editor, by the way) on the subject of the "proposed Royal Commission on Friendly Societies," which are at length receiving from the legislature the attention which they merit. In a speech of Mr. Corrance, M.P., relative to the existing state of pauperism and vagrancy in England, and the principles on which the poor-laws are at present administered, he thus alluded to friendly societies:

But whatever was done, the future to be arrived at was an eradication of pauperism by the creation of self-dependence. Provident societies and kindred institutions must be fostered. He could not agree with the allegation that the working classes were improvident as a rule. (Here encouragement to be provident had they received from the legislature and from society? Little or none. The workmen had received but cold encouragement from without, and the blame, if any, should rest with others, if he had not proved as self-reliant as could be wished. The attention of the house had been called to the fact that provident societies had doubled in numbers since 1844, and it had been stated on good authority that £2,000,000 per annum was saved to the ratepayer by them. Ought not that to be sufficient to induce the house to encourage the establishment of such societies and their further development. Already they supported their members in times of sickness, but he would like to see them brought to such perfection as to provide superannuation for members aged from 60 to 65. In only one or two instances had this been attempted, and in these it had not worked with perfect success.

In brief, Mr. Corrance suggests that if the rates could in any way be applied to such societies, it would effect a saving at least of some portion of the charge. If there could be a saving to the ratepayer of a third or a fourth, that, not to speak of moral considerations, ought to be a recommendation. A bill brought in by Lord Llandowne, in 1859, contained a clause to the effect that "where a parish should adopt the act and establish a friendly society, the vestry should direct to be paid out of the poor-rates such an amount as the guardians might determine, not exceeding 25 per cent. of the annual contributions of such local society." It was said that the poor man would refuse contributions coming from such a source, but he would be hardly conscious whence they came. At the same time, he should be sorry to see the principle generally applied; it should be confined to particular parts of the country, where it was most wanted.

To this the writer of the article from which we quote the above very pertinently observes:— "We are inclined to the opinion that, wherever any given number of men once understand the necessity of providing for future uncertain periods of affliction, and have given practical exhibition of their conviction, by forming themselves into a friendly society, of however imperfect a character, that the first and most powerful element found to underlie and sustain their commendable effort will be the special horror with which they regard a pauper's social and moral condition, and a strong repugnance to any parochial officers' aid or interference in their provident affairs. Between habitual pauperism and habitual self-reliance, he goes on to say, "there ever has, and ever will be, an impassable gulf." And he very truly believes, that "all practical efforts in the direction indicated would lead to disappointment and disgust." To our own mind such an attempt would be one to overthrow the grandest moti-
ment the working men have made in their on-
ward march of social progress. The very cor-
erstone of self-respect is self-dependence,
and the first attempt to mix the poor-rate with
the hard-earned savings which represent so
much industry, self-denial, and manly effort
should be discountenanced—the two things do
not go together. We agree with the writer, that
there is one thing
Which overseers or boards of guardians might
perhaps do to effectively encourage the independent
action of the self-reliant men to whom we have
referred. They might, nay, we think both in wisdom
and duty, they ought, to regard and treat with some
lenity the few exceptional cases where, through excess
of misfortune and ill-health, the members of friendly
societies, or their dependent families, have, often after
a hard, nay, heroic struggle, which has not only pinched
their bodies, but wrung with bitter anguish their once
contented minds, been compelled, by dire necessity, to
apply for parish relief. In such cases, we say, they
might encourage the provident instincts of the masses
by regarding and treating such individuals as a separate
and distinct class from the idle and the dissolute. B
Besides this well-timed and well-written paper,
there are excellent articles by H. Ogwan,
L.L.D., Edwin Goadly, &c, &c. "A Peep at the
Past" is a pleasant article, which might, how-
ever, be much more so. We congratulate Elisa
Cook upon her "Hill-side Home," and the
freshness of her pretty poem therein.
nekrosozoa: Process for the Preservation or
Embalming of the Human Body.—W. Garstin
& Co., London: 5, Welbeck Street, Cavendish
Square.—Notwithstanding that our own bias is
in favour of cineration as being the mode least
injurious to the interests of the living of disposing
of the dead, destroying at once the seeds of
disease, the pollution of the air, and the monopoly
of large tracts of land, the need of which, as
population increases, is ever more largely felt,
we can still sympathize with those who, on the
other hand, are anxious to retain as long as
possible the lineaments and form of their deceased
friends; and from the simplicity of the operation,
and the efficacy of the antiseptic which gives its
name to this pamphlet, it would seem that there
is no longer any question of the practicality of
such a wish. The perfection of the result is
vouched for by reports from Dr. Francis Delasfield,
Prof. James R. Wood, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus,
Prof. A. Flint, jun., and extracts from the press.
After 103 days, the body of a woman, preserved
by the Nekrosozic process, exhibited no sign of
decomposition, and one which had been prepared
by it after 107 days, is reported to have been in
a fine state of preservation. In cases of death
on board ship, or at a distance from home or
country, we can well understand the value of this
discovery, which will enable the survivors to see
and recognize the friends they have lost before
resigning them to the grave. The process
consists in washing the skin and injecting the
fluid through the natural apertures of the body.
There are no incisions made, so that all that was
repugnant in the old system of embalming is done
away with, anyone may perform the operation.
The inventor is Mr. W. R. C. Clark., of New
York, and his agents for London, Messrs.
Garstin, of 5, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square,
where packages of the fluid may be obtained.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

BY M. D. B.

Jack was a pretty little boy about ten years
old, and his father and mother were very fond of
him. But their affection was of the wrong kind.
They loved him too much to be blind to his
faults, and were very unwilling to see him be-
become a slave to his own evil habits and
appetites, which are the real giants that attack,
and so often overcome, us poor mortals. And so
you will understand that the enemies Jack had to
deal with were the Giants Sloth, Ill-Temper,
Mischief, Selfishness, and others of their kith
and kin.

First, there was Giant Sloth; and he was about
the hardest to conquer of all. Jack liked to
adsorb himself in the pages of a story-book, when
he ought rather to have been learning his
lessons; he hated to get up early in the morn-
ing, and so was almost always late at breakfast,
and received many a mark for tardiness from his
teacher, besides being hurried and flurried in
consequence all through the day. It soon be-
came a serious matter; and in order to help
Jack to break loose from the soft, luxurious web
which this insidious monster weaves about his
captives, his father promised that he should go
with him by train the next morning to town, if
he could possibly be up and ready dressed in
time for the early train.

Little Jack was in high spirits. This was just
what he had been wanting so long. Two cousins
had lately paid him a visit, and had boasted no
little of the sights, and crowed over the
advantages which they asserted it possessed over
his own native city. So Jack wanted to see for
himself. Besides, he had overheard his mother
whisper about the panorama of "Niagara,
and what a treat it would be for Jack." And she
told Susan, the chambermaid, to put his best
suit into a little sacracli, and set it by his father's valve in the hall, ready for the cabin when he should call in the morning.

Now, as Mischief is the offspring of Idleness, it was no wonder that Jack, for want of something better to do, should fall into some of his old tricks, and prove very annoying to all upon whom he chose to bestow his company. First, he disturbed his mamma, who was writing a letter, by breaking the door backwards and forwards, just sufficiently to irritate her nerves; and when that was forbidden, he began to tease his sister May, and pull her about more boisterously than the gentle little girl liked. Jack's mamma had to speak to him very decidedly before he could be persuaded to let the child alone. But it was not long before a string was stilly fastened to the large doll, which May was making believe to be taking a ride in her little waggon, and pretty Flora was rudely thrown on her face, thereby considerably injuring her waxen nose.

This was too bad; and master Jack was summarily expelled from the room, with a request that he should not return until he could behave with more propriety. But, being by this time in a high state of excitement, he only shifted the scene of his operations from the parlour to the kitchen, where he soon raised such a disturbance that mamma was obliged to "take him in hand," as cook expressed it—a punishment which consisted in making Jack sit still for a whole hour on a little footstool at his mamma's feet, without occupation of any kind.

Jack thought this was very hard; but, looking into his mamma's face, he saw she was resolute, and submitted with as good a grace as he possibly could.

"Oh dear!" sighed Jack, piteously, "I wish I had something to do. Mayn't I talk a little, mamma?"

"Not while I am writing," said his mamma.

"And I believe talking is not the bargain at all. But if you keep quiet until I have finished my letter, you may tell me what you have been thinking about in the meantime."

Jack waited until he saw the closely-written sheet placed in its neat envelope, and directed in his mamma's clear, firm handwriting, and then he burst out with, "I was wishing all the time I was like Jack, the Giant-Killer."

Cunning Jack! He expected to hear his mamma laugh at his droll speech, as she had been used to do when he said anything remarkably funny, and then he thought his peace would be made, and his offences forgotten. But, instead of this, his mamma did not smile at all; and she said very gravely, "I wish you were, Jack; and, indeed, I think you can be."

"Why, mamma," cried Jack, astonished, "how can I be? And, besides, where are the giants? There are none about here that I know of; and I mightn't meet with any if I travelled a thousand miles, ever."

"You have no need to travel far to find them. They are here with you all the time, my little Jack."

"Why, mamma," said Jack, opening his eyes very wide, and looking about the room a little frightened; "why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, my son. When you are mischievous, and obstinate, and self-indulgent, as you have been to-day, then I think what bad wicked giants have got hold of my little Jack. And I am afraid these naughty monsters will conquer him entirely some time, if he does not fight them back again, and get the victory. There's Giant Soloth, who keeps you in bed in the morning, and will not let you jump out, though you call ever so loudly. He lurks in the pages of your story-books, and he is very fond of the cushions of the great arm-chair. Sometimes he takes a big pull to get you out of the net he has woven around you."

"Oh, mamma," said Jack, laughing, "does he have a net around me? I never felt it."

"That is because it is so soft and yielding, that few suspect they are in its meshes until it fastens its bands securely about them, like a spider does to a silly fly. And this is what makes Giant Soloth so powerful, because he hides instead of showing open fight."

"Well, he shall not conquer me. I'm determined," said Jack, resolutely. "I'll soon bring you his head, mamma."

"We shall see," said his mamma, quietly. "Time enough to boast when the battle is won."

"But are these all my giants, mamma?" asked Jack, who was greatly amused; and, being a bright boy, readily understood his mamma's meaning.

"By no means," said his mamma. "There is Giant Ill-Temper, who makes you so cross to little May sometimes, and only the other day helped to push her down, when you came home in a bad humour because you were kept in at school. The poor child cried herself to sleep, after I had bashed the great black bruise on her arm.

"Well, mamma, but I was sorry as soon as I had pushed her. And then she needn't have come running to meet me when she might have known I would be in a bad humour. It's hard enough for a fellow to be punished and lose his dinner, without being plagued as soon as he comes in."

"She had been watching for you a whole hour at the window, to ask if she might play with your box of soldiers. And, before I could stop her, she had slipped down the stairs, and was away to the hall-door to meet you, as soon as she caught a glimpse of you running up the steps. She little expected to find you in such a savage mood."

"Dear little May!" said Jack, in a penitent tone; "she's such a sweet-tempered little thing, mamma. She put up her pretty mouth to kiss me when she saw I was sorry about her poor little arm, and said, 'Don't cry, brother Jack, you didn't do it on purpose, I know.' I don't believe Giant Ill-Temper ever disturbs her a bit. And as soon as she got over her nap, I gave her my box of soldiers to keep for her own. Wasn't that fighting Giant Ill-Temper, mamma?"
"Why, no, I think not, Jack. He was off by that time, and you were worsted in the fight. He is very apt to leave Sorrow and Remorse behind him. Had you controlled your inclination to be ill-humoured at the moment you felt him coming, and made a strong effort to be gentle and loving, instead of violent and rude, then I would say you had gained a victory. And as to your giving little May the box of soldiers, I have heard you say over and over again that you were quite tired of them, and did not care who had them."

"Then there is Giant Selfishness," she continued. "Who was it the other day, when I gave him two apples, one large and the other small, to divide with his little sister, bestowed the less beautiful fruit on May, and greedily devoured the whole of the fine one himself?"

"Oh, now mamma, you are too bad, as you said I was a while ago. I am sure, May is so little, the small apple was quite enough for her, and the large one suited me best. Besides, she was quite pleased with the one I gave her."

"So Giant Selfishness told you; and this ugly habit will make you in time greedy, and sensual, and self-indulgent. Fight the giants while you are young, Jack, or they will so get the mastery of you that when you grow up you will find yourself bound as with fetters of iron; and will have to be their slave as long as you live."

"I won't be their slave. I'm determined; so there, now," cried Jack, hotly. "And you'll see, mamma, if I don't conquer them every one. I intend to begin this very day, and knock them down as fast as they come on."

Poor Jack! he was full of boasting, as many a one is who has not "proved his armour."

That same evening he had a strong tussle with Giants Ill-Temper and Discord, and, as usual, they came off conquerors. His mind was so full of his expected journey, and the sights he should probably see on the way, that he gave no heed to his mamma's gentle admonition that he had better retire sooner than usual, so as to be prepared for an early start in the morning. Indeed, when bed-time came, he was absorbed in his favourite book, "The Hundred Wonders of the World;" and had become so excited over a description of Niagara Falls, that he behaved in a very ugly and disrespectful manner to his mamma, and was in consequence not only severely reprimanded by his papa, but ordered at once to put away the tempting volume, and go to his room and to bed.

Jack obeyed this command but partially. He left the apartment, indeed, but contrived to carry his book with him; and remained so long reading it by his bed-room burner, that it was no wonder Giant Sloth found him an easy prey to his blandishments the next morning.

He was only just falling asleep, as he thought, although he had really been many hours in bed, when Susan's tap was heard at the door.

"Please to get up, Master Jack. Your mamma says you will have plenty of time to dress, if you start up at once."

"Oh," said Jack, in a sleepy voice, and rubbing his eyes, "I wish you wouldn't bother me, Susan. I know it's too early. Why, it's quite dark yet, ain't it?"

"No," said Susan; "your window shutters are closed, and the blinds down. Jump up and open the window, and then you will see the bright daylight coming in. And mind, the train starts at six, and you have only an hour to dress and eat your breakfast."

"Only an hour!" repeated Jack, turning over on his pillow, as Susan's footsteps were heard descending the stairs; "as if it would take me more than ten minutes to dress! And I know that tiresome Susan has awakened me over so much too soon. She thinks to pay me back for some of my tricks yesterday, as she said she would. No, indeed, I shan't get up to please you, Miss Susan!"

Foolish Jack! One quarter of an hour, and then another, passed away, his fitful slumbers only broken by Susan's occasional "rat-tat-tat" at the door. To all of which Jack mentally answered—"I know it is not late, and papa will not go without me."

At last, "ring-ting-aling" went the breakfast bell; and then, indeed, Jack was in a hurry. He leaped out of bed at one jump, breaking through the meshes of Giant Sloth's net, and turned a full jet of cold water on his face, and hands, and head. This was a powerful awakener, and, had it been resorted to before, poor Jack might have spared much discomfort and sorrow.

But as it was everything went wrong, and each article of his wardrobe seemed to be out of place and out of sorts, just because he was so impatient. He pulled off his buttons, broke his shoe-ties, and finally got angry, and threw his clothes into various parts of the room. Then he had to scramble and gather them up again; but just as he had succeeded in getting "all right," he heard the sound of wheels, and, running to the window, had the disappointment of seeing the cab drive rapidly away from the door, his father having waited for him until the last possible moment.

It was frightful to see the fit of passion into which Jack was thrown by this blighting of all his hopes. He raised the window and screamed, then stamped, and beat the door with his fists until he was quite exhausted, and had to sit down on the floor to take breath. It was a sorrowful sight, too, for his mamma to find her little son vanquished by the dreadful giants, and, as it were, lying bleeding at her feet, when she came up to console him for his disappointment. But, seeing him yet obstinate and naughty, she was obliged to punish him still further by keeping him in his room until he should become penitent and gentle.

It was late in the afternoon before the conflict was over, and the "good feel" came again. Jack felt subdued and humble enough, as he sat down at his mamma's feet and confessed his shortcomings.

"I shall never kill the giants, mamma—I may as well give it up."
"Oh, no, Jack; for then you must be their slave for life. But see here, my son, you have not on the right armour."
"I don’t know what you mean, mamma."
"Why, you have been trying entirely in your own strength. But you must apply to the Great Captain to help you in this warfare. If you ask Him, He will give you the shield of Faith, gantlet your hand with Good Resolutions, and gird you with the sword of Perseverance. Then there is an oil called All-Prayer, which will keep your Armour always bright and burnished. But you must ask for all these things before you can receive them."
"Oh, now I know, mamma," cried Jack, with a sober face. "I must pray to God to help me conquer my evil passions and inclinations; and then I must resolve and persevere until I do it."
"That is it, dear Jack. It is just as your little hymn-book says:

"O, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne’er give o’er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

Now if my young readers think this story is too much about "the giants conquering Jack," let them resolve as he did, to apply for help in the right quarter, and watch as well as pray; and then they will know exactly how Jack conquered the giants, and gained the title of Giant Killer.

DOUBLE LOVE; OR, THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY WILMOT BUXTON.

"Utrum horum mavis accipe."—Latin Grammar.

Scarcely a fortnight has passed since I was saying good-bye, and taking a last shake of the hand from my old friend Percy Dalton, and his pretty young wife, as they stood on the deck of the vessel which was to bear them and their fortune (no inconsiderable one to India). Dalton has always been my greatest friend, and had proved a delightful companion on all occasions, from his exuberant spirits, and well-stored repository of tale and anecdote; but none of his stories approach in excellence one which he told me shortly before his departure for India, and which same story was nothing more than the true narrative of his fortunate wooing and wedding.

I had accompanied Dalton to the former home of his wife, at Twickenham, and in the evening we were strolling in the garden together, when my friend said suddenly, "I have had something to tell you for some time, old fellow, and had determined to write you an account of it from India, but, as the sight of your wondering face will be half the fun of the whole matter, I will tell you my story now, if you like; it is not very long, and has the advantage of being true."

"An advantage which all your stories do not possess, certainly," replied I, laughing, "but let us hear it by all means, and here is the very verboir designed for such a moving narrative of real life as yours will doubtless prove."

"You may laugh," said my friend, as he lighted a cigar, "but, for all that, my story is true, and is the history of my adventures in wooing Kate Morrison, now Mrs. Percy Dalton."

My friend then plunged into his narrative, which, though animated and vivid in its style, was somewhat broken by laughter and exclamations chiefly proceeding from his auditor; I shall therefore tell Dalton’s story in my own way:

Some months before this period, my friend, while staying on a visit to some relations in Kent, had been introduced to Major Charles Morrison, who, with one of his nieces, was passing the autumn at Daleford House, a fine old country mansion belonging to the Major.

Dalton learnt in the neighbourhood that Major Morrison was a man of considerable wealth, and lived with two nieces, Kate and Mary, who were twins, both heiresses, and daughters of the Major’s brother, who had died in India, leaving a large fortune to these his only children.

Percy Dalton soon became a constant visitor at Daleford House, and, being an agreeable, gentlemanly fellow, good-looking, and well connected, he found himself advancing in the good graces of his new friends. The Major, though somewhat punctilious on matters of etiquette, and rather fond of being thought Sir Oracle in questions of dispute, was, on the whole, frank and generous, thoroughly hospitable, and soon
grew delighted with Percy, whom he characterized as "a young man of sound good sense, Sir, no nonsense about him, thoroughly straightforward, and knows what he’s about."

This was very high praise from Major Morrison, who often remarked that "one half of the world didn’t seem to know what they were about!"

The great attraction in the eyes of Percy Dalton, however, was not the conversation or the good chess-playing of the Major, or the elaborate dinners or liberal entertainments at Daleford house; a greater inducement than all this to renew his visits dwelt in the bright eyes and smiling face of Katie Morrison, for whom Percy Dalton cared a great deal more at this time than he wished his friends to believe; more even than he believed himself.

It is possible, that, had both the sisters been at Daleford house, Percy might have escaped his destiny for a time; but Mary was absent, with a distant relation, and would not rejoin her sister and uncle, until after their return to town.

Frequent and oft-repeated visits to Daleford House, archery meetings, and pic-nics, in sight of golden corn-fields of our fairest county, long evenings spent over the piano and harp, all these combinations of pleasant circumstances quickly brought Percy Dalton to that state of mind when people begin to look long at the moon on retiring to bed at night, to write bad verses, wherein the facile rhymes "trees and breeze," "silver light and silent night," are made to do duty in every other line. Alas! for human expectations! Just when Dalton was in ecstasies of delight at his good fortune, and thought, "good easy man," that his fortunes "were a ripening," in very truth—Puff! a word of the Major’s blows away his rose-tinted chateau en Espagne, and he has said "good-bye," in an ordinary tone of voice, and seen them to the railway carriage before he can collect his senses and feel the full extent of his bereavement. However, the Major has said, "Remember, Mr. Dalton, we shall always be glad to see you at Twickenham;" and with this invitation to comfort him, Percy was obliged to remain, kept much against his inclination by matters of business, and as men usually do under such circumstances, took every opportunity of making himself supremely miserable, and began to think that calling Kent "the garden of England" was a piece of utter absurdity.

At length, however the wished-for time of departure arrived, and my friend returned to London, and thence proceeded as soon as possible to Twickenham. He found that the Major resided in a pretty villa, whose well-kept garden sloped down to the bright waters of the Thames, looking as unlike as possible to the black, grimy river which rolls under London Bridge. Major Morrison received Percy very warmly, but was soon obliged to take his departure to town, leaving Kate to entertain her visitor, an arrangement which the said visitor highly approved of. Once more alone with the charming being who had turned quiet, sensible Percy Dalton into a dreamer and wholesale waster of time, my friend felt all his love rushing up in an ungovernable stream; but, as often happens under similar circumstances, his flow of words was by no means abundant: in fact, Percy stammered, hesitated, and talked common-places to such a degree, that the fair Kate began to be quite vexed with her lover's stupidity, and rose to summon her sister; but the fates had determined other things for Percy Dalton than to be introduced on that occasion to Mary Morrison; she had gone out for a short stroll, the servant said, and Percy, after summoning up all his courage to make a tender speech at parting and, having failed miserably, took his leave, very little satisfied with his visit, and more in love than ever.

Some days passed, which were dies non to Percy, except one, when he saw, as he believed, Kate Morrison riding in the park, attended only by a servant. He was very near to the lady, and could not but be surprised by her manner of returning his bow. She started, flushed crimson, and nearly losing the reins in her agitation, her horse swerved violently, and then set off at a sharp canter, which the rider had some difficulty in checking.

"Very odd this," thought Percy; "she must have been startled at my sudden appearance, or else she can't be accustomed to meet friends when riding. However, it's a favourable symptom, I trust!"

Meanwhile the lady pursued her ride, and on reaching home the groom remarked:

"I think you must have dropped your reins, Miss Mary, in the park; I never saw the mare start off like that before!"

"Yes, it was my fault, Thomas," answered the young lady, in some confusion; poor Bessie is not to blame.

Mary Morrison retired at once to her own room, and the young lady’s agitation was now very evident; her cheek was pale, and her hand trembled as she drew a letter from her pocket, a letter which had been put privately into her hand that morning, and the contents of which were these:

"Dearest Mary,

"I cannot forbear writing to you, even at the risk of your displeasure, and the still greater risk of detection; my one and only excuse is that I am once more in England, once more in the same land with her for whom I live! I shall try to see you, dearest, the day after you will receive this letter. If the business of my employers can be transtated in one day, as I doubt not it will be, I shall once more have the inexpressible delight of gazing on the face which has been my only vision of happiness during my stay in India. Try, dearest Mary, to arrange a meeting towards five o'clock in the Liverpool.
afternoon, near the old hawthorn walk in the
garden.

"Ever, my dearest Mary, your most devoted,

"Edward Oakley."

"So soon—so unexpectedly!" murmured
Mary, half aloud, as she read this letter for the
twentieth time at least; but my eyes must have
deceived me to-day; it is impossible; my brain
must he turned by this sudden news."

It was with feverish anxiety that Mary Mor-
riso≈on awaited the following day: all the morn-
ing she was busy in contriving plans to remove
the worthy Major from the scene of action; with
her sister she had a half confidence, but had
never fully disclosed her secret, the only one
which was preserved between the sisters.

Major Morrison innocently frustrated several
wily stratagems of his niece, who had sug-
gested that he looked poorly, and ought to ride
out towards Hampton Court for an airing: No,
the Major said he had never felt better in his
life, and didn't care to ride while the close
weather lasted. Mary was in despair, when at
last a visitor arrived to lunch, who insisted upon
taking the whole party back in his carriage to
inaugurate the game of croquet, which his
daughters had just become acquainted with.
Mary with difficulty excused herself on the plea
of a headache, and had the satisfaction of seeing
the Major and Kate depart in the chariot of the
parental fosterer of croquet.

Towards the appointed time Mary entered
the garden, and, with hasty steps and flushed
cheek, paced up and down the hawthorn walk,
which was screened from the house by a thick
hedge. Nearly two years had passed since
Edward Oakley had sailed for India. He had,
before that time, been a frequent visitor at the
Morrison's house, but, although the Major had
treated him with politeness and attention, he by
no means approved of the marked attention
which Oakley bestowed upon his niece Mary,
and the young man's departure for India to at-
tend to some business connected with his
father's large and flourishing firm, was looked
on by Major Morrison as a very excellent mea-
sure, calculated to save a great deal of trouble
and annoyance to himself and every one else.

Meanwhile Percy Dalton had felt, or pret
ended that he felt, so uneasy at Miss Morrison's
alarm on the previous day, that nothing short
of a visit to Twickenham could calm the state
of anxiety under which he laboured. He accor-
dingly started by an afternoon train from Lon-
don, and, as if some mischievous Puck had so
arranged it, he approached the dwelling of the
Morrison's a few minutes before five o'clock.

On arriving at the garden gate he at once be-
held a lady, whom he recognized as the fair
equestrian of the previous day. On per-
ceiving Dalton, she uttered a half-surprised
cy, blushed crimson, and hastened towards
him. Such an open demonstration was not to
be mistaken. Dalton flung open the gate, darted
to her side, and clapped her hand with all the
ardour of a lover.

"I trust," he said, after a few moments of
very expressive silence, "I trust that you were
not ill yesterday; I fear I startled your horse?"

"No, not ill—only surprised, a little agitated
at your sudden apparition!" replied Mary.

"But come," she added, seeing that her lover
was silent; "you must have so much to tell me
that has passed since our last meeting."

It was but a week, thought Percy, but re-
responded—

"My life is not an eventful one, and apart
from you it is a blank."

After taking a few more turns in the path,
during which Mary had made up her mind that
India had considerably altered her lover, both
in manner and appearance; poor Percy, who
had been screwing up his courage to the sticking
point, at length said, rather abruptly—

"Miss Morrison, we have known each other
long enough for you to have seen that my feel-
ings towards you are not those of a mere friend
—one who comes and goes, sees you, and per-
haps never thinks of you until the next meeting;
during the time I have known you, you have
taken a fixed place in the heart of one, who
although all unworthy of you, cannot exist
longer in suspense. Tell me my fate now; if
you delay, you are but being cruel to be kind!"

After making this speech, which was not so
bad considering Percy's previous remarks, he
managed to elicit a very favourable response
from the young lady, who however drank
strongly on her Uncle's consent being neces-
sary, and not very easy to obtain.

"Never fear, dearest;" exclaimed the now
enthusiastic Percy; "he has never shown him-
self other than friendly towards me, and to-
morrow if you will let me, I will come and put
the case before him in such a light, that I think
I shall take his decisions by a coup de main."

So it was arranged, and Percy departed in a
state of delightful insanity which led him to
perpetrate uncheck'd of absurdities, among which
was the presentation of half a sovereign to
the railway porter, full in front of the company's
regulations to the contrary. On the following
day Percy Dalton presented himself at the house
which had become his magnet of attraction, and
inquired for the Major and the young ladies. He
was told that the Major was out, but was
expected home shortly; that Miss Mary was
engaged with a visitor, but that Miss Kate
would receive him. On entering the drawing-

room which was divided from a front room by
closed folding doors, Percy was received by Kate,
though by no means so enthusiastically as he
expected; in fact, the memory of the previous
day seemed to have quite evaporated.

"We have not seen you for some time, Mr.
Dalton; we thought you were going to desert
us," were the first words which greeted the
astonished Percy.

"Miss Morrison, Katie, may I not call you so?
Can you have forgotten our conversation of
yesterday? Surely you are bent upon teasing to-day?"

The undisguised surprise with which Kate opened her dark eyes mystified Dalton still more.

"I am at a loss to understand you," she said; "if you are joking, the jest seems to me a very poor one!"

"Good Heavens, Miss Morrison! What can be the meaning of your sudden change to me? Did you not only yesterday listen to my earnest suit, and agree that I should to-day ask your Uncle's consent to our union?"

Kate Morrison's fair cheek crimsoned with displeasure at what she considered Percy's unwarrantable impertinence; rising haughtily, she said, "You presume, sir, upon the influence you imagine you have exercised over me; I have been weak enough to show my folly, but I am strong enough to tell you that I find I have mistaken you for an honourable man and gentleman, and that from this time we must be strangers!"

She moved towards the door. Percy had sprung to his feet to hazard an explanation, when a merry peal of laughter was heard from the adjoining room, the folding doors were thrown open, and Mary Morrison entered, accompanied by a gentleman who shaded his face with his hand, as though the light affected him. Percy Dalton stood like one thunderstruck, for side by side the sisters were so exactly alike, that but for the angry flush which still flitted across Kate's fair cheek he could not have distinguished them.

In a moment the truth flashed upon him; he had made his declaration to the wrong sister.

"Miss Mary, for Heaven's sake explain this contretemps," said poor Percy.

"I will," replied Mary, laughing, and rather confused; "we have been playing a second "Comedy of Errors," and the denouement might have ended in a tragedy. This comes, my dear Kate, of not trusting each other with our secrets; we both concealed our little romance, and now it has grown into a perfect maze of confusion. Allow me, in the first place, to introduce Mr. Edward Oakley to you, Mr. Dalton; though, by-the-bye, I have not yet been introduced to Mr. Dalton himself."

The stranger approached, and Percy, who had started on hearing his name, exclaimed, "What, Oakley! My 'other-self,' as you were called at school! now the whole mystery is clear!"

Explanations followed, and Kate, who for a time pretended to be greatly offended at her lover's want of perception, at length consented to ratify the agreement into which her sister had entered for her, while Oakley prevailed upon Mary to make a new one in his favour.

The Major on his arrival insisted upon both gentlemen staying to dinner, and when the ladies had retired, the old gentleman was brought to the very brink of apoplexy by the recital of the lovers' mistakes.

"Egad!" he exclaimed, when returning breath sufficed him to speak. "Egad, you fellows are wonderfully alike; if it wasn't for Dalton's moustache I'm not sure I could tell which was which now. And if you really run off with my nieces, as I suppose you must, one of you must go abroad, or there'll be no end of bother and confusion!"

Dalton acted on this very sound advice, and as Oakley and Mary chose to remain in England, Percy and Kate sailed for India, where they will doubtless have many a laugh at the story of their "Double Love?"
into lurid effect by the aid of gas-reflectors and
the lime-light, in order that the public may
witness the particular sensational scene. Mr.
Burnand’s new drama is founded on one of the
popular novels of the day, entitled “May Fair,”
and we know that it is a pretty close adaptation
of the scenes of that very pretentious novel of
fashionable life. But the tale of Miss Edward’s
offered but little in its mawkish dialogue that
could be used by the stage-adapter. Only in
the plot and a few faintly-drawn characters
could “May Fair” have proved of any value to
“The Turn of the Tide.” But whatever the
merits or demerits of the novel, it was necessary
to place it on the stage with the adjunct of some
startling scenes; and these, we presume, Mr.
Burnand, Mr. Gordon, the scene-painter, and
the carpenter of the theatre, put their heads
together to supply. Like most plays of the
day, Mr. Burnand’s latest production at the
Queen’s is not remarkable for much brilliance
of dialogue or skill in developing character. In
fact, the earlier portions of the piece would be
quite as effective without the dialogue. Even
the boudoir scene, between Earnscleugh and his
wife, would lose little, if anything, by being
acted in dumb show. It is only in the later
scenes, especially when the Danby family appear
on the stage, that the development of character
is as all dependent on the language of the
speakers; and even then, much of the result is
due to the effective bye-play of such finished
artists as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews. Still
the piece may be called a real success. It
contains some very effective scenes and stirring
situations, to the full expression of which the
scene-painter has contributed a material share.
Mr. Gordon will not easily outdo the magic
beauty of his handiwork in the Cave of
Morgane, or the rural picturesqueness of the
Village of Trachsel. The rescue of the lovers
from the tide-flooded cave, forms an excellent
theme for the tableau that ends the first act.
Nothing quite so exciting follows, unless it be
the final appearance of the dying lady, Clara
Earnscleugh; a very convenient solution of the
knot which has hitherto marred the course of
Morgan’s true love. From first to last
“The Turn of the Tide” is never allowed to flag:
everything goes off trippingly; there are no
violent surprises, and the characters, though
numerous, are generally well-defined. The
acting was only moderately good. Mr. H. Vezin
makes a respectable part of Earnscleugh and don’t
rant. Mr. Nelson, as Nvestile, is easy and natural.
Mr. Rider has evidently studied the part of the
worthy, awkward-moving, quiet-spoken Doctor.
Miss Young would do more justice, we think,
to a more interesting or a more consistent type
of character, than the perversely-minded Lady
Clara. Miss Hodson, as Morganite, was fresh
and charming, with youth and grace to support
her in the performance of the heroine. Mr.
and Mrs. Frank Matthews, in their humorous
rendering of Mr. and Mrs. Danby, gave a new
life and buoyancy to the later acts of the piece;
they, as usual, were an excellent foil for each
other: he, all stolidity above a flow of quiet
humour; she, a finished caricature, if it were
a caricature, of a rampant, domineering, many-
worded, middle-class matron.

The Gaiety theatre continues to flourish with
its well-selected performances. Besides revising
Mr. Robertson’s fine comedy of “Dreams,”
Mr. Hollingshead has produced a new burlesque-
extravaganza, or opera buffa, on the subject of
the opera Linda da Chamouni. But the
satirical part of the travestie is directed against
the Drury Lane “Formosa” and its author, Mr.
Bouricault. It might have been as well had
Mr. A. Thompson stuck to his song-writing
and left his prejudices behind him, when he
brought forward his new burlesque at the
Gaiety. Setting aside impertinences, the piece
contains enough to spare of those necessary
elements of theatrical air and life, song and
dance, to secure complete success. The new
“Formosa” is splendidly mounted and
charmingly acted by a strong burlesque
company, with the enchanting and versatile Miss
E. Farren at their head.

The Globe theatre has been re-opened with
a new drama, the title of which is “Progress,”
which we propose to notice in our next.

The Strand theatre is crowded nightly, as it is
ventilated, and redolent of “an ancient and a
fish-like smell;” consequently, the audiences
are drawn to the little “band-box,” stimulated
by the hope of participating in the laughing
gas, which Mrs. Swanborough takes care to
turn on upon her public with ununctious hand.

To those of our readers who prefer the day
amusements to the regular theatres, we
recommend a visit to Madame Tussaud’s,
where their eyes will be regaled with the
magnificent court dresses now on view, in
addition to all the other amusements.

The Polytechnic, in Regent-street, also
possesses many attractions, that are usually
enhanced in novelty after the autumn season.

The Alhambra, in Leicester-square, is well
worth visiting, on account of the abundance of
singing and dancing supplied by a well-managed
establishment, that is altogether superior to the
genus music-hall.

E. H. Malcolm.

Temper.—What one values above every other
consideration in a companion, man or woman, is
amiability, that is to say, evenness of temper, and
the willingness to please, and be pleased without
egotism, and without exaction. There is nothing
capable of supplying its place.—Leigh Hunt.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

SHELLS FOR A KNITTED COUNTERPANE.


Cast on 45 stitches. Knit 2 plain rows.
3rd row.—5 plain, thread forward and 2 together, 17 times, 5 plain.
4th.—Plain knitting.
5th.—5 plain, forward 2 together, purl 1, till there are only 7 left. 2 together, 5 plain.
6th.—Plain.
7th.—Same as 5th.

8th.—Plain.
9th.—5 plain, 2 together, plain 1, till 7 are left. 2 together, 5 plain.
10th.—Purl all. Continue 9 and 10 alternately until 4 ribs are formed, there will then be only 10 stitches on the needle; narrow these in the centre one till only one remains. Fasten off.

QUILT OR COUVRÉ PIED IN STRIPES.

MATERIALS.—Half a pound each of crimson, maize, green, and violet 12-thread fleecy, six ounces of black 4-thread fleecy, and a pair of Princes's pins, No. 3 are required.

Cast on seven stitches, *, slip 1, knit 6, repeat this for 11 rows, then cast off 5 stitches, turn the needle with one stitch on it, and cast on 6 stitches, repeat from *, till you have done a yard and a half, sew the stripes together, and work a row of single crochet in black 4-thread fleecy over the seams, add a tassel at each end of the stripes. The colours to be joined in the following order: crimson, maize, violet, green.

This is also very pretty for a quilt in cotton, for which three pounds of 4 thread knitting cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby, must be procured.

LADY'S PETTICOAT.

MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of a pound of coloured and one pound white 4-ply fleecy; a pair of knitting pins, No. 3 for the edge.

This petticoat is worked in stripes, the coloured ones running down, and the white ones across.

For the narrow stripes, cast on thirty stitches with the white wool.
1st row.—Purl all the stitches. After the 1st row always slip the first stitch of each row.
2nd.—Knit all the stitches plain.
3rd.—Purl all the stitches.
4th and 5th.—Knit both rows all plain.
6th.—Purl all the stitches.
7th.—Knit plain.
8th.—Purl all the stitches.

These 8 rows form the pattern, and are to be repeated for three-quarters of a yard; then work 9 patterns more, but each time the 2nd row is repeated knit 2 stitches together at the beginning and end of the row, so as to decrease it two stitches each pattern; cast off the remaining stitches. Work 7 stripes more the same. The broad stripes with the coloured wool. Cast on 130 stitches, and work the 8 rows of pattern until 5 stripes are made, counting both sides of the work; then cast off, make six stripes the same, and sew them between the narrow stripes.

For the edge.—With the coloured wool and crochet needle work along the 1st row of the stripes, a row of one chain and one plain; then two rows more the same, working the plain stitch in the chain stitch of the previous row.

Finish the top with an elastic band.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

First Figure.—Violet Foulard skirt, round and rather full, trimmed with three rows of Russian plaiting as flounces; the last deeper than the other two. Large panier, very much crumpled and standing out well, trimmed with Russian plaiting to match. This panier is a continuation of the body, which is high, tight-fitting, opening heart-shape in front, and is decorated round the neck with a narrow Russian plaiting. Sleeves tight with a deep cuff marked by a Russian plaiting. Embroidered muslin chemisette, opening heart-shape like the corsette. Cuffs to match. Maize-coloured kid gloves without buttons.

Second Figure.—Gray tarlatan skirt, very full, and tending to a train; corsette close-fitting, trimmed round the shoulders and neck with a narrow flat band fastened in blue silk. Blue silk waistband with a large flat bow arranged in the form of a double cockade; it has very wide but short ends, trimmed with a blue silk cross-stripe. Sleeve plain. Standing collar, embroidered. Cuffs to match.

Third Figure.—Skirt of aqua-marina green Chambery gauze, with a very prominent panier behind. Corsette low and square in front, and high behind. Embroidered standing collar, with an embroidered muslin bow in front, and a chemisette to match. Frilled cuffs of embroidered muslin. Light-grey kid gloves, without buttons.

Fourth Figure.—Round skirt of sultana foulard, trimmed with a flounce headed with a double chicory. The corsette is plain and low, and the sleeves are short. Tunic of lilac algérienne with a black stripe. Corsette close-fitting, high, and opening heart-shape in front down to the waist. Camargo sleeves, barely reaching below the elbow. Black silk waistband, fastened behind by a large bow. Chemisette cut very low, and trimmed with embroidered muslin. Very light grey kid-gloves, quarter long, without buttons. Bracelet on the left arm composed of three gold tassels connected by round balls. Round the neck a black velvet with a small medallion. Light grey tulle fan, spangled with steel.

The mode is very difficult to describe at this season, which is specially one of transition; for one day we have warm sunshine which brings out short costumes gay and light, and the next we have cold wind and rain, which suggest waterproofs and winter dresses. Before, then, determining positively what will be the autumn modes, it is as well to occupy ourselves a little with those small light vestments that come in aid of the changes of temperament. The pelière à capuchon is continued, but is much more ornamented than when first introduced. The flounce, or rounded dents, are always bound with satin or galon, but now the dents are deeper; or, to speak more properly, the rounded tongues are très profonde. The rotondes are of the same genre as the capuches, and are lined with silk, and flounced à la vielle, and finished with a small lined collar, without capuchin, indented with very small tongues. The most elegant of these pelières are made of white velvet-cloth, lined with white silk and bound with white satin. As a fantasy some have them lined with coloured silk and bound with satin of the same tint. The pelière changes its appearance, and becomes very négligée if made in colour. It is very pretty in black, trimmed with satin bouton d’or. It is in better taste if the strings are of gold. In general we should avoid gold in day-costumes; but here its introduction is altogether exceptional, and is patronized by women of the highest fashion. Embroidery in chenille, especially on black, is very much in favour for vests. We have seen it on velvet, faille, and cachemire. The deepest colours are those which are most worn, and myrtle green is above all très distingué. We have only to observe that the Empress prefers it, to ensure it complete success. It is also remarked that this august lady has not ceased to wear the large waistband of gueugrin, and that with her Majesty’s green toilette she wears the waistband lighter than the robe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: "An Old Man’s Musings;" "The Fatal Spell;" "An Orphan’s Recollections;" "Left Behind;" "A German Song;" "Adieu."

"Love and Pride" in our next.

Prose received, with thanks, but not yet read: "A Waiting Maid’s Story;" "The Cotton Jenny;" "Company."

Declined, with thanks: "The Pink Domino;" "One Year ago."

We have an idea that we have seen these lines in print, and the evident ignorance of the copyist confirms our suspicion. The last should be no bar to their appearance were we disabused of our doubts. There is poetic feeling in them, though we do not like the impression they leave.

Contributors not written to by post, will please to direct their communications for the Editor-marked Private, to the care of Mr. Alger, 265, Strand.

Music books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

PRINTED BY ROGERSON AND TUXFORD, 265, STRAND.
His First Appearance
In any Play
THE PURSER'S DAUGHTER.

(A Tale.)

BY LADY S——.

CHAP. V.

The weather cleared up, and was succeeded by some most delicious spring-like days, when the stolen interviews of the lovers were again renewed. Still, though Captain Brown was absent, they were obliged to be most careful, for fear of any rumour reaching the ears of la Signorina, who might think it her duty to report it to the Captain, or, at least, she might expostulate perhaps rather severely with Beatrice, and possibly threaten her with unpleasant consequences. To their mutual grief, Antonio’s company was ordered back to the head quarters of his regiment, at Florence: this was indeed a grievous piece of news that had to be related on one of these charming early spring-days, which seem to give us the promise of a fine summer.

Beatrice’s tears flowed fast, for, much about the same time, she had received letters from her father, which seemed to express his decided intention of returning sooner than on leaving he had thought it possible he could have managed to do. Antonio’s forced departure, all seemed to sound the knell to the pretty love dream, more particularly as the evening previous an Irish gentleman, who sat next to her at dinner, had whispered to Beatrice, as he drank her health, his sincere wishes for her future happiness, concluding with these words: “Consult your father and then you will act wisely.”

These words were uttered by a middle-aged gentleman, who was at Sienna in charge of an invalid nephew. With this speech still ringing in her ears, Beatrice, with her father’s last letter in her pocket, had gone to this stolen meeting. It seemed to both that no time was to be lost. Antonio entreated—and he entreated as he had never before done—Beatrice had recourse to tears; she had feared to take the step she was urged to take, but now matters seemed rapidly coming to a crisis. She at length yielded a reluctant consent, amidst blushes, weeping, and smiles, to a speedy secret marriage to the man to whom she had given her whole heart. She well knew that, her father once again in Sienna, alien evermore to the slightest hope of an union between herself and the young lieutenant; she well knew she no more dare openly defy her father’s violent anger—and his no doubt passionate, stern, refusal to any proposal of marriage to her, particularly on the part of the penniless Antonio Fiengo—than she dare propose riding in a balloon, or any other impossible feat. No deep love expressed, either on her or on his side, would, she well knew, have the slightest effect in changing her father’s determination to bring her out upon the stage; he would only bitterly ridicule what he would call love-sick notions that she might evince, and all would be lost. Now she was therefore fully won over, not only by her lover’s entreaties, but by her own judgment, weak as it was. Now was the time or never: if they really meant to fulfill their ardent wishes and accomplish a marriage, it must be a secret one, and this was the period it must take place, before Antonio joined his regiment at Florence, before her father’s return—no time must now be lost. At length, after many conversations, various plans, only mentioned to be laid aside as totally impracticable, it was at length finally settled in this manner: Beatrice was to go out after breakfast on the following day, dressing herself in a rather smarter gown than she usually wore of a morning; over this she was to place her ordinary dark cloak or mantle, according to the weather, with a plain bonnet. In her pocket there was to be the regulation white veil, so as to adorn herself as much as lay in her power in bridal fashion. It was to be understood by the inmates of La Casa Ginbeletti it was her intention to go out shopping, as she was known (though very slumberly provided for in pocket-money) to be very partial to this favourite feminine amusement; her so disposing of a couple of hours would create no surprise. The only person whom she feared at all suspected her secret was the Irishman, and
he had departed the previous morning for Rome.

On this eventful day, instead of shopping, she was to bend her steps as quickly as possible to the insignificant church of San Guiseppe, situated in a poor unfrequented part of Sienna; there Antonio with two witnesses was to meet her; one was to be a tradesman on whom he could rely, the other a brother officer, equally to be relied on. There, in this mean little church, were the two lovers to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a priest, who was both a cousin and a great friend of Antonio’s, whose priestly scruples at thus deviating from the usual religious ceremonies and the legal forms Italy requires of strangers previous to being married, also of all those tedious preliminaries so difficult to be obtained by a foreigner, the absolutely insisting on the consent of friends, baptismal registers, and also the marriage registers of the betrothed pair, and of parents—all these impediments were at last overcome by Paola Anselmo’s strong affection for his relative, and the promise on the young man’s part that the marriage ceremony should again be repeated with all the proper forms at a future and more convenient time; the priest then agreed to be as silent as the grave.

Dark and gloomy was the morning when Beatrice, after slowly swallowing her coffee and eating her roll, hastened to attire herself in a blue cabinet dress, placing over it a white summer shawl. Then she wrapped herself carefully up, as the day required, in a warm dark cloak, which completely covered her; a plain bonnet was then placed upon her prettily-shaped head. She had spent some time this morning in arranging her beautiful hair: no regular hairdresser could have accomplished his task in better style, nor did she forget the all-important white veil. With a few maidenly scruples, she bid a silent adieu to the home chosen for her by her father, and left that father’s protection—I wish I could add that she shed some tears over the idea of her father’s sorrow would be at this unexpected desertion of his only remaining unmarried child, the destruction of all his ambitious projects concerning her, and the feeling she ought to have experienced, that even in the midst of his greatest anger there would be mingled wounded affections and deep sorrow at having been deceived, as it ever is with parents. But, alas! not one of these impressions—of what might be the consequence either to Captain Brown or to herself from this hasty stolen marriage—ever crossed Beatrice’s mind; all she seemed to think of was, first, the suitably dressing herself in what were to stand to her in lieu of bridal robes, then the filling of a small leather bag, easily concealed under the folds of her cloak, containing a few necessary articles (two or three small parcels she had also conveyed at different times at her stolen meetings with her lover). And then she was anxious as to the reaching in perfect safety from the scrutiny of any curious eye the little church of San Guiseppe. In the next place there rose in her breast emotions of the greatest delight at escaping being made against her will to act the part of a public singer, though, through all these trying scenes, it had been a great comfort to her that Il Signor A., from Florence, had never once troubled herself to call and test her voice during the time of her father’s absence, as she had been led to expect, and the fear of which trial had haunted her day and night, with many a fearful tremour, since her father’s departure. Now the dread of all this was, as she believed, completely over, and there filled the heart of Beatrice an all-absorbing, all-engrossing bliss, that soon she would be united to the only man who had ever inspired her with that real love which can be imagined but hardly described; the love that makes all sacrifices light, that transforms, as it were, with a magic fairy’s wand, even homely features to the classic ones of perfect beauty; that changes the rustic cottage into the splendid court of a palace. With a triumphant smile she smuggled the most menial occupations, engaged in for the service of those we really love, an inconceivable, extraordinary charm. All these ardent feelings were experienced by Beatrice; still she knew she was acting wrong, that no young girl ought thus to leave the protection of friends with whom her parent had placed her, act a direct disobedience to his well-known wishes, defeating his long-cherished hopes, and giving herself, without his sanction, in marriage to a young man a perfect stranger to him. To all this I can but say, in slight extenuation of Beatrice’s conduct, she was but eighteen, and had, as I have before said, never known a mother’s counsel or advice. To a mother’s kind arms she would have most likely flown in her great happiness of mutual love mingled at the same time with that nervous agitation most young girls feel at taking that all-important step in life—marriage! even when supported by the full consent of parents and friends. Beatriceless, her heart beating with mingled feelings of deep love and real terror lest she might be seen, followed, and taken home again, Beatrice reached in safety the small church of San Guiseppe, and was received, we need not say, with how much rapture by Antonio. The cloak was quickly removed, her white veil properly adjusted over her rich hair, braided in Italian fashion, with many circlets of beads. Antonio banded her a large white nosegay. Both were Catholics, therefore as soon as the bridal party had placed themselves before the altar, the priest hastily performed the ceremony that made them man and wife—that solemn ceremony, that so few people, either men or women, properly reflect upon before they enter on its many serious and binding duties.

It was over: Beatrice belonged to no one now but Antonio. A modest vehicle drove up near the church door to take the bridal party to the pretty retired mountain retreat, where their three weeks of stolen honey-
moon were to be passed. Very happy indeed was this time spent: the weather cleared up, warm delicious days succeeded one another; beautiful spring flowers seemed hourly to bloom in all the walks around their pretty habitation. These moments spent together were, as may be imagined, the happiest period of their life. But this deceitful calm was soon destined to be ruffled by severe storms. Alas! one morning the youthful couple found out that, however delightful love is, still love must be fed, and they ascertained the mournful, yet uncontroversible fact, that their pursues were nearly empty; they were, therefore, much against their will, obliged to return to Sienna. Beatrice to endeavour to make her peace with the no doubt highly incensed Signora Gimbeletti, and, should she be there, perhaps kneel for her father's forgiveness—probably in vain. Antonio, the young soldier, had also to seek his pardon at the hands of his commanding officer at Florence, having overstayed his leave; therefore no sooner did he enter the barracks at Sienna than he was placed under arrest.

CHAP. VI.

Poor Beatrice had also her punishment awarded her: her hasty marriage having been solemnized with the omission of many religious rites and legal forms, it was considered both an open insult to the holy mother church and to the government. Her sentence was also a severe one. For two long weary months she was consigned to the gloomy seclusion of La Santa Maria, a convent noted for its severe discipline. Here indeed the poor girl was really miserable. She had to rise at midnight-mass, and was obliged to kneel two hours after the departure of the nuns, to pray for forgiveness of her sins, till at the Angelique at five she had to stand another hour after prayers were concluded. Many strict fastings and various other severe penances were likewise enjoined her; she was often lectured by the stern Lady Abbess, by the rigid priests, and teased, and taunted more than can well be described, by some cross old nuns, till poor Beatrice was half mad with vexation and sorrow. Not for one moment was she left at peace: her bitter tears, her earnest entreaties, proved of no avail to soften their hearts. She never remembered having experienced such continued harsh treatment. She had, it is true, received many severe corrections at her father's hands, but then it was not long before he made it up with her again; and when his duties called him away, provided her musical studies were attended to, particularly after her aunt's death, she was pretty much her own mistress, having more liberty than usually falls to the lot of an unmarried girl. This life at the convent was one of continued wretchedness; no commiseration did she pray obtain for any sorrow she evinced or any mitigation of the severe penances allotted to her "If she could," they gravely said, "so far repent of her sins that she would willingly offer up the remainder of her life as a sacrifice, it might perhaps atone for them, and before her death she might possibly be forgiven." As it was, the constant fastings, broken rest, severe mortifications and weeping that poor Beatrice underwent in this sacred building, told not a little even upon her fine healthy constitution.

At length came the much-desired period of her release, so long, so anxiously looked forward to. After many pious exhortations, and much good advice, mingled with regrets that they had failed in their earnest endeavours to persuade her into taking the veil, by the lady abbess, and also from the father confessor to the nuns, Beatrice was informed she was at liberty to leave the sacred walls. She looked this morning very pallid; her fine colour had deserted her cheeks; she looked thin, and almost haggard: her usually bright, lively eyes were dimmed with the constant shedding of tears. She could hardly have been recognized as the handsome captivating Beatrice of two months ago; still, when the permission was given to her to leave the convent, where she had suffered so much, when she had reached her cell a bright twinkle of pleasure could just be perceived sparkling in her eyes, lighting up with joy, a joy indeed that shone over her whole countenance, before so sad, dimpling her pretty mouth with a thousand charms. She never once gave a thought to her slender finances, so buoyant are youthful spirits—as ready to rise as they are to fall; though, when about to depart, Beatrice counted over the few coins still remaining in her little purse (the outside of which was now the most valuable part), hardly could she count a Frances coin; still this did not trouble her much. As she left the convent walls she thought over her best plan of proceeding. Of course she meant to obtain tidings of her husband, for during the two long, weary months of her imprisonment, she had heard nothing either from, or of him. Beatrice therefore at once took steps to the humble abode of a serjeant's wife, who happened to live out of barracks, and whose address Antonio had hastily given her when they were separated, telling her to apply there for news of him when she obtained her liberty. During her walk Beatrice hoped it might be possible that Antonio's arrest was likewise ended, that perhaps—joy supreme—she might again in a short time look on the beloved face of her husband; so, with buoyant spirits, she approached the dwelling to which she had been directed.

Catterina Montoni was a spare, active woman of about thirty, with the dark eyes and complexion so general in her country. At the time of Beatrice's visit she was busily engaged over the midday meal of her children and herself of macaroni. Many little hungry, dirty, upturned faces were regarding with anxious eyes and
eager looks her movements, not, however, daring to speak, as well they knew what would be their instant doom had they clamoured in any more decided way: as it was, they received at times a few shakes and occasional slaps as they approached a little too near the scene of cooking operations.

Beatrice's knock at the half-open door soon obtained admission. Never having seen the said Caterina before, her visit required a few explanations before the good woman thoroughly understood her to be La Sposa of Il Signor Antonio Fiengo; but a few words sufficed to make it all clear. Caterina was the eldest daughter of the old nurse in the Fiengo family. Ever since Antonio's arrival in Sienna she had washed for him, and attended to many of his personal comforts, she felt towards him with all the warmth of her fervid, hot southern blood, as if he were a real relation of her own—a grand one, certainly, yet one to whom no labour in his service could ever be too severe or too menial. With rapture unbounded she therefore received Il Signor Antonio to her and knelt, as a most humble slave, she begged to kiss her hand. Though English, she was still Il Padrone's wife, therefore commanding her utmost honour and deepest attention. As this was the case, the unfortunate maccaroni was left at the most interesting moment of its cooking, neglecting it even perhaps to be spoiled. The best chair was quickly dusted for Beatrice's reception, a most valuable piece of ancient carpet (according to her ideas) was pulled out of a dark closet, where it was seldom allowed to see daylight, the work of a respected defunct grandmother, then it was duly shaken and spread before the chair, which was placed in a comfortable sunny nook near the window, far distant from the fire, or rather stove, looking out upon a pretty small garden, rich in all its beautiful spring flowers, forming a border like the setting of a picture to the mass of more useful vegetables. What would the illustrious lady please to take? Would she condescend to eat something in her humble cottage? Poor Beatrice readily consented, and expressed much pleasure in making a repast of some excellent freshly prepared maccaroni, some good bread and a small dish of strawberries that had been intended for the serjeant's supper; also a small glass of Italian wine, tasting much like Devonshire cider, kept by Caterina for high days and festivals. In spite of this hospitable welcome, Beatrice was able to obtain but very little information respecting her husband; he had, she found, another month to remain under arrest. This news was conveyed to her in a short but affectionate note, given to her by Caterina. Antonio exhorted her to bear their trial patiently, and to hope a speedy termination to their troubles and a quick renewal of their happiness, assuring her that no sooner should he be at liberty than he would fly on the wings of love to the rescue of his Carissima Sposa.

Beatrice mused awhile as to what she had better now do. There was the grave question: where could she go to solicit even a bed and food for another month. The slight meal being ended, with many thanks to Caterina, she thought her wisest plan would be to see what could be obtained by calling upon la Signora Ginbeletti, there was a chance, a slender one certainly, that her father might be there, and, notwithstanding her great act of disobedience, it was possible he might have left or sent her a little money. To la Signora's she therefore now proceeded, after making Caterina's little children very happy by dividing among them the trifling present of a few bon-bons, given to her by a young novice who felt much compassion for her. Upon arriving at the Casa Ginbeletti, Beatrice was shown into a large half-empty salon; tired with her long walk, she was glad of the repose of an arm chair. Here she found she was kept waiting a tolerably long time; at length la Signora entered. For a few minutes the interview was most embarrassing, for the lady of the house was cold, distant, and very formal in her manner. As she entered the room with a curtsy she vouchsafed no warmer welcome than she would to a total stranger; asked what had procured her the honour of the present visit, after the very abrupt—she might almost say rude—untactful termination of la Signorina Beatrice Brown's abode in her house. At this appellation Beatrice turned very red, and explained that she was now Signora Fiengo; her presence at first was, in the first place, owing to her anxiety to make the necessary apologies for her forced flight, which circumstances had rendered necessary; also, she must say, she wished to know if her father had been in Sienna, and if so, had he gone home, and had he left any note for her?

"To your apologies I can only say they are tardy in the offering, Signorina, and I beg leave to tell you that, till I receive more convincing statements respecting your marriage, I shall not believe in it. Your father, Captain Brown, returned to Sienna after the ill-advised step you chose to take in quitting the protection of my house, and was, I can assure you, extremely exasperated at your undutiful conduct; he left you his lasting malédiction, and said he would never forgive you, was glad to hear you had been taken to a convent, hoped they would teach you a proper sense of your duty, trusted you were duly and legally married, but considered, from the haste and secrecy with which the affair must have been celebrated, if celebrated at all, that it was a most doubtful question. Now I look at you I can see you are not a little altered; your former good-looks much impaired; your well-wishers must rejoice that you have had, no doubt, a pretty considerable share of fasting, prayers, and penance for the good of your soul. In conclusion, I must express my wish, Signorina Brown, never to see you in my house again!"
The Purser's Daughter.

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Beatrice, much pained at the cold formality, not to say downright rudeness, with which she had been received during this interview, was now most deeply mortified. As the last sentence met her ear, she could with difficulty restrain her tears of wounded pride at this treatment, grudging disappointment at no mention having as yet been made of her father having left a note, or even ever so small a sum of money for her use. A trifle such as she had a few months ago, often thoughtlessly spent in a couple of hour's shopping, would have been now a perfect treasure. She, however, did her best to check her tears by summoning all her energies to the rescue, and succeeded tolerably well, asking, with a firm voice but quivering lip, "Had her father left no letter or note for her?"

"None!" Then she had to falter out the more disagreeable question to a haughty, proud spirit, yet still the very necessary one, "Had he left no money for her?" The answer was again the short but decided reply, "None." La Signora Ginbeletti here looked at her ormolu clock on the mantelpiece and an ominous pause ensued. As Beatrice rose to take her leave, la Signora said, "If la Signorina Brown will take my advice she will return to the excellent convent she has just left and remain under the pious care of the reverend Lady Abbess, offering prayers for her sins. till Captain Brown's forgiveness is obtained, or at least his advice and pleasure as to her future conduct ascertained." Beatrice curtsied and retired, feeling as she left the house most truly miserable. What was to become of her? the little money she had would hardly suffice for one day's wants. She was almost a beggar. Now she deeply felt, and with bitter shame, the sinful step she had taken in her imprudent stolen marriage. She knew that though her punishment was severe, it was just and well-merited; yet still came the wretched feeling, how was she to earn her bread? Had her dear Antonio possessed any money, she was quite sure he would have enclosed her some in his note; she was therefore in a most forlorn frame of mind, her heart sunk within her breast, as the servant closed the door upon her. Then the long suppressed tears chased each other down her cheeks, but she endeavoured speedily to wipe them away, as she saw quickly approaching the house she had just quit. La Signora Martelli, a pretty, lively, good-natured and young married niece of La Signora Ginbeletti's, with whom Beatrice had formed a rather warm friendship, during her residence in her aunt's house. It was impossible to avoid a meeting, though, in her present state of distress, Beatrice hardly wished to be recognised by any former friend of happier days; this, however, as I have said before, was now inevitable, as the lady greatly quickened her pace as soon as she caught sight of Beatrice. She seised her hand, embracing her with much affection. "Bella Beatrice, where have you been all this long time—not surely im-
mured this weary period within a convent's walls? If such has been the case, they have no doubt, turned you out very good, we shall hardly know you again as our merry young English friend; but where are you going to? for I will not keep you standing in the street, but will walk with you."

So saying, Signor Martelli placed Beatrice's hand within her own, and again requested to know in what direction they were to turn their steps. This was the most puzzling of all questions; though seemingly so simple, it was most difficult to answer. At length, seeing her companion look astonished at her silence, she replied: "My dearest Signora, I regret to say I have just been received by your Aunt la Signora Ginbeletti, in the coldest, most frigid, of all possible ways. I must confess, as she will not allow me to return to her house, I know not where to go, or what to do, for at least a month, till my husband is released, and is able to come to my assistance."

"But I know what you are to do, and where you are to go," quickly answered la Signora. "You are, carissima, to come with me to la Casa Martelli; you will be most joyfully received. I am quite sure my good old sposa will be delighted to see you, and again hear some of your pretty songs. How could my aunt treat you so cruelly? I shall give her some of my mind very soon I can assure you. Come with me, cara, I shall hope that when il Signor Fiengo leaves his barracks, he will highly approve of the care I have taken of you, and find no fault with the pretty looks of his carissima Beatrice."

This kind cordial invitation was quickly and joyfully accepted. Happy was the month spent with La Signora Martelli, and her excellent husband; frequent of course was the intercourse by note between the separated pair. La Signora Martelli had married, when very young, a rich elderly man, old enough to be her father, one of Tuscany's wealthy merchant princes. This husband was chosen for her by her family; no choice was allowed her. Never had she regretted this marriage; she had been the petted spoilt darling of this good old man, the joy and light of his house. Beatrice received from him every kindness it was in his power to bestow. He had long retired from the active pursuit of wealth, and had for some years resided with his wife at Siena. It was not long before the lively niece of La Signora Ginbeletti affected an entire reconciliation between that lady and her guest, bringing an ample apology to the aggrieved Beatrice.

"I can assure you," said the kind hostess to her a few days after her arrival at La Casa Martelli, "I have had a rather stormy interview with my dear aunt; I have however convinced her she was quite in the wrong, and have now much pleasure in presenting you with this note, which, I believe, will express her deep sorrow for her cruel treatment of you on the morning you called upon me. It seems, my dear, she had to experience
The Purser’s Daughter.

no little unpleasantness from your father, relative to the stolen marriage you so cleverly effected, you naughty girl.”

Beatrice read the note, the excuses it contained thoroughly appeased any anger she might still feel at the writer’s unkind reception of her on the morning of her joyful release from convent rule. The note concluded by requesting the pleasure of her company with her niece to a conversazione, with music, on the evening of the following day. Beatrice was quite ready to forgive and accompany her kind friend to La Casa Ginbeletti as the time appointed. Having received her clothes, and other articles belonging to her, from her former abode, she was able to be dressed tolerably.

The evening was spent very pleasantly. A young lady was present who was invited to sing, some famous judges being assembled to pronounce an opinion upon her capabilities as an opera singer. How truly delighted was Beatrice that she was not in the position of this young débutante! She felt thankful that by her hasty marriage she had escaped the fate that was destined for her by her father. She little knew the future intentions of her husband. Committing the usual error of a young girl, ignorant of the world, and that the vows of the lover will not bind to that lover when become a husband, and overrating the power of her own charms over that man’s will and pleasure, she thought herself sure of obtaining her own way, and that to show her dislike to any project would suffice to its being abandoned.

We will leave Beatrice in this fool’s paradise of most young wives, and return to the pretty young girl just going to sing. She seemed barely sixteen. Dressed in white, with one pink rose in her hair, she was led up to the grand piano, while a celebrated maestro played the accompaniment to the song. She coloured, and appeared to tremble, as she was conducted to the instrument; how truly Beatrice pitied her, thus to be brought forward to the public gaze of so many strangers, looked at by so many impertinent rude eyes, to have the notes of her voice pronounced upon merely as an article of common vulgar banter.

There were present, besides several noted musical professors, various clever amateurs amongst the nobility of the country. The song commenced; the young girl’s courage increased as she proceeded; she sang the number required. On the necessary exchange of seats taking place after her quitting the piano, she occupied a vacant one by Beatrice, who spoke to her, giving her many kind words, such as she would have liked to have had said to herself on a similar occasion; also praising her voice, which was an exceedingly sweet one, only requiring a little more study to make it everything that could be desired.

The young lady turned with a pretty smile, and in a melodious voice and engaging manner, replied: “I care very little what is thought of my voice or my musical abilities, though there are so many famous musical judges collected here, both professional and amateur. It is not to please any vanity I may possess, that I wish for their favourable verdict; yet I do greatly hope for their approval. All that I care for possessing it, and why I am thus eager to obtain it, is in order that I may succeed in procuring some engagement at the opera.”

Beatrice turned her full, eager, dark eyes in astonishment upon her neighbor, the very thing she had most dreaded. “Pardon me, but may I ask why you so much desire the engagement?”

“To the better supporting my darling bed-ridden mother,” replied the lovely stranger, with a deep flush suffusing her cheek.

Some refreshment being handed round almost immediately, prevented further conversation, particularly as Beatrice was soon requested to sing, and could not without rudeness refuse, as her former master, the young Ginbeletti, offered to play the accompaniment for her. Her singing was much praised.

Towards the end of the evening, Beatrice again found herself near the young débutante. A few more words were exchanged; they consisted of expressions of the greatest kindness. The young lady gave her card of address, adding how much she would also like to make her further acquaintance, and present her to her dear afflicted mother.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES.

BY ADA TREVANNION.

I ask no more thy love to fill my soul:
I ask from thee but silence and forgetting.
Withdraw from heart and mind thy strong control,
For Hope’s sun now has set, and Life’s is setting.
I am not what I was when we first met,
And I would fain Youth’s fever’d visions banish.
But ’tis not at our choice that we forget,
Though all that made remembrance sweet my
vanish.

The Past gone with its keen hopes and fears,
The Present in the Past is swiftly merging,
A few more bitter pangs and burning tears,
And I shall cease to hear Time’s bells singing.
My heart hung on thy love its last green leaf,
Since ’twas vain what has life worth regretting?
Bring me no more wild joy and hopeless grief;
I ask from thee but silence and forgetting.
A CRUISE ON LAKE LADOGA.

"Dear Q.,—The steamboat Valamo is advertised to leave on Tuesday, the 26th (July 8th, New Style), for Serdopol, at the very head of Lake Ladoga, stopping on the way at Shüsselburg, Konevitz Island, Kexholm, and the island and monastery of Valaam. The anniversary of Saints Sergius and Hermann, miracle-workers, will be celebrated at the last-named place on Thursday, and the festival of the Apostles Peter and Paul on Friday. If the weather is fine, the boat will take passengers to the Holy Island. The fare is nine rubles for the trip. You can be back again in St. Petersburg by six o'clock on Saturday evening. Provisions can be had on board, but (probably) not beds; so, if you are luxurious in this particular, take along your own sheets, pillow-cases, and blankets. I intend going, and depend upon your company. Make up your mind by ten o'clock, when I will call for your decision.

"Yours,
"P."

I laid down the note, looked at my watch, and found that I had an hour for deliberation before P.'s arrival. "Lake Ladoga?" said I to myself; "it is the largest lake in Europe—I learned that at school. It is full of fish; it is stormy; and the Neva is its outlet. What else?" I took down a geographical dictionary, and obtained the following additional particulars: "The lake Ladoga (not Lado'ga, as it is pronounced in England) is Finnish, and means 'new.' The lake lies between 60° and 61° 45' north latitude, is 175 versts—about 117 miles—in length, from north to south, and 100 versts in breadth; receives the great river Volk-hoff on the south, the Svir, which pours into it the waters of Lake Onega, on the east, and the overflow of nearly half the lakes of Finland, on the west; and is, in some parts, fourteen hundred feet deep." Vainly, however, did I ransack my memory for the narrative of any traveller who had beheld and described this lake. The red hand-book, beloved of tourists, did not even deign to notice its existence. The more I meditated on the subject, the more I became convinced that here was an untrodden corner of the world, lying within easy reach of a great capital, yet unknown to the eyes of conventional sight-seers. The name of Valaam suggested that of Barlaam, in Thessaly, likewise a Greek monastery; and though I had never heard of Sergius and Hermann, the fact of their choosing such a spot was the beginning of a curious interest in their history. The very act of poring over a map excites the imagination: I fell into conjectures about the scenery, vegetation, and inhabitants, and thus, by the time P. arrived, was conscious of a violent desire to make the cruise with him. To our care was confided a youth, whom I shall call R——.

The next morning, although it was cloudy and raw, R. and I rose betimes, and were jolted on a drosky through the long streets to the Valamo's landing-place. We found a handsome English-built steamer, with tonnage and power enough for the heaviest squalls, and an after-cabin so comfortable that all our anticipations of the primitive modes of travel were banished at once. As men not ashamed of our health, we had decided to omit the sheets and pillow-cases, and let the tooth-brush answer as an evidence of our high civilization; but the broad divans and velvet cushions of the cabin brought us back to luxury in spite of ourselves. The captain—smoothly shaven and robust, as befitted his station; English in all but his eyes, which were thoroughly Russian—gave us a cordial welcome in passable French. P. drove up presently, and the crowd on the floating pier rapidly increased, as the moment of departure approached. Our fellow-pilgrims were mostly peasants and deck-passengers: two or three officers, and a score of the bourgeois, were divided, according to their means, between the first and second cabins. There were symptoms of crowding, and we hastened to put in pre-emption-claims for the bench on the port-side, distributing our travelling bags and rugs along it, as a guard against squatters. The magic promise of na chai (something to buy tea with) further inspired the waiters with a peculiar regard for our interest, so that, leaving our important possessions in their care, we went on deck to witness the departure.

By this time the Finnish sailors were hauling in the slack hawsers, and the bearded stevedores on the floating quay tugged at the gangway. Many of our presumed passengers had only come to say good-bye, which they were now waving and shouting from the shore. The rain fell dismally, and a black, hopeless sky settled down upon the Neva. But the Northern summer, we knew, is as fickle as April, and we trusted that Sergius and Hermann, the saints of Valaam, would smooth for us the rugged waters of Ladoga. At last the barking little bell ceased to snarl at the tardy pilgrims. The swift current swung our bow into the stream and, as we moved away, the crowd on deck uncovered their heads, not to the bowing friends on the quay, but to the spire of a church which rose to view behind the houses fronting the Neva. Devoutly crossing themselves with the joined three fingers, symbolic of the Trinity, they doubtless murmured a prayer for the propitious completion of the pilgrimage, to which, I am sure, we could have readily echoed the amen.
makes a curious impression upon the stranger, until he has learned to accept it as a portion of the landscape, the effect is that of a scenic design on the part of the builder. These dwellings, these villages and churches, he thinks, are scarcely intended to be permanent; they were erected as part of some great dramatic spectacle, which has been, or is to be, enacted under the open sky. Contrasted with the sober, matter-offact aspect of dwellings in other countries, they have the effect of temporary decorations. But when one has entered within these walls of green and blue, and red arabesques, inspected their thickness, viewed the ponderous porcelain stores, tasted, perhaps, the bountiful cheer of the owner, he realizes their palpable comforts, and begins to suspect that all the external adornment is merely an attempt to restore to Nature that colouring of which she is stripped by the cold sky of the north.

A little farther on, there is a summer villa of the Empress Catharine—a small, modest building, crowning a slope of green turf. Beyond this, the banks are draped with foliage, and the thinly clad birches, with their silver stems, shiver above the rush of the waters. We, also, began to shiver under the steadily falling rain, and retreated to the cabin on the steward’s first hint of dinner. A table d’hôte of four courses was promised us, including the preliminary zakouski and the supplementary coffee, all for sixty copecks, which is about two shillings. The zakouski is an arrangement peculiar to northern countries and readily adopted by foreigners. In Sweden it is called the smuglas, or “butter-goose,” but the English term (if we had the custom) would be “the weather.” On a side-table there are various plates of anchovies, cheese, chopped onions, raw salt herring, and bread, all in diminutive slices, while glasses of corresponding size surround a bottle of kvass, or cordial of caraway-seed. This, at least, was the zakouski on board the Valamo, and to which our valiant captain addressed himself, after first bowing and crossing himself towards the Byzantine Christ and Virgin in either corner of the cabin. We, of course, followed his example, finding our appetites, if not improved, certainly not at all injured thereby. The dinner which followed far surpassed our expectations. The national sheck, or cabbage-soup, is better than the sound of its name; the fish, fresh from the cold Neva, is sure to be well cooked where it forms an important article of diet; and the partridges were accompanied by those plump little Russian cucumbers, which are so tender and flavorful that they deserve to be called fruit rather than vegetables.

When we went on deck to light our Riga cigars, the boat was approaching Schlusselburg, at the outlet of the lake. Here the Neva, just born, sweeps in two broad arms around the island which bears the key-fortress, the key by which Peter opened this river-door to the Gulf of Finland. The pretty town of the same name is on the south bank, and in the centre of its front yawn the granite gates of the canal which,
for a hundred verst, skirts the southern shore of the lake, forming, with the Volkhoff River and another canal beyond, a summer communication with the vast regions watered by the Volga and its affluents. The Ladoga Canal, by which the heavy barges laden with hemp from Mid-Russia, and wool from the Ural and wood from the Valdai Hills, avoid the sudden storms of the lake, was also the work of Peter the Great. I should have gone on shore to inspect the locks, but for the discouraging persistence of the rain. Huddled against the funnel, we could do nothing but look on the dragooned soldiers and majikas splashing through the mud, the low yellow fortress, which has long outlived its importance, and the dark grey waste of lake which loomed in front, suggestive of rough water and kindred abominations.

There it was, at last—Lake Ladoga—and now our prow turns to unknown regions. We steamed past the fort, passed a fleet of brigs, schooners, and brigantines, with huge, rounded stems and sterns, laden with wood from the Wolkonskoi forests, and boldly entered the grey void of fog and rain. The surface of the lake was but slightly agitated, as the wind gradually fell and a thick mist settled on the water. Hour after hour passed away, as we rushed onward through the blank, and we naturally turned to our fellow-passengers in search of some interest or diversion to beguile the time. The heavy-bearded peasants and their weather-beaten wives were scattered around the deck in various attitudes, some of the former asleep on their backs, with open mouths, beside the funnels. There were many picturesque figures among them, and, if I possessed the quick pencil of Kaubach, I might have filled a dozen leaves of my sketch-book. The bourgeoise were huddled on the quarter-deck benches, silent, and fearful of sea-sickness. But a very bright, intelligent young officer turned up, who had crossed the Ural, and was able to entertain us with an account of the splendid sword-blades of Zlatoust. He was now on his way to the copper mines of Pitkaranda, on the north-eastern shore of the lake.

About nine o’clock in the evening, although still before sunset, the fog began to darken, and I was apprehensive that we should have some difficulty in finding the island of Konevits, which was to be our stopping-place for the night. The captain ordered the engine to be slowed, and brought forward a brass half-pounder, about a foot long, which was charged and fired. In less than a minute after the report, the sound of a deep, solemn bell boomed in the mist, dead ahead. Instantly every head was uncovered, and the rustle of whispered prayers fluttered over the deck, as the pilgrims bowed and crossed themselves. Nothing was to be seen; but, stroke after stroke, the hollow sounds, muffled and blurred in the opaque atmosphere, were pealed out by the guiding bell. Presently a chime of smaller bells joined in a rapid accompaniment, growing louder and clearer as we advanced. The effect was startling. After voyaging for hours over the blank water, this sudden and solemn welcome, sounded from some invisible tower, assumed a mystic and marvellous character. Was it not rather the bells of a city ages ago submerged, and now sending its ghostly summons to the pilgrims passing over its crystal grave?

Finally a tall mast, its height immensely magnified by the fog, could be distinguished; then the dark hulk of a steamer, a white gleam of sand through the fog, indistinct outlines of trees, a fisherman’s hut, and a landing-place. The bells still rang out from some high station near at hand, but unseen. We landed as soon as the steamer had made fast, and followed the direction of the sound. A few paces from the beach stood a little chapel, open, and with a lamp burning before its brown Virgin and Child. Here our passengers stopped, and made a brief prayer before going on. Two or three beggars, whose tattered dresses of hemp suggested the idea of their having clothed themselves with the sails of shipwrecked vessels, bowed before us so profoundly and reverently that we at first feared they had mistaken us for the shrines. Following an avenue of trees, up a gentle eminence, the tall white towers and green domes of a stately church gradually detached themselves from the mist, and we found ourselves at the portal of the monastery. A group of monks, in the usual black robes, and high, cylindrical caps of crape, the covering of which overlapped and fell upon their shoulders, were waiting, apparently to receive visitors. Recognizing us as foreigners, they greeted us with great cordiality, and invited us to take up our quarters for the night in the house appropriated to guests. We desired, however, to see the church before the combined fog and twilight should make it too dark; so a benevolent old monk led the way, hand in hand with P., across the court-yard.

The churches of the Greek faith present a general resemblance in their internal decorations. There is a glitter of gold, silver, and lustrous colours in the poorest. Statues are not permitted, but the pictures of dark Saviours and Saints are generally covered with a drapery of silver, with openings for the head and hands. Konevits, however, boasts of a special sanctity, in possessing the body of Saint Arsenius, the founder of the monastery. His remains are enclosed in a large coffin of silver, elaborately chased. It was surrounded, as we entered, by a crowd of kneeling pilgrims; the tapers burned beside it, and at the various altars; the air was thick with incense, and the great bell still boomed from the misty tower. Behind us came a throng of our own deck-passengers, who seemed to recognize the proper shrines by a sort of devotional instinct, and were soon wholly absorbed in their prayers and prostrations. It is very evident to me that the Russian race requires the formulas of the eastern church; a fondness for symbolic ceremonies and observances is far more natural to its character than to the nations of Latin or Saxon blood. In southern Europe the peasant will exchange merry
salutations while dipping his fingers in the holy water, or turn in the midst of his devotions to inspect a stranger; but the Russian, at such times, appears lost to the world. With his serious eyes fixed on the shrine or picture, or, maybe, the spire of a distant church, his face suddenly becomes rapt and solemn, and no lurking interest in neighbouring things interferes with its expression.

One of the monks, who spoke a little French, took us into his cell. He was a tall, frail man of thirty-five, with a wasted face, and brown hair flowing over his shoulders, like most of his brethren of the same age. In those sharp earnest features, one could see that the battle was not yet over. The tendency to corpulence does not appear until after the rebellious passions have been either subdued, or pacified by compromise. The cell was small, but neat and cheerful, on the ground-floor, with a window opening on the court, and a hard, narrow pallet against the wall. There was also a little table, with books, sacred pictures, and a bunch of lilacs in water. The walls were whitewashed, and the floor cleanly swept. The chamber was austere, certainly, but in no wise repugnant.

It was now growing late, and only the faint edges of the twilight glimmered overhead, through the fog. It was not night, but a sort of eclipsed day, not much darker than our winter days under an overcast sky. We returned to the tower, where an old monk took us in charge. Beside the monastery is a special building for guests, a room in which was offered to us. It was so clean and pleasant, and the three broad sofa-couches with leather cushions looked so inviting, that we decided to sleep there, in preference to the crowded cabin. Our supply of shawls, moreover, enabled us to enjoy the luxury of undressing. Before saying goodnight, the old monk placed his hand upon R.'s head. "We have matins at three o'clock," said he; "when you hear the bell, get up, and come to the church: it will bring blessing to you." We were soon buried in a slumber which lacked darkness to make it profound. At two o'clock the sky was so bright that I thought it six, and fell asleep again, determined to make three hours before I stopped. But presently the big bell began to swing: stroke after stroke, it first aroused, but was fast lulling me, when the chimes struck in and sang all manner of incoherent and undevout lines. The brain at last grew weary of this, when, close to our door, a little, petulant, impatient bell commenced barking for dear life. R. muttered and twisted in his sleep, and brushed away the sound several times from his upper ear, while I covered mine—but to no purpose. The sharp, fretful jangle went through shawls and cushions, and the fear of hearing it more distinctly prevented me from rising for matins. Our youth, also, missed his promised blessing, and so we slept until the sun was near five hours high—that is, seven o'clock.

The captain promised to leave for Kexholm at eight, which left us only an hour for a visit to the Konkaunen, or Horse-Rock, distant a mile, in the woods. P. engaged as guide a long-haired acolyte, who informed us that he had formerly been a lithographer in St. Petersburg. We did not ascertain the cause of his retirement from the world: his features were too commonplace to suggest a romance. Through the mist, which still hung heavy on the lake, we plunged into the fir-wood, and hurried on over the uneven carpet of moss and dwarf shrubberies. Small grey boulders then began to crop out, and gradually became so thick, that the trees thrust them aside as they grew. At one of the wood opened on a yew-field belonging to the monks, and a short turn to the right brought us to a huge rock, of irregular shape, about forty feet in diameter by twenty in height. The crest overhung the base on all sides except one, up which a wooden staircase led to a small square chapel perched upon the summit.

The legends attached to this rock are various, but the most authentic seems to be, that in the ages when the Carelians were still heathen, they were accustomed to place their cattle upon the island in summer, as a protection against the wolves, first sacrificing a horse upon the rock. Whether their deity was the Perun of the ancient Russians or the Jumala of the Finns is not stated; the inhabitants at the present day say, of course, the devil. The name of the rock may also be translated "Petrified Horse," and some have endeavoured to make out a resemblance to that animal in its form. Our acolyte, for instance, insisted thereupon, and argued very logically: "Why, if you omit the head and legs, you must see that it is exactly like a horse." The peasants say that the devil had his residence in the stone, and point to a hole which he made, on being forced by the exorcisms of Saint Artemius to take his departure. A reference to the legend is also indicated in the name of the island, Konowitz, which our friend, the officer, gave to me in French as Chemiset, or, in literal English, The Horsecled.

The stones and bushes were dripping from the visitation of the mist, and the mosquitoes were busy with my face and hands while I made a rapid drawing of the place. The quick chimes of the monastery, through which we fancied we could hear the warning boat-bell, suddenly pierced through the forest, recalling us. The Valamo had her steam up, when we arrived, and was only waiting for her rival, the Lottchue (flyer), to get out of our way. As we moved from the shore, a puff of wind blew away the fog, and the stately white monastery, crowned with its bunch of green domes, stood for a moment clear and bright in the morning sun. Our pilgrims bent, bareheaded, in devout farewell; the golden crosses sparkled an answer, and the fog rushed down again like a falling curtain.

We steered nearly due north, making for Kexholm, formerly a frontier Swedish town, at the mouth of the River Wuoren. For four
hours it was a tantalizing struggle between mist and sunshine, a fair blue sky overhead, and a dense cloud sticking to the surface of the lake. The western shore, though near at hand, was not visible; but our captain, with his usual skill, came within a quarter of a mile of the channel leading to the landing-place. The fog seemed to consolidate into the outline of trees; hard land was gradually formed, as we approached; and as the two river-shores finally inclosed us, the air cleared, and long, wooded hills arose in the distance. Before us lay a single wharf, with three wooden buildings leaning against a hill of sand.

"But where is Kexholm?"

"A verst inland," says the captain; "and I will give you just half an hour to see it."

There was a score of peasants, with clumpy two-wheeled carts and shaggy ponies at the landing. Into one of these we clambered, gave the word of command, and were whisked off at a gallop. There may have been some elasticity in the horse, but there certainly was none in the cart. It was a perfect conductor, and the shock with which it passed over stones and leaped ruts was instantly communicated to the os sacrum, passing thence along the vertebrae, to discharge itself in the teeth. Our driver was a sunburnt Finn, who was bent upon performing his share of the contract, in order that he might afterwards with a better face demand a ruble. On receiving just the half, however, he put it into his pocket, without a word of remonstrance.

"Suomi-lainen,"

"I asked, calling up a Finnish word with an effort.

"Suomi-lainen," he answered proudly enough, though the exact meaning is, "I am a Swamp-lander."

Kexholm, which was founded in 1395, has attained since then a population of several hundreds. Grass grows between the cobble-stones of its broad streets, but the houses are altogether so bright, so clean, so substantially comfortable, and the geraniums and roses peeping out between snowy curtains in almost every window suggested such cozy interiors, that I found myself quite attracted towards the plain little town. Here," said I to P. "is a nook which is really out of the world. No need of a monastery, where you have such perfect seclusion, and the indispensable solace of natural society to make it endurable." Pleasant faces occasionally looked out, curiously, at the impetuous strangers; had they known our nationality, I fancy the whole population would have run together. Reaching the last house, nestled among twinkling birch-trees on a bend of the river beyond, we turned about, and made for the fortress—another conquest of the great Peter. Its low ramparts had a shabby, neglected look; an old drawbridge spanned the moat, and there was no sentinel to challenge us as we galloped across. In and out again, and down the long, quiet street, and over the jotting level to the top of the sand-hill, we had seen Kexholm in half an hour.

At the mouth of the river still lay the fog, waiting for us, now and then stretching a ghostly arm over the woods and then withdrawing it, like a spirit of the lake, longing and yet timid to embrace the land. With the Wuoken come down the waters of the Saima, that great, irregular lake, which, with its innumerable arms, extends for a hundred and fifty miles into the heart of Finland, clasping the forests and mountains of Savolax, where the altar-stones of Junala still stand in the shade of sacred oaks, and the song of the Kalevala is sung by the descendants of Wainamoinen. I registered a vow to visit those Finnish solitudes, as we shot out upon the muffled lake, heading for the holy isles of Valaam. This was the great point of interest in our cruise, the shrine of our pilgrim-passengers. We had heard so little of these islands before leaving St. Peters burg, and so much since, that our curiosity was keenly excited; and thus, though too well seasoned by experience to worry unnecessarily, the continuance of the fog began to disgust us. We shall creep along as yesterday, said we, and have nothing of Valaam but the sound of its bells. The air was intensely raw; the sun had disappeared, and the bearded peasants again awoke, with open mouths, on the deck.

Saint Sergius and Hermann, however, were not indifferent either to them or to us. About the middle of the afternoon we suddenly and unexpectedly sailed out of the fog, passing, in the distance of a ship's length, into a clear atmosphere, with a far, sharp horizon! The nuisance of the lake lay behind us, a steep, opake, white wall. Before us, rising in bold cliffs from the water and dark with pines, were the islands of Valaam. Off went hats and caps, and the crowd on deck bent reverently towards the consecrated shores. As we drew near, the granite fronts of the separate isles detached themselves from the plane in which they were blended, and thrust boldly out between the dividing inlets of blue water; the lighter green of birches and maples mingled with the sombre woods of conifer; but the picture, with all its varied features, was silent and lonely. No sail shone over the lake, no boat was hauled up between the tumbled masses of rock, no fisher's but sat in the sheltered coves—only, at the highest point of the cliff, a huge wooden cross gleamed white against the trees.

As we drew around to the northern shore, point came out behind point, all equally bold with rock, dark with pines, and destitute of any sign of habitation. We were looking forward, over the nearest headland, when, all at once, a sharp glitter, through the tops of the pines, struck our eyes. A few more turns of the paddles, and a bulging dome of gold flushed splendidly in the sun! Our voyage, thus far, had been one of surprises, and this was not the least. Crowning a slender, pointing roof, its connection with the latter was not immediately visible; it seemed to spring into the air and hang there, like a marvellous meteor shot from
the sun. Presently, however, the whole building appeared—an hexagonal church, of pale-red brick, the architecture of which was an admirable reproduction of the older Byzantine forms. It stood upon a rocky islet, on either side of which a narrow channel communicated with a deep cove, cleft between walls of rock.

Turning in towards the first of these channels, we presently saw the inlet of darkest-blue water, pushing its way into the heart of the island. Crowning its eastern bank, and about half a mile distant, stood an immense mass of buildings, from the centre of which tall white towers and green cupolas shot up against the sky. This was the monastery of Valaam. Here, in the midst of this lonely lake, on the borders of the Arctic Zone, in the solitude of unheaven forests, was one of those palaces which Religion is so fond of rearing, to show her humility. In the warm afternoon sunshine, and the singular luxuriance of vegetation which clothed the terraces of rock on either hand, we forgot the high latitude, and, but for the pines in the rear could have fancied ourselves approaching some cove of Athos or Euboa.

The stream ran so near the rocky walls that the trailing branches of the birch almost swept her deck; every ledge traversing their grey, even masonry, was crowded with wild red pinks, geranium, saxifrage, and golden-flowered purslane; and the air, wonderfully pure and sweet in itself, was flavoured with delicate woodland odours. On the other side, under the monastery, was an orchard of large apple trees in full bloom, on a shelf near the water; above them grew huge oaks and maples, heavy with their wealth of foliage; and over the tops of these the level coping of the precipice, with a balustrade, upon which hundreds of pilgrims, who had arrived before us, were leaning and looking down.

From this point, the inlet widened into a basin where the steamer had room to turn around. Here we found some forty or fifty boats moored to the bank, while the passengers they had brought (principally from the eastern shore of the lake, and the district lying between it and Onega) were scattered over the heights. The captain pointed out to us a stately two-storey brick edifice, some three hundred feet long, flanking the monastery, as the house for guests. Another of less dimensions, on the hill in front of the landing-place, appeared to be appropriated especially to the use of the peasants. A rich succession of musical chimes pealed down to us from the belfry, as if in welcome, and our deck-load of pilgrims crossed themselves in reverent congratulation as they stepped upon the sacred soil.

We had determined to go on with our boat to Serdopol, at the head of the lake, returning the next morning in season for the solemnities of the anniversary. Postponing, therefore, a visit to the church and monastery, we climed to the summit of the bluff, and beheld the inlet in all its length and depth, from the open, sunny expanse of the lake to the dark strait below us, where the overhanging trees of the opposite side almost touched above the water. The bonyed bitter of lilac and apple blossoms in the garden below steeped the air; and as I inhaled the scent, and beheld the rich green crowns of the oak, which grew at the base of the rocks, I appreciated the wisdom of Sergius and Hermann that led them to pick out this bit of privileged summer, which seems to have wandered into the north from a region ten degrees nearer the sun. It is not strange if the people attribute miraculous powers to them, naturally mistaking the cause of their settlement on Valaam for its effect.

The deck was comparatively deserted, as we once more entered the lake. There were two or three new passengers, however, one of whom inspired me with a mild interest. He was a St. Petersburger, who, according to his own account, had devoted himself to art, and, probably for that reason, felt constrained to speak in the language of sentiment. "I enjoy above all things," said he to me, "communion with Nature. My soul is uplifted, when I find myself removed from the haunts of men. I live in ideal life, and the world grows more beautiful to me every year." Now there was nothing objectionable in this, except his saying it. Those are only shallow emotions which one imparts to every stranger at the slightest provocation. Your true lover of nature is as careful of betraying his passion as the young man who carries a first love in his heart. But my companion evidently delighted in talking of his feelings on this point. His voice was soft and silvery, his eyes gentle, and his air languishing; so that, in spite of a heavy beard, the impression he made was remarkably smooth and unassailable. I involuntarily turned to one of the young Finnish sailors, with his handsome, tanned face, quick, decided movements, and clean, elastic limbs, and felt, instinctively, that what we most value in every man, above even culture or genius, is the stamp of sex—the asserting, self-reliant conquering air which marks the male animal. Wide-awake men (and women, too) who know what this element is, and means, will agree with me, and prefer the sharp twang of true fibre to the most exquisite softness and sweetness that were ever produced by sham refinement.

After some fifteen or twenty miles from the island, we approached the rocky archipelago in which the lake terminates at its northern end, a gradual transition from water to land. Masses of grey granite, wooded wherever the hardy Northern firs could strike root, rose on all sides, divided by deep and narrow channels. "This is the scherh," said our captain, using a word which recalled to my mind, at once, the Swedish skar, and the English sherry, used alike to denote a coast-group of rocky islets. The rocks encroached more and more as we advanced; and finally, if sure of its victory over the lake, gave place, here and there, to levels of turf,
gardens, and cottages. Then followed a calm, land-locked basin, surrounded with harvest-fields, and the spire of Serdopol arose before us. Of this town I may report that it is called in Finnish, Sordodee, and was founded about the year 1640. Its history has no doubt been very important to its inhabitants, but I do not presume that it would be interesting to the world, and therefore spare myself a great deal of laborious research. Small as it is, and so secluded, that Ladoga seems a world’s highway in comparison with its quiet harbour, it nevertheless holds three races and three languages in its modest bounds.

The government and its tongue are Russian; the people are mostly Finnish, with a very thin upper-crust of Swedish tradition, whence the latter language is cultivated as a sign of aristocracy.

We landed on a broad wooden pier, and entered the town by a crowd which was composed of all these elements. There was to be a fair on the morrow, and from the northern shore of the lake, as well as the wild inland region towards the Saima, the people had collected for trade, gossip, and festivity. Children in ragged garments of hemp, bleached upon their bodies, immoderately begged for pocket-money; women in scarlet kerchiefs curiously scrutinized us; peasants carried bundles of freshly-mown grass to the horses which were exposed for sale; ladies with Hungarian hats crushed their crinolines into queer old cabriolets; gentlemen with business-faces and an aspect of wealth smoked paper cigars; and numbers of hucksters offered baskets of biscuit and cakes, of a disagreeable yellow colour and great apparent toughness. It was a repetition, with slight variations, of a village-fair anywhere else.

Passing through the roughly-paved and somewhat dirty streets, past shops full of primitive hardware, groceries which emitted powerful whiffs of salt fish or new leather, bakeries with crisp heaps of bread in the windows, drinking-houses, plentifully supplied with general and noddy, and, finally, the one watchmaker, and the vendor of paper, pens, and Finnish almanacs, we reached a broad suburban street, whose substantial houses, with their courts and gardens, hinted at the aristocracy of Serdopol. The inn, with its Swedish sign, was large and comfortable, and a peep into the open windows disclosed as pleasant quarters as a traveller could wish. A little farther the town ceased, and we found ourselves upon a rough, sloping common, at the top of which stood the church with its neighbouring belfry. It was unmistakably Lutheran in appearance, very plain, and massive, and sober in colour, with a steep roof for shedding snow. The only attempt at ornament was a fanciful shingle-mosaic, but in pattern only, not in colour. Across the common ran a double row of small boots, which had just been erected for the coming fair; and sturdy young fellows from the country, with their rough carts and shaggy ponies, were gathering along the highway, to skirmish a little in advance of their bargains.

The road enticed us onward into the country. On our left, a long slope descended to an upper arm of the harbour, the head of which we saw to be near at hand. The opposite shore was fairly laid out in grain fields, through which cropped out, here and there, long walls of granite, rising higher and higher towards the west, until they culminated in the round, hard forehead of a lofty hill. There was no other point within easy reach which promised much of a view; so, rounding the head of the bay, we addressed ourselves to climbing the rocks, somewhat to the surprise of the herd-boys, as they drove their cows into the town to be milked.

Once off the cultivated land, we found the hill a very garden of wild blooms. Every step and shelf of the rocks was cushioned with tricoloured violets, white anemones, and a succulent, moss-like plant with a golden flower. Higher up there were sheets of fire-red pinks, and on the summit an unbroken carpet of the dwarf whortleberry, with its waxen bells. Light exhalations seemed to rise from the damp hollows, and drift towards us; but they resolved themselves into swarms of mosquitoes, and would have made the hill top untenable, had they not been dispersed by a sudden breeze. We sat down upon a rock and contemplated the wide-spread panorama. It was nine o’clock, and the sun, near his setting, cast long gleams of pale light through the clouds, softening the green of the fields and forests where they fell, and turning the moist evening haze into lustrous pearl. Inlets of the lake here and there crept in between the rocky hills; broad stretches of gently undulating corn-land were dotted with the houses, barns, and clustered stables of the Finnish farmers; in the distance arose the smokes of two villages; and beyond all, as we looked inland, ran the sombre ridges of the fir-crest hills.

Below us, on the right, the yellow houses of the town shone in the subdued light, the only bright spot in the landscape, which elsewhere seemed to be overlaid with a tint of dark, transparent grey. It was wonderfully silent. Not a bird twittered; no bleat of sheep or low of cattle was heard from the grassy fields; no shout of children, or evening hail from the returning boats of the fishers. Over all the land brooded an atmosphere of sleep, of seren, perpetual peace. To sit and look upon it was in itself a refreshment like that of healthy slumber. The restless devil which lurks in the human brain was quieted for the time, and we dreamed—knowing all the while the vanity of the dream—of a pastoral life in some such spot, among as ignorant and simple-hearted a people, ourselves as untroubled by the agitations of the world.

We had scarce inhaled, or, rather, inhaled, to coin a paradoxical word for a sensation which seems to enter at every pore—the profound quiet and its suggestive fancies for the space of half an hour, when the wind fell at the going down of the sun, and the humming mist of mosquitoes arose again. Returning to the town, we halted at the top of the common to watch the farmers of the neighbourhood at their horse-dealing.
Very hard, keen, weather-browned faces had they, eyes tight-set for the main chance, mouths worn thin by biting farethings, and hands whose hard fingers crooked with holding fast what they had earned. Faces almost of the Yankee type, many of them, but relieved by the twinkling of a humorous faculty or the wild gleam of imagination. The shaggy little horses, of a dun or dull tan-colour, seemed to understand that their best performance was required, and rushed up and down the road with an amazing exhibition of mettle. I could understand nothing of the Finnish tongue except its music; but it was easy to perceive that the remarks of the crowd were shrill, intelligent, and racy. One young fellow, less observant, accosted us in the hope that we might be purchasers. The boys, suspecting that we were as green as we were evidently foreign, held out their hands for alms, with a very unsuccessful air of distress, but readily succumbed to the Russian interjection "proch!" (be off!) the repetition of which, they understood, was a reproach.

That night we slept on the velvet couches of the cabin, having the spacious apartment to ourselves. The bright young officer had left for the copper mines, the pilgrims were at Valaam, and our stout, benignant captain looked upon us as his only faithful passengers. The stewards, indeed, carried their kindness beyond reasonable anticipations. They brought us real pillows and other conveniences, bolted the doors against nightly intruders, and in the morning conducted us into the pantry, to wash our faces in the basin sacred to dishes. After I had completed my ablutions, I turned dumbly, with dripping face and extended hands, for a towel. My steward understood the silent appeal, and, taking a napkin from a plate of bread, presented it with alacrity. I made use of it, I confess, but hastened out of the pantry, lest I should happen to see it restored to its former place. How not to observe is a faculty as necessary to the traveller as its reverse. I was reminded of this truth at dinner, when I saw the same steward take a napkin (probably my towel) from under his arm, to wipe both his face and a plate which he carried. To speak mildly, these people on Lake Ladoga are not sensitive in regard to the contact of individualities. But the main point is to avoid seeing what you don't like.

We got off at an early hour, and hastened back to Valaam over glassy water and under a superb sky. This time the lake was not so desolate, for the white wings of pilgrim-boats drew in towards the dark island, making for the golden sparkle of the chapel-dome, which shone afar like a lighthouse of the daytime. As we rounded to in the land-locked inlet, we saw that the crowds on the hills had doubled since yesterday, and, although the chimes were pealing for some religious service, it seemed prudent first to make sure of our quarters for the night. Accordingly we set out for the imposing house of guests beside the monastery, arriving in company with the visitors we had brought with us from Serdopol. The entrance-hall led into a long, stone-paved corridor, in which a monk, bewildered by many applications, appeared to be seeking relief by promises of speedy hospitality. We put in our plea, and also received a promise. On either side of the corridor were numbered rooms, already occupied, the fortunate guests passing in and out with a provoking air of comfort and unconcern. We ascended to the second story, which was similarly arranged, and caught hold of another benevolent monk, willing, but evidently powerless to help us. Dinner was just about to be served; the brother in authority was not there; we must be good enough to wait a little while; would we not visit the shrines, in the meantime?

The advice was sensible, as well as friendly, and we followed it. Entering the great quadrangle of the monastery, we found it divided, gridiron fashion, into long, narrow court-yards by inner lines of buildings. The central court, however, was broad and spacious, the church occupying a rise of ground on the eastern side. Hundreds of men and women—Carelian peasants—thronged around the entrance, crossing themselves in unison with the congregation. The church, we found, was packed, and the most seafaring congregation among the blue caps and shining flaxen heads brought us no farther than the inner door. Thence we looked over a tuffed level of heads that seemed to touch, intermingled tints of gold, tawny, silver-blood, and the various shades of brown, touched with dim glosses through the incense-smokes, and occasionally bending in concert with an undulating movement, like grain before the wind. Over these heads rose the vaulted nave, decked with gold and colours, and blocked up, beyond the intersection of the transept, by the thomastas, or screen before the holy of holies, gorgeous with pictures of saints overlaid with silver. In front of the screen the tapestries burned, the incense rose thick and strong, and the chant of the monks gave a peculiar solemnity to their old Slavonic litany. The only portion of it which I could understand was the recurring response, as in the English Church, of, "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Extricating ourselves with some difficulty, we entered a chapel-crypt, which contains the bodies of Sergius and Herrmann. They lie together in a huge coffin of silver, covered with cloth-of-gold. Tapirs of immense size buried at the head and foot, and the pilgrims knelt around, bending their foreheads to the pavement at the close of their prayers. Among others, a man had brought his insane daughter, and it was touching to see the tender care with which he led her to the coffin and directed her devotions. So much of habit still remained that it seemed, for the time being, to restore her reason. The quietness and regularity with which she went through the forms of prayer brought a light of hope to the father's face.

The other peasants looked on with an expression
of pity and sympathy. The girl, we learned, had but recently lost her reason, and without any apparent cause. She was betrothed to a young man who was sincerely attached to her, and the pilgrimage was undertaken in the hope that a miracle might be wrought in her favour. The presence of the shrine, indeed, struck its accustomed awe through her wandering senses, but the effect was only momentary.

I approached the coffin, and deposited a piece of money on the offering-plate, for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the pictured faces of the saints, in their silver setting. Their features were hard and regular, flatly painted, as if by some forerunner of Cimabue, but sufficiently modern to make the likeness doubtful. I have not been able to obtain the exact date of their settlement on the island, but I believe it is referred to the early part of the fifteenth century. The common people believe that the island was first visited by Andrew, the Apostle of Christ, who, according to the Russian patriarch Nestor, made his way to Kiev and Novgorod. The latter place is known to have been an important commercial city as early as the fourth century, and had a regular intercourse with Asia. The name of Vasaan does not come from Balaam, as one might suppose, but seems to be derived from the Finnish varamo, which signifies "herring-ground." The more I attempted to unravel the history of the island, the more it became involved in obscurity, and this fact, I must confess, only heightened my interest in it. I found myself ready to accept the tradition of Andrew's visit, and I accepted without a doubt the grave of King Magnus of Sweden.

On issuing from the crypt, we encountered a young monk, who had evidently been sent in search of us. The mass was over, and the court-yard was nearly emptied of all but a crowd. In the farther court, however, we found the people more dense than ever, pressing forward towards a small door. The monk made way for us with some difficulty—for, though the poor fellows did their best to fall back, the pressure from the outside was tremendous. Having at last run the gauntlet, we found ourselves in the refectory of the monastery, inhaling a thick steam of fish and cabbage. Three long tables were filled with monks and pilgrims, while the attendants brought in the fish on large wooden trenchers. The plates were of common white ware, but the spoons were of wood. Officers in gay uniforms were scattered among the dark anchorites, who occupied one end of the table, while the bourgeois, with here and there a blue-castaned peasant wedging among them, filled the other end. They were eating with great zeal, while an old priest, standing, read from a Slavonic bible. All eyes were turned upon us as we entered, and there was not a vacant chair in which we could hide our intrusion. It was rather embarrassing, especially as the young monk insisted that we should remain, and the curious eyes of the eaters as constantly asked, "Who are these, and what do they want?" We preferred returning through the hungry crowd, and made our way to the guests' house.

Here a similar process was going on. The corridors were thronged with peasants of all ages and both sexes, and the good fathers, more than ever distracted, were incapable of helping us. Seeing a great crowd piled up inside a rear basement-door, we descended the stairs, and groped our way through manifold smells and noises to a huge succession of kitchens, where cauldrons of cabbage were bubbling, and shoals of fish went in raw and came out cooked. In another room some hundreds of peasants were eating with all the energy of a primitive appetite.

Soup leaked out of the bowle as if they had been sieves; fishes gave a whisk of the tail and vanished; great round boucliers of bread went off, layer after layer, and still the empty plates were held up for more. It was grand eating, pure appetite, craving only food in a general sense: no picking out of tidbits, no spitting here and there for a favourite dish, but, like a huge fire, devouring everything that came in its way.

The stomach was here a patient, unquestioning serf, not a master full of whims, requiring to be petted and conciliated. So, I thought, people must have eaten in the Golden Age; so Adam and Eve must have dined, before the Fall made them epicurean and dyspeptic.

We, degenerate through culture, found the smells of the strong, coarse dishes rather unpleasant, and retreated by a back-way, which brought us to a spiral staircase. We ascended for a long time, and finally emerged into the garret of the building, hot, close, and strawy as a barn-loft. It was divided into rooms, in which, on the floors, covered deep with straw, the happy pilgrims who had finished their dinner were lying on their bellies, lazily talking to themselves to sleep. The grassy slope in front of the house, and all the neighbouring heights, were soon covered in like manner. Men, women, and children, threw themselves down, drawing off their heavy boots, and dipping their legs, knee-deep, into the sun and air. An atmosphere of utter peace and satisfaction settled over them.

Being the only foreign and heterodox persons present, we began to feel ourselves deserted, when the favour of Sergius and Herrmann was again manifested. P. was suddenly greeted by an acquaintance, an officer connected with the Imperial Court, who had come to Vasaa for a week of devotion. He immediately interested himself in our behalf, procured us a room with a lovely prospect, transferred his bouquet of lilacs and peonies to our table, and produced his bottle of lemon-syrup to flavour our tea. The rules of the monastery are very strict, and no visitor is exempt from their observance. Not a fish can be caught, not a bird or beast shot, no wine or liquor of any kind, nor tobacco in any form, used on the island. Rigid as the organization seems, it bears equally on every
member of the brotherhood, the equality upon which such associations were originally based is here preserved. The monks are only in an ecclesiastical sense subordinate to the abbot. Otherwise, the fraternity seems to be about as complete as in the early days of Christianity.

The Valoma, and her rival, the Letuchie, had advertised a trip to the Holy Island, the easternmost of the Valaam group, some six miles from the monastery, and the weather was so fair that both boats were crowded, many of the monks accompanying us. Our new-found friend was also of the party, and I made the acquaintance of a Finnish student from the Lyceum of Kuopio, who gave me descriptions of the Saima Lake and the wilds of Savolax. Running eastward along the headlands, we passed Chernoi Nos (Black-Nose), the name of which again recalled a term common in the Orkneys and Shetlands—nose, there, signifying a headland. The Holy Island rose before us, a circular pile of rock, crowned with wood, like a huge, unfinished tower of Cyclopean masonry, built up out of the deep water. Far beyond it, over the rim of the lake, glimmered the blue eastern shore... As we drew near, we found that the tumbled fragments of rock had been arranged, with great labour, to form a capacious foot-path around the base of the island. The steamers drew up against this narrow quay, upon which we landed, under a granite wall which rose perpendicular to the height of seventy or eighty feet. The fire on the summit grew out to the very edge and stretched their dark arms over us. Every cranny of the rock was filled with tufts of white and pink flowers, and the moisture, trickling from above, betrayed itself in long lines of moss and fern.

I followed the pilgrims around to the sunny side of the island, and found a wooden staircase at a point where the wall was somewhat broken away. Reaching the top of the first ascent, the sweet breath of a spring woodland breathed around me. The sun shone on the broken roofage of the boughs upon a blossoming jungle of shrubs and plants which seemed to have been called into life by a more potent sun. The lily of the valley, in thick beds, poured out the delicious sweetness of its little cups; spikes of a pale green orchis emitted a rich cinnamon odour; anemones, geraniums, sigillarias, and a feathery flower, white, freckled with purple grew in profusion. The top of the island, five or six acres in extent, was a slanting plane, looking to the south, whence it received the direct rays of the sun. It was an enchanting picture of woodland bloom, lighted with sprinkled sunshine, in the cold blue setting of the lake, which was visible on all sides, between the boles of the trees. I hailed it as an idyl of the north—a poetic secret, which the earth, even where she is most cruelly material and cold, still tenderly hides and cherishes.

A peasant, whose scarlet shirt flashed through the bushes like a sudden fire, seeing me looking at the flowers, gathered a handful of lilies, which he offered to me saying, “prekrenci,” (beautiful). Without waiting for thanks, he climbed a second flight of steps and suddenly disappeared from view. I followed, and found myself in front of a narrow aperture in a rock wall, which had been built up under an overhanging mass of rocks. A lamp was twinkling within, and presently several persons crawled out, crossing themselves and muttering prayers. “What is this?” asked a person who had just arrived.

“The cave of Alexander Svirski,” was the answer.

Alexander of the Svir—a river flowing from the Onega Lake into Ladoga—was a hermit who lived for twenty years on the Holy Island, inhabiting the hole before us through the long, dark, terrible winters, in a solitude broken only when the monks of Valaam came over the sea to replenish his stock of provisions. Verily, the hermits of the Thebaid were Sybarites, compared with this man! There are still two or three hermits who have charge of outlying chapels on the islands, and live wholly secluded from their brethren. They wear dresses covered with crossettes and other symbols, and are considered dead to the world. The ceremony which consecrates them for this service is that for the burial of the dead.

I managed, with some difficulty, to creep into Alexander Svirski’s den. I saw nothing, however, but the old smoky, and sacred picture, before which the lamp burned. The rocky roof was so low that I could not stand upright, and all the walls I could find were the bodies of pilgrims who had squeezed in before me. A confused whisper surrounded me in the darkness, and the air was intolerably close. I therefore made my escape and mounted to the chapel, on the highest part of the island. A little below it, an open pavilion, with seats, has been built over the sacred spring from which the hermit drank, and thither the pilgrims thronged. The water was served in a large wooden bowl, and each one made the sign of the cross before drinking. By waiting for my turn I ascertained that the spring was icy-cold, and very pure and sweet.

I found myself lured to the highest cliff, whence I could look out, through the trees, on the far, smooth disk of the lake. Smooth and fair as the Aegean it lay before me, and the trees were silent as olives at noonday on the shores of Cos. But how different in colour, in sentiment! Here, perfect sunshine can never dust the water with the purple bloom of the South, can never mellow its hard, cold tint of greenish-blue. The distant hills, whether dark or light, are equally cold, and are seen too distinctly through the crystal air to admit of any illusion. Bracing as is this atmosphere, the gods could never breathe it. It would revenge, on the ivory limbs of Apollo, his treatment of Marsyas. No foam-born Aphrodite could rise warm from yonder wave; not even the cold, sleek Nereids couldbreast its keen edge. We could only imagine it disturbed, temporarily, by the bath-
A Cruise on Lake Ladoga.

plunge of hardy Vikings, whom we can see, red and tingling from head to heel, as they emerge.

"Come!" cried P., "the steamer is about to leave!"

We all wandered down the steps, I with my slippers on my hand. Even the rough peasants seemed reluctant to leave the spot, and not only for the sake of Alexander Svirsiki. We were all safely embarked and carried back to Valaam, leaving the island to its solitude. Alexis (as I shall call our Russian friend) put us in charge of a native artist, who knew every hidden beauty in Valaam, and suggested an exploration of the inlet, while he went back to his devotions. We borrowed a boat from the monks, and impressed a hardy fisherman into our service. I supposed we had already seen the extent of the inlet, but, on reaching its head, a narrow side-channel disclosed itself, passing away under a quaint bridge and opening upon an inner lake of astonishing beauty. The rocks were disposed in every variety of grouping; sometimes rising in even terraces, step above step, sometimes thrusting out a sheer wall from the summit, or lying slant-wise in masses split off by the wedges of the ice. The fairy birches in their thin white foliage looked like the skeletons of the water like Dryade undressing for a bath, while the shaggy male furs elbowed each other on the heights for a look at them. Other channels opened in the distance, with glimpses of other and as beautiful harbours in the heart of the islands. "You may sail for seventy-five versts," said the painter, "without seeing them all.

The fearlessness of all wild creatures showed that the rules of the good monks had been carefully obeyed. The wild ducks swam around our boat, or brooded, in conscious security, on their nests along the shore. Three great herons, fishing in a shallow, rose slowly into the air and flew across the water, breaking the silence with their hoarse trumpet-note. Farther into the woods there appeared herds of wild reindeer, which are said to have become gradually tame. This familiarity of the animals took away from the islands all that was repellent in their solitude. It half restored the broken link between man and the subject-forms of life.

The sunset-light was on the trees when we started, but here in the North it is no fleeting glow. It lingers for hours even, fading so imperceptibly that you scarcely know when it has ceased. Thus, when we returned after a long pull, craving the Lenten fare of the monastery, the same soft gold tinted its clustering domes.

W were not called upon to visit the refectory, but a table was prepared in our room. The first dish had the appearance of a splaid, with the accompaniment of black bread. On carefully tasting, I discovered the ingredients to be raw salt fish chopped fine, cucumbers, and beer. The taste of the first spoonful was peculiar; of the second, tolerable; of the third, decidedly palatable. Beyond this I did not go, for we had fresh fish, boiled in enough water to make a soup. Then the same, fried in its own fat, and, as salt and pepper were allowed, we did not scorn our supper. P. and R. afterwards walked over to the Skit, a small church and branch of the monastery, more than a mile distant; while I tried, but all in vain, to reproduce the Holy Island in verses. The impression was too recent.

The next day was the festival of Peter and Paul, and Alexis had advised us to make an excursion to a place called Yelesniki. In the morning, however, we learned that the monastery and its grounds were to be consecrated in solemn procession. The chimes pealed out quick and joyously, and soon a burst of banners and a cloud of incense issued from the great gate. All the pilgrims (nearly two thousand in number) thronged around the double line of chanting monks, and it was found necessary to incline the latter in a hollow square, formed by a linked chain of hands. As the morning sun shone on the bare-headed multitude, the beauty of their unshorn hair struck me like a new revelation. Some of the heads, of lustrous, fleshy gold, actually shone by their own light. It was marvellous that skin so hard and coarse in texture should produce such beautiful hair.

As the procession approached, Alexis, who was walking behind the monks, inside the protecting guard, beckoned to us to join him. The peasants respectfully made way, two hands unlinked to admit us, and we became, unexpectedly, participants in the ceremonies. From the south side the procession moved around to the east, where a litany was again chanted. The fine voices of the monks lost but little of their volume in the open air; there was no wind, and the tapers burned and the incense diffused itself, as in the church. The crucifix, which two monks carried on a sort of litter, was regarded with particular reverence by the pilgrims, numbers of whom crept under the line of guards to snatch a moment's devotion before it. At every pause in the proceedings there was a rush from all sides, and the poor fellows who formed the lines held each other's hands with all their strength. Yet, flushed, sweating, and exhausted as they were, the responsibility of their position made them perfectly proud and happy. They were the guardians of cross and shrine, of the holy books, the monks, and the abbot himself.

From the east side we proceeded to the north, where the dead monks sleep in their cemetery, high over the watery gorge. In one corner of this inclosure, under a group of giant maples, is the grave of King Magnus, of Sweden, who is said to have perished by shipwreck on the island. Here, in the deep shade, a solemn mass for the dead was chanted. Nothing could have added to the impressiveness of the scene.

The tapers burning under the thick-leaved
boughs, the light smoke curling up in the shade, the grave voices of the monks, the bending heads of the beautiful-haired crowd, and the dashes of white, pink, scarlet, blue, and gold in their dresses, made a picture the solemnity of which was only heightened by its pomp of colour. I can do no more than give the features; the reader must recombine them in his own mind.

The painter accompanied us to the place called Jelesniki, which, after a walk of four miles through the forests, we found to be a deserted village, with a chapel on a rocky headland. There was a fine bridge across the dividing strait, and the place may have been as picturesque as it was represented. On that side of the islands, however, there was a dense fog, and we could get no view beyond a hundred yards. We had hoped to see reindeer in the woods, and an eagle's nest, and various other curiosities; but where there was no fog there were mosquitoes, and the search became discouraging.

On returning to the monastery, a register was brought to us, in which, on looking back for several years, we could find but one foreign visitor—a Frenchman. We judged, therefore, that the abbot would possibly expect us to call upon him, and, indeed, the hospitality we had received exacted it. We found him receiving visitors in a plain, but comfortable room, in a distant part of the building. He was a man of fifty-five, frank and self-possesscd in his manner, and of an evident force and individuality of character. His reception of the visitors, among whom was a lady, was at once courteous and kindly. A younger monk brought us glasses of tea. Incidentally learning that I had visited the Holy Places in Syria, the abbot sent for some pictures of the monastery and its chosen saints, which he asked me to keep as a souvenir of Valaam. He also presented each of us with a cake of unleavened bread, stamped with the cross, and with a triangular piece cut out of the top, to indicate the Trinity. On parting, he gave his hand, which the orthodox visitors devoutly kissed. Before the steamer sailed, we received fresh evidence of his kindness, in the present of three large loaves of consecrated bread, and a bunch of lilacs from the garden of the monastery.

Through some misunderstanding, we failed to dine in the refectory, as the monks desired, and their hospitable regret on this account was the only shade on our enjoyment of the visit. Alexis remained, in order to complete his devotions by partaking the Communion on the following Sabbath; but as the anniversary solemnities closed at noon, the crowd of pilgrims prepared to return home. The Valamo, too, sounded her warning bell, so we left the monastery as friends where we had arrived as strangers, and went on board. Boat after boat, gunwale-deep with the gay Karelians, rowed down the inlet, and in the space of half an hour but a few stragglers were left of all the multitude. Some of the monks came down to say another good-bye, and the under-abbot, blessing R., made the sign of the cross upon his brow and breast.

When we reached the golden dome of St. Nicholas, at the outlet of the harbour, the boats had set their sails, and the lake was no longer lonely. Scores of white wings gleamed in the sun, as they scattered away in radii from the central and sacred point, some north, some east, and some veering south around Holy Island. Sergius and Herrmann gave them smooth seas, and light, favourable airs; for the least roughness would have carried them, overladen as they were, to the bottom. Once more the bells of Valaam chimed farewell, and we turned the point to the westward, steering back to Kirholm.

Late that night we reached our old moorage at Konewitz, and on Saturday, at the appointed hour, landed in St. Petersburg. We earned the white cross at the fore as we descended the Neva, and the bells of the churches along the banks welcomed our return. And now, as I recall those five days among the islands of the Northern Lake, I see that it is good to go on a pilgrimage, even if one is not a pilgrim.

**ADIEU.**

**BY J. P. SHORTHOUSE.**

In life's fair morn, when cloudless skies
And sunlight gilds the scene—
When Hope's bright flowers in myriads rise
Nor storm nor blight are seen;

When trusting to a loving heart,
P'rhaps tremblingly thou'rt led
To be a husband's better part,
O'er him thy sweetness lies;

When round thee in the spell-bound spheres
Affection's glances play,
Reflected from the eyes so dear,
So happy 'neath thy sway;

When rolling year's and Time's dread scythe
Hope's flowers shall prostrate lay,
The wan, cold messenger arrive,
And beckon thee away—

In all, through all, for thee I pray
Heaven's choicest blessings still
May follow on thy life-long way,
Sustain thee, keep from ill,

And upward to that glorious home
Thy footsteps gently lead,
Till to its pearly gates thou'rt come,
From all Time's evils freed.

And now, my much lov'd friend, farewell!
A long time's last adieu!
While lips or heart the wish can tell,
My prayer will be for you.
ELIZABETH ELSTOB, THE SAXONIST.

Outlines of the Life of a Learned Lady, in the (so-called) Augustan Age of English Literature.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

CHAP. III.

The old city of Canterbury must have always had a special interest for Elizabeth Elstob, not only from her girlish associations with it, but from its connection with her Saxon studies, and the lives of the early saints and prelates. City and suburbs must have been full of interesting reminiscences, hidden and remote from antiquarians who were not Saxonists like herself. The quaint carved-timbered houses of which the principal streets consisted, were as yet undisturbed—and the remains of ecclesiastical buildings, crypt-like cellars, archways with sunken steps, vaulted passages, and canopyed niches more numerous and striking than modern visitors to the shrine of A'Becket can imagine, must have afforded abundant subjects for her pencil, although the only one of her sketches of it which has been preserved for us in words is the “cut” (as Broome calls it) of the font of St. Martin’s Church, which she probably engraved—a font so crude in form and ornamentation, so old and rugged, that all antiquarians agree in believing it of Saxon workmanship—The very font, perhaps, in which the Saxon Queen Bertha received, at the hands of St. Augustine, the repetition of the sign of Christianity. Thus she busy herself, in spite of the needful rest her studious London life requires.

In the meantime her work, which she dedicated to the Queen (Anne), was announced as “An English Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory, anciently used in the English Saxon Church: giving an Account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity. Translated into modern English, with notes, by Elizabeth Elstob. London,” &c. This edition (a large octavo, beautifully printed by Bowyer the elder, at the White-house, Little Britain) contains a copy of the original Saxon Homily, with Mrs. Elstob’s translation on the opposite column, and derives the character of a “pompous book,” which Thoereby, who intended to give a notice of its publication in the Tucatus Lead (p. 129), calls it. Here he styles its authoress the “justly-celebrated Saxon nymph”—a proof that her remarkable studies had already attracted attention, and that her brother made no secret of the important assistance she had immediately afforded him. Unfortunately for the service which Thoereby meditated, his work did not appear till after the publication of the homily to which he was a subscriber, and thus fell still born.

In spite of Dr. Hick’s recommendation the English Saxon Homily found but a few subscribers at Oxford, which according to the epigram was wholly Tory:

“The King to Oxford sent his troops of horse;
For Tories own no argument but force,
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent;
For Whigs allow no force but argument;”

and the dedication of the book to the Queen offended their party prejudices. At Cambridge it met with greater success, and it must have been very gratifying to the author to find that nearly forty of the subscribers for it were townsmen, who to this day are proud of, and love to describe her as the “most learned woman who ever lived.”* A gentleman of Newcastle who has kindly made some inquiries on the subject, has informed the writer that a copy of the Homily in 8vo., 1709, is preserved in Dr. Tomlinson’s Library, connected with St. Nicholas’ church in that town; in which is also a thanksgiving sermon of William Elstob’s on the accession of Queen Anne, 1709.

In one of the “blooming letters,” which Thoereby describes as adorning her work (the initial G of the “English Saxon Homily on the birthday of St. Gregory”) appears the portrait of the author;† while the countenance of the saint in the Saxon L., is that of their learned friend, Mr. Thwaite, to whom William Elstob had been much indebted for his knowledge of Saxon, and who was as remarkable for the beauty of his countenance as for his charming manners and the agreeableness and vivacity of his conversation.

The portrait of Elizabeth, not more than an inch in length and less in breadth, gives us the idea of a young person, pleasing and intelligent looking, rather than handsome; her forehead is broad and high, her nose straight, with a short upper lip and rather full under one; the chin is small and round. It is a pleasing face, neither wanting in dignity or firmness. She

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* Mackenzie’s History of Newcastle.
† Also in the initial G of the Saxon grammar.
the copy of the Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory, in the Bodleian, has marginal corrections, made most probably by E. E. herself, and on the title-page she has written after “By Elizabeth Elstob,” Quae et hoc exemplum grati animi ergo Bibliothecis Bodleiana dono dedit.”

T 2
Elizabeth Elstob, the Saxonist.

wears a gown, cut square and low upon the bosom; and her hair, which is dressed rather high, is laid in curls all over the head, and falls in one long full one on the shoulder, such as Queen Caroline, wife of George II., wears in her portrait at Hampton-Court.*

"Both of these portraits," Nichols tells us, "were engraved by Grivelin, though Michael Burgers, David Loggin's Dutch journeyman, who succeeded his master at his death, and was considered the best general engraver in England, was then engraver to the University of Oxford; and had, not improbably, given lessons in his art to the fair authoresses."

Warm summer weather and soft winds bring healing with them to consumptive patients; and William Elstob seems for the time to have had renewed visions of health and strength. He has planned for himself sufficient work to occupy a long life, and in his scholarly ardour, buoyed up by the encouragement of friends, his own enthusiasm, and the persuasive hopes of his beloved sister, pooh! poohs! the sudden flushes and cold sweats that mark the encroachments of his disease. He has too much to do to note the growing frequency of their recurrence, and is thus working unconsciously against time.

He is busy with a translation of St. Gregory's Pastoralis, which Keppel† thinks was intended to include both the original and Saxon version, and with the adorning of which Elizabeth had charged herself. He is also engaged on a transcript of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of "Orosius," and while writing on various other subjects, especially a work on the "Affinity of Law and Religion," is seized with a desire to produce an edition of the "Saxon laws with great additions, and a new Latin version, with notes of various learned men, and a prefatory discourse on the origin of the English laws and their progress down to Magna-Charta."

The preparation of an edition of "St. Gregorie's Pastoralis" appears to have been commenced immediately after the publication of the Saxon Homily; and Elizabeth, writing to Thoersby in the autumn of the same year, October, 1709, tells him, that having nothing else to do, she thinks of bringing out a set of Saxon Homilies. This is the Saxon Homilairum, or collection of English Saxon Homilies, of Alfric, Archbishop of Canterbury:

* The Rev. J. T. Treacher has informed the author that there is in the Hope collection of portraits at Oxford one of Elizabeth Elstob, a print by Reading, copied from the one engraved in her English Saxon grammar.
† At the fire in the manuscript-room of the British Museum, the Anglo-Saxon MS. known as St. Gregory the Great's Pastoralis, given by Alfred the Great to Plegmond, Archbishop of Canterbury, was destroyed July 18th, 1665.
‡ The exquisite transcript of Orosius in William Elstob's own hand, clear and precise as the best manuscripts, is preserved in the Bodleian Library.

"Which Dr. Hickey," says Ballard, "well knowing what use had been and might be made of them in the Church of England, designed to publish, but for want of further encouragement [subscriptions] he could not carry out his scheme. It was therefore no small pleasure to him to see one of the most considerable of them attempted by Mrs. Elizabeth Elstob, who, with incredible industry hath furnished a Saxon Homilairum, &c., which she hath translated and adorned with learned and useful notes, and for the printing of which she hath published proposals. 'And I cannot but wish,' he adds, in his heavy English, 'that, for her own sake, as well as for the advancement of Septentrional learning, the service of the Church of England, the credit of the country, and the honour of her sex, that learned and studious gentlewoman may find such encouragement as she and her great undertaking deserves.'"

Dipping again into Thoersby's diary I find, under the date of August 11, 1712, Die Dom:

"Heard Mr. Elstob preach at St. Swithin's. He expatiated upon the Apostle's character of a Bishop, paraphrasing that part of the chapter relating to the office of a minister. I dined with him, and was much pleased with his learned design of the Saxon laws, which he showed me in manuscript, and the curious transcript of the Textus Roensis, and gave me a specimen of it, wrote, as is the whole manuscript, from the original by a boy under ten years of age, who waited at table."

From the antiquary's silence on the subject of the learned lady, as he delighted to call Miss Elstob, it is probable she was from home at the period of this visit. Meanwhile, it became necessary to stimulate the interest of clergymen and scholars generally in the progress and success of her work; and accordingly, while Dr. Hicks canvassed for subscribers amongst his friends and acquaintances, we find Bower printing for the author "some testimonies of learned men" in a letter from the publisher to a Dr. of Divinity (probably Dr. Hicks himself) in favour of the intended edition of the Saxon Homilies and the advantage to be hoped from them.

Having finished some portions of her undertaking, Elizabeth, accompanied, in all probability, by her brother, proceeded to Oxford, for the purpose of submitting specimens of her work to the chief Teutonic linguists, and of procuring subscribers to it."

It was on this occasion that Dr. Hicks wrote to his friend and fellow-septentrionalist, Dr. Chariett, under the date of December 22nd, 1712, Ormond-street:

"I suppose you may have seen Mrs. Elstob, sister to Wm. Elstob, formerly Fellow of your college, and the MSS. she brought to be printed at your press. The University hath acquired much reputation and

* The folio manuscript of Mrs. E.'s Homilies will be found in the Lansdown MSS., British Museum.
† The first few pages of this beautiful folio were printed at the Theatre, Oxford.
Honour, at home and abroad, by the Saxon books printed there, as well as by those printed in Latin and Greek, and the publication of the MSS. she hath brought (the most correct I ever saw or read) will be of great advantage to the Church of England against the Papists, for the honour of our predecessors, the English Saxon clergy — especially of the episcopal order, and the credit of our country, to which Mrs. Elstob will be counted abroad as great an ornament in her way as Madame Dacier is to France. I do not desire you to give her all encouragement, because I believe you will do it of your own accord, from your natural temper for promoting good and great works. But I desire you to recommend her and her great undertaking to others; for she and it are both very worthy to be encouraged, and, were I at Oxford, I should be a great solicitor for her; and had I acquaintance enough with Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I had troubled him with a letter on her behalf. I will add no more but to tell you that the news of Mrs. Elstob's encouragement in the University will be very acceptable to me; because it will give her work credit here, where it shall be promoted to the utmost power by your philosophy and philogoth, and 

"Most faithful humble servant,

"GEORGE HICKES."

Visiting Oxford must have been at all times like going home to the Elstobs; but especially at this season of the year, for it is more than probable, from the date of Dr. Hick's letter, that they took advantage of a Christmas invitation to carry down the precious MSS. with them. A few years previously, the "stage," or "leather conveyance," as it was called, would have occupied two winter days in the journey from London to Oxford, but at this date the "flying coach" performed the whole distance between sunrise and sunset, and landed its passengers at six o'clock, or a little after, opposite the ancient front of All-Souls. How pleasant the familiar streets, the recognition of acquaintances in them, the visiting of old friends, and the kindly criticism of that knot of Teutonic scholars, who vied in admiration of the first lady Saxonists' exquisite transcript and careful translation of Bishop Alfric's Homilies!

Subsequently, we find the brother and sister again at Oxford, for the purpose of completing arrangements for the printing of the "Saxon Homiliarium"; and Dr. Hicks, who appears to have been as warm a friend as he could be a bitter hater, repeats his application to Dr. Charlett on behalf of his protégée in a letter dated February 24th, 1712-13:

"Mr. Elstob and his sister [he writes] set out tomorrow for Oxford. I renew my hearty request to you to promote subscriptions to her most useful book. Had I the honour of so much acquaintance with Mr. Vice-Chancellor as to write to him, I would entreat him also to be one of her subscribers; for the reputation of the Oxford subscription will procure many here and in Cambridge."

Few things, I think, go farther to prove the unoffending and amiable dispositions of the brother and sister than the fact that at a period when party spirit raged most fiercely, and Whig and Tory were the watchwords of violent political and religious antagonism, the Elstob's, who, in common with the most liberal and learned persons of the day, had given in their adherence to the ruling powers, and had ranged themselves on the side of the whigs, were yet upon the most friendly terms with many of the opposite party, and especially high in favour with this most sternly-prejudiced of the Nonjurors, Dr. George Hicks, Dean of Worcester, who appears to have believed with Eubulius in the old drama of Gorbovoc:

"— No cause serves, whereby the subject may call to account the doings of the Prince.

* * * * * * * * *

No, not in secret though, the subject may rebel against his lord,

Or judge of him who sits in Caesar's seat

With grudging mind, to damn those he mistakes,

Though kings forget to govern as they ought,

Yet subjects must obey as they are bound."

For though James had proved his royal prerogative by putting his brother to death for no other crime than that of being a dissenter, the Dr. upon principle continued to uphold the doctrine of the inalienable rights of kings, and refused to the last to acknowledge the supremacy of William and Mary, or of Queen Anne. Macaulay, as we have seen, describes him as the fiercest and most intolerant of all "Nonjurors." Having refused at the revolution to take the oaths to King William the Third, he was deprived of his benefices; but, after his return from the little court of the exiled king at St. Germaines, whether he had been sent in 1673 with a list of the non-compounding clergy, he appears to have settled in London, having, through the influence of the leader of the Whig party, the accomplished and liberal Lord Keeper Somers, "obtained permission to

* Dr. Hicks was the younger brother of that unfortunate John Hicks, who had been found hidden in the malt-house of Alice Lisle. James had, in spite of all solicitations, put both John Hicks and Alice Lisle to death.

Persons who did not know the strength of the Dean's principles, thought that he might possibly feel some resentment on this account, for he was of no gentle or forgiving temper, and could retain during many years a bitter remembrance of small injuries. But he was strong in his religious and political faith; he reflected that the sufferers were dissenters, and he submitted to the will of the Lord's Anointed, not only with patience, but complacency. He became indeed a more loving subject than ever, from the time his brother was hanged and his brother's benefices beheaded.—Macaulay's "History of England," vol. iii, p. 458. (a)

(a) At a meeting of the Archeological Institute, May 5th, 1865, O. Morgan, M.P., exhibited the only portrait known of Alice, Lady Lisle, who was beheaded for sheltering the brother of Dr. George Hicks in 1685.

"— Atheneum," May 20th, 1865.
study Teutonic antiquities in freedom and safety."

His residence in Ormond Street brought him within visiting distance of the Elstobes, for whom he appears to have entertained a sincere and active friendship, while their congenial studies won for them his entire sympathy and whatever influence he could command.

In the meanwhile the printing of the Homilies is commenced, and the following title prepared for them: "The English Saxon Homilies of Alfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the latter end of the Tenth Century and the beginning of the eleventh; being a Course of Sermons collected out of the writings of the Ancient Latin Fathers; containing the Doctrines of the Church of England before the Norman Conquest, and showing its purity from many of those Popish innovations and corruptions which were afterwards introduced into the Church. Now first printed and translated into the language of the present time by Elizabeth Elstob."

As the Spring advances and the days brighten, so do the hopes of the fair Saxonist—for her subscription list lengthens, and the first part of the Homiliarum is being printed in a very beautiful manner. It was necessary for the author to be on the spot for the correcting of proofs, and, as it is more than likely that her brother remained with her, we can imagine them revisiting all the fair places associated with their former residence in the city. Walking side by side or hand in hand—for arm-in-arm did not come into fashion till a much later period—through the broad walk, sauntering in the soft spring twilight in Christ Church Meadows, watching the boats glide to and fro; or lingering in the tree-shaded "water-walks" of Magdalen.

Sometimes, too, we can see them looking over the treasures in the Ashmolean Museum, which, by fair or foul means, its astute founder had contrived to obtain of the widow of the younger Tradescant—who, by the way, had planned and planted the Physic garden, then one of the shows of Oxford—and, when the antiquities and curiosities were exhausted, turning into the library of Antony A. Wood, and the fine collection of Sir Thomas Bodley.

But all the while the Homiliarum must have had the first place in their thoughts, for the after fortune of Elizabeth mainly depended on its success.

In proof of what I have already said, that William Elstob only desired promotion for the sake of leisure, or the increased means it would afford him to pursue his literary labours, I will here quote a letter of his to Dr. Wansley, which, though undated, we incidentally learn, from allusion to the time he had been in London, must have been written in 1712-13.

DEAR SIR,—You may remember the talk which you and I had some time ago about a prebendary of Canterbury, how convenient that would be to my present design of the ancient Saxon laws, and how suit-

able an encouragement to my necessary expenses to go through with that work. At the same time I expressed that confidence in your friendship that made me hope I should not fail your assistance upon proper occasion such as now offers, there being two vacancies at Canterbury, one by Dr. Belk and the other by Mr. Nixon, who died yesterday. Perhaps my Lord Treasurer were put in mind of me, and were made acquainted that Mr. Somers' collection of books are deposited in the library there, which he judged proper in the work I have engaged in, and most of them adorned with annotations and improvements in his own hand, his lordship would, out of his great generosity, and his known favour to learning, if this kind be pleased to give me his patronage and recommendation to the Queen for the supplying of one of these vacancies. I would not desire anything else than that might be in any way to your prejudice; but it could, by you, be any way insinuated into my Lord Somers or my Lord Harley, how happy I should be, and highly grateful for their countenance in this matter, it might do no a singular kindness, which I should always own with the utmost gratitude. It might give some furtherance to this affair to have it represented that our city livings are very small in revenue, and our expenses great in comparison; that our houses are out upon a forty years' lease, and are forced to rent houses for our own convenience. For my part, you know that I have neither the strength, nor at least the assurance, requisite for a man to improve his fortune by popular preaching; and yet I have been, I believe, as constant as anyone both in residence and preaching for the ten years I have lived in town."

He appears to have written a similar letter to Doctor Hicks, who, having known the Lord Treasurer in his Tory days, was still on easy terms with him, and forwarded the petitioner's letter in one of his own, in which he observed:

"You may be sure the person who wrote the enclosed is at a great loss for friends when he made application to me, who have no friend and patron but yourself to whom I can speak for myself or others. He is a man of good learning and very great diligence, and equal to the work he is upon, and the least countenance and encouragement from so great a judge and patron of learning as you, would make him proceed in it with all cheerfulness."

But in spite of this recommendation, some one with an intercessor less inimical to the Government than Dr. Hicks was known to have received the desired appointment; and my Lord Harley, who desired to be regarded as the Marcas of his times, satisfied his conscience as far as the poor scholar was concerned, by leading him "Judge Hales' History and Analysis of the Common Law of England"—a favour for which Elizabeth joins her brother in thanking him; while the latter, with an evident distrust of himself where books are concerned, after promising to return it with all possible speed, adds, "If your honour will be pleased by Mr. Wansly to limit me to time, I shall be glad to be confined that I may not trespass"—a characteristic request for one who probably

* In the sense of confidence, not want of modesty.
“The Salted Claim.”

Mr. Wamley,* in a note observes Elizabeth, “I only here take leave to say, that Mrs. Elstob is very much improved both in writing and drawing since the year 1710.” Her drawings and engravings appear to have been regarded with great favour by her contemporaries, and to have included two or three branches of pictorial art.

Mr. Elstob’s essay was finished in the course of this year, as we find from the following comment in his friend Thoersby’s diary, 1713: “Concluded Mr. Elstob’s essay on the ‘Affinity of Divinity and Law,’ which some censure as too high, as Mr. Gunter’s Jus Gentium is too low. ‘And perhaps,’ adds, this safe critic, ‘a medium might be better than either.’”

*(To be continued).*

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“THE SALTED CLAIM.”

(A Tale of the Diggings.)

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT.

AUTHOR OF “THE WAYWARD HEART,” ETC.

“Yes, I tried my luck once on the diggings, and drew a prize. As you seem inclined for spinning yarns round our camp fire, I will give you that chapter of my Australian experiences. I must go back a little in my history to tell you how I came to emigrate. My uncle, who became my guardian and protector when I was left an orphan at an early age, was a country practitioner with a good business. Naturally he wished me to enter his profession; but before I obtained my diploma, I was grieved and startled one day by a telegraphic message announcing his sudden death. This caused a complete disarrangement of all my plans, for, by the time I had qualified, a doctor of standing had secured so large a share of my uncle’s practice, that there would have been little remaining for me. Owing, also, to the suddenness of his death, he had left no will, and my share among a tribe of nephews and nieces was very small. While studying in London I had made the acquaintance of the son of a large shipowner, and through his interest I got the appointment of surgeon to an emigrant ship bound to Victoria. I soon found there was no lack of medical men in Melbourne, and my slender purse would not enable me to wait for a practice slowly growing up, so I determined to go further a-field. Hearing by chance from a digger that there was no doctor among a considerable gold-mining popula-
money was expended, I must take to quill-driving, however much it might be against the

I was more successful in collecting the money due to me than I had anticipated. One man in particular, whom I had cured after a rather long illness, had just "botted" a hole, with such a good result, that he was able to pay me a sum that was important to me at that moment.

There was one more patient upon my list to look up, and I knew that he was prospecting with his mate in a gulley at a little distance. They, with two others, had just worked out a claim, and they had separated for a time, with the understanding that, whichever party first hit upon payable gold, was to be joined by the other.

I soon reached "Blind Gully," and told my man what was my errand. While we were talking his mate, a Jew—one of the few I have seen handling pick and shovel, for they generally get more than their fair share of the gold by dealing in some way—stood listening to us. Suddenly he struck in to the conversation—

"Why don't you try digging, doctor, if physics doesn't pay? We will give you a chance; you shall have this claim for £50. We are getting gold good, but our mates are doing still better, and we want to join them; this will suit you best, however, for you will not be too far away to do some doctoring still, and you can easily get a mate to share with you. Come, wash out a pannikin yourself, and see how rich the dirt is."

As he spoke he carelessly put his shovelful into the heap of wash-dirt, and lifted a portion of it. The trial was certainly promising, and as I saw the bright yellow spangles lying thick and heavy, the gold-fever seized upon me. Would it not be well to venture? I argued to myself. If I were successful I should have the means for a fresh start, and if I lost by the transaction, which seemed very unlikely with such a test, I should only be hastening by a few days my inevitable destiny of becoming a store-keeper's clerk.

Another thing that made the plan seem feasible to me, was, that the day before there had arrived the very man of all others I should have chosen for a mate. We had come out in the same ship, and he had remained in Melbourne; but finding how little chance there was of his obtaining the good "Government berth," which he had considered such a certainty, he had come, like many another "swell," to try the diggings. But if a "swell" in colonial parlance, I knew that he was no milk sop. A public school and university man, the bat and the cat, to say nothing of partridge-shooting and deer-stalking, had braced his muscles, till few labouring men were better fitted to do a good day's work.

To him I repaired at once, and, by uniting our resources and beating down Lewis the Jew ten pounds in his price, we managed to produce the requisite funds. The day was now drawing to a close, and I went to my tent with my friend Jocelyn, while Lewis and Parker took themselves to the grog shanty to make a farewell night of it.

Some hours later, as we sat enjoying our pipes and a chat, we heard a great disturbance in the direction of the camp, followed by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. One of the diggers burst in upon us, exclaiming "Quick, doctor! and bring your tools with you. That confounded Jew has knifed Parker, and I'm afraid he's done for!"

When I reached the scene, I found that Parker was indeed badly injured: the blade of the long sheath knife had entered the cavity of his chest, and though it was not an absolutely mortal wound, the chances were greatly against his living. The Jew himself had not escaped scot free: a dislocated shoulder, which had resulted from a heavy fall, and a face cut and swollen as if after a prize-fight, showed that he had been getting the worst of the encounter, when he tried to equalize matters by taking to cold steel.

It seemed, from the bye-standers' accounts, that the men, after drinking heavily, had begun to quarrel, and had quickly proceeded from words to blows. Free accusations of cheating and foul play passed between them, and the idea struck me that they must have been fighting for the money obtained from me. A suspicion was beginning to form itself upon my mind that I had been done in some way or other. However, I had no time then for such thoughts, and I quickly turned my attention to the hurts of the two men, and did what I could for them. Parker had been carried into a double-bedded room, and I made up my mind to spend the night upon the other stretcher, for it was a case which required constant attention, and the delay of a few minutes might be fatal.

There was one thing I found that I could not do, and that was to keep him silent. To quiet him I told him plainly of the danger he was in, but this only turned his wits into a new channel instead of stopping their flow. "Oh, if I'm to die, I'll be revenged first on that cursed Jew!" he exclaimed. "He knifed me because I said you were a good fellow, and it was a shame to play you such a trick."

Out came the whole story. The Jew, while I was talking to Parker, had conceived the sudden idea of tempting me to buy this claim; and, having some gold about him, had contrived to salt the hole without attracting my attention. So it was a few pennyweights of gold that we had bought for our forty pounds—they had never even had the colour of the metal. Parker had kept silence at the time; for, knowing the revengeful temper of his companion, he had feared to betray him. The immediate cause of the fight was the Jew saying that Parker should have none of the money, as he was too squeamish to join in the plant, but bidding him beware how he reached all the same.

At daybreak Jocelyn turned up, already prepared for beginning to dig; but I quickly disa-
pated his hopes, by telling him how the case really stood. As there was nothing to be done, I persuaded him to take my watch by Parker's bedside, while I got a couple of hours' sleep. As to the Jew, there was little fear of his taking his departure in his present state, so that we might safely postpone an attempt to recover our money from him.

After I had rested I went up to the storekeeper, Mercer, to have his presence while I made Lewis disgorge the plunder. He started on hearing my story, and told me there was already a rush to "Blind Gull" every foot of which was, ere this, pegged out. Jocelyn, it seemed, had let out the result of our trial dish, and had set them all eager to share in such a seeming good thing.

It is astonishing how quickly news spreads at the diggings. Rumour, which is swift of flight throughout the world, seems there to have lightning wings.

Speedy as had been the rush to "Blind Gull," the reaction was even more rapid. In less than an hour, however, Mercer, who had been busy before, accompanied me to the shanty, and we found Lewis already in the hands of an angry mob, who appeared disposed for summary justice. Some of them, indeed, were clamorous for a regular Lynch-law trial, and, by choosing a tree beforehand as suitable for the execution of the sentence, showed plainly enough what they considered that sentence ought to be. The protests of Mercer and myself turned the current in favour of the advocates for milder methods; but even these were by no means disposed for a total reprieve for their terrified prisoner. It was not so much his murderous assault upon Parker, or even his swirl upon me—though that was strongly condemned; but the point that excited the weighty indignation of the diggers was his having caused a rush to worthless ground by false intelligence—always a dire offence in the eyes of such a community.

While we were arguing, some of the party of action took steps to carry out their views without further debate, and our argument was cut short by a loud splash announcing the Jew's descent into the water-hole near at hand. It was not till he was nearly half-drowned that we prevailed upon them to let him emerge, dripping and exhausted. He was now informed that he was reprimanded from further penalties, but only on condition of immediate departure. If he was found on that digging again, a rope and the nearest tree would end his ruggery.

Before this sentence of banishment was carried out, I thought it as well to look after my interests, and I suggested a restitution of his plunder. Willing hands were speedily searching him, but without success. The gold, he declared, had been on his person tied up in a canvas bag. He could only suppose it had fallen from his pocket in the water, and was at the bottom of the hole. We were obliged to acquiesce after a vain search among his traps. I was certainly out of luck, I thought. An earlier search would have obviated this mishap out now I had neither my money nor value for it.

The following day I adhered to my close attendance on Parker, whose life still hung in the balance, so that I did not like to leave him.

Towards the evening Jocelyn came in with a long face. "For want of something to do he had strolled up to the " Blind Gully," and reported the place utterly deserted.

"I suppose, Parker," I said, "we had better put up with our loss, and not waste time as well as money by digging further?"

"I don't know that," replied Parker. "When Lewis and I began sinking it was no plant. We really thought it a likely spot for heavy gold. It is just like Hooker's claim, where those heavy nuggets were got. I tell you what," he added, with sudden animation, "you must be able to bottom the hole in a couple of days, and there is a chance. Why don't you try it? I would give a year of my life to know that rascally Jew had taken himself in—and it is on the cards."

His enthusiasm was contagious, and we did try it. As he had foreseen, the second day brought us down to the solid rock, but apparently our labour was wasted: repeated washings did not give a speck of gold. We were just about to abandon the claim, when Jocelyn who was fossicking about in the clay covering the water-worn rock, gave a shout of triumph. I was quickly at his side, and found him turning out some yellow masses from a basin-like depression. To cut the story short, we took upward of five thousand pounds' worth of gold from two pockets, weighty nuggets without a particle of dust.

As a matter of course there was a renewed rush to the "Blind Gull;" but, strange to say, the next claim below us was the only one that repaid the labour. It was such a rapid stream had at one time run through the gully, and a sudden bend, causing an eddy, had allowed the weightier nugget to be deposited, while the dust was carried onward.

The principal idea seemed to be that we had experienced extraordinary luck, to come so well out of an apparently hopeless affair; and we were warmly congratulated, and strongly advised to pursue our good fortune. The diggers' superstition of some men being born to luck met, however, with small favour, in my eyes. I calculated on the most trustworthy data I could obtain, and found that, taking the average gains of the digging population, they received smaller pay for their labour than any other working class in the colony. Being convinced of this, I could not think that one lucky hit was a valid reason for perseverance. As well ought a gambler, who had broken the bank at Hamburg, return to the tables the following night.
with hopes of the same success. The average chances being unfavourable in either case, why should past success, against odds, give any guarantee for the future? The fact is, that gold-digging is really gambling, and evokes the same fascinating excitement, or there would not be so many diggers persevering against their experience.

For our part we determined to quit the game while we were winners. An opportunity occurred of buying a run at a favourable price, and we became squatters. I need only add that we have succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes. As to my profession, I have relinquished that altogether, save when any skill remaining to me may be of use to my neighbours in the absence of a doctor who has kept up his medical knowledge. The day I was swindled at "Blind Gully" has proved the favourable turning-point of my life.

ARE YOU HONEST?

When I went to see our eminent tragedian, Leatherlungs, play Hamlet, I was particularly impressed with the grandeur of his acting in his first scene with the fair Ophelia. He clutched that unfortunate young woman by the hand, and held her hard; then staring at her with eyes that resembled an astonished hippogriﬀ’s, he inquired of her in a tone of gurgling pathos, to be heard only on the stage: "Are you honest?" The effect of this was startling. I was not surprised that Ophelia was terror-stricken at the fiercely of Leatherlungs’s countenance, when he propounded this purely personal question, especially as the sweet creature knew that her father and the king, combining and confederating with her to bamboozle her lover, were watching the interview from behind the wings. I was terrified myself; and fearing that the culmination of the tragedy would quite unnerve me, I left the theatre, and strolled up High-street, admiring the muscular strength of Leatherlungs, the genius of Shakespeare, and the depth of meaning concealed in the question of Hamlet to Ophelia: "Are you honest?"

And as that evening I sat in my window and looked at the stars shining down so changelessly and truthfully on tree and house-top and street, on the just and the unjust, with light so pure and eternal, the same question kept ringing in my ears, and I wished to go forth and ask it of every fair Ophelia I knew.

I am so agile in the Polka and Varsovienne, that I am admitted in all our best society, albeit my lodgings are cheap; and I wish to whisper to my fair friends who are reigning beauties in our court of Gotham, the same startling query: Young ladies! Are you honest? You need not toss your pretty head so scornfully, Miss Clementina; you need not rustle that crinoline so indignantly, Miss Arabella; I am not to be put down by the toss of a fan: the imperative question must be asked.

People are honest in two ways; honest to themselves, honest to others, I make bold to speak to Miss Coupon first. Everybody knows Miss Coupon—that is, everybody who goes out of town in the summer knows her. She was gifted by fortune with fine constitution, a good brain, a handsom presence, a rich father. She was kept for some years at one of our best schools, where accomplished, solid learning, and moral principles are instilled by the quarter. That is an elegant library of hers, presented by her affectionate mother, (who procured it to be selected by the Rev. Dr. Fogg), and its books are numerous and well-bound. She may have anything she can wish, from a handkerchief to a saddlerhorse. She has only to long for an object, and she has it, if money can procure it. She might have some of the moon’s silver, if her solvent father could find in market any exchange on that luminary. Every appliance for physical and mental development is at her hand. And with all these ten talents, Miss Coupon, are you honest to your dear self? I own I was astonished when I met her at the ball last given at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the indigent and self-sacrificing directors of that institution. How you are changed from the rosy school-girl, whose books I used to carry of a fine morning! I wish I dared to burst peremptorily, fiercely, in your ear: "Are you honest?" Were you made for such a life as you are leading now? Is it ungentle to regard the laws of health? Should a woman live altogether on champagne and confectionery? Are paste-board slippers the thing for damp pavements. Is early quiet slumber good for the young girl; or is it better to go, as you go at day-break, to a nervous, vision-haunted somnolence? Was that wonderful body given to you to be ruined by your vanity, ignorance, or wanton neglect? To be sure these are very rude questions—I beg pardon, Miss Prunes, for suggesting that you have any physical functions; but when I look at your swollen cheek and sunken eye, and note your quick breath and poor pinched waist, and think how Heather...
Are you Honest?

to build a noble air-palace, in which Clara was queen, and your humble servant prince-consort, and wherein we lived in peace all the rest of our lives. This pleasant custom of quiet Sunday evening talks was kept up for some months, and I was on the very point of whispering my love, when, happening in one Thursday evening, Miss Clara told me she had invited a few friends to call sociably—would I wait? Of course I would. So they came, the friends, six couples of them. Imagine my horror when Miss Clara's deep-blue eyes sparkled with the same delight at meeting these six young men as when I came myself. Her cheek was suffused with six successive blushes of genuine pleasure, though I had learned from her own lips that she considered four of the six young gentlemen to be fools. Then she led the six respectively to a cozy corner and talked with each as ecstatically and tenderly as ever she had talked with me. To one of the four fools she seemed, to my jealous eyes, to be fairly pouring forth her soul. I did not propose to Miss Clara, as you may imagine; but poor Biggs did, as everybody knows, and was most contemptuously rejected. Did Biggs proclaim his defeat from the houses-tops and in the market-places; or did you, Clara, impart to your babbling acquaintance with full particulars, and numerous well-executed illustrations, his great secret so trustfully confided to you keeping? Are you a female Brigham Young, trying to win twenty husbands? Can you devise no shades of cordiality? or rather does not your vanity and desire for power lead you to greet us foolish men with a warmth not from the heart, with smiles that are deceitful, and blushes that are as false as your mother's teeth, and eye-kindlings that are bog-candles?

My friend Quill is a man of literary tastes. He persists, in a most exemplary manner, in talking on literary themes in general society. One evening he got well paid for his presumption. He was introduced to a well-dressed young woman at Mrs. Ipecacuanha's great ball, and instead of dancing with her, as he ought to have done, he commenced to discourse with her about his favourite books and characters. The well-dressed young woman declared herself a perfect devotee at the shrine of literature—she revelled in books. Quill thought he had found a rejuvenated Hannah More. He became excited by his discovery, and talked fast and well. In browsing together over the fields of fiction, they came to Scott's Novels, and, of course, to Rob Roy. I overheard the following little scene:

QUILL: "And is not Rob Roy a charming story?"

YOUNG LADY: "Oh! yes, indeed—very charming!"

QUILL: "And Die Vernon, what a noble character Die Vernon is!"

YOUNG LADY: "Yes, indeed—he is a noble hero: how becoming the kilt must have been to him!"

Quill was shocked, and so was I when I looked at his haggard face. Not that there is
any harm in not having read Rob Roy, or in being ignorant of the sex of the lovely Die Vernon; but think of the horrible dishonesty of trying to obtain a literary reputation under false pretences, to say nothing of the indiscretion of arraying a lady in a kilt! O well-dressed young woman, consider how much better than any literary culture, or even high literary fame, is a truthful heart! You may be gentle and kind and charming, without having read Scott’s novels; you cannot be honest, if, not having read them, you pretend to Quill that you have. Continue to dress well; for dress is becoming to you; be stupid, if Heaven made you so; but keep your conscience clear, and try, with such optics and might as you have, to discern and do the truth.

My fair reader (and let me tell you privately, I think you are one of the sweetest girls I have seen here), when you prided your youth to Augustus, did you really love that innocent young gentleman, or did you and mamma consider him a pretty fair match, and did papa indorse him and offer him to you, like a bill at sixty days, for your acceptance? When you met Wilhelmina last evening and kissed her so prettily on each cheek, did you do so because you love Wilhelmina, or simply to impress Augustus with the notion that you are very affectionate and forgiving in your disposition? Wilhelmina having, as he well knows, spoken evil of you and you having heard of it. And as to the amiable Augustus himself, is there any truth in the story that you keep him off and on, as a last resort in case you should not succeed in your designs upon the fascinating Croesus? Do you desire clannish, who are adepts at poacher and faro more than the slow coaches who roll on soberly and faithfully in the chosen path of duty? When your Uncle Peter came from the country to visit this great brick-veneer’d with-stone Babel, why did you hide him up-stairs when Augustus called? As if Peter were not a leviathan, intellectually and morally, as well as physically, when compared with Augustus. Perhaps, considerate young woman, you did not wish to dwarf Augustus by the comparison. Are you really fond of the divine harmonies of music, that you gaze so persistently at the opera on every subscription-night, and whisper and flirt so regularly at the Philharmonic? I have heard of your charities, too; how you dance and eat chicken salad, with touching devotion, for the benefit of the poor; but have you thought of going yourself to the tenement-house, among the very poor, where cold and hunger stalk about with gaunt faces and hollow eyes, and hope and kindliness are fairly frozen? What is charity but love, and how can you profess you love these poor neighbours of yours, when you will only poll for their benefit, and will not go about among them doing good, cheering the faint-hearted, strengthening the struggling soul, nursing the sick, making yourself an angel to the fair reader, an “angel in the house” of poverty and mourning?

Ah! Julia, Caroline, Portia, if I had gone to Mrs. Ipecacuanha’s ball in a black domino and mask, she would have been astonished and indignant that I should thus disguise myself, her ball, as everyone knows, not being a masque-rade; yet I saw one of you there, I will not say which one, as completely unlike your true self as if you had assumed the character of the White Lady of Avenel. That was not the face Nature gave you; your smile was as unreal as any ever painted on a mask; you were disguised so that Mrs. I. knew you only by name. And so you go everywhere the merriest maker in this winter’s carnival. Alas! for the bloom of innocent health, the hope of innocent eyes, the faith of a pure heart! Merrily squeaks the fiddle, gaily goes the flirtation, grandly rolls the carriage; the Carnival is short, and then comes Lent; the youth is short, and then comes old age or death; what though the gold of her cheek and the diamonds paste, is not the pageant gorgeous? And so you whirl and whirl till you are disy, so disy that—God help you—you are ready to fall!

What a noble creature is a truly honest woman: honest to herself, and therefore self-developing, self-ennobling; honest to others, and therefore unaffected; loving good and hating injustice; filled with gentleness and long-suffering; trusting Heaven and men with a pure faith; ever doing her duty cheerfully, whether in the whirl of gaiety or the quieter mirth of the social gathering, or the deep happiness of home. How we sinful, hard-hearted, yond fellows would bow in reverence before such a one, if she stood suddenly revealed to us, even as good Catholics bow when the Host is elevated amid swinging censers and mysterious melodies from hidden choirs. I will tell you (in the strictest confidence) that I have now before me a photograph, and in its soft lines, the quiet eyes, the broad, smooth forehead, the firm, yet gentle mouth, I see such a character. I would rather look at this poor reflection of a woman’s face than at the best of Danby’s sunsets or Birke’s Foster’s running brooks.

When my salary is raised, there will be one of the happiest little weddings you ever saw.
A WAITING-MAID'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

CHAP. I.

I never could hope to live with a kinder family, but you see I had three young ladies to wait on, and although they were very considerate and assisted themselves a great deal, I was not quite strong, and found my duties too much for me, so that I was at length forced to give notice.

They were so good, as to be sorry that I was obliged to leave, and insisted that I should stay on with them until they found an easier place for me, which, as they had rather a large connection, they succeeded in doing without much delay.

They did not know the lady themselves, Miss Mercer, the eldest of my good young mistresses, told me, but her stepmother, Mrs. Radcliffe, was a friend of one of their acquaintances, and she it was who got the place for me.

My future young lady, then, Miss Radcliffe, was the only child of a wealthy retired colonel. I was told that she was born in the West-Indies, and was now about twenty years old. The present Mrs. Radcliffe, his second wife, somewhat earlier at the time of their marriage, which took place soon after his return to Europe seven years before, was an Irish lady of high family. And in compliance with her desire to live in her own country, he had purchased a small estate there called Carrig (the Rock) in the county of L——, whither I was expected to proceed as soon as I possibly could. Although thirty-four years old at this time, I had never been out of London or its neighbourhood, within twenty or thirty miles, before in my life, and it was therefore with no little nervousness that I prepared to cross the Channel and seek my fortune and my bread in a country of which I had always heard the most alarming stories.

However, my dear mother was then living, and in poor circumstamces, so that I had to help her all I could out of my small means. She had been a waiting-maid like myself in her time before her marriage, but losing her health after my father's death, the little drapery business they kept dwindled away, so that she now strove to gain a livelihood, precarious at its best, by making caps, or perhaps an odd bonnet or so for a few old-fashioned customers. Poor woman, her profits were very small, and, as I have already said, I was obliged to help her all I could.

It was for her sake then that I grasped so eagerly at the high wages offered by the wealthy West-Indians. And I accordingly set off for Green Erin, after taking leave of my friends and acquaintances, as if I was going, not merely on a few hours journey, but on travels to the far west or into the centre of Africa.

I have nothing to tell of my journey, as nothing occurred to make it a remarkable one. And I, accordingly, have merely to state that I arrived at my destination in perfect safety on the 5th of February 18——, by the evening train from C——, which I was fortunate enough to catch almost immediately on leaving the B—— steamer.

An Irish jaunting-car, kept, as I found afterwards, for the servants' use exclusively, met me at the station; and the driver, a very civil person (I knew him afterwards as Jim Daly), a sort of general handy-man) took all trouble off my hands about my luggage. He was evidently curious to see what sort of person the new English maid was, for I often caught him looking at me; but he did not speak, except to ask the first few necessary questions, and again to answer the very few I put to him as to the distance we had to drive, if the family were at home, and if the maid, whom I was to succeed, had yet left. To the first he answered three miles, to the others, that the family was at home, and Mrs. O'Brien, the late waiting-maid, had left that morning.

He, however, volunteered the information as we drove up the avenue, that the man, whose features I was unable to distinguish in the darkness as he opened the gate for us, was Mansfield, who had been a favourite servant of the Colonels in Jamaica; and whose wife, now some time dead, had had the care of Miss Radcliffe as a child during her voyage to Europe, and afterwards until she was sent to school.

Mansfield was an Englishman, and much respected by everyone as well as by his master. He lived in the principal lodge with his two little daughters, the one about eleven, the other five, and was general caretaker of the grounds and the Colonels' most trusted servant.

I was glad to hear this, for I was foolish enough at that time to imagine it to be almost a dangerous thing to live all together among Irish servants, and to feel almost surprised that I should understand my companion so well after all I had heard of brogue and wild half-clothed people.

The avenue was a very fine one, branching off about half way up towards the back entrance; where, on my arrival, I was received by a respectable-looking woman in a black silk gown and dress cap, who proved to be the housekeeper.

She gave me a very cordial welcome, indeed, and took me to her own sitting-room; which, however, was only my right, as I was never in any place I had ever been in required to sit in the servants' hall. However, she did it in such
a kind, motherly way, that I was very grateful to her, and began to think that Ireland was not such a wild place after all.

When I had taken a longed-for cup of tea, with some more substantial refreshment, Mrs. Blake, such I learned was the housekeeper’s name, said, as they never left the drawing-room before eleven, she should have time to show me my young lady’s room, also my own, where she had already ordered my trunk and other parcels to be taken; but on my expressing a hope, as I felt extremely fatigued, that I should not be required to wait on Miss Radcliffe that night, she smiled, shook her head, and answered: “There is no hope of that, my dear, she is rather impatient, and will wish to see you without delay. She has left a message with me for you; you are to attend her tonight without fail.”

“Is she hard to please; is she cross?” I asked eagerly.

“Oh,” said the housekeeper, quietly, “young petted heiresses will have their way, you know. It will be your duty to endeavour to please her, and I think, from your appearance, that at all events you ought to succeed. Come now, I will help you lay out her things this first time, afterwards you will, of course, know all about her toilet better than anyone else.”

Well, she did so, and I found the heiress’s dresses and all her appointments of a far more costly description than any I had ever seen before; but, as there seemed to be a certain restraint in the manner of my new friend whenever she mentioned Miss Radcliffe’s name, I refrained from asking any more questions concerning her while she stayed, which was not long, as she had to leave me soon after to attend to some duties of her own.

Having set out everything she was likely to want, and put the doorajar that I might hear her coming, I sat down to await Miss Radcliffe. And by degrees my thoughts wandered from the place and things that surrounded me far back into the past, led on by the sound of a name that had that evening been spoken in my hearing the first time for many long years, namely, that of Mansfield, the Colonel’s favourite.

Ah! well, well, I was not always thirty-four years old, with my hair arranged in demure bands, and a cap, no matter how smart a one, set on the back of my head. I was once a fresh, fair, laughing girl of seventeen, with a ready smile and a gay, or, perhaps too often a teasing word, for the many admirers that flattered about me. Each after each they past before me now in memory, and I thought sadly how these seventeen years had changed me and scattered them on many a different life path; nay, laid some of them where we all hope to find life’s troubles ended, in the quiet grave; but beyond all, I thought of a certain Robert Mansfield, who, poor fellow, loved me better than any of them, loving me against his common sense; even bearing with my whims, and they were many, with a patience that was simply wonderful, and making excuses for my caprices even when my poor mother blamed me for trifling with his feelings, and told me I should either marry him or say honestly that I had no intention of doing so. I liked him, I knew in my heart I cared very much for him, although I would not confess it. And yet, in the insolent thoughtlessness of my youth and good looks, and believing it to be utterly impossible that he could ever make up his mind to leave me, I persevered in teasing him, sometimes almost to madness. Many were our final partings, and just as many were our eternal reunions. But the pitcher went once too often to the well, the silver cord of his patience gave way, the golden fillet of his love shrank back, and I lost him for ever. It happened in this way:

His trade was that of an engineer, and as he had a permanent employment in a large foundry in our neighbourhood, it was his custom every evening when work was over to come to our shop (I had; never been away from home in service at that time) and spend a couple of hours there with his mother and if I happened to be in a gracious mood, to myself, to him the dearest enjoyment of all.

One night then, I shall never forget it, he came as usual, and after some conversation, told me that he had to go to some place next morning on business for his employer to put up machinery in a country brewery I think it was—and he should be absent a month. It happened that my caprice took an affectionate turn that evening, and I pouted and fretted in a way, partly real and partly affected, that he should be away from me so long. Until in his delight that I should care so much about it, he offered, nay, almost insisted, that if his master refused to send another workman in his place, he should throw up his employment and stay with me, taking the chance of getting another as good. But I would not hear of this, declaring I would be reasonable, and wait patiently for his return, only he was not to stay an hour longer than was absolutely necessary.

He was transported with delight, poor fellow, and assured me over and over again that he would work before and after the regular hours and induce the other men to do the same, that he might return the sooner. And for the only time in all our acquaintance I laid my head on his shoulder at parting and let him kiss the pettish tears from my eyes. Well, how could I be so cruel? Ah, how often I asked myself that question afterwards with bitter real tears. Even making allowance for the thoughtlessness, the insolence of youth and good looks, for a young girl’s triumph, in a love of which she was too sure, in her power over a heart that she fully believed nothing could shake, how could I be so heartless as to long my own love and his by acting as I did; yet, when by working himself almost in a fever he contrived to return in three weeks, I received him as if our last interview had never been, replying to his eager, outstretched hands, and tremblingly murmured “My darling”
with coldly-extended finger-tips, and formal "How do ye do, Mr. Mansfield?"

Until all memory leaves me, I shall never forget how he looked at me as I spoke, never forget the blank disappointment of his gaze; there was neither sorrow nor anger in it, nothing but blank, chill disappointment. For one moment he looked straight into my eyes held at my hand, the next he let it fall like lead, and without speaking a single word, he turned from me, and walked straight out of the shop. I had never seen him since! never; nor could hope to see him again in this life any more.

For the first few days after our interview I felt quite triumphant in the annoyance I had given him; then came indignation, that he should resent it and stay away so long from me, and finally, an anxious desire to see him again and make friends. But it was all too late! The first news I heard of him was, that he had thrown up his employment and gone off as an armourer on board one of her Majesty's ships. And then, in years after, that he was drowned at sea!

Poor Robert drowned at sea! Ah! I could have married, I had many offers in my time, if I so wished it; but the memory of that warn, loving heart that I had pained so often by my caprice and girlish folly, was still too sorrowfully dear to me; lying, as it now did, all concealed from me by the water, in some depth of the cruel ocean—yet not more cruel even in killing him, than I had proved towards myself. No wonder then that the name Mansfield had set me dreaming of the past, the present all forgotten in its memories, until the rustle of my new mistress's silk dress, as she came along the corridor, aroused me effectually, and I sprang eagerly to my feet to receive her as she entered the room. Even then, confused as I felt, it struck me instantly how, like a scene on the stage, it was as she swept in carrying a silver candlestick in her hand, between which and her fingers, was her embroidered handkerchief; which latter, when she had set down her light, she flung from her, as if she thought it soiled by the contact. She did not seem to be aware of my presence at first, but while I stood hesitating whether I should address her or not, she suddenly turned towards me the very plainest face I have ever seen, either before or since, and asked abruptly: "What is your name?"

"Ellen, Miss Radcliffe."

"Ellen what?" she demanded, impatiently.

"Ellen Wells, Miss Radcliffe," I replied.

"Brush my hair," she said.

And after making the necessary arrangements, I let down her scanty locks on her narrow shoulders and commenced my duty, wide a glance now and then as I did so, at the sallow countenance, with its distended nostrils, thick lips, and ill-tempered expression, reflected in the glass before me. While my fingers busied themselves with her jank locks, she read and re-read a letter which she had taken from her bosom, with what I believed to be an absorbed interest. Until, taking one of my swift glances, I caught her fierce dark eyes fixed on me also in the mirror, and found that she was examining me attentively, in fact, as was fair enough under the circumstances, giving me a Roland for my Oliver in the way of personal inspection.

Finding she was discovered, she said, with a sort of contemptuous smile:

"They call you handsome, I suppose?"

A touch of the impertinence, said to be inherent in all waiting-maids, here came to my aid. And I answered:

"I have been often told so, madam."

"Were the Miss Mercers pretty?" was her next inquiry.

"Very, very pretty," I replied, eagerly, delighted to speak of my dear young ladies' perfections. "They are much admired, and Miss Isabel and Miss Fanny are both engaged."

"So am I also," she said, with more animation than she had yet displayed, "that is in secret. Papa does not approve, and I am sure that horrid Mrs. Radcliffe, I mean my stepmother, interferes; but prove faithful to me, tell no tales, and you will find it your interest in the end."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," I said, stupidly. She had spoken so rapidly, and her words were so strange, that I really did not understand her. "You seem stupid," she said, suddenly, "and you pull my hair; there, finish quickly and go, I shall not want you again to-night. We breakfast at nine, do not let me be late."

"Good-night Miss Radcliffe," I said, respectfully, as I left her. But she did not reply, and I went from her on this, the first night in my new place, with a very strong feeling on my mind, that my stay in it should be as brief as I could possibly contrive it to be.

But I was very poor, and the expenses of my journey back would not be paid if I left before three months, so I was forced to submit to my fate at present; although, not without many murmurings and some tears.

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CHAP. II.

In a short time I discovered that the very disagreeable humour in which I first found Miss Radcliffe was her most usual one. None of the servants liked her. She never spoke to them, except to give some imperious order, looking, while she did so, as if she thought the earth honoured that she set her foot on it, and it was well-known among them that her maids had a hard time of it while they staid, which was seldom long, there being a new one twice a year at the very least, sometimes even three or four.

She was very extravagant in her personal expenses, and in this extravagance her father indulged her freely, giving her a large regular allowance, which she was always exceeding in
as regular a way, though none of the people about her or the village poor were ever much the better of her often-filled, but ever-craving purse.

Passionate to fierceness in her temper, so much so, that her stepmother, a frivolous, weak-minded, but sharp-tongued woman of fashion, lived in absolute fear of her; and the colonel, although he did not acknowledge it even, I believe, to himself, dreaded exciting her, and yielded to all her whims save one, and the gratification of that he stoutly resisted.

What it was, I first learned one morning, when Miss Radcliffe sent me down with "her love to papa, she had a cold, and would not come down to breakfast." And as I entered the room, I heard the shrill tones of Mrs. Radcliffe, exclaiming:

"I protest, Colonel, I cannot understand why it is you make so 'much ado about nothing.' I cannot, for the life of me, imagine a better match for a broken-down Indian princess than a broken-down Irish gentleman; both are equally proud, indolent, and good-for-nothing."

The colonel (poor man, I pitied him between them) moved uneasily in his chair, and shifted his gouty foot upon its cushion, as he commenced:

"Alicia is not a princess or broken-down, Bess, and I entreat, my dear——"," but as he ceased abruptly on seeing me, I did not hear the conclusion of his remonstrance.

"You are the new waiting-woman," he said, when I had delivered my message.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Have you written or received any letters since you came," he demanded.

"I wrote to my mother, sir," I replied, "and have not yet had an answer."

"I ask," he said, "because I wish you to understand distinctly that all letters leaving or coming to this house must pass through my hands. I alone lock and unlock the letter-bag, and not for yourself or anyone, not even for Miss Radcliffe, are you to send a letter in any other way; do you hear?"

"Very good," he said, gruffly; and curtseying to him and Mrs. Radcliffe, who was reading something, and took no notice of me, I left the room.

Now I knew very well that all I had heard since I entered the breakfast-room had relation to a Mr. Pierce Nolan, a gentleman with whom Miss Radcliffe had formed an acquaintance some time before. A gentleman, certainly, as far as descent went, but just as certainly a broken-down one, as he merely inherited the very wreck of a once splendid property. He mixed with the gentry round, when he did mix with them, as an equal; but this was on rare occasions, as he could not always make the personal appearance necessary for doing so. There was no romance in his character, though with none of the sullen pride, the haughty spoiling of all kindness by whomsoever offered, which is represented so often as a characteristic of high fortunes brought low.

Mixing from his childhood with the pleasure, he had caught many of their habits and modes of thought. He would frequent their places of amusements, where he could swagger and boast "to the top of his bent" without fear of contradiction. The little great man of the assembly, with more pleasure to himself than when he took his natural place in higher society, where the mawais honte engendered by ill-breeding joined to a sort of petty envy of those richer in the world's goods than himself, held him awkwardly restrained and silent.

He shared in the revels of the village good-for-nothings it was said even by themselves, without being very particular as to who was to pay for the enjoyment. And it was more than whispered that one or two pretty innocent country girls had sad cause to regret encountering the handsome scamp so frequently with his gun on his shoulder and two or three dogs at his heels. A true specimen of the "Cocher," against whom the old Irish parliaments had more than once seen fit to enact laws, some of which, I believe, remain unrepealed to this day.

Miss Radcliffe had first met this worthy personage at a race-ball; where, people said, he went purposely to meet her on hearing of the large fortune which her father had declared he would give her on her marriage. He had no delicacy of feeling about his own poverty or his want of personal or mental attractions, which would deter a true gentleman from offering himself to the notice of the heiress. He danced with her, flattered, threw himself freely in her way in her walks and drives, until he established so speedy an intimacy with her, that she had engaged herself privately to him before the colonel, who was a martyr to good, and much confined to home, even knew they were acquainted.

His lady, I believe, could have told him a good deal of what was going on if she chose, but she did not. She let things take their course; it would be a good thing for the peace of the household if her stepdaughter was out of it. She cared little how soon, whether for good or evil fortune. However, Miss Alicia was too much accustomed to have her own way to do even dream of opposition in this—I will not say the dearest, there is something too soft and feminine in that word—but the fiercest wish of her life, and it was she herself who first sought her father to tell him of her lover, not so much to ask his consent as to announce her intention of uniting herself to Mr. Pierce Nolan.

Then for once, and for the first time in her life, she saw her father thoroughly roused; then, indeed, appeared the dangerous "anger of a patient man," and yet it did not daunt her. She withstood every burst of passions, sneered at every appeal to her affections for him.
scorned every accusation of interested motives and more than doubtful pursuits brought against Mr. Nolan, and ended, by solemnly protesting that she would marry him, and him only, and that, with or without the colonel's consent, whenever he was ready to receive her.

Immediately after this interview, the colonel wrote to his—be-sin-law, forbidding him to meet or correspond with his daughter, and added, what he judged correctly would have a greater effect on his proceedings, that unless Miss Radcliffe married to please him, he would not give her a single farthing.

Immediately after receiving this intimation, which he left, otherwise unnoticed, Nolan was missed altogether from his usual haunts, while Miss Radcliffe, enraged at her desertion, confined herself almost entirely to her own room; only varying her sullen silence by sudden outbursts of frantic passion, sometimes poured out on the servants, who trembled before her, sometimes in fierce remonstrances with her father about what she called his worse than eastern tyranny in banishing her lover—she would not believe the threat about her fortune had anything to do with his absence; no, it was his high spirit she declared was wounded by the insult of suspicion—on one of her tantrums her step-mother, whom she most unjustly blamed as the cause of her father's continued opposition to her wishes.

Mrs. Blake had been uniformly kind to me since my arrival, and in many an afternoon gossip had given me these various bits of the family history of the Radcliffe's, And yet, strange to say, I could not get over a certain feeling of distrust towards her, do what I would. Sometimes I attributed it to my first foolish prejudice against all the Irish; and yet, no, it was not that, it was not her nation but herself I doubted, and when I felt most grateful to her for many little attentions shown me, which she need not have troubled herself about, there was always this lurking suspicion in my mind. Her manner, I thought, was too unwaveringly sweet, too plausible to be thorough, and more than once I caught myself asking in my own mind What does all this over-civility mean? and often found also at the close of a time spent with her that I had, without the least intending it, been quietly led into giving her a full detail of all the sayings and doings of Miss Radcliffe's intercourse with me; and then although one never got from her anything but words—I mean of her own personal property, though free enough with the colonel's—still, nearly every pretty thing I had—the gifts of my former mistresses—had somehow passed into her possession. I had never heard her exchange a word with Miss Radcliffe since I entered her service, and she had frequently warned me to have nothing to do with her love matters, and yet it struck me that she knew more of them herself than anyone else did, and that if ever the heiress threw herself away upon any unprincipled husband, Mammy Silk, as I sometimes call her to myself, would have been the chief agent in bringing about the ill-omened marriage. But why, it will be asked very reasonably, did I stay—and I was now entering on my second quarter in this unpleasant place—particularly as Miss Isabel Merzer was to be shortly married, and had written to say, if I found my present place disagreeable, she would gladly take me with her to her new home? but no, I declined her kind offer: kind and good as she had ever been to me, and fond as I truly was of her, another tie was binding me to Carrig; another tie held me there, where scarcely a day passed that my heart was not pained and my vanity wounded in the bitterest of all ways for a woman. I will weave no romance over it but tell my poor story plainly and briefly: In the sallow, dark-whiskered man at the lodge, who, even in his suit of frieze and low-crowned hat, in his erect military bearing, and firm, light step was still every inch a soldier. I had long since recognized the bright-faced, golden-haired lover of my youth, Robert Mansfield. Changed as he was by time and climate, I knew him the very first time I heard him speak. I happened to be sitting on one of the seats in the grounds when he passed with his youngest little girl, whom he held in his hand, and, strangely enough, called her by a name of dearment which, when last I heard it from his lips, was addressed to myself. It was, "My darling!" I never doubted his identity for a moment; nor do I believe what I have been since told—that I should not have known him so readily but that I had heard before that his name was Mansfield. However, the sound of his voice, and the words "my darling," brought back the past so vividly, that all the years intervening since the evening when I heard them last, seemed struck out of my life, and I had all but sprang to my feet to reply to them with the love I had then so hidden away, with a wild prayer for forgiveness, when, turning a curious but blankly unrecognized glance on the new waiting-maid he had heard of, but whom he had not before seen, he passed on, still speaking to his child. Oh! whatever grief comes to me in my future life, there is one thing in which I feel very secure. There can never be another pang like that. And I sat that night like any romantic girl, looking, in my foolish pain, for a long hour in the glass, to try and realize the change which the years since I had last seen him had wrought in me, so thoroughly that not one trace of the young girl he had loved remained to tell him it was I. That night I was entirely humbled. I could see nothing in the truthful mirror before me but a pale, lined face, dull-eyed and care-worn; and in the bitterness of my sore scorn of myself, of the contrast between what I had been and what I was, I laughed at all the recollections which had crowded into my mind on the first night I had spent at Carrig, at the remorse I felt for the death of the young man who had died, as I fancied, for my love; and I
asked what miracle did I expect should be worked in my favour? When did any woman ever carry the beauty of her girlhood into her middle age? And yet I thought again, he is changed, and I knew him—knew him although I had long, long believed him to be dead. Well, again another miracle was to be performed for it seemed. A man was to preserve the same unselfish, undying faith of a woman. I had been cruel to him. Yes, I acknowledged it, I had driven him by my waywardness into the passionate despair which had sent him off to do anything with himself—he cared not what, he said. Only what he did do was to go and see the world and enjoy himself in it, and marry the next girl who struck his fancy, and to whom he probably told the story that he had never really cared for anyone before, while I (fool that I had been!) sat grieving at home, over the grief another had long before consoled him for, over the life I believed sacrificed to me, which he, meanwhile, was cheering with all the joys within his reach; refusing, in my woman’s folly, many a good man’s home when offered to me, to struggle on, faithful to his memory in my unpitted loneliness, while his wife made a happy fireside for him, and his children prattled on his knee. Since then I had been introduced to him as a stranger in the housekeeper’s room, where I met him on different occasions.

It was a whim of Miss Radcliffe’s that her maid should be called Mrs., not Miss; and I am sure I cannot say how my simple name, Wells, came to be Welsh on the tongues of the servants, even Mrs. Blake sharing in the odd mistake which I was too indifferent to correct. It was therefore as Mrs. Welsh I was named to my old acquaintance, thus shutting out my last chance of being recalled to his mind even by name; yet, though it often galled me, it also often comforted me, to take shelter behind the strange appellation. In the beginning I noticed him start slightly and look sharply at me when I spoke; but soon even this slight token of interest died away, and he listened as calmly to my voice as if it had not once been the dearest sound on earth to him. One night, particularly, it was very hard to bear. After tea he sat talking to us, in the twilight, of his early life, of which he made no mystery, and I had to sit still and hear him speak laughingly of that other self of mine—the young girl long ago in London, who had caught the spring of his fancy, as he said, and teased him at length into going off to sea. And he gave us here a ludicrous description of the many times during his first voyage he had sat upon a coil of rope, thinking of her, his heart torn by love, and his stomach by sea-sickness. The ship was afterwards wrecked, and so it got about that he was drowned; but he was not in her at all, as he never liked the sea, and left it as soon as he possibly could, for the other arm of the service, and quickly rose to be Sergt. Armourer in Col. Mansfield’s corps, who liked him from the first, and always continued a kind friend to him.

“It was he who made your match for you, I believe?” remarked Mrs. Blake.

“No,” he replied quickly, “I did that for myself. She was living in the Colonel’s family, though, at the time, and he had much interest in her.”

“She was a widow, I have heard pursued the housekeeper?”

“Yes, she was a widow,” he assented. Oh, what fools women are! My heart gave a glad bound on hearing this, and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that she had been some elderly, uninteresting person whom he had married, merely to please his patron; and I hinted as much: but he at once said, coldly, “You are mistaken; she was but nineteen when we were married, and I was very fond of her. Poor little Jenny!”

“Well, after all,” said Mrs. Blake, “Reality is more than Romance. You think more of your wife’s memory now than of the young girl who you confess sent you once out into the world half-mad!”

“My wife loved me very truly,” he replied, and was good and careful of my interests and our children. She never preferred her own captive to my happiness; and was my absence a long or a short one, I was always sure of the same kind, calm face before me.”

I felt my lip curl in involuntary contempt, and a wave of the old coquetry I had long believed all-ebbed away surged up within me at this. He must be a changed man, indeed, if the dead level of a love like that could please him; and yet the angry, jealous, unreasonable tears welled up into my eyes that he should say it did; and affecting to recollect something I had to do, bade him good-night hastily, and left the room.

(To be continued.)

Is it Credible?—An exchange states that, among the two millions of people in Yeddo (Japan) there is not a beggar or a man unable to read, not even a boor, drunkard, or a ruffian. The women are beautiful, the men are robust and energetic. There is no trouble about fashions; education is universal, books are plentiful, though there are no newspapers.
The following anecdotes are told of Racan, a celebrated writer, a friend of Cardinal Richelieu, who was remarkable for his absence of mind, and, from his good nature, was frequently made the butt for the ridicule of the cardinal’s friends.

One rainy afternoon, Racan came all bespattered with mud to the house of M. de Bellegarde, with whom he lodged, and, mistaking the floor, went straight to Madame de Bellegarde’s room, which he mistook for his own. Madame de Bellegarde and Madame de Loges were seated, each at a corner of the fire, perfectly silent, and anxious to see what the absent man would do. Racan, not perceiving them, sat down, rang for a lacquey, and had his boots taken off; after which he said: “Do you clean my boots, and I will dry my stockings.” With these words he took off his stockings, and deliberately placed them, one on the head of Madame de Bellegarde, the other on the head of Madame de Loges, who burst out laughing. “I beg your pardon, ladies,” cried poor Racan, quite overwhelmed with confusion. “I took you for two clothes-horses!”

These tales, when told by Bois-Robert, who imitated the voice of Racan, were grotesque in the extreme, and greatly diverted the cardinal. Bois-Robert, therefore, that he might never lack amusement, told him new stories every day. The following was one of the number, and was not considered the least diverting by his eminence.

There lived at Paris an old maid named Marie le Jars, Demoiselle de Gournay, who was born in 1565, and was now, therefore, about seventy years of age. She herself has said, in a short account of her life, that at the age of nineteen, having read Montaigne’s “Essays,” she was seized with the most violent desire to know the author. Therefore, as soon as Montaigne came to Paris, she sent her compliments, stating how highly she esteemed both him and his book. Montaigne called to thank her that very day; and from that time there arose such a friendship between them that she began to call him “father,” and he to call her “daughter.” This same Demoiselle de Gournay was, moreover, an author, and had published a book in the style of the age, surpassing in pathos anything that had been previously written. The title of the book was “L’Ombre de la Demoiselle de Gournay.” Now, although she was an authoress, this Demoiselle de Gournay had nevertheless preserved a high admiration for all the great poets of the period, with the exception of Malherbe, whom she detested, because he had taken the liberty to criticize her book. Consequently, when her Ombre made its appearance, she sent it, according to a custom already introduced, to several great geniusces of the time, and among the rest to Racan. When the gracious present arrived, the Chevaliers de Bueil and Ivrange, who were inseparable friends, were both at Racan’s house. Racan, delighted with the compliment, declared in their presence that he would call the following day at three o’clock to thank the Demoiselle de Gournay. This declaration was snatched up by two friends, who resolved to pay Racan a trick. On the following day, therefore, at one o’clock in the afternoon, the Chevalier de Bueil knocked at the Demoiselle de Gournay’s door, which was opened by the good old lady’s female companion. De Bueil expressed his wish to see her mistress, whereupon Mlle. Jamin, as she was called, entered the Demoiselle’s cabinet, where she was writing verses, and told her that some one desired to speak with her.

“But who is this some one?” asked the Demoiselle.

“He will not give his name excepting to yourself, madame.”

“What sort of a man is he?”

“He is a handsome man, of about thirty or thirty-five years of age,” replied Mademoiselle Jamin; “and there is altogether an air of gentility about him.”

“Let him come in,” said the Demoiselle de Gournay. “I had just hit on a fine thought, but that may recur to me, whereas the gentleman may never return.” She had scarcely concluded her soliloquy, when the Chevalier made his appearance. “Monseigneur,” she said, “I have allowed you to enter without asking who you are, on account of the favourable report of you given by Mademoiselle Jamin; but, now you are here, I trust you will tell me your name.”

“Mademoiselle,” said the Chevalier de Bueil, “I am called Racan.”

The demoiselle, who knew Racan only by name, paid the chevalier every civility, acknowledging the politeness of such a young and handsome man in calling upon a poor old lady like herself. The chevalier, on his side, being a man of wit, told her a thousand stories, which so highly pleased her that she called Jamin to silence her cat, who was meowing in the next room. Unfortunately, the chevalier’s moments were counted. At the end of a conversation which lasted an hour, the demoiselle declared to be the most agreeable she had ever heard in her life, he retired overwhelmed with compliments on his politeness, and leaving the good lady enthusiastic in his favour.

She was now in a happy mood to take up the thread of her thoughts where it had been
interrupted. Scarcely, however, had she resumed her seat, than Ivrande, who had been waiting for the appointed moment, glided into the ante-room. He then penetrated to the sanctuary, and, opening the second door, said to the old lady, who was engaged with her verses:

"I take a great liberty in entering, mademoiselle, but the illustrious authoress of the Ombre ought not to be treated as an ordinary person."

"That compliment pleases me," said the demoielle, turning towards Ivrande; "I will write it down on my tablet. But pray, sir," she continued, "is it what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"Mademoiselle," said Ivrande, "I came to thank you for the honour you have done me in giving me your book."

"I, monsieur!" she replied, "I never sent you a copy; and there I see I was wrong, for I certainly ought to have sent one. Jamin, an Ombre for this gentleman."

"But I have the honour to tell you that I have one already," resumed Ivrande; "and the proof is that there is so and so in such and such a chapter. And he cited some passages.

"Really, this is a very flattering allusion. I suppose you are an author yourself, that you take so much interest in new books?"

"I am, mademoiselle; and here are some verses of mine, such as they are, which I am happy to offer you in exchange for your work."

"But, monsieur, these verses are by M. Racan.

"Well, and I am M. Racan, at your service," said Ivrande, rising.

"Nay, sir, you are laughing at me," said the poor lady, quite astonished.

"I, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Ivrande. "I laugh at the daughter of the great Montaigne, of whom Heinius says, "A sua virgo concurre viris aquae conspingit manus."

"Well, Well!" said Demeoiselle de Gournay, touched beyond expression by this avalanche of praise; "then it was the one who has just gone who meant to laugh at me, or perhaps it is you, after all. However, no matter; the young have always laughed at the old, and I am, at all events, very happy to have seen two such handsome and witty gentlemen."

It was not Ivrande's intention to let the lady believe that his visit was a mere puerility; therefore he played his part so well during the three-quarters of an hour which he passed with her, that he left her half persuaded that on this occasion her visitor had really and truly been the author of the Bergeries.

Scarcely had Ivrande quitted the room, when the real Racan arrived. The key was in the door. As he was rather asthmatic, he came in quite out of breath, and flung himself upon a sofa. At the noise he made, Mademoiselle de Gournay, who was still anxious to resume the fine thought, which had escaped her on the

* "The maiden who died to vie with men has exceeded men." Heinius was a Dutch poet, who chiefly wrote in Latin.
To Georgiana Leigh.

Thou hast a heart, how like my own!
Ere childhood's better hours were flown—
A heart to melt or break!
Which many a wound would silent take,
And proudly, for affection's sake,
Its bleeding griefs disown.

And thou art formed to feel the blast;
To droop beneath a sky o'ercast,
Yet dread a sun too bright;
May Heaven, with mildly-tempered light,
Beam o'er thy days, and bless that night—
The stilllest and the last!

How happy if a mother's breast
Should long remain thy sorrow's rest,
And thou shouldst dry her tears!
Still dearer with thy growing years,
Though dearest now that tie appears,
'Twill ever be thy best!

* This poem was written by Lady Noel Byron to the eldest daughter of Colonel Leigh, and the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh (half-sister of the poet), after her separation from Lord Byron. Georgina Leigh, who later in life became Georgiana Trevanian, was the poet's favourite niece, and, somewhat singular to relate, was a great favourite of the rigid Lady Noel Byron also, and a frequent visitor at her house.

TO GEORGIANA LEIGH.*

By Anne Isabella Byron.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My dear C,—

Our political position does not seem to change, and public spirit remains in a very agitated state. How all this will end, God only knows. A change, however, must be accorded, and a constitutional government must be the result; nothing else can satisfy the liberal party. The prorogation of the Corps Legislatif has caused great discontent, and the democracy threatened a protestation on the 25th of October, the day that body ought to have been assembled. Some of the deputies of the opposition declared their intention of meeting at the palace of the Corps Legislatif on that day, and of asserting their right to discuss the affairs of the nation, without waiting the Emperor's pleasure. However, the real sound-thinking liberals have all unanimously advised patience. The democracy continue to hold their meetings in different parts of the capital, under the "surveillance" of the police, who inside the orators now and then, when too excited, to bridle their eloquence, and sometimes finish by turning the whole party out of doors when the invitation is not accepted. Several lady democrates have given vent to their feelings at the tribune, and thus exposed themselves to the quizzing of the lords of the creation; and harmless shots, in words, have been fired on both sides, to the great satisfaction of all parties, because, at least, they have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing their names in the paper. Slight disturbances at Belleville, magnified into riots by the imagination of the inhabitants of Faubourg St. Germain, convince us more and more that we are for the moment on very volcanic ground. Since the Emperor has taken up his residence at Compiègne, all his movements are watched with sensitiveness, for he is now quite well again, and is indefatigable in his labours to find an issue to existing perplexities. Monsieur Rouher is said to be often sent for, and letters are reported to pass between our ex-prime-minister and Monsieur Ollier, the conservative and "tiers" parties. Prince Napoleon remains aloof, "attendant les événements." M. Paul de Cassagnac published a very acrimonious article on him the other day in the "Pays," and as that paper defends the Emperor and the Cassagnacs, father and son are, for the moment, Bonapartists, "dévoués," one imagines that the dear cousin is out of favour. M. Paul de Cassagnac says that, if Prince Napoleon ever became Emperor, he would "break his pen." A journalist asks him what opinion he would embrace after that act, as he has tried them all.

The princess Mathilde is replacing the Empress at Compiègne, where his majesty and the young Prince are now settled down for the autumn, but it seems that, although invitations, as usual, are to be issued, there are to be no grand balls or fêtes during her Majesty's absence. Telegrams are daily received and sent on both sides, and the Empress is more and more delighted with her travels. Constantinople in particular enchants her. She is the first foreign Empress or Queen that has graced the streets of the Turkish capital with her presence; and the Turkish ladies flock from all parts to get a glimpse of her, while her amiability, they say, is the theme of general admiration. Before leaving St. Cloud, the Empress distributed several albums to those who were to accompany her, begging them to write in them every day descriptions of what they would see "en route." These albums are to be given to the Emperor on their return, and will be most likely very interesting. It was thought that the Empress would visit Jerusalem, and the Latin patriarch there held a special chapter of the order of the St. Sepulcre, to confer that order on the august lady. He had already had a magnificent sar and cross in diamonds and rubies made for her gracious Majesty; but he would have to keep them for the Duchess d'Aoste, who has made a vow to visit the Holy Land as soon as she is quite recovered from her late dangerous illness. From political reasons, the Empress will not go to Jerusalem; it is the Emperor's express wish, they say. Of course, after this journey, we shall have everything "à l'Orientale," the celebrated "water of the Nile" is already invented. "La Vie Parisienne" says, this dress of silk is a mixture of gray and green blended together, shot with silvery reflections, which, at every movement of the body, takes the changing appearance of running water: is it sufficiently poetical? The skirt has a long train, without any other ornament than a "bouillon" of engraved gauze at the bottom. No pour, but a gauze saab, gracefully tied. The square opening of the "corse" is bordered with a "bouillon" of gauze headed with white lace. At the bottom of the large sleeves is placed the same "bouillon:" does it not make one's mouth water? The Empress and her ladies chose for travelling, as head-dress, a casque in "surun retour des Indes Anglaises," and here the amiable writer in "La Vie Parisienne" is witty and charming above measure. "This head-dress, as it is worn by the English army, makes one laugh only in thinking of it. But we must not forget that England has the secret of rendering things comical that are the least comical in their nature." I am sure you little thought yourselves so clever. Can you fancy the smile of satisfaction and superiority with which we Parisians read that profound observation?

But to return to Constantinople. It seems that a certain Khalil-Bey, once a gay resident of Paris, has received the French who had letters of introduction to him, in a more
sumptuous manner. A fête in the forest of Alem-Dagh, in Asia, was marvellous—a banquet served hot in the middle of the forest. The service in gold and silver, which the Sultan had made in Paris for the grand dinners to be offered to the Empress, cost nine hundred thousand francs (£36,000); and our journalists, being always very generous with other people's money, gave the Sultan a hint to give it to the Empress, but I have not heard that the hint has been taken. Monsieur Borel, chief engineer at the Isthmus of Suez, has just died in Paris, the day after a cold caught while driving in the Bois de Boulogne. Death has also robbed Paris of one of her glories—Sainte Beuve, the critic, the philosopher, and the senator. He requested, in his will, to be conveyed to the tomb without any ceremony, either religious or otherwise, and was accordingly buried by the "commissionnaire de police." Though several thousand persons accompanied the corpse to the grave, not a word was said, as is the custom here, in honour to the deceased: it was Sainte Beuve's particular wish. Sainte Beuve's mother was an Englishwoman of great piety, and brought up her son in the rigid observance of the Roman faith. How he afterwards arrived to be a freethinker I know not, but thus it often happens. They say that Sainte Beuve, always wearing mourning when he found out that he had been mistaken in anyone he admired, and that when he was named senator, he put a crepe band on his hat, the first time he took his seat in that august assembly. It was Sainte Beuve who in '53, being professor at the Sorbonne, displeased the students by his adhesion to the Emperor; and they, not being able to show their disapprobation in any other way on account of the police, dressed in black, and went to his lecture, and when the lecture was finished, followed him two and two, several hundreds of them, each one holding his pocket-handkerchief at his eyes, as if crying at his funeral, and thus forced him to send in his resignation.

A marriage of a freethinker was announced in the paper the other day. A marriage "civil"—citizen Jules Bouy with citizen Louise Houdan; grand banquet followed by a ball, six francs and a half admission; democrats are invited to come to this fête of freethought—methinks rather too free.

Poor Father Hysaínthe, after being on the pinnacle of glory, is fallen to the bottom of the edifice. The ultra catholics are enraged with him. He who had gained all hearts by eloquence, a renegade! for some say that the celebrated orator is a protestant in heart. He has left us for America—"refugium pecatorum," as Louis XVIII. used to call England. Those who will not believe in his truth, say he will soon return and ask forgiveness of the Holy Father: we shall see. Some liken Father Hysaínthe, or rather l'abbé Loyson now, to the "cure" Tsudi, who undertook the functions of Roman-catholic priest and protestant pastor at the same time, to save his parish the expense of two clergy-

men. Half his parishioners being catholics and half protestants, he said mass in the morning and read prayers in the afternoon, but united them for the sermon, in which he took care to preach good morals, without a word on dogmas that might displeasure either part of his congregation; and he pretended that one might be catholic in the morning protestant in the evening, without ceasing one moment in the day to be a Christian.

Prince Louis Napoleon Murat has just entered the French Navy as a common sailor; I daresay his promotion will not be slow. He is the youngest son of Prince Lucien Murat and Miss Georgina Fraser, and brother to the Princess Anna Murat, who married the Duke de Mouchy a little while ago. There is an anecdote related of his father, Prince Lucien, who, meeting the Marquis de Boissy at a fancy ball dressed as a Marquis in Louis XIV. style, maliciously accosted him by asking him if that was his grandfather's coat he had on. "Monsieur," replied the Marquis, "if everyone here wore his grandfather's coat, it would not be I that would be the most embarrassed." Monsieur's father was the son of a village innkeeper. The biter got bit.

A wonderful discovery has just been made and put into execution in Brazil, on the person of a man named Carines. In joining with the heads of those who have been decapitated, and in putting them in contact immediately with an electrical pile, life returns, and the person is as well as ever. Of course I would not stake my head for the veracity of the thing, as I was not there to see; but science makes such strides now, particularly in America, that one is astonished at nothing. There is one thing, however, that must be carefully avoided in the operation; that is, if there be several headless bodies at a time, not to make a mistake in the head, as that would be awkward. In Carines's case this happened; they put on him the head of a man executed with him. However, that did not prevent him being up and about seven months and a half afterwards. Of course it took longer to diffuse the vital spark through parts that were strangers to each other. I repeat I vouch for nothing in the case, and my opinion is: better not try the experiment, on one's self at least. A malicious friend might give you the wrong head, or leave you headless altogether. Monsieur Traupmann, I feel sure, would be of my opinion. This person remains impenetrable; and the body of poor John Kinck is not yet found. He tells those who are with him in prison, that he is sorry he has said as much as he has, that he has compromised himself. But his chief occupation seems to be to make money by the sale of his photograph. Many here are of opinion that there will not be sufficient evidence to condemn him to death.

The Austrian ambassador, the Prince de Metternich, has just been wounded in a duel by the Count de Beaumont, but not dangerously so. It seems the prince imagined Monsieur de Beaumont as easy a husband as he is himself,
but has found out that he is not. The Count has just punished in the same way one or two other gallants who boasted of their exploits, or quizzed M. de Beaumont's coolness towards his wife.

The young men in the linendrapers' shops are on strike, as they have organized an association as in England. The English association has forwarded money to them and promised support. They have held several meetings, and are resolved to resist until the masters agree to accord them a holiday on Sundays, and reduce their daily work to twelve hours a day. The miners at St. Aubin's, in the south, are also up in arms. The préfet had the imprudence to call out the soldiers, 70 soldiers to 1,200 rioters. Of course their appearance in such a small number, instead of frightening the miners, only served to irritate them, and the soldiers were obliged to fire on the rioters to defend their own lives, which made matters much worse.

The Queen of Spain appears resigned to her lot. Report says that the King of Portugal will accept the vacant throne. Isabella has just bought a small property at Bonneuil, near Gonesse, Seine et Oise, where sister Patrocinio is to be established, with twenty-five runs and a priest. Her Majesty has reserved rooms for herself in the new convent, to be enabled now and then to retire for religious exercises. This property belonged to a rag merchant, who signed the contract with the Queen the other day.

M. Wilson, the deputy in the department of Indre et Loire, and who spent so much money to insure his election, has just been called on by his electors to take off the toll across a new bridge, which he had promised to do; so he has to placed a man on either side of the bridge with great quantities of "sous," and who returns the "sou" paid by those who pass over.

"Cocher!" cried two young wits to a "croquemort" man, who drives a hearse, and making the sign as for an omnibus, "have you room?" "All right, young men," answered croquemort, "but don't think yourselves so wise for your time will come as well as the rest. I have buried those that were in better health than you are before this!"

The statue of Monsieur de la Martinière, by Adam Solomon, is just finished; it is to be placed before the Hôtel de Ville. It represents the famous poet-politician in a scene at the Revolution, opening his cloak and showing the naked bosom, and pronouncing those words that are so well-known in contemporary history. The statue of Voltaire in bronze is also ready to be placed as soon as it can be decided where. We might let out for hire a few statues to different nations, if requisite; for we have so many, that we cannot find room for them.—Adieu, and au revoir,

S. A.

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**LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

**MY FIRST DEBT.**

**BY COUSIN ADA.**

I was ten years old, and sitting about in the sunshine as free from care as a butterfly. Happy days were succeeded by happy nights, filled with pleasant dreams. Not a cloud had ever appeared above the horizon of my youth, not even one "no larger than a man's hand," and thus I dreamed it would ever be!

"Have you marked the summer weather
Specked by one dark wintry cloud?"

Half way down the street, by which I went to school, was a fancy shop, kept by a little Scotch woman. Shop and keeper were suited to each other in both being small, dark, and dingy. Notwithstanding all this, the spot had peculiar attractions for me, and seldom could I pass its charmed precincts without fluttering one in moment to take a peep at the little show-case on the counter next the door to see if its scanty stock of jointed dolls (three for a shilling, otherwise sixpence a-piece), side-combs, perfumery buttons, etc., had been increased or diminished. Or if the artificial flowers in little red pots which looked so natural then, and seem so stiff and unlike real flowers now), had been appreciated and bought by some admirer of the "works of nature."

On cool days the outside door of the little shop was closed, and when opened would bump against a sharp-toned little bell, that seemed to say, "Look out there, I expect thieves!" And then from out the still darker little back room would pop the little dark mistress, with a Jack-in-a-box movement, with her little black eyes full of interrogation points, and perhaps a half-finished, stiff, dark, and dingy dress-cap in her hand. Since then I have likened her to a little black spider, who sits all day in his shabby den to pounce out upon unsuspecting...
Leaves for the Little Ones.

should they stray into his web. This may seem
harmless, but was not I (alas! poor fly!) a pitiful
victim?

Sometimes, when fear of being late at school
would lend unusual quickness to my naturally
lingering feet, I would just fit in, take one look,
fit out again with one "longing, lingering look
behind," and hasten on. If the doom which
fell upon Lot's wife had been visited upon me
at any of those times, I fear there would have
been a melancholy little "pillar of salt" stand-
ing, a solemn warning to loitering school chil-
dren, in the quiet street of that well-remembered
village.

One lazy spring day, when the blood circu-
lated sluggishly through my veins, and my feet
felt less inclined to "move on" than usual, I
paid my customary visit to the little shop on
my way to school. Something unusual was
going on. The little mistress was "rubbing
up" the show-case, preparatory to putting into
it a new supply of the before-mentioned articles.
I paused to look, of course. They were soon
arranged in tempting display, and, forgetful of
school and all outside the show-case, I dreamed
and lingered.

The voice of the mistress aroused me.
"Wouldn't you like to buy something to-day?"
at the same time holding up a diminutive jointed
doll.

Now if I had a passion, or failing worse than
day-dreaming and thoughtlessness, it was dolls
—and she knew it. Long, short, thick, thin,
broken or whole. The very sight of a doll
would fill my heart with a tender longing—the
germ of the mother love, I am sure, which since
has filled my whole life with a joy "which
earth before had not given." When possession
crowned desire, no child so happy as I! So,
balancing myself first on one foot, then on the
other, I looked at the tempting wooden bath,
then at the tempresa, and said, meekly, as if
it were a crime, with such an object concerned,
to be so situated—"I haven't any money!"
"It is only a sixpence, and you can hand it
to me to-morrow," she blandly answered.

Little persuasion was needed; I took the
doll, and was soon on my way, not actually
rejoicing, for I already felt the weight of the debt
—my first debt! Oh, how little I thought it
would prove a perfect "Old Man of the
Sea" to me, ere I had done with it! But I
said to myself, "I will ask mother for the money
to-night, and pay it in the morning."

Somehow, I could not study as well as usual
that day. The figures in the multiplication-
table would all crook up, like my jointed doll's
legs and arms, and I said "Five times one are
ten," five times too often, because I knew that,
and had only to study on the rest of the line.
But the figures five and one tormented me all
the afternoon.

I went home at night hungry and tired. I
thought I would go to mother at once and ask
for the money, but, after seeking her in vain, I
was told by my grandmother she was not at
home, and I had best keep quiet, for she would
probably not be home for some time, as she
had been called to the bedside of a sick neigh-
bour. So I ate my supper, and then took my
stool, and, withdrawing to the rear, and in the
shade of grandma's chair, I took my possession
from my pocket. I didn't tell grandma what I
had done, as she had an old-fashioned notion
that money spent in dolls and such useless
things, was "just so much money thrown
away!" And then when one had one and
hadn't yet paid for it—when! I wouldn't tell
her for anything! So I put dolly back again
into my pocket with a sigh. Growing weary at
length of the click of grandma's needles and
mother's absence, I gave a sudden jerk, when
crack! went something in my pocket. It
sounded like a pistol shot to me, but it evidently
did not appear so to grandma, for she knitted
on as unconsciously as ever. I cautiously put
my hand into my pocket and felt for the poor
dolly, and my worst fears were realized—it had
been broken against the arm of my chair.
Then the thought occurred to me for the first
time, perhaps mother would not be willing to
furnish money for a jointed doll—much less a
poor broken one!

Bed-time came, and still not mother. With
a sigh I crept into bed, hoping the morning
would see an end to my troubles. I said my
prayers as usual, but when I got to "Forgive
us our debts," I broke completely down, and
cried aloud. Fortunately, no one heard me,
or I should have been obliged to confide to
other ears what might have a patient hearing
and lenient judgment when poured into my
mother's.

I was awakened next morning by the sum-
mons—"Come, it is most school-time." After all,
I had slept more soundly than people with
heavy consciences are wont to. I went down to meet a new disappointment. Mother
had been home and gone again before I was
awake. Had gone—and I was still in debt,
with no means of paying my liability!

I took the poor maimed doll from my pocket
and looked at it. All possibility of taking it
back, as had occurred to me I might do before
the accident, was past, and perhaps mother
would refuse to give me the required money.
Heart-sick, I contemplated my situation. The
poor doll had suddenly become changed in my
eyes. From the fascinating being I had first
deemed her, besides being mutilated, she had
become actually ugly! She had no profile, and
looked more like a half-starved Chinese (beg-
ging pardon of their celestial highnesses!) than
anything else, and she had no nose, to speak of,
and only two little black dots for nostrils. And
such limbs! I wondered what I had ever seen
in the miserable little thing to admire, and my
tears flowed fresh. The shadow of the debt
had fallen over the once-loved charms, causing
the graces and symmetry, which before had
enticed me, to vanish.

That morning I took the opposite side of the
to school. How I passed the day I do
not remember, being in such a state of suspense.
It seemed as if the hands of the clock never moved so slowly, and I fancied they pointed towards me, while the clock ticked out "she owes—a sixpence—for a—broken—dolly." But four o'clock came, and I went home—again on the opposite side of the street. I remember thinking perhaps I would not find mother at home, and began to feel as if I could never tell her; and finally began to hope she would be away, though I could see no real help or comfort in that.

She was at home, and very busy, as company had come, and tea was in progress. A sudden spasm of frenzy seized me as I approached her and twitched her sleeve.

"What do you want?" she asked, pausing a minute.

"I"—my courage failed, and I only asked, "How is Mrs. Lake?" (the sick neighbour).

"Better—a great deal—but don't trouble me now!"

I turned sadly away, and, looking back, saw mother's eyes fastened upon me, no doubt thinking how soft-hearted her little girl was to be so moved at Mrs. Lake's illness.

Slowly the days crept along. Suns rose and set, and rose and set again, and still I kept my secret locked up in my heart. Often it balanced on my tongue's end, so near was I parting with it, but something would always happen to tip the scale, so the secret would fall back again into my heart, weighing with its weight, which seemed to grow every day.

Never before in my life had I known money to be so scarce. No capitalist, keeping daily watch on the rising and falling in the money market, ever suffered more in mind from "hard times" than did I then. In vain solicited errands to run, in hopes of a few pennies for reward, for, though every one accepted my services, doubtless thinking me wondrously accomodating and thoughtful, no idea of pay for "value received" seemed to enter their minds. When sent to the market or shop, the change always was "even," or too large for me to hope or expect to keep. At last the weight grew so burdensome, that I no longer dared to go down the street, even on the opposite side, pass the dreaded fancy store; so I "took" to the towing-path of the canal. Sometimes I met with rough-looking men and a great many rudes boys, who stared at me but seldom spoke, seeing, doubtless, how frightened and forsaken I looked. Once a rough-looking but, I am sure, kind-hearted driver lifted me upon his horse for a ride. It is needless to say I have had many a ride since, when I felt prouder of my horse and attendant.

"Time," it is said, "is a healer," and so it proved in the case of my wounded conscience. After a few weeks constant travel upon the towing-path—and some narrow escapes from savage dogs attendant upon the boatmen, and once from being swept into the canal, by getting between the rope and the water while "the boat was passing"—I found my debt no longer appeared in so terrible a light as at first. Not but that I intended paying it at my earliest possible chance, but I had begun to be accustomed to its existence; and, like many other burdens which we feel at first we cannot bear up under, I found I could not only bear it, but was beginning to look upon it almost with indifference. So I abandoned the canal and its industry path, and once more resumed my walk down the wide, shady street, though even yet on the side farthest from the scene of my temptation.

At last there came a day, a happy day for me! In return for some light service, my grandma gave me a bright, new sixpence! An unexpected treasure it appeared to me—a perfect mine of wealth.

How I danced over the side-walk again! As I neared the shop, my mind full of the words I should say and the manner of saying them, my eyes caught a glimpse of a tempting row of oranges, in a grocer's window. Instinctively my mouth watered, and my first impulse was to buy one; but, "No," I thought, "I will deny myself and pay my debt." I took a few steps onward, then something inside seemed to whisper, "No harm to go in and ask their price—you need not buy one now."

So in I went, and found they were just two pence each. The shop-boy held one in his hand, expecting me to take it, and again the voice inside whispered, "So mean to pretend you were going to buy, and not do it?"

"I'll take it," I said, and, hurriedly giving the boy the money, ran out of the shop and down the street, the orange in my hand and only fourpence in my pocket. But all my happy thoughts had left me with my money. I tried to silence the whispers of the inward voice (which, now that I had obeyed it, began to be reproachful) by saying, "I will tell mother to-morrow, and I know she will help me." I could not eat my orange then, and concluded to share it with some one at night, thereby partially atoning for my fault. I must have been in an unusually dreamy state on my way home from school that evening, for suddenly raising my eyes, I found I was close to the dreaded shop before I was aware, and there, in the doorway, stood the object I had been eluding so long! She smiled grimly, as I stopped, my face burning, and wished her "good evening."

"Where've you been so long?" she asked; then, without waiting for an answer, she asked me to come in. Impelled onward, as it by a resistless and relentless Fate, I obeyed. When once inside, the various articles from which I had almost become estranged, again began to assume familiar appearances, and I soon felt the old charm coming back, and myself drifting away in an old-time dream, over the show-case.

"See anything there you like?" fell upon my ears, dispelling my dreams. Not liking the expression of her keen eyes, I burst out nervously: "Yes—but I can't buy to-day, for I have no money."

"You are generally in that fix, amn't you?"
By the way, don't you owe me a little for a dolly you got here once—some time in the spring?''

"I told her I believed I did."

"Well, I have been making a cap for an old lady, Mrs. White, and if you will take it home for me, I will forgive you the debt."

Gladdly I consented—yes, I knew the lady in question, and clasping my arms around the band-box, which was larger than any cap-box I ever saw before or since, I started on my errand.

It was a long, hot walk to the top of that steep hill, right in the face of the sun, and the band-box, though not heavy, was difficult to manage. But the white cottage, perched on the very top of the hill, cheered my vision even as I glanced, half-blinded, upward; for it was to me the goal where I should, like Christian, in "Pilgrim's Progress," drop off my burden, forever. I almost fancied that on my arrival at the top, "shining ones" might come to me, even as they did to him, and say "Peace be to thee."

Heated and panting, I arrived at the cottage, and presented the box with a sigh of relief to Mrs. White. Words cannot express the surprise of the good lady, or my disappointment! She was the plainest dressed of all plain-dressed Quakeresses, and she looked aghast as she lifted the gaudy cap from the box, and stood still in astonishment. The flowers and ribbons with which it was decked were of all possible hues, and before her quiet tones assured me it was not for her—I knew it.

"Thee has made some mistake, daughter," she mildly said, and replaced the cap.

"It may be the Mrs. White who lives over by the meeting-house," she suggested.

So I again took up my burden and started forth. The other Mrs. White lived at the extreme end of town, in the opposite direction, and I despaired of ever being able to go so far and back home again before dark. I hoped, too, in consideration of what I had tried to do, my creditor might be merciful, and "forgive" me the debt, without exacting anything further.

My temples throbbed, and my throat was dry and hot, and before I reached the shop again, I felt, "Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard."

As I entered, the little woman bounced in, in response to the bell.

"I went to the wrong Mrs. White," I stammered, "and I don't think I have time to do the errand to-night."

"Well, then, I suppose you can pay the money soon?"

I could only say, faintly, I hoped I could, and crept out of the shop, and homeward. I feared my face would show I had been under some unusual excitement, and so it proved, for when I met my mother in the hall, she laid her hand upon my flushed forehead and said: "Why how hot your head is—where have you been since school?"

Then the flood-gates of my sorrow burst open, and my tears flowed through. I told her all then. How hard it had seemed before, and how easy it really was to tell her then!

I was consoled and chided in one breath, and assured that the following morning I should pay the debt.

"I have fourpence toward it now," I said; but mother only laughed, and made me promise I would never contract another debt. And I did promise, and have kept my word.

I enjoined secrecy upon my mother and shared my orange with her. I afterwards found the poor dolly tucked away where I had put her, long weeks ago, and, patching her up as well as I could, made a fancy pen-wiper of her.

Long years have passed since then, and I have arrived at the part of life's journey when jointed dolls, or in fact any dolly, please no longer, perhaps because that place in my heart once devoted to them has been filled by a living, breathing, black-eyed jointed, and for whom I pray that in the years to come, the horizon of his youthful sky may never be darkened by even such a tiny cloud as—my First Debt.

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**Our Library Table**

**The Life-Boat:**—**Journal of the Life-Boat Institution (London).**—Of all the great benevolent institutions that England possesses, and they are as numerous as they are great (in the philanthropical sense of the term), covering every conceivable form of misery and suffering, none comes more close to our national sympathies or stirs the heart of individual benevolence more deeply, than the one the quarterly journal of whose services lies before us—the National Life-Boat Institution. From her Majesty—its proper patroness—to the humblest subject in her realm, there is an earnest, active desire to encourage and support it. The pecuniary part of the poor are as acceptable, and, in the aggregate, as useful as the affluent donations of the rich. Nails are as necessary to the building of a life-boat as the timbers they serve to rivet, and this hope of possible assistance, made positive by co-operation, has, of late years, resulted in many noble additions to the number of the life-boat fleet, and the consequent increase of its utility. From a comparatively feeble association in 1824, dependent chiefly on the offerings of wealthy individuals, the broad charity, the grand motives of the undertaking, the bravery and self-denial
of its servants the life-boat crews, the records of its active utility, and of their unflagging fortitude, have forced themselves into public favour, and made the name of the Life-Boat Institution a household word, not only in the home, but in communities of the people. I see these (as perhaps I have previously observed in bygone papers on this theme) represented in the list of the names of the life-boats, "The Free-masons," "The Commercial Travellers," "The Forrester's," "The Odd-fellows," which have been subscribed to, I should imagine, by members of almost every profession and craft; and besides these whole townships appear—from Oxford, Manchester, Ipswich, and many others, to Birmingham No. 2! It is this fact of cooperation in the great cause of humanity that has carried the name of the institution far and wide—from the coast-towns to the ones inland, from the metropolis to the remotest village, and has made its cause so dear to the national heart. No longer left to flourish only on the offerings of the rich, everyone is beginning to be of use to it, and to feel that personality (if I may so express it) in the heroic bravery of the crews, and the sea-worthiness of the boats that the constituent feels in the prowess of his representative, or the soldier in the courage of his commander. And, depend on it, whenever the daily papers (alas, too frequently I can into the heart of sooty Birmingham or fluffy Manchester the news of some poor foundering or cast-away ship's crew being saved by the boats, to whose efficiency masters and workmen have so nobly added, the exultation of pitying pleasure glows as warmly as the forge fires, and resounds through all the clamour of anvil and machinery. Of all the numerous gifts to the society, whose splendid income is so magnificently disbursed (and looking at the constellation of wrecks marked by the asterisk on the chart) with yet so many dangerous points upon the coast, bespeaking increased outlay on its part, to save the lives in peril of them, these gifts of the general public seem to us most precious, marking, as they surely do, a practical result of Christian teaching and of a growing civilization. Next to these in interest, are the contributions offered as memorials of some beloved one, whose name, by a fiction of love, survives in the acts of utility and mercy, with which the life-boat connects it. The list of bold, adventurous deeds on the part of the life-boatmen, are even more numerous than usual; and, alas! so are the records of lost ships. But, wherever the calamity has occurred within signal of a life-boat station, through hurricane and rushing sea, and the thick darkness of superadded night, she has never needed willing hands or manly and merciful hearts to guide her to the place of danger, and, at all hazards of personal safety, to bring a freight of saved lives to land. Looking along the irregular coast-line of the terrible chart before us, we see that many more boats are required to complete the desired cordon of aid around the British Isles. But as each station, after the boat, boat-house, transporting-carriages, and equipments are found, requires an annual outlay of fifty pounds to keep it in a state of efficiency, not only donations and contributions but annual subscriptions are greatly needed and earnestly desired. While we write, the frequently-recurring tempests, and the accounts of frightful shipwrecks on our shores, second too painfully the need of larger means of succour. The executive of the institution are equal to any extension of their duties of mercy, and the body of brave men in their service, by the force of human sympathy and admiration for brave and noble deeds, propagandists of their own attributes. All that is required to strengthen and increase the power of this life-saving institution is an increase of funds, contributions to which will be thankfully received by all bankers, in town or country, and by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., 14, John Street, Adelphi.

C. A. W.

Odd-Fellows Quarterly Magazine (Manchester).—The October number is more than usually rich in well-written and agreeable articles. Who is Oliver Fernleaf? Comment upon the philosophy, and so much of his pleasant nature as we find in the little paper, entitled, "A Sere Leaf." Listen to him, readers:

It has struck twelve with me some time ago. I can hear the soft footfall of approaching twilight, and am inclined to think that it may prove a pleasant part of the day, after all. Life's tide has turned, and now it retires again to the ocean from whence it came. Time is delving parallels in the brow that once was "smooth as monumental alabaster," and each particular wrinkle seems eloquent of the story of its origin. The march of half a century of years has trodden down the crop that grew upon this wintry upland, and "That time of day thou now behold'st in me. When few and withered leaves do hang against the cold."

The hair about my temples stirs to the slightest breath of wind, now, like the flimsy down of the "chock posy," and silver threads are beginning to among the relics of youth's aurora curb. Now, how do the inviolable minstrels finger those gleaming strings to plaintive ditties of decay; and, thank heaven, I can listen to the pensive melody without sadness.

Here and there we find a turn of thought or expression, a mingling of grave and gay, that reminds us of Elia, as when he observes:

Being blessed, too, with an unusually strong constitution, I am just of that age when a man is unwilling to think that he is growing old; and, is therefore, in danger of treating himself as if he were as young as ever; indeed, I feel vigorously inclined to be five-and-twenty all my days, if it could be. But the checked years have told their tale, and nature will not be rejoiced. The heyday of the blood waits upon the judgment now, and every hour something behoves to remind me that I have almost crossed the open ground between two eternities, and am drawing near to the edge of the great forest, whose shades absorb us all. A thousand little things repeat the story of decline—the change with more impressive tone from day to day; I feel a growing interest in stockings, over-cast, and
mufflers, and am beginning to look out for rain before I venture from the household.

We shall hope to see more of this writer’s lucubrations. “A Story of the First French Revolution,” by W. Aitkin, P. Prov., G. M., promises to be very interesting, and is spiritedly told; and Mrs. Linnæus Banks continues her pleasant series, entitled, “Lodges in the Wilderness.” H. Ogson, L.L.D., contributes a little paper, “Spiritual Manifestations,” not in the usual acceptance of the phrase, but as regards “those tendencies and influences of which highly organized human beings are more or less conscious”—presentiments, sympathies, and antipathies. An original poem by Eliza Cook, and “How we Did the Right,” by Y. S. N., are pleasant additions to the lighter part of the number, while Mr. Spray’s piece on the “Manchester Unity, and the Duty of its Members,” is one of considerable interest to Odd-fellowship, and Mr. John E. Taylor’s “The Earliest Chapter in the World’s History” is the wonderful story of creation, from the scientific standpoint of a practical geologist, told in the simplest way, but with an amount of evidence power well kept in hand. These supplies the needed balance, and enable us to pronounce this an exceedingly well-composed and highly interesting number.

THE THEATRES, &c.

SECOND VISIT TO “FORMOSA.”

On a better acquaintance with “Formosa,” now running so successful a career at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, we have become empresses with the now evident completeness of the form and setting of this very remarkable drama of the realistic school. If “Formosa” is not a particularly orthodox play, or quite obedient to the dramatic unities and traditions, it is certainly never dull, and never leaves the attention flagging for want of exciting incident and variety of character. The Traviata element pervades the whole drama, but, we repeat, there is abundance of incident, situation, and character combining to form a lively picture of “fast life,” such as does exist under exceptional conditions, in certain phases of society. The dramatist has proved, moreover, that he possesses the power to awaken our sympathies by the vicissitudes of life he depicts. There are pathetic pictures of erring frailty and suffering humanity in “Formosa” which appeal strongly to our feelings. The scene where the poor, but honest, parents of Formosa confront her suddenly in her splendidly furnished cottage orné at Fulham, and detect her in her shameless life, is true to nature; and its effect upon the audience was striking, its pathetic interest proving intensely strong. Such a powerful scene as this the old dramatists would have made the foundation of a play in itself! Again, the other scenes “leaning to Virtue’s side,” in which Mr. Dorens, the old Oxford tutor, with his family and pupils, take part, are very naturally delineated. The reformation of the returned “ticket-of-leave man” by these means is brought about in an exceedingly pathetic, touching, and interesting manner, and nothing could be more natural than this—the virtuous phase of the otherwise eccentric play of “Formosa.”

NEW DRAMAS PRODUCED DURING OCTOBER.

Managers have met with some discouragement of late in their efforts to thrust as much sensational drama as was in their power upon the public. Three elaborated new melodramas have been produced at three of the principal theatres, only one of which has proved quite successful. The new drama of Messrs. Bouicaut and Byron, entitled “Lost at Sea; a London Story,” with which the Adelphi reopened, with much “trumpeting,” early in the past month, has been pronounced to be but a feeble production of the kind of drama it was intended to represent; and notwithstanding that Messrs. Stirling, Belmore, and Atkins, and Miss Rose Le Clerc appear, certainly this novelty has not drawn great houses. Mr. Bouicaut, or Mr. Byron, or both, had taken care to collect the usual variety of specimens of the rank flowers of new novels and old melodramas to form a strangely odorous bouquet of Adelphi drama in the piece called “Lost at Sea;” but the opinion of those to whom this new mosaic work of art was offered seems to have early recognized the deceptiveness of the workmanship, and to have subsequently despised it accordingly.

The Princess’s theatre reopened a fortnight ago with a new melodrama, redolent with the convict element which has proved so attractive to metropolitan audiences since the great hit made at the Olympic a few years ago with “The Ticket-of-Leave Man.” However, the example of this class of piece presented at the Princess’s has not proved quite so successful, notwithstanding that the cause was supported by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. We conclude that “Escaped from Portland” did not succeed, as we found that the theatre closed shortly after its production; but it is only fair to observe that a domestic bereavement of Mr.
Charles Mathews' (the death of his mother, Mrs. Charles Mathews, sen.) may have deprived the new piece of its main pillar of support, and hence caused its collapse and the consequent closing of the house. "Escaped from Portland" was very efficiently and effectively put on the stage, and uncommonly well acted by Messrs. C. Mathews, G. Vining, Mrs. C. Mathews, &c., but an anticlimax of a highly amusing description to some, but of a highly distressful kind to others, was created by calling upon an eccentric light comedian like Mr. Mathews (who in his style of acting is almost as light as a feather, so to speak) to impersonate the "heavy villain" of a coarse melodrama of the old "Coburg" complexion!

The OLYMPIC theatre has re-opened, with a new company and a new drama, both of which have proved to have been exceedingly well selected. The principal novelty relied on by Mr. W. H. Liston, the new manager of the Olympic, for the achievement of success, is a dramatic version of Charles Dickens' most popular of novels, "David Copperfield," entitled in the play-bill "Little Em'ly." We reserve any criticism in detail of the new piece, merely stating here that the novel of "David Copperfield," as treated by Mr. Halliday, to constitute the play of "Little Em'ly," has proved a mine of valuable materials suitable for the purposes of the drama, and a permanently popular piece has resulted to the fortunes of the Olympic.

At the GAITY, a new comedy has been produced, entitled "A Life Chase," the combined work of Messrs. Oxenford and Horace Wigan. It is an avowed translation and adaptation from the French, and lacks those forcible situations, variety of character, and smartness of dialogue which the public taste of the hour expect will be provided to gratify its somewhat jaded appetite. Mr. Alfred Wigan has returned to this house, and, playing the principal rôle of "A Life Chase," has lent to it the charm of his fine acting; without which, indeed, we believe the piece would have been found dull, even though Miss Farren still remained to sustain its principal female character. But it must be allowed, in all fairness, that although some may not admire the new comedy (or comedy-drama as it might be termed), the Gaity possesses so many enjoyable surroundings to its usual bill of fare, that dulness cannot exist in so gay an atmosphere. The costly manner and tastefulness with which the pieces of this house are furnished forth assure infinite pleasure, at least to the eye itself, however the "mind's eye" may come short occasionally of receiving complete satisfaction. An opéra buffa as a lever de rideau, a four-act comedy to follow, elegantly put upon the stage, and a splendid burlesque on "Linda of the Mount" to conclude, constitute amusements which must prove all sufficient even to the tedious tastes of Gaity playgoers.

The new AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn, has re-opened its doors with an entirely new equestrian company, whose performances possess the recommendations of being, besides astonishingly skilful, at the same time elegant and graceful as feats of horsemanship and acrobatic agility. But the début of the performing monkeys the other evening has capped all the other performances by the surprising exemplification of wisdom and acuteness in the genus ape that has now been brought forward. The comic element of the circus, id est, the clowns of the ring, are the most efficient we have as yet seen in London; and we cannot doubt but that the Holborn Amphitheatre will meet with the prosperous season it so well deserves.

The HAYMARKET has opened its famous portals with a new comedy, entitled "New Men and Old Acres." It is written by Messrs. Ten Taylor and M. Dubourg. We reserve further notice of the Haymarket till our next feuilleton.

The LYCEUM has been opened by a new lessee, Mr. Allerton, the tragedian. The pieces selected have been "Still Waters Run Deep," in which Mr. Wyburn Reeves made his first appearance as "George Mildmay" with great success. Since the first week, the tragedy of "Hamlet" (with Mr. Allerton as the philosophic Danish Prince), has been acted several nights in succession.

The elegant ST. JAMES'S theatre has been taken by a new and enterprising manageress, Mrs. John Wood (an American lady), and was opened on Monday week with an excellent company, comprising: Miss Herbert, Miss Henrade, &c.; Messrs. Mark Smith and Barton Hill (American débutantes), J. G. Shore, L. Brough, Gaston Murray, &c. Goldsmith's humourous old comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," has been acted frequently, Miss Herbert being the Miss Hardcastle.

The Haymarket theatre having unsuccessfully experimented upon public opinion with a new comedy of Modern manners, entitled "Plain Lady" in its English dress and "Les Piétons de la Decadence" in French, has fallen back upon the old British stock drama. The "Gamester" of D. Moore was produced on Monday week with considerable success, chiefly arising from the effective style in which Mr. Barry Sullivan enacted Beverly, and Mrs. Herman Vezin impersonated the disconsolate wife of the gamester, Mrs. Beverley.

The beautiful play of "The Lady of Lyons" is promised to be early forthcoming on the boards of this well-managed theatre. Mr. Barry Sullivan, we perceive, prides himself upon the completeness and brightness of his mise en scène, as well as upon the pure literature of the drama he produces.

At the new ROYALTY we were glad to make acquaintance, a few nights since, with an admirable new burlesque extravaganza founded on the fairy-tale of "Beauty and the Beast." Messrs. Dewar and Danvers, and Miss Oliver invested this production with infinite spirit by their talents.

E. H. MALCOLM.
A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The blow fell suddenly, and the young husband and father was stricken down ere the smallest provision had been made for the future, stricken down in the morning of his years, ere his loins were fairly girded for the battle of life. A young, frail, inexperienced woman, now a widow, and three little ones, were left behind, penniless and friendless.

In a city hot-bed, Margaret Mason grew up daintily. She had been taught the fine arts of dancing, flower-painting, and the like, could play a few pieces on the piano with passable skill, and had some little knowledge of the French language. From the time she was seventeen, she went into company. For the most part, her days passed idly, or in the next thing to idleness, novel-reading; while her evenings lapsed pleasantly away in making visits or receiving visitors, with now and then the more exciting diversity of the play, opera, concert, ball, or party. The twin ideas of use and duty came not to distinct perception in her brain; she lived to no purpose but to enjoy.

Was she of wealthy parentage? No. Had she large expectations in the future? Nothing of the kind. Margaret Mason was an orphan, and dependent on a kind but not wise relative, who brought her up as too many girls are brought up in our large cities. She gave her a showy superficial education, dressed her as well as his means would allow, and put her in the way of getting a start in the world by marriage. Young men only just a little better fitted to enter upon the stern, hard work of life are generally won by the small attractions of just such girls as Margaret Mason. In the present case a clerk, whose moderate salary of two hundred a year had scarcely met his own wants, was the one found captive in the gossamer web of our young enchantress. His name was Albert Leslie.

They were married, and with a small flourish of trumpets. There were presents, party-givings, and wordy congratulations, and then our young adventurers on the sea of matrimony were left to steer their own course in life and enjoy its sunny days, or do battle amid its storms.

Margaret went forth from the home of her relative, where she had been tenderly cared for since the days of childhood—went forth with her young husband, never again to return. Death soon after entered that home, removing its founder and stay, and its members were scattered like shrunked leaves by the winds of autumn.

We will not write out the young bride's first sombre experiences. They came, as they came to all who trust life's precious freight in frail vessels and upon unknown seas. At the end of three years, her husband, who had proved unfortunate in a business venture, resolved to go to America. Margaret, now the weak, exhausted, nervous mother of two children, had scarcely energy enough left for objection, could she have fully comprehended all that was involved in such a movement; and so the step was taken. Their destination was Chicago, where Leslie was promised a clerkship in a forwarding house.

In this new world, the young wife and mother was lost. A few articles of furniture brought from home, enlarged by some additions made at the point of their destination, enabled them to commence housekeeping in a small tenement far away in the suburbs, at a rent that would consume nearly half of Mr. Leslie's salary. The house was guileless of modern conveniences, and the almost helpless young wife soon found that the new world into which she had intruded was quite as guileless of other aids to comfortable housekeeping. And now, with Mrs. Leslie, life's battle commenced in earnest. Love for her husband and children made strong a sense of duty; and, weak and unskilled as she was, she accomplished wonders in the way of creating home comforts out of the slender materials that lay in such unpromising shapes around her. Not half of her time was she able to retain a servant; and so, in the intervals, her small, delicate hands came in rough contact with tea-kettle and washing-board. If the duty was hard, wearisome, and exhausting, the frail young woman did not shrink away from it, nor even sit down and fold her hands to weep for a season. Love was very strong in her heart, and, for the sake of her beloved ones, she held not back; and so the little household never lost, in her husband's eye, its look of order or air of comfort. And, if Margaret's face wore often an aspect of weariness, or was pale and languid, it showed nothing of peevishness or discontent. The strange eyes that caught an occasional glimpse of the pale little woman moving about her house or gliding along on her way to market or the store, guessed nothing adequate as to her daily trials, nor the amount of heroism it required to meet them.

A year after their arrival at Chicago, another child was born, making the number of human blossoms three. It was just six months from this time when Mr. Leslie sickened and died, leaving, as we said in the beginning, a young, frail, inexperienced woman, and three little ones, penniless and friendless. Almost literally
was this true, for the salary of Mr. Leslie has proved barely sufficient to meet their daily wants. He did leaving his family nothing but their clothes and the scant furniture the house contained.

A little while, the stricken wife lay stunned and prostrate; the dead cannot wait, and so all the solemn ceremonials went on, even to the burial. A few sympathising neighbours offered words of comfort that came with no meaning to the mourner's ears, and then one after another retired, and the bereaved woman was left alone with her orphaned little ones. Bewilderment succeeded. The very stay and support of their lives had been suddenly removed, and what now remained for them but to lie down and perish by the way? The blackness of darkness gathered over the mind of Mrs. Leslie. She looked upwards, there was no light; she strained her eyes into the surrounding gloom, but could trace no path into which her feet might venture.

From this state the sharp spur of inevitable necessity quickened her half-stupefied mind into intense activity. Just one week from the day on which her husband died, Mrs. Leslie had a visit from the owner of the house in which she lived. The rent of this house was twenty-six pounds a year, and, as the landlord had no outside security for its payment, he thought it prudent to look somewhat closely into the widow's condition and prospects. He was a coarse, straightforward man, who loved money, and knew both how to gain and how to take care of it, but was not, for all that, heartless. After speaking to Mrs. Leslie of her late bereavement in as appropriate terms as he knew how to use, he put the abrupt question:

"What are your prospects, madam?"

"Prospects? How? What?" She did not clearly understand him.

"Business is business, madam," said the landlord, "and I am a plain, straightforward man. What I wish to know is, whether you are in circumstances to pay the rent of this house; it is, as you know, twenty-six pounds a year."

Mrs. Leslie's face grew pale instantly, and she gasped once or twice for breath.

"I have not come to trouble you, ma'am," said the landlord, whose rough heart was touched by the image of distress before him, "but to speak of things as they are, and thus, may-be, save you from some trouble in the future. Try to compose yourself, and look the present right in the face. The rent of this house is a twenty-six pounds; if you are able to pay it, and wish to remain where you are, I have not a word of objection to make. How is it, Mrs. Leslie?"

"God help me!" ejaculated the miserable woman, bursting into tears. "I am penniless and friendless!"

The landlord waited until the poor widow grew calm, then he said: "I will not press this matter upon you to-day. Think over your situation and prospects, and to-morrow your mind will be clearer. I will call in again, and then we can arrange about your removal."

The landlord arose, and was passing towards the door, when Mrs. Leslie aroused herself with a strong effort, and said: "Oh, stay, sir, stay! No good can come of waiting until to-morrow. Speak out what is in your mind; I can bear to hear it!"

The landlord turned and resumed his seat.

"Of course, sir I am not able to pay the rent of this house, for I have no income. But when can I go? what can I do?"

"If you can't afford to pay your rent, of course I can't afford to let you live in my house. I should soon go the dogs at that rate."

Something of the roughness of the man's nature was apparent in his manner. It was as well, perhaps, for it acted as a spur to rouse the young widow's feelings, and thus give her thoughts their needed activity. "I have no wish to remain here, sir," she replied, with forced calmness and some dignity of manner. "I would sooner die with my children than live on charity. Give me a few days to look around, and I will then move away, and restore your property into your hands. How much rent is now due?"

"A month's rent is all the claim I have, but that I will cheerfully waive under the circumstances; and beyond this, ma'am, if you want my aid or advice in anything, they will be cheerfully given. You have more furniture here than you will need in a smaller house. Sell what you can spare; it will bring a good price, and thus secure a little to subsist upon until you can get into the way of earning something. What can you do?" The straightforward landlord's mind went right to first principles—to the "What can you do?" as the only hopeful basis of living in the world.

Mrs. Leslie was silent. What could she do? Ah, there was indeed the great question. Her music was forgotten; she had not been in the way of practicing since her marriage. Her French had been a mere superficial ornament; she could not teach French. Painting and drawing were a part of her routine at school; but what she had learned of these was of no practical use to her now. She was a trifle skilled in fine needle-work and embroidery; plain sewing she had learned since she became a mother. Her thoughts passed all these resources in hurried review, but there was no promise in them.

"What can you do?" The landlord repeated his question.

"I can trust in God," said the desponding widow, with as much firmness of voice as she could throw into the words.

"A poor dependence without effort, let me tell you. God helps those who help themselves."

"And those who are willing to help themselves also."

"It is about the same thing," said the landlord.

"I am willing to help myself," spoke out
Mrs. Leslie, with firmness, “and I will trust God for the means of doing it.”

“No, you are getting into the right way; hold on in this direction, and you need not fear nor be faint-hearted.”

“I thank you, sir, for words of hope and encouragement, and gratefully accept your kind offer of aid and advice in this my great exertion. I see nothing clear before me—all in darkness and uncertainty. But I will look up, striving for patience and hope, and keep my hands ready for the first employment that offers.”

“That’s it,” said the landlord, cheerfully.

“And now your first work is to decide what articles of furniture you will keep, and what you will sell. Reserve enough to furnish two or three small rooms, and turn the rest into money. Don’t brood over your trouble.”

There came into the face of Mrs. Leslie a more hopeful aspect. “I will make the selection today,” she said.

“Very well. Shall I call to-morrow with an auctioneer, and write out an inventory of all you wish to dispose of?”

This was coming still closer to the hard reality of things, and her sensitive spirit shrunk back and shuddered. An auction! She had not thought of this broad exposure of herself to the world.

“Would not a private sale be as well?” suggested Mrs. Leslie, in a faltering voice.

“No, I will not make my selection to-morrow.”

When the landlord called on the following day, according to promise, with an auctioneer, he found that Mrs. Leslie had completed her selection of articles to be sold. The inventory was soon made, and a time appointed for the sale; this time was a week in advance, in order to give opportunity for procuring and removing to a new home. After the auctioneer retired, the landlord said, in his straightforward way:

“You have been thinking, of course, as to what you will do after going from here?”

“I have.”

“Well, has your mind reached any fair conclusion?”

“No, sir.” There was an effort to speak firmly, but a tremor in the young widow’s voice betrayed the doubt and fear in her heart. “As yet, all looks dark. I am a stranger here, and friendless; I am young, inexperienced, and timid, and with but small knowledge of the ways of the world. I have thought and thought until my brain seemed on fire. Oh, sir, my heart trembles and shrinks back; the trial is too great, the burden too heavy.”

“It is the brave heart that conquers,” said the landlord. “Never counsel with Fear; he is a bad adviser. Hope and Courage are our best friends. Let me repeat the question I put to you yesterday—What can you do?”

Mrs. Leslie was silent.

“You can sew, of course; all women know how to use the needle.”

“Yes.” Faintly. How little hope is there in the needle for a mother and three children!

“But that will not do as a dependence; the confinement would soon kill a weak little body like you. What do you know? Can you teach a school?”

“Teach a school! Margaret Leslie teach a school!” The young widow looked at her questioner in a kind of bewildered surprise.

“Oh, of course you can,” said the landlord, replying to his own query. His idea touching the qualifications of a teacher did not compass a very wide range of acquirements. “You know how to read and to write, to do sums in addition, subtraction, and multiplication? Very well. Little children know less, and, if you can teach them these things, you are fit to set up a school. It strikes me that the best thing for you to do is to begin one for small children. No doubt I can get you some scholars. What do you say?”

“Thanks!” replied Mrs. Leslie, with tear-brimming eye. “That is all I can say now. But I will think over, carefully, what you have suggested. I must do something; but when I do begin I wish to begin right, so as to waste no time.”

“Spoken to the purpose!” said the landlord, encouragingly, “spoken right to the purpose. One thing at a time, of course, so far as doing is concerned. And the first thing to be done is selling off superfluous furniture. But, while doing to-day’s work, it is always best to be planning a little about to-morrow’s work. That is my way.”

Teaching a school! At the first presentation of this idea to Mrs. Leslie’s mind, it looked preposterous. “I need, rather, to go to school myself,” she said, musing upon the subject, after the landlord departed.

“Aha!” she sighed, “if we were only fitted for this service—if my education had been more thorough!”

And then she wept, as a depressing sense of her ignorance weighed down her sad heart. Still the image of that little school-room and those bright-faced children kept rising in her thought; and the more she looked at it, the pleasanter it seemed. Then she began to recall the earlier days of her childhood, the school-days so well remembered by all, and dwelt on every minute particular. She was, for a time, a little girl, conning her first lessons; she saw her teacher, observed her manner of proceeding, and progressed with her from the first lessons in A B C on towards the more advanced period when writing-lessons came, and the slate succeeded to the well-worn spelling-book. A little light began to dawn. The A B C, the spelling, the reading and writing lessons, these she might teach. And as to what was beyond, could she not herself become a learner, and furnish herself with the needed skill as her pupils advanced?

“But what shall I do with Katy and the
baby?” How like the creation of a dream did the almost pleasant image of a school-room fade from her mind at this question! Katy was two years old, and the baby six months. What could the mother do with them in school hours? Edward was in his fourth year—he could come in with other children; but, during the three morning and three afternoon hours, what would become of Katy and the baby?

“It won’t do, it won’t do!” And the poor little woman shook her head sadly. “I cannot undertake a school.”

And so she was afoot in her plans again. Nearly all of the night followed did she lie awake, searching about in her troubled thoughts for the ways and means of getting bread for her little ones. But no other suggestion offered, and, at last, she came back to the point from which she started—the little imaginary school-room. Then a quiet, as if a long and weary journey were over, settled upon her mind, and she fell asleep.

The sale day came. It was one of painful trial to Mrs. Leslie, who, with a portion of her reserved furniture, remained shut up in one of the chambers, while the unsympathizing crowd trampled from room to room, and the auctioneer’s voice rolled, and rattled, and crashed down at intervals, through the apartments a little while before kept sacred to domestic quiet. Who can blame her, if she went throughout the trying scene, for now she was feeling the first rude shock of that world forth into which she was about going with her children, alone, friendless, and almost destitute? For her to go bravely into this world, unfurnished as she was, and enter upon the battle of life, required more heroism than Napoleon displayed in moving to the field of Waterloo. He had his great army and the prestige of a hundred victories for inspiration; she had—what? Not a single victorious antecedent to flush her heart with the hope of conquest. No, she must go forward, though her enemies seemed an army of giants; and strike with her feeble hands, if she fell bleeding and death-stricken at the first shock. Was not this heroism? Ay, and of the noblest kind; for it was born, not of ambition, but of love. No jewelled crown sparkled in her eyes as she looked upward to heights of human glory; she saw not Fame lifting her trumpet to sound her triumphs so loud that coming ages should hear them; but, in feebleness and in darkness, moved onward because duty was to be done, baring her defenceless bosom to the swift-winged and sharp-piercing arrows. If this were not heroism, then the word is a mockery.

All was at last over. The sale had ended, and the eager purchasers had removed the property which, in this brief time, had changed owners. There was a tap at her door, and Mrs. Leslie opened it to the auctioneer and his attendant, who, with the landlord, were all that remained of the crowd which had filled the house. Her pale cheeks and wet eyes, as she stood with her baby in her arms, and two little ones timidly clinging to her garments, touched the hearts of the three men, unused, as they were, to softer moods.

“And so it is over?” she said, speaking with forced calmness. How rapidly was she schooling herself into self-control and endurance!

“Yes, it is over, madam,” replied the landlord, “and well over. The sale is better than we anticipated. You will have nearly a hundred pounds.”

“Thank God!” fell from the widow’s lips. The sum was so much more than she had hoped to realize. It was speedily paid over to her. As the last coin was placed in her hands, the landlord said:

“Our friend here [glancing at the auctioneer] has told me of a house down in the city, occupied by a clever old couple, who have more room than they want, and who have been talking for some time about letting two or three apartments. The location is just the one for a school. They own the house, and so there could be no trouble, as to undertaking, and no fear of being left with a whole house on your hands. You see, madam, that I look at things all round. Shall I call upon them, and see how they feel about it?”

There seemed no other way for Mrs. Leslie. All things pointed to a school, miserably furnished as she was for such a work, and even the more unfavourably circumstanced as to things external, having a babe at her breast, and two little children besides, themselves almost babes. What time had she to give to the unyielding duties of a school-teacher? “If you please,” she answered, meekly.

“It is always best to strike while the iron is hot,” said the landlord. “I will see these people at once.”

An hour passed.

“It’s all settled.” The kind-hearted man spoke cheerily, as he came in. “They hung fire a little, but, when I promised a year’s rent in advance, or to become myself responsible for a year, they had nothing more to say against it. You are to have the front room in the second storey for a school, the room above for a bedroom, and the use of the kitchen. The rent will be twenty-six pounds a year. What do you say to that?”

“Only, may God bless the widow’s friend!” answered Mrs. Leslie, in a choking voice.

“I have ordered a wagon,” said the landlord. “Hark! it is coming up now. They are clearing out the rooms, and you are to go into them at once. Never mind about house-cleaning.”

He saw what was in her mind. “That was all done a week ago, and you’ll find everything in order. There’s no use in your staying here over another night.”

Mrs. Leslie saw differently from that; however, and gave such good reasons for delaying the removal until the next morning, that the landlord had to give a reluctant acquiescence.

On the following day, Mrs. Leslie turned with a heavy heart from the now rifled and desolate home where a husband’s love had sheltered
and guarded her, and went out into the world to struggle alone, in feebleness and ignorance.

The new home was soon in order for it did not take long to adjust the small remnant of worldly goods that remained in the widow’s possession. Then her thoughts went forward again, in troubled strife with the future. How was she to keep a school, that only resource which had yet presented itself?

On the day after Mrs. Leslie’s removal, her former landlord—whose interest in her could not die out suddenly (indeed, he had pledged himself to aid her in getting up a school, and he was not the man to let his words fall fruitless on the air)—called in to see how matters stood and to offer a little further advice. Looking with a careful eye, as was his habit, to such things as touched his own interest, his first suggestion was, that the year’s rent be paid in advance, seeing that the means to do so was at hand.

“Then,” said he, “your mind will be easy as to a home, for that will be secured for a year.”

He did not say that this pleasant arrangement would take away all obligation from him, in case there should be a failure to pay the rent. But no matter; he was not perfect, and let him have praise for acting kind, up to his best ability, for he had been, so far, a true friend to the almost helpless widow.

To this suggestion Mrs. Leslie offered no demurrer; it was in accordance with her own views.

“And now,” said the other, when this point was settled, rubbing his hands together, and looking particularly pleased, “I’ve been working for you in a new direction. There’s an excellent family living in one of my houses, a man and his wife, who have no children of their own. I’ve been talking to them about you, and persuading them to take one of your children and adopt it as their own.”

An instant pallor came over the widow’s face, and she drew her arm with almost a vice-like clasp around little Katy, who was leaning against her.

“The lady is coming here to see you about it to-morrow. I think she will prefer the little girl.”

For a few moments Mrs. Leslie struggled with her feelings. Then she said, in a low, husky voice, “You are very kind, sir, but I cannot part with my children.”

“But reflect, madam,” urged the man; “think of your condition and of the child’s good. You will be wholly relieved from the burden of her support, and she will pass, by adoption, into one of the best homes in our city. The family is rich, and she will grow up as an only child. I know that it must be a trial for you, mother; but then we must consult the good of our children, as well as our own feelings.”

Mrs. Leslie bent down her head until her face lay hidden among the soft curls that clustered around the temples, brow, and neck of her darling Katy. She was not debating the proposition, but opening her heart deeper, that the child might get a more secure place there.

“What say you?” The landlord pressed hard the question.

“That I will die with my children, but not part with them.”

The landlord was disappointed and offended. Losing patience, he said, roughly, “Very well, madam, you can paddle your own canoe, for all I care.”

And he went stalking from the house, and never came near her again.

Night seemed to have fallen suddenly, after a dark and tearful day. The only friend upon whom Mrs. Leslie had leaned, with any hope of being sustained in her efforts, had now turned from her in anger; and she felt like one, in passing over some fearful chasm, was conscious that the slender plank was yielding beneath her tread. Mrs. Wayland, the woman into whose house she had removed, came up to her room about half-an-hour after the landlord went away; the unusual stillness there had attracted her notice. She tapped at the door lightly, but, as no response came from within, she pushed it open, and entered. She found Mrs. Leslie sitting with Katy in her arms, and her face bent down and hidden. The baby lay asleep in its cradle, while Edward sat playing with some paper soldiers on the floor. The only one who noticed her entrance was the little boy, who looked up to her with a pleased smile.

“Mrs. Leslie!” But there was no movement of the bowed figure. “Mrs. Leslie!” She spoke now in a louder tone, at the same time laying her hand upon Mrs. Leslie’s shoulder.

With a start, Mrs. Leslie raised her head, and looked at Mrs. Wayland in a bewildered manner.

“Are you ill?” asked the latter, in a kind voice. There was something in the voice that went stealing down into the sufferer’s heart.

“Not ill, but in despair,” she replied, mournfully.

“There is a bright side to every cloud,” said Mrs. Wayland.

“Not to the cloud that has fallen over me,” was the sadly-spoken answer. Katy, who was laying upon her lap, now raised herself up; as she did so, her mother drew her tightly to her bosom, and said, in a half wild way, “Give up my darling to a stranger! Never! never! I will die with and for my children, but never give them up.”

“No one wishes to take away your children,” said Mrs. Wayland, who began to think that the poor woman’s mind was disordered.

“Yes, they do; they want my Katy,” was replied.

“Who wants her?”

“A lady is coming to-morrow.”

“What lady?”

“I don’t know her name, but Mr. Lawson has been talking to her; and, because I told him that I would die with my children rather than part with them, he went off in anger, saying that I might get along as best I could.”

“Mr. Lawson is well enough in his way, but he isn’t all the world by a great deal,” said the
old lady, showing a trifle of womanly indignation. "It's all very well for a man to talk to a woman about giving up her children, as if they were sheep or cattle, but he knows nothing about it; so, brighten up, my little woman, and don't take it to heart. Things will come out right; they always do. That's my experience, and I've had some pretty hard ruts in getting through the world. If I understand, you have enough ahead to keep you for the next six months; so, you see, there's plenty of space to turn around in. Scholars will come in, if only one at a time. "You'll get a school, and no thanks to Mr. Lawson."

Mrs. Leslie, without answering, rose and went to a drawer, from which she took a package of money. "Let me do one thing," she said, "and that is, secure this house for a year. Here are twenty-six pounds, the amount of rent. It is set apart for this purpose, and will be safest in your hands."

Mrs. Wayland received the money, simply saying, as she did so, "Let it be as you wish." She then added, in a tone of encouragement: "I have something for you on the brighter side; two scholars to begin with." A light glanced over Mrs. Leslie's face. "But let me explain myself," said Mrs. Wayland, taking a chair, she had, until now, been standing. "There is one thing that I have seen from the beginning; you can't teach a school unless there is somebody to take care of your children, the two youngest, especially. Now, I think I can manage this for you. The scholars I spoke of are two little orphan neices; if you will teach them, I will take care of Katy and the baby during school hours. How does this strike you?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Mrs. Leslie, grasping the hand of Mrs. Wayland, "nothing could suit me better."

"Very well, that may be regarded as settled, and so much towards a school. Beginning with these two little girls, you can feel your way, as it were, brush up, and get your hand in, by the time other scholars come along."

How soon after the shadows fell did the sunlight drive them away! It was but the going down of one day in darkness, that another day of brighter aspect might succeed.

In a week, Mrs. Leslie was ready to open her school. She took that time to acquaint herself as much as possible with books of instruction and modes of teaching, for, being in earnest, and seeing only this resource before her, she gave up her thought to her work, and resolved to do it well—that is, up to the full measure of her ability. It so happened that kind Mrs. Wayland had an acquaintance, a young woman recently from England, who, before her marriage, was a teacher. When she was introduced to Mrs. Leslie, and made acquainted with her designs, she entered into them with a lively interest; in fact, undertook to give the teacher not only the first lessons in her art, but to plan for her a course of study in the right direction. Then came another strengthening assurance to the heart of Mrs. Leslie that, when we strive to do our duty, obstructions remove themselves out of our way. We have but to lift our feet and plant them firmly in advance, to find the ground sure beneath our tread.

Mrs. Leslie always loved children. When a young girl, she would gather them around her, and tell them stories by the hour; and children were always attracted to her.

"I am afraid these two little girls will give you trouble," said Mrs. Wayland, on the day the school was opened. "They have been sadly neglected since their mother's death."

"I will make them love me," was the quiet answer.

And it was so. The young teacher did not begin by adopting a stately formality; she held in her mind no school pattern for imitation. She made no system of rules for strict observance; but, desiring to do her duty by her pupils, she sought, through her own instincts, the way to their hearts; and she found the way. How easy the task was that seemed, as she looked at it from the dim distance, impossible to perform! She was able to look right into the minds of her pupils, to take hold, as it were, of their thoughts, and draw them towards those facts and formulas which are first to be stored in the memory, and then raised up into the region of intelligence; and in doing this, in her own way, she kept them always interested, and made their school-hours pleasant, instead of irksome.

At the end of ten days two more scholars were added. The friend of Mrs. Wayland, referred to as having been a teacher, had looked on, with no common interest, to see how the experiment of Mrs. Leslie would succeed. A week's observation satisfied her; and on her recommendation this addition was made to the school.

From that time the future of Mrs. Leslie was settled. Her little flock steadily increased, until, before six months had expired, the number reached twenty. It was plain, however, both to herself and the few kind friends who had learned to take an interest in her, that her duties were too severe. She was a frail, slender woman, with a narrow chest and rather low vitality. The earnestness with which she was hounding every power of body and mind to this double work of teaching and self-instruction told severely upon her nervous system, and made signs of warning on her paling cheeks and hollow eyes. But there was no turning back to find a new path; this was the only one that had opened to her feet, and, for the sake of her beloved ones, she must go forward, though the sharp stones cut her at every footfall.

A year later found her with a flourishing school, but in a new location. The room at Mrs. Wayland's proveing too small, she had taken an entire house, with ample accommodations. Here she went on, in her life-battle, from conquering unto conquest. The reputation of her school had spread so widely that she was solicited to take more advanced pupils. She
had neither the time nor the ability to teach these, and so had to add to her establishment two or three competent instructors. Yet still, as her work increased, her strength of body— not of will—declined. The aching head and depressed nervous system, the pains that often sobbed her of sleep, had no power to turn her aside from her chosen path. For her children she was ready to die, if that must be; to accept the crown of martyrdom, but not to swerve from duty.

Two, three, four, five years came and went, yet the devoted little woman was still at her post. The school was large, and the demand on all her faculties constant and imperative.

"You will kill yourself," said one.

"You will have to give up your school," said another.

"No one has a right to commit suicide," suggested a third.

Mrs. Leslie heard all this, looked at her helpless children, considered them, and kept on. The question of stopping was not even debated.

And still, as the years went by, the pale, thin face of Mrs. Leslie was seen daily in her school, which, under her excellent management, held its own, though institutions of greater scope and higher pretensions were growing up around her. At last, Edward, her eldest son, reached his majority, and entered the world as a pure-minded, earnest, honest man. At seventeen, she had placed him in a store, where, by industry and intelligence, he gained his employer's confidence, and now he was fairly launched on the sea of life, well furnished for the voyage. Katy had been educated as a teacher, and brought into the school; but a man worthy to claim her hand wanted her for another position, and so removed her to a new home. Willie, who was studying medicine, alone remained to lean upon her failing arm. How earnestly and tenderly did Edward and Katy beseech their mother to give up, and spare her life! But her duty, as she saw it, was not yet done, and so she kept on a few years longer; then the end came, and she rested from her labour.

Willie, her youngest born, and—if her true mother's heart leaned towards one of her children more than another—her idol, had closed his three years' course of study, and received his diploma. The hour for his arrival at home had come, and, with a heart full of love and thankfulness that God had spared her to complete her wish, Mrs. Leslie looked for his appearance. She was conscious of feeling weaker than usual; the ordinary duties of the day had pressed upon her heavily, and many times she had been compelled, through sheer weakness, to lie down, in order to recover her wasting strength.

The night had fallen. Edward was away at the railway-station to meet Willie on the arrival of the train, and Katy had come around from her pleasant home to share the family joy. She sat with her mother, and talked of the smiling future which stood, with a quiver full of blessings, beckoning her onward.

"I feel very weak to-night—weaker than usual," said Mrs. Leslie, leaning back in the large easy-chair, with a weary movement.

"Let me bring you a pillow," and Katy ran lightly over to her mother's room and brought back a pillow, which she placed on the sofa. "Now lie down," she said. "Ah, that is more comfortable." And she kissed the pale brow and thin lips of her heroic mother, tenderly and lovingly.

"The train is late coming to-night. I hope nothing has happened to it." There was a tremor of concern in the voice of Mrs. Leslie.

She had hardly said this when the door was heard to open, and then came manly footsteps, with a springing tread, along the passage. "Thank God!" leaped from the mother's heart, as she rose up, and leaned forward eagerly to get the first sight of her boy, returning home with honour. Into her outstretched arms he came. Clasping him almost wildly to her heart, she sobbed: ""My son! son!"

"Dear, dear mother! I am with you again."

For an unusual time, Mrs. Leslie stood holding her arms around her son, and hiding her face upon his shoulder, then, lifting her head, she murmured, as if answering back to her own thought: "Yes, blessed be God! It was His strength, not mine."

The children noticed an unusual pallor in her always pale face.

"Lie down again, dear mother," said Katy, pressing the light form back upon the sofa. "This excitement is too much for you."

There was a smile of peace on the mother's pale face, as she looked first at one at then at another of her children.

"God bless you all!" she said, with unusual emotion, "and make you, my sons, good and true men, and you, my daughter, a good and true woman. I have lived for this hour; and my reward is great. God bless and keep you!"

The low voice quivered, and tears came out from beneath the closed lids, and shone on the silken lashes.

Shall we go on?

Heroic woman! the great battle of life is over, and thou art crowned with the laurel wreath of victorv. In the very flush of triumph, with all thy ritchrophies around thee, thy day went dow in floods of glory!

On all the blood-stained pages of history, is there written down the story of truer heroism than this?
LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY S. KENTON.

I saw a maiden in the bloom of life,
Hoping, ere long, to be a happy wife.
Within her virgin heart I saw was laid
The pearl of happiness. It would have stayed,
But, in contempt, she cast it quite away,
In thoughtless pride. Ah, foolish girl! One day
They saw her weeping, and she cried—in vain—
"Come back to me, oh, come but once again!"
It was too late; that pearl returned no more!
Her life went on more empty than before:
Yet it was changed, and she became a wife,
And children bless her in the morn of life.
But is she happy? Is no shadow cast
Upon her now? Oh! I look into the past.
She loved a youth, whose spirit would not bow
To pride or wrong, o'er could he win her now;
And she, insensate, when affection's tide
Rose to its flood, it swept not o'er her pride—
Pride, hateful pride, curb cause of Satan's fall,
How strong in women! though not so in all.

Aye, she had married wrongly—married sin:
Then did the wages of her pride begin:
And when the excitement of that change was o'er,
Remembrance came of him she loved before,
He had become entwined around her heart,
And now, alas! the idea could not depart.
Unless her better self might die away,
Oh, sin, to marry, when the heart must stray,
And wrong to think of him! yet 'twould revive
Her higher nature. Could that now survive
She would be happy! But, alas! I see
You pretty child is climbing on her knee.
With feelings mixed she doth the bright child view,
Whilst tears of sorrow those fair cheeks bedew.
Discord has jarred the harmony of life,
Blighted all inward happiness with strife.
The serpent's guile has wrought her cruel fate;
He lured Society to hold the bait,
By urging Pride and Folly to demand
Improper homage to obtain her hand;
And gainst his works the wise must still contend
For the soul's purity, or, like her, lo! they bend.

Yet blame her not too much; ye can't devise
Or trace all causes whence such evils rise.

The guilt of actions only God can know,
Who gives to each its best corrective, woe.
Married, she knows not peace: no; all can see
At times she mourns in hopelesa agony,
Weeping to think what might have been, and how
Repentance comes too late, and she must bow
To reap the evil of her bygone deed.
The earth may hide, but will bring forth the seed;
So doth the heart, results from actions bring,
Sure as earth's harvest from the seeds of spring.
The great to be supported by the small,
Is Nature's harmonizing rule in all.
Observing this the greatest bliss we gain,
Nor can reverse without incurring pain.
In love, the aspirations of the heart
Unite and sanctify our earthly part.
Marriage is holy when the heart is given,
But desecrated when heart-ties are riven.
Are forms or rites more sacred than the law
Of the Omnipresent One we name with awe?
Can barren rocks produce the blooming flowers
That grace the earth's long-cultivated bowers?
Yet each in place their destined purpose fill,
And serve alike the great Creator's will.
Oh, Woman, it is even so with thee.
Hold still thy destined sphere, and thou wilt be
Loved, treasured, honoured, ruling by thy love,
Thrice-happy influence of a world above!
Our help and stay, oh, fail not! keep that sphere.
And the stern heart will love to feel thee near.
Lady, thy hopes of happiness are fed,
And Pride, mad Pride, hath wrought the tears ye shed.

Anecdote.—A good anecdote is told of a painter:
to whom a certain clergyman sat for his portrait.
The minister felt called on, during the sitting, to give the artist a moral lecture. Somewhat in awe of him, he
began very nervously; but as the artist painted away
without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as
he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good
sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed after
wards he never felt so insignificant in his life as when
the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his
profession, merely said—"Turn your head a little to
the right, and shut your mouth."
CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

DIAMOND PATTERN WITH STARS AND STRIPES.

MATERIALS.—Crochet-cotton No. 14, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby; penelope needle No. 8½, and coloured mohair braid of half an inch in width for the narrow stripes, and one inch for the broad. For the tassels, one ounce of single Berlin wool, the same colour as the braid.

THE INSERTION.

In this pattern the first row of crochet is worked on the braid, using it instead of a foundation chain, and, to prevent any difficulty in regulating the stitches, it is advisable to cut a slip of paper rather narrower than the braid, place it on a measure, and with a pencil make dots on the edge of it the required distance apart, as afterwards mentioned; then tack the paper on the braid as a guide for the stitches.

Take a stripe of the narrow braid, the length of the Antimacassar, and hem the ends to secure them, as the stitches are to be one quarter of an inch apart; tack a slip of paper as before directed.

1st row.—Commence at one end of the braid, and work 2 chain and 1 treble on it, repeating to the other end, regulating the distances by the paper. Work 7 chain and 1 plain 3 times across the braid; then down the other side work a row of 7 chain and 1 plain, these stitches must be one-third of an inch apart; then 3 loops more on the end of braid.

2nd.—Miss 1, and work 1 plain in the first 2 chain of last row; then 3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble in the next 2 chain, 4 chain and 2 treble in the same 2 chain as before; then 3 chain, miss 2, 1 plain in the next 2 chain. Repeat along the treble stitches; then leave a yard of thread.

3rd.—Commence at the first plain stitch of the last row, and work 1 plain in the 3 chain; then 3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble in the 4 chain, 4 chain and 2 treble in the same 4 chain as before; then 3 chain, miss 2, 1 plain in the three chain, and, missing the 2 plain, repeat to the end.

Take another stripe of the narrow braid, and repeat the direction to the end of the 2nd row, and for the joining work the third row as follows:

3rd.—Commence at the 1st plain stitch of the last row, and work 1 plain in the 3 chain; then 3 chain, miss 2, 2 treble in the 4 chain; then 2 chain; take the 1st stripe and join to the 4 chain at the point of the last vandyke of it; then 2 chain more, 2 treble in the same 4 chain; then 3 chain, miss 2, 1 plain in the 3 chain. Repeat until all the vandykes are joined. At the end make 16 chain, join to the 1st row of the 1st stripe, and, in this loop of chain, work 3 chain and 1 treble 7 times. Fasten off. With the thread left at the other end, make a loop to correspond.

Repeat the whole of the direction once more.

THE BROAD BRAID.

As the stitches on both sides of this braid will be one-third of an inch apart, the paper guide can be marked accordingly.

Take a stripe and hem the two ends in a point; then, commencing at the straight edge of the braid so as to be even with the narrow stripe, work 4 chain, join to the centre of the 7 chain on the narrow stripe; then 3 chain and 1 plain on the broad stripe. Repeat until all the loops are joined. Work along the pointed end 7 chain and 1 plain 5 times. Then, as before, down the other side of the braid, joining to the second stripe of insertion.

THE STARS.

Commence with 6 chain, and work 1 single on the 1st stitch to make it round.

1st round.—Make five chain and 1 treble in the foundation round, then 2 chain and 1 treble in the foundation 4 times more, 2 chain 1 single in the 3rd stitch of the 1st 5 chain.

2nd.—Miss 1, and work 1 plain and 2 treble in the 2 chain; then 3 chain, 2 treble and 1 plain in the same 2 chain as before. Repeat 5 times more, and fasten off.

Sew these stars on the broad braid, leaving a space of about one inch between them.

Make the tassels alternately of white cotton and coloured wool; these are formed by winding the material round a card about 2 inches wide, and, after securing the folds at the top to form a head, make 6 chain, draw it through a loop of the work, then 6 chain more, and fasten off at the top of the tassel.

GARTER IN WOOL AND ELASTIC CORD.

MATERIALS.—Black silk elastic cord, blue fleecy wool, blue silk ribbon, four-fifths of an inch wide.

This garter is made of four pieces of flat black silk elastic, folded in half their width, and darned closely with fleecy wool. Fasten the four pieces of elastic together at the ends before commencing and drawing the wool alternately once above and once underneath the elastic cords. The garter is then sewn together; the seam is hidden under a rosette of blue silk ribbon. Instead of darning the elastic, they can be joined on to one another by button-hole loops of fleecy wool.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

First Figure.—Dress of pearl-grey faille. Under-skirt half-long, trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce surmounted by a chicory. The double skirt is raised at the sides by a large chicory bow. Straight paletot with a cape. The whole of this garment assumes the bell-shape; the part which is under the pelerine has a simple opening for the arm to come through. The cape, which fits round the neck, is slit up behind, so that it readily follows the movements of the arm and simulates a very wide sleeve. The trimming of the paletot consists of a simple black silk binding, which may, however, be replaced by three gold pipings. Fanchon bonnet of black blonde with a black silk coquille. Thé-rose and foliage.

Second Figure.—Black silk dress. Body with a waistband; it is trimmed with a black-silk plaiting edged with violet silk, simulating a bertha, which ends in a point at the waist before and behind. The waistband is ornamented at the back with a large bow of two loops and ends cut lance-shape. Sleeves rather wide, with pipings placed at the bottom as chevrons. The skirt, forming a half-train, is ornamented with two flounces which divide it into three equal parts; the flounces are laid in large flat plaits piped with silk and separated from each other by a narrow cross-strip. They are raised at the sides and each fastened by wide tab, cut lance-shape; the first, which comes from the waist, reaches below the upper flounce; a large bow is placed on each tab, at the point where the second begins, and this, like the first, reaches below the bottom flounce. A bow similar to the first is placed on the last tab, at the place where the flounce is fastened, so that both are rounded in front and behind, with this difference, however, that those behind are longer than the two in front. No decided change has taken place in the shapes of bonnets or hats; here are the descriptions of a few of the newest.—

Fanchon bonnet, of black lace, a rose in front, with a large gold-yellow dahlia and black feathers set right on the top of the bonnet. Round barb with very full trimming, long, and falling on the breast in a cascade of lace fastened by a bow of the same.

Fanchon bonnet different from the preceding, inasmuch as it is trimmed with roses, and the feathers are less voluminous. The black lace bars are mounted on black velvet.

Diadem bonnet, of black lace, trimmed with loops of black velvet in front and with a wreath of lilac convulus and velvet folions as a coronet, the whole forming a diadem. A gazelle-grey scarf-veil passing round the neck.

Vlais hat of grey felt, with turned-up brim. Long lilac feather hanging down on the neck; a Brasil signette. Long grey scarf-veil, raised at the side by a grey velvet bow, and passing round the neck.

Moscowite hat trimmed with silver-grey velvet, with a torsade around it. Large loops in front. Grey velvet strings tying behind the hat, with long ends hanging down the back.

Dress caps are quite as large as bonnets. They are coronets formed of lace ruches and loops of ribbons, with sometimes a flower at the side. Barbes of lace fall behind. Black thread lace and white blonde are used. Simple and pretty caps for breakfast are made of a triangular piece of Swiss muslin, or of white tatarian, with a quilling of the same on the edge. The Marie Stuart point above the forehead ends in a bow of ribbon between the crépies. The back is straight on the chignon, and measures a quarter of a yard. Caps for young widows are made of white tatarian, with a widow’s ruche of two small puffs beneath the quilled edges. Strings of black lutestring, and small bow in front.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: “Lanes; Messengers from the Garden;” “Exiled;” “From the German;” “Two Epitaphs, by Lord Byron.”

Declined, with thanks: “The Voice of the Storm by Night;” “A Child’s Thoughts;” “The Lessewing Ship” (a pretty idea, imperfectly worked out. Will the writer try again?)

“F. J. C.”—We shall be very glad to read, and give an opinion on the story, if sent to us. We have no objection to tales by amateurs if possessing merit; at any rate such writers may count on our best advice and encouragement, if not acceptance.

Prose accepted, with thanks: “The Roadside Inn;” “My Adventure.”

Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

L. M. — ORIGINAL CROCHET PATTERNS. — We shall have pleasure in accepting them, if proved by the designer, and capable of being worked from description only.

Printed by Rogersson and Tuford, 265, Strand.
The Charge

London, Published by Rogers & Yorick, 265 Strand, 1819.
THE PURSER'S DAUGHTER.

(Concluded.)

BY LADY S——.

CHAP. VIII.

The next day Beatrice called at a small house, where in poverty, but with everything about them arranged with the greatest cleanliness, order, and regularity, was found the poor bedridden mother, and her daughter, Lucia Fiasco, working by her side. A piano stood in the room; and the bed upon which reposed La Signora Fiasco, a small sofa, which did the double duty of a seat by day and a bed by night, two or three chairs, a few volumes that had evidently known better days, and a little more necessary furniture, was all the apartment contained, with the exception of a small table near the invalid, on which was placed a book, two oranges on a plate, and a small vase filled with a few wild flowers. This room opened into a tidy kitchen. The suffering mother, though evidently enduring great pain, was most patient, and even cheerful. Their misfortunes, she said, were even a source of great thankful ness to her, as it proved in the most beautiful manner, the goodness and extreme devotion of her dear daughter. This was said when Lucia had gone into the kitchen to make some coffee.

After a time the conversation turned upon music, and Lucia's anxiety to obtain an engagement at the opera. In the meantime she did her best to eke out their very small pittance by the sale of her embroidery, giving lessons in music and dancing. This day was a holiday. Beatrice was much pleased with her visit, deeply touched with the pious resignation of La Signora Fiasco, and the truly filial affection and duty displayed by the pretty Lucia.

Upon her return to Casa Martelli, she did all in her power to interest the kind-hearted mistress of the house about the Fiasco's, and succeeded so well, that she obtained some large orders for the fair hands of Lucia to execute in embroidery. Happily, except for her separation from her husband, did this month speed for Beatrice. A fine healthy colour had returned to her rounded cheeks, her figure had regained its former pretty shape, the effects of her two months' penance and fasting with the Lady Abbess and her nuns were no longer perceptible, and when Antonio, with excessive joy and rapture, again clasped his Carissima Sposa in his arms, he beheld her as a still more handsome and captivating Beatrice than the one he had been so unfortunately separated from.

Profuse and heartfelt were the thanks he tendered to La Signora Martelli and her excellent husband, for the excessive kindness they had displayed to his dear wife during a most trying portion of her early married life. After the first delightful hours of being again united had passed away, there came, alas, a painful reaction, sad thoughts intruded, which threw a dismal cloud over their happy dream; for the common, but necessary question of money matters had to be privately discussed; how were the newly married pair in future to live? what were they to subsist upon?

Antonio's pay, with a small allowance from his mother, had only as yet barely sufficed for his wants; to live upon love seems all very charming in verse or in idea, but wedded lovers find it very meagre diet. From whence could they obtain the necessary funds for living, even in the most frugal manner? To tell the plain truth, Antonio had been dismissed the service with a severe reprimand, so adieu to all future hopes in a military career.

His widowed mother lived in a very plain manner in a small apartment in Florence. To her Antonio had applied for a little extra money, after having confessed his fault in having married without her maternal consent, which is thought more of in Italy than in England. The pardon had been readily granted, but she was deeply wounded by his secrecy and his total want of confidence in this the most important step in life. Had he consulted her, he might have made a far better match, or conducted this one in a more sensible manner, so as to have first obtained the father's consent, and probably a little money.
in hand. She ended her letter by saying she sincerely hoped this hasty union might conduce to his happiness; she also expressed a kind wish to become as speedily as possible acquainted with his young Sposa; and should he have to leave his regiment, owing to his late sope, she thought she need hardly remind her own dear son and child that to him, her ever darling boy, her house was always open, and that he would perhaps do well had he to leave Sienna, to bring his handsome English wife to the shelter of his mother's roof; that in the room he used to occupy when with her she would make some trifling alterations, and it would do then very well for them both; his wife being young, she would the sooner become accustomed to Italian ways.

In Italy it is generally the custom for the married son to bring his wife to the maternal roof, there they live, there their children are born. I have frequently seen four, and even five, generations living together in this patriarchal manner, and they appeared to live with one another in the utmost peace and concord.

After a long and earnest conversation, it was at length settled to accept the motherly invitation of La Signora Fiengo; so they bade a grateful adieu to the kind Signora Martelli and her good husband, whose thoughtful hospitality had indeed been most seasonable. Before their departure they paid a farewell visit to La Signora Ginbeletti, in which visit Antonio accompanied his wife. They did not forget either to say some kind words to Caterina, whom Beatrice had often walked to see during her residence at La Casa Martelli. They also wished good-bye to the interesting Lucia Fioce and her afflicted mother, hoping the young girl might have every possible success at La Pergola, at Florence, where she had recently, to her great joy, obtained an engagement. This news not a little delighted Beatrice, as she should now often hope to see her friend.

They parted with many caresses and affectionate words.

The young people were kindly received by La Signora Fiengo. The floor she occupied in Florence was in a good-looking house, commanding a fine view of the Arno and its handsome bridges; but as it was situated on the cold side of the river, and alas, up several pairs of stairs, this, with its absence of sunshine, combined to make the rent dearer. In summer, of course, it was cool and pleasant enough, but in the winter months, it must be owned, it was bitterly cold; however, it being now fine summer weather, it was delightful. Beatrice found her mother-in-law's housekeeping rather meagre fare, and she felt it all the more from its wide difference from the generous hospitable abundance that prevailed at La Casa Martelli.

The bed-room allotted to herself and husband was exceedingly small, and was almost destitute of any common comforts. Not a bit of carpet was there to be seen; all was dreary and miserable; the bed, a very hard one; only two chairs; none even of the usual accessories generally found abroad in bed-rooms; so its only redeeming point being that the window looked out upon the Arno, which gave it a lively effect, and was the only thing Beatrice liked in the room.

In the domestic duties the bride soon found she was expected to take her full share, but her ignorance of even the most simple details soon caused her new mother to beg her to give it up and to practise her music instead, as poor Beatrice only spoilt every dish she attempted to cook.

After they had resided about a month in Florence, Antonio informed his bride that having had a long conversation with his mother a few days previous regarding pious matters, he found, from what she had told him, that it was absolutely necessary that he should seek some employment so as to make a little money and defray in a measure the additional expense consequent on their presence in her small household. He was glad to say his uncle Stephano had kindly exerted himself to procure a situation for him in one of the first banking houses in Florence, where his uncle had some interest, he had been accepted, and he was to attend regularly to his employment from the following Monday morning.

Though Beatrice's own good sense showed her the necessity of this step, she yet felt how lonely would now be her fate; no Antonio to walk out with her and point out to her the many beauties of Florence. She, however, wisely said as little about it as she possibly could, and Antonio promised he would take her to the pretty Cascino on fine evenings when his duties for the day were over.

This Cascino is quite the Hyde Park of Florence. There all the high-born of the place assemble and walk; even the royal family descended to show themselves, and likewise take their exercise. It was now in all its beauty.

After this matter of his own was settled, Antonio again addressed his wife:

"But Beatrice, as I must work for our living—and I shall have to work hard, I can assure you—I quite agree with my dear mother's sentiments upon the subject, that as you, she tells me, are of no assistance in domestic matters, you ought likewise on your side to try what can be made of your pretty voice, endeavouring to turn it to some account, and so on your part also earn a little money."

Beatrice was much astonished and not a little grieved at this proposition of her husband's. She had married, had run away from her father's protection to avoid the life of a public singer. Antonio, as a lover, had repeatedly promised her she never should be asked to go on the stage; but utterly regardless of all former promises, now was the same person, now he had become her husband, and that only a short time proposing this hateful life to her.

Beatrice, overcome by various emotions, fairly burst into a passionate flood of tears, entreatings, pleading in her prettiest possible manner that this measure might not be forced upon her,
Chapter IX.

It is a difficult thing to refuse the request of a newly-married wife, begging for some object in all the charm of her youthful beauty.

"Well, cara mia, we will say no more about it at present. Dry your tears, darling. Do not spoil your pretty eyes. Put on your bonnet, and we will walk this fine evening to San Miniato."

This is certainly a most lovely walk. With its many olive trees always in leaf. You are well rewarded for the steep ascent by the magnificent view you obtain when you have climbed up to the church (a handsome and curious edifice), the prospect commanding an extensive range of the whole city of Florence and its environs, interspersed with the windings of the far-famed Arno, with the many prettily-situated villas on its banks. This spot is at all times of the year pretty; but doubly so in the lovely summer sunshine of a June evening. Our heroine was soon consoled; her husband was kind; she felt amused and gratified with her pleasant excursion, and trusted in those happy moments, that the late disagreeable topic might be avoided—at least for some time if ever it came up again. In this, however, she was mistaken, for the subject was soon resumed. On the following Monday Antonio departed for his new employment; he had not long left the house when la Signora Finio called her new daughter, and very plainly told her she considered it her duty so to exert her musical talents that she might practise her voice, and so in this way earn some money to increase the general fund for housekeeping, for it would be absolutely necessary that some further addition should be made to the small remuneration her husband would receive for his daily labour: "Remember you brought no money into the family, not even the usual trousseau or jewellery brought by a bride, and you are of no use in domestic matters." To Beatrice's assurance that, to the best of her belief, her voice would fetch but very little in the market, also that she had had the greatest possible repugnance to lead the life of a public singer, la Signora replied: "You are, my dear, but a child; you must be directed; you must obey our wishes. What I see is for our mutual advantage you must do. If you do not possess the good sense to do it willingly, I shall speak to my Confessor, and the words of that pious, excellent, good man will no doubt carry their proper conviction to your mind. I shall also talk the matter again over with my son, and, in spite of your silly likes and dislikes, fine airs, and but you know Uncle Silvane and Antonio will insist, young lady, on your exerting those talents Nature has endowed you with, for the family benefit. It is no use giving way to ill temper, Signora; I do not care for your tears, they are of no effect with me."

Poor Beatrice severely felt this lecture of her mother-in-law. She seemed to her a cold woman, whom no entreaties, however earnest, could move from her own firm purpose. When she had settled the affair with the father-confessor and herself, nothing could change her stern resolution. Beatrice's wishes and inclinations were as nothing to her in the scale. Beatrice was a young girl; she must do as she was bid. What were the inclinations of this child-wife to do with the important matters of business upon which, probably, part of the comfort of a whole family might depend? They were, in her opinion, not worth a moment's thought, when weighed in the balance with such serious, important subjects, settled by older and wiser heads. Upon Antonio's return from the bank, instead of finding a smiling wife ready to receive him, Beatrice's reception of him was an uncomfortable one, she looking most miserable, and showing evident marks of recent tears on her face. He spoke kindly to her; but when, at his earnest request, she related the incidents of the morning, he repaired to the general sitting-room, where he found his mother, spectacles on nose, busy mending her household linen.

At the expiration of a long weary hour, spent by Beatrice in painful anxiety, her husband returned to her, informing her, in a quiet but firm manner, she must positively agree to his mother's wise plan for her future conduct, and she must accede to his wishes, for he found it was absolutely necessary—and, in short, he insisted upon it. Poor Beatrice then, like many another woman, found a little too late she had made a serious mistake, and that her fond girlish dream of ardent passionate love was over, never, alas! to be realized. She little knew, even then, she had been married partly for her fine voice; for without this talent, the cautious Italian, however much he admired her, would hardly have run off with her, penniless as she was, even had she been twice as handsome. Had her father left her some money it might have been different; they then might have waited a longer time before asking her to do this violence to her feelings. So, with a heavy heart, she found she must submit to the plan laid down for her future life, which was, that when she had received some more instruction, to seek an engagement for her at the Theatre of La Pergola. To give her a greater chance of success, a singing-master, the best Florence could produce, was engaged for her. A good piano was placed in the family sitting-room, and there la Signora Madre installed herself regularly with her needle-work or book of devotion, not only during the lessons given to Beatrice, but also during the long hours she was now obliged to devote to the instrument. No sooner had Antonio departed for his daily employment than Beatrice was expected to begin her practising under, to her, the tiresome, ever-vigilant eye of la Signora—not (to do her justice) that she ever found her mother-in-law violent; no, for an Italian she was wonderfully cool, always collected, even when vexed, never putting herself out of temper, but most stern and determined, maintaining, when not pleased, a most vexatious series of
tauntings and upbraiding, if her orders were not immediately obeyed. Beatrice found herself treated quite like a child, and that she had only exchanged one kind of slavery for another, and a severer coercion was ruled in her now married life, when she had expected full liberty, than she had ever remembered to have been exerted over her on any previous occasion. Complaints were continually made to Antonio of his pretty wife’s laziness, of her having either given a passionate answer, or of her having been sly, so that in the morning Beatrice had to contend with the mother’s irritating and exasperating temper, and in the evening her husband’s severe reproaches, for not endeavouring to please his dear kind mother. “She would, I am sure, be so good, if you would only not contradict her, and not be so often vexing her by your wilful disobedience, and giving way to sly and sulkv humours. This very morning she tells me that instead of practising, you actually would go out, and refused even to say where you were going; you remained out two or three hours. This you know, Beatrice, is not the proper thing. You must regularly practise the only accomplishment you have been taught, in such a manner that there may be some hopes of your obtaining, at the proper time, an engagement at La Pergola. In the next place you are too young, and too pretty to traverse the streets of Florence alone, and never even letting my mother know where you were going.” Beatrice quietly answered that the object of her walk was to visit La Signora Fiesco and her clever delightful daughter, who had been already promised a good engagement at La Pergola, and had lately arrived in Florence.

“Oh, Cara, that a little alters the case. You may possibly obtain from La Signora Lucia some useful hints. I have heard her voice was much admired in Sienna. You had better practice occasionally together. But, remember, my mother or the maid will accompany you; you must not walk out alone. The Signora can, no doubt, come here sometimes. And pray, Carado, behave better to my mother.”

This was one of the many petty trials our heroine had to submit to. The path she had chosen to tread, instead of being full of roses, as she expected, was filled with various sharp thorns; the fault she had committed brought its own punishment with it, and though her griefs may not appear very serious ones, yet few things are more difficult to be endured with perfect good temper and patience than the daily, hourly torment, caused by a disposition resembling La Signora Fiengo’s. No torture, it is said, exceeds that of a single drop of water for any length of time falling on the human head. Also there was another terrible sorrow, which was Beatrice’s finding she was totally unable by any letters, however submissive and repentant, even containing the most earnest entreaties for pardon, to soften the heart of her father. Her sister Judith had written several kind letters to her, expressing how deeply she regretted their father’s continued displeasure, with her hopes that he might in time become reconciled to the marriage; and great vexation that no change, as yet, seemed to have taken place in his angry feelings.

Beatrice’s life, however, was rather pleasantly varied by a frequent intercourse with the Fioscos. Lucia often visited her, and they practised their songs together, which made Beatrice’s forced labour lighter, and greatly improved her style of singing. On one of Antonio’s rare seasons of holiday the young pair spent it at Sienna, at Casa Martelli, which was then a charming residence. Signora Martelli was kindness itself, and the many amusements there they partook of was a charming relief from the home-life at Florence.

Soon after their return Beatrice obtained an engagement at La Pergola, but only a superior one. Her voice was deep, but there was still a great lack of sweetness which, even in the warm air of Italy had not been able to supply. It was true the excellent tuition she had received, had rendered her previous faults or more correct; she now sang in perfect time, and certainly possessed a large volume of voice; still she did not seem likely to realize her father’s fond paternal vision of becoming, at least a critical Italy, a prima donna. She having, however, obtained even this small engagement, secured her greater comforts than she had hitherto been allowed; also more peace and freedom of action and increased intercourse with her young friend Lucia, as they occasionally sang in parts, so had to rehearse privately, as well as at the theatre. The money thus obtained from her professional exertions rendered her mother-in-law kinder.

Chap. X.

One lovely evening Antonio returned earlier than usual from the bank, on purpose, as he told her on entering the room, to take her for a nice walk—she had been a good girl lately and worked hard. Beatrice was busy at her needle, intently embroidering some very minute article; this accomplishment had been taught her by Lucia. “Carissima, why will you not walk? What are you trying your pretty eyes for, and so busily plying your dainty little fingers upon?”

At length an answer was obtained, and Antonio was much delighted with the prospect imparted to him.

This evening was one of great happiness to Beatrice; making up to her for much former wedded estrangement. So improved were La Signora Fiengo’s feelings towards Beatrice—probably owing to the money she had been able to earn at the theatre—that when, towards the end of the succeeding spring after her marriage, Beatrice found herself likely to become a mother, no unpleasant or unkind results were made at this increase of their household expenses by the thrifty Signora. To Beatrice the birth of her first-born boy was indeed a joy
supreme. As she looked into his lovely liquid eyes, examined his tiny infant features, watched the soft breathing of her precious baby, she felt that exquisite pleasure which only a mother can feel: he made up to her in a great measure for that want of thorough happiness with her husband, her marriage having not equalled her fond, girlish dream of perfect wedded-love; but this little darling seemed sent to be her joy, her companion, her idol; to recompense her for many a past vexation. For him she would toil and work cheerfully as she had never toiled or worked before. She was determined to study the music she could not like, more than she had ever done, so that, by the additional money she earned, she might be able, when older, to purchase for this her darling child any little pleasure he might fancy. Antonio, of course, also loved the little tiny fellow, but said he must be older before he nursed him. La Signora Fiengo, too, was much pleased with this her first-born grandson; still, as may be naturally supposed, to no one was he such a treasure as to his youthful mother: it was a pretty sight to see them together. As soon as her health permitted it, Beatrice returned to her theatrical engagement.

Another winter came. She frequently now sat at her bed-room window, with her feet upon the scaldino—her mother indulged her with this comfort, the weather being particularly cold and wet. After days of incessant rain, she would set her boy on the floor by her side watching the Arno, now swollen to a gigantic size, rushing with frightful rapidity under the bridge close to the window, having gathered increased strength as it rolled along from all the mountain streams, now become important torrents and wonderful waterfalls, bringing irresistibly with them pieces of wood, branches of trees, all, in fact, that came in their way, changing the colour of this usually placid river into a dirty hue, and making it of the consistency of soup. However cold and damp the weather might be, no fire was allowed in any of the rooms, not even in the general family sitting room, with the exception of the grand reception day, which La Signora Fiengo held every Saturday, when all the Florentine ladies of her acquaintance came to pay their respects to her; then a good fire burnt the whole day, the room was put into proper order for company, Beatrice helping her mother-in-law to receive her guests.

Beatrice had not felt the cold of Florence so much the first winter as it had been unusually mild; this second one she felt it most severely, in spite of the pleasant heat of the scaldino and the warm English plaid shawl she had brought over with her. Her little boy—whom she had named Moses, after her father, though it was also coupled with that of Antonio—she thought, dear little fellow, he would likewise have suffered much; but he bore it famously, having the protection of warm knitted jackets and socks, sent over to Italy, with many more comfortable articles, by the ever-thoughtful Judith Coulson. No child had come to cheer Judith’s lonely hearth, she therefore felt a double interest in her sister’s boy.

Captain Brown still remained obdurate, the birth of the grandson had not even been able to soften his stern displeasure.

Time progressed; Beatrice’s voice had considerably improved; she obtained a higher situation at the theatre, and, of course, her services met with a better remuneration. She also received a considerable award of praise, the more flattering to her woman’s vanity as it was totally unexpected, and, we need hardly add, it greatly pleased her husband and his family. Still, in spite of this improvement in her theatrical career, Beatrice had to endure many home annoyances. It is often difficult for a daughter-in-law to please the grandmother in regard to the treatment of the grandchildren.

"It was not so in my time, why should not the little darling have a small treat once in a way?" Thus spoke La Signora, and she was not singular; many an indulgence a mother would never have thought fit to have given her own child, a grandmother is angry if she may not bestow upon her grandson. Many little trials in her ardent mother’s love had Beatrice therefore to encounter from this very cause.

All the Signora’s angry feelings were kept ready to be poured out to her son on his return to that home he could have wished to have found a refuge from all troubles. After often a severe day’s trial, he had, however he might long for peace, to listen to his mother’s almost constant complaints of Beatrice’s frequent omissions. Sometimes it was she had wilfully neglected her, not attending to her little comforts, sometimes it was she had not left Moses—or Moso, as he was more generally called—to be stuffed and made ill with bon-bons, or she had actually prevented his being aroused from his healthy, rosy, infant sleep, in order that he might be dressed and shewn to some admired friends at an evening party. Still, in spite of all these petty vexations, there were many times our heroine felt very happy, both as a wife and mother. When she was well received at the theatre, Antonio experienced not a little pride as the bouquets fell in quantities at her feet. Still, Beatrice had the pain of not having yet received her father’s forgiveness, and Captain Brown seemed no more likely to be reconciled to his daughter than he had done a short time after the marriage, that had so seriously exasperated him.

Again Beatrice became a mother: this time it was a dear little girl, who had to be named Maria after her Italian grandmother, and Judith after her aunt.

Leaving her room rather sooner than she ought to have done one cold day, to resume her theatrical engagements and attend a rehearsal, Beatrice caught a cold. She thought little about it, or did Antonio or his mother bestow any attention upon her ailment; it fixed itself upon her chest with a severe cough; neglected, it became worse. A long illness was the consequence, and though her naturally healthy constitution
at last triumphed, alas! poor Beatrice, her fine powerful deep voice for singing was entirely gone; lost; never to be recovered. This was indeed a serious vexation; the more to be regretted, as La Signora now became crosser, and more exacting than ever, so that, poor Beatrice, in addition to the natural weakness usually felt after illness, had to submit to many an ill-natured remark. Had she done as her mother wished, she was quite sure her daughter-in-law would not thus have become perfectly useless; she ought to have wrapped herself up warmer; it was quite her own fault taking cold and thus losing the only useful accomplishment she possessed. She must, however, now try to turn her attention to some other means of providing towards the defraying of the increased weekly expenditure, occasioned by the addition of two hungry children to feed and clothe. Beatrice felt perplexed, and wondered what fresh plan would be suggested.

After the lapse of a few days, La Signora, ever calculating and thrifty, again resumed the conversation about ways and means of making money, and proposed, in the presence of Antonio, that as soon as his wife’s strength was sufficiently restored to permit it, she should do her best to teach English to some young Florentine ladies of the first families in that city, to whom, through friends, they could obtain introductions, and who were desirous of acquiring that language. Of course the remuneration would not be equal to that obtained at the opera, more particularly compared with that Beatrice had latterly received, still it would be a useful addition to their slender means, and might also occasionally be increased by giving at times a few lessons on the piano, and in singing, for although she had so far lost her voice as never to be able again to take her part as a songstress, she still possessed sufficient vocal power and knowledge of music to teach it.

To all this Beatrice lent an attentive ear. Before her mother-in-law she wisely said nothing; but when alone with her husband, finding his wishes pointed the same way, she, like a dutiful wife, agreed to it, provided, that in addition to the young nursery girl now with her in the sole charge of the children, baby and all, an experienced nurse, thoroughly to be depended upon, should be engaged to attend to the children during the frequent absences from her home, which Beatrice would now have to make.

Having been promised this, our heroine cheerfully agreed to obey the mother’s request when her restored strength permitted it.

To facilitate the recovery of her usual health, Beatrice spent much of the fine warm autumn weather in the open air. Sometimes a friend drove her to the lovely Cascino, where they walked and sat; at other times she directed her steps to the beautiful Boboli Gardens, open to the public every Thursday and Sunday. They are situated near the palace, full of embowered walks, resembling long green arbours, diversified with terraces, while vases and statues add greatly to its splendid beauty; they form, from so much shade, a delightful walk at every season of the year.

In these charming gardens one fine Thursday in October, Beatrice went with her eldest boy tripping by her side, interrupting every moment, with his childish prattle, her graver thoughts. No music is ever so delightful to a mother’s ear as the innocent soft little chatter of her first-born; she does not mind how the child calls of her attention, or what trouble his infant wayward fancies give her.

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**Chap. XI.**

They reached the pretty gardens. Beatrice, still weak, after walking a little, sat down upon a rustic seat, and took out her knitting. Moses ran up and down the walk before her. Few people were in the grounds at the hour chosen by Beatrice; her seat commanded a view of one of the pretty covered walks just described.

It was a bright autumnal day, one of those days when the warm rays of summer are, even in colder climates, lingering upon the declining year, seeming to have a difficulty in wishing us good-bye; but as may well be supposed, these charming days are much more brilliant in Italy. Beatrice, tired of knitting, sat shading her eyes with her large parasol, when she distinctly heard, at the end of the embowered walk to which her boy had strayed, another voice speaking to him. The voice was a full deep man’s voice; who could it be? It raised her woman’s curiosity not a little, she well knew the voice; but still it could never be; no, it was not surely possible. She listened, she strained her powers of hearing to the highest degree. The man asked the child his name, her boy answered Moso.

“Why are you so called?”

“Non so, non so; Moso, Moso,” merrily sang, in a kind of recitative, the pretty child, running and jumping as he spoke.

“Who are you with?”

“Con la mia, Cara Madre; Mia Carissima Madre.”

A short silence ensued, then two little dimpled arms were hastily thrown round her neck, kissing her, one loving kiss after another in quick succession.

When released from her child’s embrace, Beatrice recognized, with a joyful surprise, her father, Captain Moses Brown. To rush forward, half throw herself at her father’s feet, be pressed in his vigorous arms, and heartily kissed, was but the work of a moment.

“Through Judith you no doubt received safely the necessary papers from England to enable you both to legalize your hasty marriage?”

Beatrice answered in the affirmative. Captain Brown exclaimed:

“Well then, Betty child, I freely forgive you the sly trick you played me, we will say no more about it.”
These were the only words of reproach spoken, and her father quietly sat down by her side, placing his grandson on his knee.

"You look ill, Betty; do these Italian beggars starve you, my dear, with their maccaroni, sour wines, and queer kickshaws? You seem, child, sadly in want of mutton chops, some good beefsteaks, and some prime English porter; this would be the right sort of stuff to do you good. Where the dickens is your fine red colour gone to?" So spoke the bold Captain, as he, at the same time, played with his little grandson.

To any man the novel sight of his first-born grandson must always be a pleasure. A slight trace, perhaps hardly perceptible to any other eye but his own, is found to himself either in the infantine features or the walk, the movements; or occasionally in some gesture, or little passionate action, there exists some curious imitation of the grand parent, or perhaps some more remote family ancestor. A man naturally feels proud to live again in his children's posterity and be able to entertain a reasonable hope that his family, though probably only a purely respectable one, will continue on in a straight line to succeed after him. So most likely Captain Brown, in playing with Moses, experienced the second emotions rising in his breast and stirring even his inmost soul with tender feelings, till now perfectly strange and new.

The child, at a warning look from his mother, restrained his usually high spirits and love of fun, remaining only amusingly playful when taken notice of. In this boy the grand father saw a wonderful likeness to himself, only far more obedient than he ever remembered to have been to his own good old mother. There were the same dark eyes, the very same peculiar twist of the nose, the eager manner, the same shaped chin, also the same square breadth of shoulder, and firm, well-knit limbs; he felt he could dearly love this tiny image of himself.

His forgiveness of his daughter was now complete; but alas, we must confess, in the shape of actual money, it was very little indeed Beatrice obtained from him. A dress or two, a few pleasures, but only a trifle in the substantial way, most likely to have been of use to her. Hardly a day, however, passed without their meeting.

Antonio, to do him justice, on his part did his very best to please his newly-introduced relation, though that gentleman's rough and queer ways, loud voice, and singularly forcible expressions—for the Captain spoke tolerable Italian—astonished him and his mother not a little. They, however, attributed it to the gothic singular fashion of that northern barbarous place "Les Isles Britanniques," as Antonio had been taught by his French master to call England, classing with her both Scotland and Ireland all in a lump, in one idea of savage life, queer customs, and strange ways.

For the winter Beatrice had the pleasure of retaining her father. The grandchildren were all much loved and admired by him, as might naturally be supposed, but none ever won his heart so completely as the little dark-eyed, merry Moso. The child also on his part evinced a most wonderful affection towards his grey-headed grand sire; to his knee were his prittest toys brought. Had any trifling present been made to the boy of bon-bons, cakes, figs, &c., before he ever touched a mouthful, they were the first taken by the little fellow to his grandfather, and presented to him moreover, this was done in the most engaging manner.

About the middle of the month of January in this year La Signora Fiengo was taken very ill with a severe inflammation of the chest, from walking out one day without sufficient warm clothing in a bitter Frangipani wind. It was at the busy time of the Carnival, when Florence goes mad with pleasure, and turn out the funniest masquerade figures that can well be conceived; still, all is under the strict eye of the police; much licence is allowed, many tricks are played, yet all is given and taken in the most perfect good humour. No drinking or quarrelling, but owing to the dancing about in grotesque thin garments, quite incapable of protecting the body from cold in frequently very severe weather, many illnesses are caught.

It was on one of these merry days that La Signora Fiengo joined some friends in a carriage to see the fun. A few solemn black Misericordia priests, adding with their gloomy dress, and the shaking of their boxes, begging money for the repose of the souls of the departed, forming a singular contrast with the gay scenes.

Soon after La Signora's return home, she was, as I said before, seized with illness; and in spite of her age, she was, according to the fashion of the Italian doctors, bied and blistered most severely, so that she ran a great chance of dying of the doctor, even if cured of her sickness. However, her illness, which was of short duration, terminated fatally. Of course all proper respect was shown her. All the

* The Brethren of the Misericordia are a body of men who seem to endeavour to do all the good they can to their fellow creatures. In sickness and distress they give money to those in want, and the better to conceal their good actions, wear a peculiar dress, which completely covers, not only the person, but the face, just leaving two holes for the eyes. Some of these brethren are dressed in blue garments, others in black, and some in white. The black ones remove to hospitals, or elsewhere as may be wished, invalids, in cases of accidents, &c. The white ones carry away the dead in the evening to be buried. A large bell summons the brethren to the place of meeting. The nature of the accident is denoted by the peculiar tolling of the bell; for instance, once is for a slight accident, twice for a serious accident, three times for a death. At the sound of this solemn notice, the Royal Duke, or Prince, leaves his most important affairs, and the proud noble instantly hastens at its call from the splendid banquet when once a member of this fraternity.
cere monies of her church were paid her dying, and when death had claimed her for his own, she was attired in her handsomest silk dress, her face rouged, white kid gloves were placed upon her hands, a handsome cross was laid upon her bosom, and large bouquets were then thrown over her. Men dressed in white, looking as if robed in shirts, being the white Misericordia, with a number of lighted wax tapers, carried her away in the evening to a church, where she remained in state till late in the following afternoon, when she was buried with all the usual ceremonies at the beautiful church of San Miniato.

When the first natural shock of her mother-in-law's death was over, Beatrice could not help feeling much happier in her domestic circle; there was no longer the constant irritation of a peevish temper, interfering not only between her husband and herself, but also between herself and children, frequently spoiling them, and defeating much of Beatrice's good management with her little ones. As this was now all ended, there was peace and comfort, but Beatrice kept all these thoughts to herself.

When the will of La Signora was read, a larger sum than was expected was left to Antonio; the interest of which, however, he was only to receive for his life, and in case of his death, only a small portion was to go to his wife, the rest to the children. There was also a small sum of ready money bequeathed to him, which he might dispose of as he pleased.

This increase of what to them seemed wealth, arrived most opportuniy, when Beatrice, having lost her voice, could no longer depend on her own exertions towards adding to the family exchequer. She felt most grateful to the old lady for this kind bequest.

Captain Brown remained near his daughter till the spring, gave her a little money when leaving, and actually stuffed a ten pound Bank of England note into the hand of the astonished Moso, who opened wide his large dark eyes at being given paper instead of the usual present of sweetmeats. As the captain kissed the little fellow, tears, real tears, stood in his eyes, and trickled down his rugged cheeks.

With this slender addition to their finances, and also the small sum left by the mother, the Fiengo's were tolerably comfortable. Beatrice had no more than three children, and though she now felt she hardly deserved it, was a happy wife and mother. If in her husband she had not quite realized her girlish dream of conjugal bliss, her darling good affectionate children had more than made it up to her. Her boys, Moso and Giuseppe, were all she could wish them to be, and her daughter was indeed a blessing.

As the youthful Maria Fiengo increases in years, endowed with much beauty, it is her mother's ardent wish that she may be so able to regulate the affections of her girl's heart, gaining over her that due power and entire confidence that ought ever to be bestowed upon a mother; her prayer is that this dear child may never imitate her example, but ever confide all the secrets of her youthful heart to her, as the best friend a child can have. We sincerely hope that the wishes of this devoted parent may be realized.

Captain Brown occasionally visits Italy, and twice Beatrice and Moso have returned with him, and Judith has vied with her father in endeavouring to give pleasure to their Italian visitors.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"A merry Christmas to you all," Is passing now from mouth to mouth, From east to west, from north to south, From lowly cot and stately hall.

"A merry Christmas to us all!" Is shouted by the cheerful host The windows barred against the frost, We toast the season, great and small.

A merry Christmas! Hush—no breath Of revelry must pierce the gloom Of yonder chamber—from that room The spirit has past out with Death.

The widow clasps her child, a kiss Is pressed upon his rosy face; A choking sigh—a close embrace— "A merry Christmas?" What is this?"

A Christmas party—let us go!" A wand'rer, hopeless, drops to die; His brothers heedless pass him by, Half frozen in the freezing snow.

A merry Christmas! What a few Remain of those it welcomed last! Another year has o'er us pass'd, And left us, wife, the only two.

The childish laugh we held so dear, The toys that made us once more young, The infant arms that round us clung, Have vanish'd with the passing year.

But Christmas merry is—and those Who strive to make it so do well; For who can ever fitly tell What comfort from this season flows?

"A merry Christmas!" let us bless The season when our Lord was born; And doubly bless the Christmas morn That gave us “Christ our Righteousness.”

"A merry Christmas to you all!" Let it resound from mouth to mouth, From east and west to north and south, To humble cot, from stately hall.
A NEW THEORY OF BOHEMIANS.

BY CARL BENSON.

Last spring, the spring of 1879, I mean—if this communication waits as long as some of mine have done, it may be spring before last, or spring before that, when it is published—in the spring of 1879, I say, it was rumoured that a club of Bohemians had been established—an idea which provoked much ridicule. This set Carl Benson a-thinking (for he does perform that operation sometimes, and it was not the first time he had performed it on the very same subject) about the differentia of the Bohemian—what he is and what he is not, what properly constitutes him, and whether he is a specific product of a particular city, or one of all civilized countries.

The name, if not invented, was at least fixed in circulation by Henry Murger. His “Bohemian Life” was published some twenty-five years since, and about half as long ago Carl Benson translated it in tutta la sua parte sana, according to the Italian editors’ phrase (that is to say, rather less than half of it) for the —— as some of the readers may or may not remember.

This matter of course borrowed from the gypsies, and his Bohemians led a precarious, gypsy-like existence. Artists and authors (in intention at least), with no capital but their wits, they struggled on till they had fairly made their way into decent, tax-paying society, and were “Gypsies of Art” no longer, or else succumbed in the struggle and perished miserably.

Never having read “Friends of Bohemia,” or other works, in which the same class is specially treated of, I am unable to say how closely this type has been followed by Anglo-Saxon writers generally, but I suspect they took substantially the same view of Bohemian life as the idealization of vagabondism. A light heart and a thin pair of breeches will go through all the world, my brave boys, as the old song had it a long while before Henry Murger. Or, in the words of the German ballad, which you will find at the end of this treatise, “The bore of life is fiddled, smoked, and slept away.” All very well for a time, but some day—generally before you have gone through all the world—the other side of the account-book is turned over. Suppose Justice Oldmixon puts you in the stocks for a vagrant. Suppose there is no money to smoke with; for even the cheapest tobacco costs something. You may sleep, to be sure; and he who sleeps dines, on the authority of the French proverb; but does he who sleeps also smoke? Even the fiddle-strings will wear out in time, and you can’t “rosin the bow” without the rhino. So does insulted respectability find its revenges brought about by time’s whirligig.

Bohemianism, then, we see considered by its first historians as a necessarily transient state which men must get out of or be swallowed up by—a state of poverty, and incidentally of vice. I say incidentally of vice, because its inventors as a status, a métier, were Frenchmen, and everything in France must have a spice of vice about it.

Now this I maintain to be a limited and inadequate conception of Bohemianism. It is not necessarily a state of poverty (if by poverty you mean want of substantial comforts), still less of vice—that is, of dissipation. It is not necessarily a transition state; on the contrary, people are born to it, and live and die in it. Sala, it appears to me, first hinted at the truth of the case when he talked of a Bohemian going home at ten o’clock to read Plato and drink water gruel. Paradoxical it must have seemed to many of his readers, but nevertheless literally true. There are Bohemians who go home at ten o’clock at night to read Plato and drink water-gruel. There are Bohemians with houses and lands and rent-rolls and government stocks—nay, there are Bohemians who keep their accounts and their appointments with rarely deviating regularity. And Bohemianism, I repeat, is not a phase, a transitory period of a man’s life, but the whole of it. The Bohemian may be born poor, and die rich, or vice versa: he is always a Bohemian.

But who and what, then, is the Bohemian you may ask. Define him at once, or we find it more difficult to tell who is not a Bohemian than who is. Well, then, I proceed to my definition: A Bohemian is a man with literary or artistic tastes, and an incurable proclivity to debt.

To many members of our mercantile community the second head of this definition would appear to be merely a natural sequence from the first. It has long been a doctrine on ‘Change that authors and artists and such people are bound to be in debt and difficulty, and at more or less risk of starvation all their lives. But this is a fallacy of juxtaposition and imperfect generalization which it is not worth while to confute seriously or at length. Look at a fashionable English portrait-painter, or indeed at an English artist generally. Can there be anything less Bohemian? How many Wilkses do we find for one Haydon? Look at literary men. How many Thackerays, Dickens, Trolleys are there for one Poe!

On the other hand, it is evident that the unfortunate propensity to run in debt is not confined to literary men and artists, but is common to many men of all and of no profession, utterly innocent of any artistic or literary pretension or
performance. This, again, is so obvious, that to enlarge upon it would be merely platitudinous.

But why does the Bohemian get into debt, since it is not in virtue of his profession? The answer to this question will develop the constituent points of the Bohemian character.

In the first place the Bohemian is always a man with a hobby. He may have more than one, but one he must have, and that not a mere theoretic and speculative, but a substantial, material, money-consuming hobby. It may be larger or smaller according to his means and position, but is very apt to be too large for those means, whatever they are. If he is a rich man, he may be fond of horse-flesh, which is not an illiterate taste as some overwise people would have you believe; or he may have a mania for collecting pictures, of which even good artists are not necessarily the best judges; or a weakness for fine furniture and jewellery; many great authors have run into such seemingly feminine extravagances. If poor, he will have some smaller weakness, but one equally fatal in proportion to his income. Men have ruined themselves buying pipes. La Brunie, who wrote under the name of "Gérard de Nervai," was in this respect perhaps the most finished type of the Bohemian. He had garrets full of curiosities and brio-a-brac, and no certain daily means of procuring a dinner. At last he was found hanging in one of his garrets. He would sooner part with life than part with his curiosities, or give up the habit of collecting them. Of course such manias are not the peculiar property of authors and artists: a more common example is that of the inveterate gambler. But the Bohemian is a literary or artistic man with a hobby; though it must be observed that his hobby is not necessarily connected with literature or art.

Moreover, it is necessary that his hobby, or weakness, or whatever you choose to call it—his vanity, as Sterne would say—should not be a profitable one. The man who collects pictures, or books, or horses—curiosities or animals of any sort—with a view to selling them again, is the very reverse of a Bohemian. There are many such speculative collectors to be found; Paris is particularly flush of them just now. They are only a variety of Barnum. It is true that the real Bohemian's reckless expenditure may sometimes, by pure accident, turn out to his pecuniary advantage. Thus there is a story of Balzac how he had once very absurdly furnished his parlour all in white satin with magnificent chandeliers, and some jolly friends dining with him had lighted up the chandeliers "to see the effect." Suddenly a publisher "happened in," and was so struck by (what appeared to be) the author's daily luxury, that he made him a huge offer for his next romance. But these are only accidental hits; the Bohemian's hobby is necessarily an expensive and very likely a ruinous one.

Now don't fancy that I disapprove of hobbies. On the contrary I believe in them immensely, every man ought to have a hobby, provided he can keep it within bounds, and doesn't ride it over other people's toes. The misfortune is, that the Bohemian's hobby can't be kept within bounds, but is always tending to eat its own head off and outrun the constable. Here, then, we have the first reason why the Bohemian must and will get into debt.

Secondly, the Bohemian is generous; free of his money when he has any, and sometimes when he has not. There are plenty of men who live "about" on society generally, and contrive to support themselves at the expense of others: some of these are literary men, or not-distant ones; there may be some quasi-artists among them, too; but they are not Bohemians (though sometimes erroneously confounded with the real article); they are only sponges.

Thirdly, beside these particular debt-inciting traits, the Bohemian has a general inaptitude for business; not merely a distaste for business details—this he may have and often has—but even if he has brought himself to conquer the dislike, nay, even if he has it not (for there are Bohemians rather methodical than otherwise, as we have already remarked), he always makes a mess of his business.

This incapacity for business is by "men of the world" and men of the ledger frequently attributed to all votaries of art and literature indiscriminately; and some literary men have accepted the imputation, and rather gloried in it. Thus, Alphonse Karr allows it as the most natural thing in the world that a novelist should know nothing of any other figures than those of metaphor, and he illustrates the position by some odd comparisons. The danseuse, he says, develops her legs at the expense of her chest; so the literary man develops his brains at the expense of his—chest, he probably would have said, only the pun can't be made in French. But this rule (as we also have had occasion to remark previously) is subject to so many limitations and exceptions that it cannot be considered a general rule at all. No doubt the lad who has been placed in a counting-house at seventeen will know more of book-keeping and trade at twenty-one than if he had passed that time at a university or in an atelier. So, too, an author, plunged suddenly into any business matter—made a consul, for instance—may find himself at first awkward in the routine. But it is a long jump from this to the conclusion that the scholar or the painter is ipso facto incompetent to manage his private business, or a reasonable amount of public business. Some scholars and writers and painters there are, and these some are the Bohemians. How many such young men have I seen put into, or putting themselves into, mercantile harness, working for years in the Minerva enough, God knows! but diligently and conscientiously, only at last to ruin themselves and others. And when they were ruined, and thoroughly given up to Bohemianism, they were happier than before; and the business world was happier too, to be rid of them. Their un-Bohemian period
of life had been a dead loss to themselves and
to society. If the phrenologists could only in-
vant an organ of Bohemianism, and prevent such
persons from being placed by mistaken parents
upon counting-house stools, destined to be real
stools of repentance, or placing themselves in
"firms" which are anything but firm, what a
blessing it would be to all concerned! But of
course the phrenologists can't, any more than
they can do anything else of real practical
utility.

Having thus defined the subject of our in-
vestigation, we have next to consider whether the
popular prejudice against him on the ground of
vice is justly founded. Theoretically, and in
the abstract nature of things, there is no reason
why it should be. So far as a man is artistic or
literary, he is pro tanto provided with resources
and mental occupation, and is so far better pro-
tected against the temptations of gross animal
vice than the mere man of business who has no
intellectual resources outside of his ordinary
occupation. A man's taste, though it can never
substitute for religion and morality, may often be a valuable auxiliary to them. True,
we can imagine a man taking up vice artistic-
ally, plunging into the haunts of dissipation
that he may be able to portray them graphically,
or even deliberately committing sin in order to
study its effect upon himself and his fellow-
sinner. But the profession of the bosom Fi-
rmilian blows up the cathedral in order to realize
and analyze the feelings of an assassin and incen-
diary. But the Firmilians are rare and mon-
strosous exceptions, and can scarcely occur save
in a thoroughly diseased condition of society.

The source of the connection in the popular
mind of one particular form of immorality with
Bohemianism, we have already hinted at. The
Bohemian was first taken from the Parisian
point of view, and all society taken from that
point of view (except perhaps some purely
poetic and utopian state), is equally immoral. If
Murger's artist tenants have their mistresses the
bourgeois landlord (a married man too) has
his. This count of the indictment, then, we may
summarily dismiss.

Drunkenness is another vice charged upon
the Bohemian, especially by those who
ignorantly or malevolently, confound jollity
with drunkenness. Here again the exceptions
are constantly made to serve for the rule; a
Byron or a Poe is obstinately represented as the
type of a whole class. A lot of laughers and
quaffers are set down as orgies, though their
potations may be nothing stronger then pale-ale.
This much I admit, that your true Bohemian
generally has in him a potentiality of drink,
not an energy or celerity constantly acting,
but a dynamis (how is our friend T. L., by the
way?) enabling him to enjoy his liquor on
proper occasions, though most nights he may
go home early to his water-gruel (like Sala's
example) or tea or orgeat. In teetotalers' eyes
the Bohemian is lost and condemned. But
we are not writing for teetotalers.

Smoking is another vice popularly attributed
to the Bohemian. It certainly is a common
Bohemian habit. The grave and important
question, how far this practice is necessarily a
vice, would demand a separate treatise. Let us
merely remark that some of the usual objections
to it are much the reverse of fact; as when it is
said that smoking directly encourages drinking,
whereas the case is just the contrary. Nothing
has done more to put down after dinner tipping
than the cigar. As to the excess of the
practice, let us notice with special reference to
the Bohemian, that the man who works or
talks with interest, putting his whole mind
into his work or talk, is much less likely, nay,
much less able to smoke excessively than he
who works mechanically, and whose mind is
idle during the intervals of repose.

A modern school of reformers do indeed
maintain that drinking and smoking are always
excesses; that there is no such thing as temper-
ance in the use of wine and tobacco, all
indulgence, however limited, in those articles,
being intemperance, and tending to shorten
life. Possibly, in a certain sense, they do so
tend; and probably the creed of these philoso-
phers was never so pithily summed up as in
the advice of Punch's Scotchman to his son:
"Wear thick shoes, eat oatmeal porridge, and
walk ten miles a day; thus you may live a
hundred years, and enjoy the last year as much
as the first." The question is, what such a
man's life is worth. He can hardly be said to
have gelebt und gelebt.

One vice, indeed, the Bohemian must have,
it is an essential part of his character and
definition. He must be normally and habitually
in debt. A terrible thing to be in debt, no
doubt, and a great theme to moralize on.
One's children, and society, and the bad
example, and so forth. Unfortunately, it is
with some people a natural infirmity, perhaps
an hereditary one; men are born to get into
debt, and so born Bohemians, as I said. Now
here again, if the wise phrenologists could only
invent an organ of get-into-debt-iveness—that
and philippism, and a great many other
propensities stronger than most of those in their
charts they have never been able to locate!
Perhaps after all, though, it is as well that these
unfortunates cannot be labelled for life before-
hand, have hay put on their horns (formium in
corpus), at the risk of being prematurely cut off.
Well, go read " Panurge's Apology for Debt,"
and while you are looking for in your "Rabelais,"
remember that I don't more than half believe
that dogmatic adage about "being just before,"
etc. I am not by any means sure that it is
always better to be just (in the sense implied by
the adage) than to be generous. There was
Lamartine, one of the real kings of Bohemia, a
man certainly not profligate, certainly not idle,
but always in pecuniary difficulties. That is a
generous man. Now on the other side, take a
Jew tailor; he is a just man in the mercantile
sense, agrees with his labourers for a penny, or
tence a day, as the case may be, pays them
that which is theirs and does what he likes with
his own, as is lawful. Which would you rather be—I mean apart from all reference to the former's literary reputation; merely looking at the conscience and feelings of the two men—Lamartine or the Jew tailor?

One point remains, too important to be passed over in silence; the relation of woman to the Bohemian life. It is a delicate question. My own opinion (which I express with diffidence, and which to some readers will appear not entirely novel in my novel theory) is that women are not fit for Bohemians. They are flowers too delicate for the violent extremes of the Bohemian climate. They can't stand the ups-and-downs. When women have to pass from luxury to privation (positive or comparative), they are in danger either of losing their temper, or of going to the bad altogether. Moreover, it is difficult for a woman, without some loss of delicacy, to be very unconventional, and that is just what a Bohemian is apt to be. Indeed, it is so general a trait of the Bohemian character, that I had at first some thoughts of adding it to the definition, thus: "A Bohemian is a man with literary or artistic tastes, an incurable proclivity to debt, and a strong disbelief in Mrs. Grundy." I fancy women must believe a little in Mrs. Grundy. This unconventionalism is, after all, the crying sin of the Bohemian in many people's eyes, because they vaguely imagine it to include and connote all possible vice. All things considered, I am inclined to think that when a man has the misfortune (for misfortune on some accounts it certainly is) to be a Bohemian born, it is better for him and society that he should light upon a wife of rather anti-bohemian tendencies to keep his house in order.

I am well aware that not only the above opinion, but the whole theory of this essay, may be strongly contested. It may be considered an unfounded pretension on my part to admission among the Knights of the—what table? No table at all, most probably, like the soiree of Murger's hero, where they could only sit down metaphorically. Certainly I do claim to be a Bohemian, as a literary man by profession and (after a fashion) practice, as never having been out of debt but twice since the age of sixteen. Once I recollect having had a balance at my banker's; they stopped payment immediately after, which I accepted as a judgment and a lesson. Nevertheless, if any of your readers refuse to accept my claim to my theory, and cling obstinately to the old pre-conceived type of Bohemian, let me present them with this ballad as a peace-offering in accordance with their own conception of the subject. It has already appeared once in print, but where the un-bohemian portion of your subscribers would hardly think of going to look for it; besides, it has received a few touch-ups for its new destination. Strike up, fiddlers; Hats off in front, and small boys will please to sit down. Don't be frightened at the rhythm, it goes to an air from Wagner's "Music of the Future."

THE THREE GYPSIES.

(From the German of Lens.)

Once I came upon Gypsies three,
In a green spot together,
As my carriage dragged wearily
Over the sandy heather.

One in his hands a fiddle had got,
All to himself—more pity!
The evening sun shone round him hot,
As he played a fiery ditty.

The second had a pipe in his mouth;
He looked at the smoke, as jolly
As if upon earth, from north to south,
All else to him was folly.

The third one's banjo hung on a tree,
The wind o'er its strings was sweeping;
A dream swept over his soul, while he
Beneath lay cosily sleeping.

For clothes the three had around them curled
Mere tatters and rags most various;
But they laughed no less at all the world,
Its honours and joys precarious.

Threefold they showed me, as there they lay,
How those who take life in the true sense
Fiddle it, smoke it, and sleep it away,
And trebly despise its nuisance.

As I went on I had to look back,
Watching those curious creatures,
Watching their locks of hair, jet black,
And their merry dark-brown features.

It is worthy of observation, that the most imperious masters over their own servants, are, at the same time, the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters.
THE PROMISE OF THE DAWN.

A NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS STORY.

A winter's evening. Do you know how that comes here among the edges of the mountains that fence in the great Mississippi valley? The sea-breeze in the New England States thin the air and bleaches the sky, sucks the vitality out of Nature, I fancy, to put it into the brains of the people: but here, the earth every day in the year pulses out through hill or prairie or creek a full, untamed animal life—shakes off the snow too early in spring, in order to put forth untimed and useless blossoms, wasteful of her infinite strength. So when this winter's evening came to a lazy town bedded in the hills that skirt Western Virginia close by the Ohio, it found that the December air, fiercely as it blew the snow-clouds about the hill-tops, was instinct with a vigorous, frosty life, and that the sky above the clouds was not wan and washed-out, as farther North, but massive, holding yet a sensuous yellow languor, the glow of unforgotten autumn days.

The very sun, quite certain of where he would meet next with gratitude, gave his kindest good-night smile to the great valley of the West, asleep under the snow: very kind tonight, just as calm and loving, though he knew the most plentiful harvest which the States had yielded that year was one of murdered dead, as he gave to the young, untainted world, that morning, long ago, when God blessed it, and saw that it was good. Because, you see, this was the eve of a more helpful, God-sent day than that, in spite of all the dead: Christmas Eve. To-morrow was the birthday of Christ. The sun glowed as cheerily, steadily, on blood as water. Let them fret, and cut each other's throats, if they would. God had them: and Christ's day was coming. But one fancied that the earth, not quite so secure in the infinite Love that held her, had learned to doubt, in her six thousand years of hunger, and heard the tidings with a thrill of relief. Was the Helper coming? Was it the true Helper? The very hope, even, gave meaning to the tender rose-blush on the peaks of snow, to the childish sparkle on the grim rivers. They heard and understood. The whole world answered.

One man, at least, fancied so: Adam Craig, hobbling down the frozen streets of this old-fashioned town. He thought, rubbing his bony hands together, that even the wind knew that Christmas was coming—the day that Christ was born: it went shooing boisterously through the great mountain-gorges, its very uncooth soul shaken with gladness. The city itself, he fancied, had caught a new and curious beauty: this winter its mills were stopped, and it had time to clothe the steep streets in spotless snow and icicles; its windows glittered red and cheery out into the early night: it looked just as if the old burgh had done its work, and sat down, like one of its own mill men, to enjoy the evening, with not the cleanest face in the world, to be sure, but with an honest, jolly old heart under all, beating rough and glad and full. That was Adam Craig's fancy: but his head was full of queer fancies under the rusty old brown wig: queer, maybe, yet as pure and childlike as the prophet John's: coming, you know, from the same kinship. Adam had kept his fancies to himself these forty years. A lame old chap, cobbling shoes day by day, fighting the wolf desperately from the door for the sake of orphan brothers and sisters, has not much time to put the meanings God and Nature have for his ignorant soul into words, has he? But the fancies had found utterance for themselves, somehow: in his hatchet-shaped face, even, with its scraggy grey whiskers; in the quick shrewd smile; in the eyes, keen eyes, but childlike, too. In the very shop out there on the creek-bank, you could trace them. Adam had cobbled there these twenty years, chewing tobacco and taking snuff (his mother's habit, that), but the little shop was pure: people with brains behind their eyes would know that a clean and delicate soul lived there. They might have known it in other ways too, if they chose: in his gruff, sharp talk, even, full of slang and oaths; for Adam, invoke the devil often as he might, never took the name of Christ or a woman in vain. So his foolish fancies, as he called them, cropped out. It must be so, you know: put on what creed you may, call yourself cavalier or Sambo, the speech your soul has held with God and the devil will tell itself in every turn of your head, and jangle of your laugh: you cannot help that. But it was Christmas eve. Adam took that in with keener enjoyment, in every frosty breath he drew. Different from any Christmas Eve before: pulling off his scuffed cap to feel the full strength of the "nor'ner." Whew! how it blew! straight from the ice-fields of the Pole, he thought. So few people there were up there to be glad of Christmas! But those little dwarfs up there needed Him all the same. Every man of them had a fiend tapping at his soul, like as was lonely, wanting a God to help him, and—a wife to love him. Adam stopped short here a minute, something choking in his throat. "Jimmy!" he said, under his breath, turning to some new hope in his heart, with as tender, awe-struck a touch as one lays upon a new-born infant. "Jimmy!" praying silently with blurred
eyes. I think the Saviour that moment came very near to the woman who was so greatly loved, and blessed her. Adam jogged on, trying to begin a whistle, but it ended in a miserable grunt: his heart was throbbing under his smoke-dried skin, silly as a woman’s, so light it was, and full of "Get along, Old Dot-and-carry-one!" shouted the boys, sledding down the icy sidewalk.

"Yip! you young brats, you!" stopping to give them a helping shove and a cheer: loving little children always, but never as to-day.

Surely there never was such a Christmas eve before! The frozen air glistened greyly up into heaven itself, he thought; the snow-covered streets were alive, noisy—glad into their very cellars and shanties; the sun was sorry to go away. No wonder. His heartiest ruby-gleam lingered about the white Virginia heights behind the town, and across the river quite glorified the pale stretch of the Ohio hills. Free and slave. (Adam was an Abolitionist.) Well, let the slave. God had made him, too, like The sun, held the master and the slave in loving company. To-morrow was the sign.

The cobbler stopped on the little swinging foot-bridge that crosses the creek in the centre of the city. The faint saffron sunset swept from the west over the distant wooded hills, the river, the stone bridge below him, whose broad girders pierced the sun’s path; the sluggish, sea-coloured water. The smoke from one or two far-off foundries hung just above it, motionless in the gray, in tattered drifts, dyed by the sun, clear drab and violet. A still picture. A bit of Venice, poor Adam thought, who never had been fifty miles out of Wheeling. The quaint American town was his world: he brought the world into it. There were relics of old Indian forts and mounds, the old times and the new. The people, too (though the cobbler only dimly saw that), were as much the deposit and accretion of all dead ages as was the coal that lay Vedder in the fencing hills. Irish, Dutch, whites, blacks, Moors, old John Bull himself: you can find the dregs of every day of the world in any mill-town of the States. Adam had a dull perception of this. Christmas eve came to all the world, coming here.

Leaning on the iron wires, while the unsteady little bridge shook under him, he watched the beams of the sun urging themselves through the smoke-clouds. He thought they were like "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight!’" It wakened something in the man’s hackneyed heart deeper even than the thought of the woman he had prayed for. A sudden vision that a great Peace held the world as did that glow of upper light: he rested in its calm. Up the street a few steps rose the walls of the old theatre, used as a prison now for captured Confederates: it was full now; he could see them looking out from behind the bars, grimy and tattered. Far to the north, on Mount Woods, the white grave-stones stood out clear in the darkening evening. His enemies, the busy streets, the very war itself, the bones and souls of the dead yonder—the great Peace held them all. We might call them evil, but they were sent from God, and went back to God. All things were in Him. I tell you, that when this one complete Truth got into this poor cobbler’s brain—in among its vulgar facts of North and South, and patched shoes, and to-morrow’s turkey—a great post-insight look out of his eyes for the minute. Saint John looked thus as he wrote that primitive natal word, "God is love." Cobbler, as well as Saint John, or the dying Herder, need great thoughts, and water from God to refresh them, believe me.

Trotting on, hardly needing his hickory stick, Adam could see the little brown shop yonder on the creek-bank. All dark: but did you ever see anything brighter than the way the light shone in the sitting-room, behind the Turkey-red curtains? Such a taste that little woman had! Two years ago the cobbler finished his life-work: God had left him, like Gethsemane. One has for the first time seen the sun, and father both to the orphans left him. faithful to them, choking down the hungry gnawing within for something nearer than brother or sister. Two years ago they had left him, struck out into the world for themselves.

"Then, you see," Adam used to say, "I was settlin’ down into an old man; drying up, & ye see? spiritual arches on had been forgotten me, when He said to other men, ‘Come, it’s your turn now for home and lovin’.’ They young ones was dear enough, but a man has a crab for somethin’ that’s his own. But it was too late, I thought. Bitter; desipin’ the Lord’s eyesight; thinkin’ He didn’t see or care what would keep me from hell. I believed in God, like most poor men do, thinkin’ Him cold-blooded, not hearin’ when we cry out for work, or a wife, or child. I didn’t cry. I never prayed. But look there. Do you see—her?—poor Jiminy? It was to the young Baptist preacher. Adam said this, when he came to make a pastoral visit to Adam’s wife.

"That’s what He did. I’m not ashamed to pray now. I ask Him every hour to give me a tight grip on her so I kin follow her up, and to mourn me some more of His ways. That’s my religious experience, sir.”

The young man coughed weakly, and began questioning old Craig as to his faith in immersion. The cobbler stumbled about the kitchen a minute before answering, holding himself down. His face was blood-red when he did speak, quite savage, the young speaker said afterward.

"I don’t go to church, sir. My wife does. I don’t say now, ‘Curse the churches!’ or that you, an’ the likes of you, are all shams an’ umbage. I know Him now. He’s live to me. So now, when I see you belike Him, an’ keep men from Him with yer hundreds o’ wranglin’ creed, an’ that there’s as much honest love of truth outside the church as in it, I don’t put yer bigotry an’ foulness on Him. I on’y think there’s an awful mistake:
The Promise of the Dawn.

just this: that the Church thinks it is Christ's - body an' us uns is outsiders, an' we think so too, an' despise Him through you with yer stingy souls an' fights an' squabbles; not seein' that the church is jes' an hospital, where some of the sickest of God's patients is tryin' to get cured.

The preacher never went back; spoke in a church-meeting soon after of the prevalence of Tom Paine's opinions among the lower classes. Half of our sham preachers take the vague name of "Paine" to cover all of Christ's opponents—not ranking themselves there, of course.

Adam thought he had won a victory. "If you'd heard me flabbergast the parson!" he used to say, with a jealous anxiety to keep Christ out of the visible church, to shut his eyes to the true purity in it, to the fact that the physician was in His hospital. To-night some more infinite gospel had touched him. "Good evenin', Mr. Pitts," he said, meeting the Baptist preacher. "Happy Christmas, sir!" catching a glimpse of his broken boots. "Danged ef I don't send that feller a pair of shoes unbeknownst, to-morrow! He's workin' hard, an' it's not for money."

The great Peace held even its erring church, as Adam dully saw. The streets were darkening, but full even yet of children crowding in and out of the shops. Not a child among them was more busy or important, or keener for a laugh than Adam, with his basket on his arm and his hand in his pocket clutching the money he had to lay out. The way he had worked for that! Over-jobs, you know, done at night when Jinny and the baby were asleep. It was carrying him through splendidly, though: the basket was quite piled up with bundles: as for the turkey, hadn't he been keeping that in the back yard for weeks, stuffing it until it hardly could walk? That turkey, do you know, was the first thing baby ever took any notice of, except the candle? Jinny was quite opposed to killing it, for that reason, and proposed they should have ducks instead; but as old Jim Farley and Granny Simpson were invited for dinner, and had been told about the turkey, matters must stay as they were.

"Poor souls, they'll not taste turkeys agin this many a day, I'm thinkin', Janet. When we give an entertainment, it's allus them-like we'll ask. That's the Master's biddin', ye know."

But the pudding was yet to buy. He had a dirty scrap of paper on which Jinny had written down the amount. "The hand that woman writes!" He inspected it anxiously at every street-lamp. Did you ever see anything finer than that tongue, full of its rich brown juices and golden fat? or the white, crumbly suet? Jinny said veal; such a saving little body she was! but we know what a pudding ought to be. Now for the pippins for it, yellow they are, holding summer yet; and a few drops of that brandy in the window, every drop shining and warm: that'll put a soul into it, and—He stopped before the confectioner's; just a moment, to collect myself; for this was a crowning point, this. There they were, in the great, gleaming window below: the rich Malaga raisins, bedded in their cases, cold to the lips, but within all glowing sweetness and passion; and the cool, tart little currants. If Jinny could see that window! and baby. To be sure, baby mightn't appreciate it, but—. White frosted cakes, built up like fairy palaces, and mountains of golden oranges, and the light trembling through delicate candles, purple and rose-colour. "Let's have a look, boys!"—and Adam crowded into the swarm outside.

Over the shops there was a high brick building, a concert-hall. You could hear the soft, dreamy air floating down from it, made vocal into a worldless love and pathos. Adam forgot the splendours of the window, listening; his heart throbbed full under his thin coat; it ached with an infinite tenderness. The poor old cobbler's eyes filled with tears; he could have taken the great world into his arms then. How loving and pure it was, the world! The eternal stars waited above; there was not a face in the crowd about him that was not clear and joyous. These delicate, pure women flitting past him up into the lighted hall—it made his nerves thrill into pleasures to look at them. His creatures.

He put his hand into the basket, and shyly took out a bunch of flowers he had bought, real flowers, tender, sweet-smelling little things. Wouldn't Jinny wonder to find them on her bureau in the morning? Their fragrance, so loving and innocent, filled the frosty air, like a breath of the purity of this day coming. Just as he was going to put them back carefully, a hand out of the crowd caught hold of them, a dirty hand, and a woman thrust her face from under her blowny bonnet into his: a young face, deadly pale, on which some awful passion had cut the lines; lips dyed scarlet with rank blood, lips, you would think, that in hell itself would utter a coarse jest.

"Give 'em to me, old cub!" she said, pulling at them. "I want 'em for a better nor you."

"Go it, Lot!" shouted the boys.

He struck her. A woman? Yes; if it had been a slimy eel standing upright, it would have been less foul a thing than this.

"Curse you!" she muttered, clasping the hurt arm. Whatever words this girl spoke came from her teeth out, seemed to have no meaning to her.

"Let's see, Lot."

She held out her arm, and the boy, a black one, plastered it with grime from the gutter. The others yelled with delight. Adam hurried off. A pure air? God help us! He threw the flowers into the gutter with a bitter loathing. Her fingers would be polluted, if they touched them now. He would not tell her of this: he would cut off his hand rather than talk to her of this—let her know such things were in the world. So pure and saintly she was, his little wife! a homely little
body, but with the cleanest, most loving heart, doing her Master's will humbly. The cobber's own veins were full of Scotch blood, as pure as any knight's of the Holy Grail. He wiped his hand, as though a leper had tainted it.

Passing down Church Street, the old bell rang out the hour. All day he had fancied its tone had gathered a lighter, more delicate sweetness with every chime. The Christ-child was coming; the world held up its hands adoring; all that was needed of men was to love Him, and rejoice. Its tone was different now: there was a brutal cry of pain in the ponderous voice that shook the air—a voice saying something unintelligible to him. He thrust out the thought of that woman with a curse: he had so wanted to have a good day, to feel how great and glad the world was! He did soon forget the vileness there behind, going down the streets; they were so cozy and friendly-hearted, the parlour-windows opening out red and cheerfully, as is the custom in Southern and Western towns; they said "Happy Christmas" to every passer-by. The owners, going into the houses, had a hearty word for Adam. "Well, Craig, how goes it?" or, "Fine, frosty weather, Sir." It quite heartened the cobbler. He made shoes for most of these people, and whether men are free and equal or not, any cobbler will have a reverence for the man he has shod.

So Adam trotted on, his face a little redder, and his stooped chest, especially next the basket, in quite a glow. There she was, clear out in the snow, waiting for him by the curbstone. How she took hold of the basket, and Adam made believe she was carrying the whole weight of it! How the fire-light struck out furiously through the Turkey-red curtains, so as to show her to him quicker—to show him the snug, coffee-coloured dress, and the bits of cherry ribbon at her throat—to show him how the fair curl hair was tucked back to leave the rosy ears bare he thought so dainty—to show him how young she was, how faded and worn and tired-out she was, how hard the years had been—to show him how his great love for her was thickening the thin blood with life, to show him—this more than all, this that his soul watched for, breathless, day and night—that she loved him, that she knew nothing better than the ignorant, loving heart, the horry hands that had taken her hungry fate to hold, and made of it a colour and a fragrance.

"Christmas is coming, little woman!" Of course it was. If it had not taken the whole world into its embrace yet, there was one compacted into a very glow of love and warmth and coziness in that smugness of rooms, and in that very Jinny and Baby—Christmas itself—especially when he kissed her, and she blushed and laughed, the tears in her eyes, and went fussing for that queer roll of white flannel.

Adam took off his coat; he always went at the job of nursing the baby in his shirt-sleeves. He got its feet to the fire. "I'm dead sure that much is right," he used to say. Jinny put away the bundles, wishing to herself Mrs. Perkins would happen to come in and see them: one didn't like to be told what they had for dinner, but if it was known accidentally—You poets, whose brains have quite snubbed and sent to Coventry your stomachs, never could perceive how the pudding was a poem to the cobbler and his wife—how a very actual sense of merciful goodness was in it—how its spicy steam contained all the cordial cheer and jollity they had missed in meaningless days of the year. Then she brought her sewing-chair, and sat down, quite idle.

"No work for to night! I'll teach you how to keep Christmas, Janet, woman!"

It was her first, one might say. Orphan girls that go about from house to house sewing, as Jinny had done, don't learn Christmas by heart year by year. It was a new experience: she was taking it in, one would think, to look at her, with all her might, with the earnest blue eyes, the shut-up brain behind the narrow forehead, the loving heart: a contracted tenement, that heart, by-the-by, adapted for single lodgers. She wasn't quite sure that Christmas was not, after all, a relic of Papistry—for Jinny was a thorough Protestant: a Christian, as far as she understood him, with a keen interest in the Indian missions. "Let us begin in our own country," she said, and always prayed for the Sioux just after Adam and Baby. In fact, if we are all parts of God's temple, Jinny was a very essential, cohesive bit of mortar. Adam had a wider door for his charity: it took all the world in, he thought—though the preachers did enter with difficulty as we know. However, this was Christmas: the word took up all common things, the fierce wind without, the clean hearth, the mostest colour on her cheek, the very baby, and made of them one grand, sweet poem, that sang to the man the same story the angels told eighteen centuries ago: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Sitting there in the evenings, Adam was the talker: such a fund of anecdote he had! Jinny never could hear the stories too often. To-night there was a bit of a sigh in them: his heart was tender: about the Christmas at home, when he and Nelly were little clubs together, and hung up their stockings regularly every Christmas-eve.

"Twins, Nelly an' me was, oldest of all. When I was bound to old Lowe, it went hard if I couldn't scratch together enough for a bit of ribbon-bow or a ring for Nell, come Christmas. She used to sell the old flour-barrels an' rugs, an' have her gift all ready by my plate that mornin': never missed. I never hed a sweetheart then."

Jinny laid her hand on his knee.

"Ye're glad of that, little woman? Well,
The Promise of the Dawn.

well! I didn't care for women, only Ellen. She was the only livin' thing as come near me. I gripped on to her like death, havin' only her. But she—bed more nor me."

Jinny knew the story well. "She went away with him," softly.

"Yes, she did. I don't blame her. She was young, unlearned. No man cared for our souls. So, when she loved him well, she thort God spoke to her. So she was tak from me. She went away."

He patted the baby, his skinny hand all shaking. Jinny took it in her, and, leaning over, stroked his hair.

"You've had hard trouble, to turn it grey like this."

"No trouble like that, woman, when he left her."

"Left her! An' then she was tired of God, an' of livin', or dyin'. So as she loved him! You know, my husband. As I love you. An' he left her! What wonder what she did? All alone! So as she loved him still! God shut His eyes to what she did."

The yellow, shaggy face was suddenly turned from her. The voice choked.

"Did He, little woman? You know."

"So, when she was a-tryin' to forget, the only way she knew, God sent an angel to bring her up, an' have her soul washed clean."

Adam laughed bitterly.

"That's not the way men told the story, child. I got there six months after—to New York, you know. I found in an old paper jes' these words: 'The woman, Ellen Myers, found dead yesterday on one of the docks, was identified. Died on starvation and whiskey.' That was Nelly. Christian people read that, but nobody cried but me.

"They're tryin' to help them now at the Five Points there."

"God help them as helps others this Christmas night! But it's not for such as you to talk of the Five Points, Janet," rousing himself. "What frabbit you to talk of Nelly the night? Someways she's been beside me all day, as if she was gripin' me by the sleeve, beggin', dumb-like."

The moody frown deepened.

"The baby! See, Adam, it'll waken! Quick, man!"

And Adam, with a start, began hushing it after the fashion of a chimpanzee. The old bell rang out another hour: how genial and loving it was!

"Nine o'clock! Let me up, boys!"—and Lot Tyndal hustled them aside from the steps of the concert-hall. They made way for her: her thin, white arms could deal furious blows, they knew from experience. Besides, they had seen her, when provoked, fall in some cellar-door in a livid dead spasm. They were afraid of her. Her wet skirt flapped against her feet, as she went up; she pulled her quaint-

bonnet closer over her head. There was a small room at the top of the stairs, a sort of green-room for the performers. Lot pushed the door open and went in. Madame — was there, the prima-donna, if you chose to call her so: the rankest bloom of fifty summers, in white satin and pearls: a faded dahlia. Women hinted that the fragrance of the dahlia had not been healthful in the world; but they crowded to hear her: such a wonderful contralto! The manager, a thin old man, with a hook-nose, and kindly, uncertain smile, stood by the stove, with a group of gentlemen about him. The wretch from the street went up to him, unsteadily.

"Lot's drunk," one door-keeper whispered to another.

"No; the devil's in her, though, like a tiger, to-night."

Yet there was a certain grace and beauty in her face, as she looked at the manager, and spoke low and sudden.

"I'm not a beggar. I want money—honest money. It's Christmas eve. They say you want a voice for the chorus, in the carols. Put me where I'll be hid, and I'll sing for you."

The manager's hand fell from his watch-chain. Storrs, a young lawyer of the place, touched his shoulder.

"Don't look so aghast, Pumphrey. Let her sing a ballet to show you. Her voice is a curiosity."

Madame — looked dubiously across the room: her black maid had whispered to her. Lot belonged to an order she had never met face to face before: one that lives in the suburbs of —

"Let her sing, Pumphrey."

"It—looking anxiously to the lady."

"Certainly," drawled that type of purity.

"If it is so curious, her voice."

"Sing, then," nodding to the girl.

There was a strange fierceness under her dead, grey eye.

"Do you mean to employ me to-night?"

Her tones were low, soft, from her teeth out, as I told you. Her soul was chained, below: a young girl's soul, hardly older than your little daughter's there, who sings Sunday-schoo hymns for you in the evenings. Yet one fancied, if this girl's soul were let loose, it would utter a madder cry than any fiend in hell.

"Do you mean to employ me?" biting her finger-ends until they bled.

"Don't be foolish, Charlotte," whispered Storrs. "You may be thankful you're not sent to jail instead. But sing for him. He'll give you something, may-be."

She did not curse him, as he expected, but stood quiet a moment, her eyelids fallen, relaxed with an inexpressible weariness. A black porter came to throw coals into the stove: he knew "dat deebil, Lot," well: had helped drag her to the lock-up a day or two before.

Now, before the white folks, he drew his coat aside, loathing to touch her. She followed him with a glazed look.
"Do you see what I am?" she said to the manager.

Nothing pitiful in her voice. It was too late for that.

"He wouldn't touch me; I'm not fit. I want help. Give me some honest work."

She stopped and put her hand on his coat-sleeve. The child she might have been, and never was, looked from her face that moment.

"God made me, I think," she said, humbly.

The manager's thin face reddened.

"God bless my soul! what shall I do, Mr. Storrs?"

The young man's thick lip and thicker eyelid drooped. He laughed, and dismissed the word or two.

"Yes," gruffly, being reassured. "There's a policeman outside. Joe, take her out, give her in charge to him."

The negro motioned her before him with a billet of wood he held. She laughed. Her laugh had gained her the name of "Devil Lot."

"Why? [sings that God never lighted blazing in her eyes] I thought you wanted me to sing! I'll sing. We'll have a hymn. It's Christmas, you know."

She staggered. Liquor, or some subtler poison, was in her veins. Then, catching by the lintel, she broke into that most deep of all adoring cries:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

A strange voice. The men about her were musical critics: they listened intently. Low, unacquainted, yet full, with childish grace and sparkle; but now and then a wailing breath of an unutterable pathos.

"Get out wid you," muttered the negro, who had his own religious notions, "pollutin' de name ob de Lord in yer lips?"

Lot laughed.

He drove her down the stairs.

"Do you want to go to jail, Lot?" he said, more kindly. "It's awful cold out to-night."

"No. Let me go."

She went through the crowd out into the vacant street, down to the wharf, humming some street-song—from habit, it seemed; sat down on a pile of lumber, picking the clay out of the holes in her shoes. It was dark: she did not see that a man had followed her, until his white-gloved hand touched her. The manager, his uncertain face growing red.

"Young woman."

Lot got up, pushed off her bonnet. He looked at her.

"My God! No older than Susy," he said.

By a gas-lamp she saw his face, the trouble in it.

"Well?" biting her finger-ends again.

"I'm sorry for you, I——"

"Why? [sharply.] There's more like me. Fifteen thousand in the city of New York. I came from there."

"Not like you, child."

"Yes, like me [with a gulping noise in her throat]. I'm no better than the rest."

She sat down and began digging in the snow, holding the sullen look desperately on her face.

The kind word had reached the tortured soul beneath, and it struggled madly to be free.

"Can I help you?"

No answer.

"There's something in your face makes us heart-sick. I've a little girl of your age."

She looked up quickly.

"Who are you, girl?"

She stood up again, her child's face white, the dark river rolling close by her feet.

"I'm Lot. I always was what you see. My mother drank herself to death in the Bowery dens. I learned my trade there, slow and sure."

She stretched out her hand into the night with a wild cry—"My God! I had to live!"

What was to be done? Whose place was it to help her? he thought. He loathed to touch her. But her soul might be as pure as little Susy's.

"I wish I could help you, girl," he said.

"But I'm a moral man. I have to be careful of my reputation. Besides, I couldn't bring you under the same roof with my child!"

She was quiet now.

"I know. There's not one of those Christian women up in the town yonder 'ud take Lot into their kitchens to give her a chance to save herself from hell! Do you think I care? It's not for myself I'm sorry—it's too late."

Yet, as this child, hardly a woman, gave her soul over forever, she could not keep her lips from turning white.

"There's thousands more of us. Who cares? Do preachers, and them as sits in the grand churches, come into our dens to teach us better?"

Pumphrey grew uneasy.

"Who taught you to sing?" he said.

The girl started: she did not answer for a minute.

"What did you say?" she said.

"Who taught you?"

Her face flushed warm and dewy; her eyes wandered away, moistened and dreamy; she curled her hair softly on her finger.

"I'd—I'd rather not speak of that," she said, low.

"He's dead now. He called me—Loti, looking up with a sudden, childish smile. ""

was only fifteen then."

"How old are you now?"

"Four years more. But you tell me I've seen the world in that time."

It was Devil Lot looked over at the dark river now.

He turned away to go up the wharf. No help for so small a thing as this—he dared not give it if there were. She had sunk down with her old, sullen glare, but she rose and crept after him. Why, this was her only chance of help from all the creatures God had made!

"Let me tell you," she said, holding by a
The Promise of the Dawn.

fire-plug. It's not for myself I care; it's for Benny—that's my little brother. I've raised him. He loves me. He don't know. I've kept him alone always. I don't pray, you know; but when Ben puts his white little arms about me 't nights and kisses me, somethin' says to me, 'God loves you, Lot.' That boy shall never know what his sister was! He's gettin' older now. I want work before he can know. Now will you help me?"

"How can I?"
The whole world of society spoke in the poor manager.

"I'll give you money."
Her face hardened.

"Lot, I'll be honest—there's no place for such as you. Those that have made you what you are hold good stations among us; but when a woman's once down there's no raising her up."

"Never?"
"Never."
She stood, her fair hair pushed back from her face, her eye deadening every moment, quite quiet.
The figure touched him somehow, standing alone in the night there.

"It wasn't my fault at the first," she wandered. "Nobody taught me better."

"You're ill? Or?"
"'T'll not last long now. I only keep myself alive eating opium now and then. D'ye know I fell by your hall to-day?—had a fit, they said. It wasn't a fit—it was death, sir." He smiled.

"Why didn't you die, then?"
"I wouldn't. Benny would have known then. I said, 'I will not. I must take care o' him first.' Good-bye. You'd best not be seen here."

And so she left him. One moment she stood uncertain, being alone, looking down into the seething black water covered with ice.

"There's one chance yet," she muttered.

"It's hard; but I'll try"—with a shivering sigh, and went dragging herself along the wharf, muttering still something about Benny.

As she went through the lighted streets her step grew lighter. She lifted her head. Why, she was only a child yet, in some ways, you know; and this was Christmas-time; and it wasn't easy to believe, that, with the whole world strong and glad, and the True Love coming into it, there was no chance for her. Was it? She hurried on, keeping in the shadow of the houses to escape notice, until she came to the more open streets—the old "commons." She stopped at the entrance of an alley, going to a pump, washing her face and hands, then combing her fair silken hair, "I'll try it," she said again.

Some sudden hope had brought a pink flush to her cheek and a moist brilliancy to her eye. You could not help thinking, had society not made her what she was, how fresh and fair a little maiden she would have been.

"He's my mother's brother. He'd a kind face, though he struck me. I'll kill him if he strikes me again!" (the dark expression coming into her eyes. "But mebbe" (putting her hair) "he'll not. Just call me, Charley, as Ben does: help me to be like his wife: 'I'll hev a chance for heaven at last.'"

She turned to a big brick building, and ran lightly up the stairs on the outside. It had been a cotton-factory, but was let in rooms now. On the highest porch was one of Lot's rooms: she had two. The muslin curtain was undrawn, a red fire-light shone out. She looked in through the window, smiling. A clean, pure room (the walls she had whitewashed herself); a white cot-bed in one corner; a glowing fire, before which a little child sat on a low stool, building a house out of blocks—a brave, honest-faced little fellow, with clear, reserved eyes, and curling golden hair: the girl Lot might have looked like that at his age.

"Benny!" she called, tapping on the pane.

"Yes, Charley!" instantly coming to the door.

She caught him up in her arms.

"Is my baby tired waiting for sister? I'm finding Christmas for him, you know."

He put his arms about her neck, kissed her again and again, and, laying his head down on her shoulder, said, "I'm so glad you've come, Charley! so glad! so glad!"

"Has my boy his stocking up? Such a big boy to have his stocking up!"

He put his chubby hands over her eyes quickly, laughing.

"Don't look, Charley! don't! Benny's played you a trick now, I tell you!" pulling her towards the fire. "Now look! Not Benny's stocking—Charley's, I guess."

The girl sat down on the stool, holding him on her lap, playing with the blocks, as much of a child as he.

"Why, Ben! Such an awful lot of candies that stocking 'll hold!" laughing with him. "It 'll take all Kriss Kringle's sack!"

"Kriss Kringle! Oh, Charley! I'm too big; I'm five years now. You can't cheat me."

The girl's very lips went white. She got up at his childish words, and put him down.

"No, I'll not cheat you, Benny—never, any more."

"Where are you going, Charley?"

"Just out a bit," wrapping a plain shawl about her. "To find Christmas, you know. For you—and me."

He pattered after her to the door.

"You'll come put me to bed, Charley dear? I'm so lonesome!"
“Yes, Ben. Kiss me. One—two—three times—for good luck.”

He kissed her. And Lot went out into the wide, dark world, into Christmas night, to find a friend.

She came a few minutes later to a low frame-building, painted brown: Adam Craig’s house and shop. The little sitting-room had a light in it: his wife would be there with the baby. Lot knew them well, though they never had seen her. She had watched them through the window for hours in winter nights. Some damned soul might have thus looked wistfully into heaven: pitying herself, because she knew the pain in her heart, the struggle to do right, and pitied it. She had a reason for the hungry pain in her heart when the kind-faced old cobbler passed her. She was Nelly’s child. She had come west to find him.

“Never, that he should know me! never that! but for Benny’s sake.”

If Benny could have brought her to him, saying, “See, this is Charley, my Charley!” But Adam knew her by another name—Devil Lot.

While she stood there, looking in at the window, the snow drifting on her head in the night, two passers-by halted an instant.

“Father, look!” It was a young girl spoke. “Let me speak to that woman.”

“What does thee mean, Maria?”

She tried to draw her hand from his arm.

“Let me go, she’s dying, I think. Such a young, fair face! She thinks God has forgotten her. Look!”

The old Quaker hesitated.

“Not thee, Maria. Thy mother shall find her to-morrow. Thee must never speak to her. Accursed! ‘Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.’”

They passed on. Lot heard it all. God had offered the pure young girl a chance to save a soul from death; but she threw it aside. Lot did not laugh; looked after them with tearful eyes, until they were out of sight. She went to the door then. “It’s for Benny,” she whispered, swallowing down the choking that made her dumb. She knocked and went in.

Jinny was alone: sitting by the fire, rocking the baby to sleep, singing some child’s hymn: simple little thing, beginning:

“Come, let us sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The tempted, and the strong.”

Such a warm, happy flush lightened in Charley’s heart at that! She did not know why; but her fear was gone. The baby, too, a white, pure little thing, was lying in the cradle, cooing softly to itself. The mother-instinct is nearest the surface in a loving woman; the girl went up quickly to it, and touched its cheek, with a smile: she could not help it.

“It’s so pretty!” she said.

Jinny’s eyes glowed.

“I think so,” she said, simply. “It’s my baby. Did you want me?”

Lot remembered then. She drew back, her face livid and grave.

“Yes. Do you know me? I’m Lot Tread. Don’t jerk your baby back! Don’t! I’ll not touch it. I want to get some honest work. I’ve a little brother.”

There was a dead silence. Jinny’s brain, I told you, was narrow, her natural heart not generous or large in its impulse; the kind of religion she learned did not provide for anomalies of work like this. (So near at hand, you know. Lot was neither a Sioux nor a Rebel).

“I’m Lot,” desperately. “You know what I am. I want you to take us in, stop the boys from hooting at me on the streets, make a decent Christian woman out of me. There’s plain words. Will you do it? I’ll work for you. I’ll nurse the baby, the dear little baby.”

Jinny held her child tighter to her breast, looking at the vile clothes of the wretch, the dark marks which years of crime had left on her face. Don’t blame Jinny. Her baby was God’s gift to her: she thought of that, you know. She did not know those plain, coarse words were the last cry for help from a drowning soul, going down into depths where no voice has come back to tell the tale.

“I daren’t do it. What would they say of me?” she faltered.

Lot did not speak. After a while she motioned to the shop. Adam was there. His wife went for him, taking the baby. Charley saw that, though everything looked to her; when Adam came in, she knew, too, that his face was angry and dark.

“It’s Christmas Eve,” she said.

She tried to say more, but could not.

“You must go from here!” speaking sharp, hissing. “I’ve no faith in the whinny of such as you. Go out, Janet. This is no place for you or the child.”

He opened the street door for Lot to go out. He had no faith in her. No shrewd commonsense man would have had. Besides, this was his Christmas night: the beginning of his new life, when he was coming near to Christ in his happy home and great love. Was this foul worm of the gutter to crawl in and tarnish it all?

She stopped one instant on the threshold. Within was a home, a chance for heaven; out yonder in the night, what?

“You will put me out?” she said.

“I know you. There’s no help for such as you;” and he closed the door.

She sat down on the curb-stone. It was snowing hard. For about an hour she was there, perfectly quiet. The snow lay warm, flimsy drifts about her: when it fell on her arm, she shook it off: it was so pure and clean, and she— She could have torn her flesh from the bones, it seemed so foul to her that sight. Poor Charley! If she had only known how God loved something within her, purer than the snow.
The Promise of the Dawn.

which no futility of flesh or circumstance could deline! Would you have told her, if you had been there? She only muttered "Never," to herself now and then, "Never."

A little boy came along presently, carrying a loaf of bread under his arm, a manly, gentle little fellow. She let Benny play with him sometimes.

"Why, Lot?" he said. "I'll walk part of the way home with you. I'm afraid."

She got up and took him by the hand. She could hardly speak. Tired, worn-out in body and soul; her feet had been passing for years through water colder than the river of death; but it was nearly over now.

"It's better for Benny it should end this way," she said.

She knew it how it would end.

"Rob," she said, when the boy turned to go to his own home, "you know Adam Craig? I want you to bring him to my room early tomorrow morning, by dawn. Tell him he'll find his sister Nelly's child there: and never to tell that child that his 'Charley' was Lot Tyndal. You'll remember, Rob?"

"I will. Happy Christmas, Charley!"

She waited a minute, her foot on the steps leading to her room.

"Rob!" she called, weakly, "when you play with Ben, I wish you'd call me Charley to him, and never—that other name."

"I'll mind," the child said, looking wistfully at her.

She was alone now. How long and steep the stairs were! She crawled up slowly. At the top she took a lump of something brown from her pocket, looked at it long and steadily. Then she glanced upward.

"It's the only way to keep Benny from knowing," she said. She ate it, nearly all, then looked around, below her, with a strange tenaciousness, as one who says good-bye. The bell tolled the hour. Unutterable pain was in its voice—men—but dumb spirits like Lot's crying aloud to God.

"One hour nearer Christmas," said Adam Craig, unceasingly. "Christ's coming would have more meaning, Janet, if this were a better world. If it wasn't for these social necessities—that."

He stopped. Jemmy did not answer.

"Lot went into her room, roused Ben with a kiss. "His last remembrance of me shall be good and pleasant," she said. She took him on her lap, untying his shoes.

"My baby has been hunting eggs to-day in Rob's stable," shaking the hay from his stockings.

"Hey, Charley! How could you know?"

with wide eyes.

"So many things I know! Oh, Charley's wise! To-morrow, Ben will go see new friends—such kind friends! Charley knows. A baby, Ben. My boy will like that; he's a big giant beside that baby. Ben can hold it, and touch it, and kiss it."

She looked at his pure hands with hungry eyes.

"Go on. What else but the baby?"

"Kind friends for Ben, better and kinder than Charley."

"That's not true. Where are you going, Charley? I hate the kind friends. I'll stay with you—beginning to cry."

Her eyes sparkled, and she laughed childishly.

"Only a little way, Ben, I'm going. You watch for me—all the time you watch for me. Some day you and I'll go out to the country, and be good children together."

What dawning of a new hope was this? She did not feel as if she lied. Some day—it might be true. Yet the vague gleam died out of her heart, and when Ben, in his white night-gown, knelt down to say the prayer his mother had taught him, it was "Devil Lot's" crime-marked face that bent over him.

"God bless Charley!" he said.

She heard that. She put him into the bed, then quietly bathed herself, filled his stocking with the candies she had bought, and lay down beside him—her limbs growing weaker, but her brain more lifelike, vivid, intense.

"Not long now," she thought. "Love me, Benny. Kiss me—good-night."

The child put his arms about her neck, and kissed her forehead.

"Charley's cold," he said. "When we are good children together, let's live in a tent. Will you?"

"Yes, dear."

She struggled up, and pinned the sheet over him to the head-board; it was a favourite fancy of Ben's.

"That's a good Charley," sleepily. "Goodnight. I'll watch for you all the time, all the time."

He was asleep—did not waken even when she strained him to her heart, passionately, with a wild cry.

"Goodbye, Benny." Then she lay quiet.

"We might have been good children together. I only—don't know whose fault it is," throwing her thin arms out desperately. "I wish—oh, I do wish somebody had been kind to me!"

Then the arms fell powerless, and Charley never moved again. But her soul was clear. In the slow tides of that night it lived back, hour by hour, the life gone before. There was a sky-light above her; she looked up into the great silent darkness between earth and heaven—Devil Lot, whose soul must go out into that darkness alone. She said that. The world that had held her under its foul heel did not loathe her as she loathed herself that night!

The dark hours passed, one by one. Christmas was nearer, nearer—the bell tolled. It had no meaning for her: only woke a weak fear that she should not be dead before morning, that any living eye should be vexed by her again. Past midnight. The great darkness slowly greyed and softened. What did she wait for? The vile worm Lot—who cared in earth or heaven when she died? Then the Lord turned and looked upon Charley. Never yet was the soul
so loathsome, the wrong so deep, that the loving Christ has not touched it once with His hands, and said, "Will you come to me?" Do you know how He came to her? how, while the unquiet earth needed Him, and the inner deeps of heaven were freshening their fairest morning light to usher in the birthday of our God, He came to find poor Charley, and, having died to save her, laid His healing hands upon her? It was in her weak, ignorant way she saw him. While she, Lot, lay there, corrupt in soul and body, it came to her how, long ago, Magdalene, more vile than Lot, had stood closest to Jesus. Magdalene loved much and was forgiven.

So after a while, Charley, the child that might have been, came to His feet humbly, with bitter sobs. "Lord, I'm so tired!" she said. "I'd like to try again, and be a different girl." That was all. She clung close to His hand as she went through the deep waters.

Benny, stirring in his sleep, leaned over and kissed her lips. "So cold!" he whispered, drowsily. "God—bless—Charley!" She smiled, but her eyes were closed.

The darkness was gone: The grey vault trembled with a coming radiance from the East, where the Son of Man was born, a faint flush touched the earth: it was the promise of the Dawn. Lot's body lay dead there, with the Night: but Jesus took the child Charley in His arms, and blessed her.

Christmas evening. How still and quiet it was! The Helper had come. Not to the snow-covered old earth, falling asleep in the crimson sunset mist; it did not need Him. Not an atom of its living body, from the granite mountain to the dust on the red sea-fern, had failed to perform its work: taking time, too, to break forth in a wild luxuriance of beauty as a psalm of thanksgiving. The Holy Spirit you talk of in the churches had been in the old world since the beginning, since the day it brooded over the waters, showing itself as the spirit of Life in granite rock or red sea-fern—as the spirit of Truth in every heroic deed, in every true word of poet or prophet—as the spirit of Love as—Let your own hungry heart tell how. To day it came to man as the Helper. We all saw that dimly, and showed that we were glad, in some weak way. God, looking down, saw a smile upon the faces of his people.

The fire glowed redder and cheerier in Adam's little cottage: the lamp was lighted; Jinny had set out a wonderful table, too. Benny had walked around and around it, rubbing his hands slowly in dumb ecstasy. Such oranges! and frosted cakes covered with crushed candy! Such a tree in the middle, hung with soft burning tapers, and hidden in the branches the white figure of the loving Christ-child. That was Adam's fancy. Benny sat in Jinny's lap now, his head upon her breast. She was rocking him to sleep, singing some cheery song for him, although that baby of hers lay broad awake in the cradle, drowsy and open-mouthed at his neglect. It had been just "Benny" all day—Benny that she had followed about, un-easy lest the wind should blow through the open door on him, or the fire be too hot, or that every moment should not be full to the brim with fun and pleasure, touching his head or hand now and then with a woful tenderness her throat choked, and her blue eyes wet, crying in her heart incessantly, "Lord, forgive me!"

"Tell me more of Charley," she said, as they sat there in the evening.

He was awake a long time after that, telling her, ending with, "She said, 'You watch for me, Ben, all the time.' That's what she said. So she'll come. She always does when she says she will. Then we're going to the country to be good children together. I'll watch for her."

Old Adam sat on the side of the bed when the dead girl lay.

"Nelly's child!" he said, stroking the hand, smoothing the fair hair. All day he had said only that—"Nelly's child!"

Very likely she was—the little Nell who used to save her halfpence to buy a Christmas-gift for him, and bring it with flushed cheeks, shyly, and slip it on his plate. This child's cheeks would have flushed like hers—at a kind word. The dimpled, innocent smile lay in them—only a kind word would have brought it to life. She was dead, now, and he had struck her only yesterday!

The old man pushed his hair back, with shaking hands, looking up to the sky. "Lord, lay not this sin to my charge!" he said. His lips were bloodless.

Christmas-day had come—"the Promise of the Dawn," sometime to broaden into the full and perfect day. At its close now, a still golden glow, like a great Peace, filled the earth and heaven, touching the dead Lot there, and the old man kneeling beside her. He fancied that it broke from behind the dark bars of cloud in the West, thinking of the old appeal, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in." Was He going in yonder? A weary man, pale, throne-crowned, bearing the pain and hunger of men and women wicked as Lot, to lay them them at his Father's feet? Was he to go with loving heart and do likewise? Was that the meaning of Christmas-day? The quiet glow grew deeper, more restful; the bell tolled: its sound faded, solemn and low, into the quiet, as one that says in his heart, Amen!

That night Benny, sleeping in the still twilight, stirred and smiled suddenly, as though someone had given him a happy kiss, and, half-waking, cried, "Oh, Charley! Charley!"
A STORMY NIGHT.

I hear the sound of beating rain
Fall hard against the window pane.
The heart of nature throbs with woe ;
And dreary tears unceasing flow.
The naked branches toss and sigh;
No star-glare in the clouded sky.
The ghosts of buried flowers moan,
And streams reply with willing tone.

Draw up your chair; shut out the night;
Home never seemed before so bright.

We need not care for outside gloom
Within this cheerful lighted room.

The wind may roar with gusty mirth—
A fire is blazing on the hearth.

What sight across my vision swept?
A sudden vision o'er me crept.

I saw from out the embers rise.
Dim, shadowy forms, in ghostly guise.

A crowd of faces, white and gaunt,
And worn, alas! with sin and want.

Their eyes gave forth an angry glare,
And yet were helpless with despair.

Their scanty garments, thin and old,
Could not keep out the damp and cold.

And oh! they looked so pinched and blue;
The chilly storm had pierced them through.

The vision vanished; what it meant
I knew too well, and why 'twas sent.

In household cheer and warmth secure,
We never should forget the poor.

This lesson God would have us learn,
And part of what He gives return.

SNOW.

Lo, what wonders the day hath brought,
Born of the soft and slumberous snow!
Gradual, silent, slowly wrought—
Even as an artist, thought by thought,
Wrote expression on lip and brow.

Hanging garlands the caves o'erbloom—
Deep drifts smother the paths below;
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow.

Dimly out of the baffled sight.
Houses and church-spires stretch away;
The trees, all spectral and still and white,
Stand up like ghosts in the falling light.

And fade and faint with the blinded day.

Down from the roofs in gusts are hurled
The eddying drifts to the waste below;
And still is the banner of storm unfurled,
Till all the drowned and desolate world
Lies dumb and white in a trance of snow.

Slowly the shadows gather and fall
Still the whispering snow-flakes beat;
Night and darkness are over all;
Rest, pale city, beneath their pall!
Sleep, white world, in thy winding-sheet!

Clouds may thicken, and storm-winds breathe:
On my wall is a glimpse of Rome—
Land of my longing!—and underneath
Swings and trembles my olive-wreath;
Peace and I are at home, at home!

EXILED.

We sang the pleasant songs of home,
When evening airs blew cool,
Over our little patch of maize,
Over the quiet pool.

The forest leaves soft rustles made,
Where sang one lonely bird;
There, mid the unfamiliar ways,
The songs of home were heard.

As children by our mother's knee,
We sang that simple strain;
Oh! shall we never hear her voice,
Or touch her hands again?

That song recalls our schoolboy days,
And winter evenings' gloom,
When our young sister's clear, sweet voice
Rang through the firelit room.

That patriotic song we sang as lads,
Proud of old England's fame;
Dreaming of deathless deeds, and worth,
And a time-honoured name.

And sing we now the tender notes
We heard so long ago;
When green were all the summer woods,
The evening sun was low.

It shone upon her braided hair,
Fair Ellen's tresses bright;
Again I see the quiet room,
Flooded with evening light.

Brothers, I cannot sing that song,
Dim mist of memory rise;
I sang it with my only love
Under soft English skies.

O! dear are all the songs of home,
Save that sad simple lay,
Fair Ellen to another sings,
And I am far away.

M. W.
ELIZABETH ELSTOB, THE SAXONIST.

Outlines of the Life of a Learned Lady, in the (so-called) Augustan Age of English Literature.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

CHAP. IV.

The condition of education for women in England at this period was frivolous in the extreme. Burnet says they were without knowledge, bred up in vanity, dressing, and a false appearance of wit and behaviour—characteristics which the more popular writers of the day endorse. A few superficial accomplishments—the merest outline of what is called an English education, and an acquaintance (in genteel society) with bad translations of some or other of Mlle. Scuderie’s ninety works; the adventures of the Grand Cyrus; and, just now, Mrs. Manly’s New Atlantis. Queen Mary, who had resolutely set herself to the task of reforming the Court, and of breaking up the enervating idleness which, subsequent to the Restoration, affected nearly all ladies of ton, and has stamped its languor on Lely’s portrait of them, introduced reading, the knitting of fringes, and other fancy works at Court—a fashion that spread and flourished, giving occupation to idle hands, but by no means exercising the brain, or bridding the love of scandal—a vice inherent to individuals who, not being capable of conversing of things, are necessitated to talk of persons, and which, to judge by the satirical papers of the day, was the principal topic of a fashionable lady’s conversation. Reading, had a taste existed for it, was narrowed by the want of books. The works we have named were certainly not ones to encourage an appetite for it, while those that were amusing were of a nature to be hidden under the cushions of the square-framed settle when a visitor was announced; while the learning that in former times had been the glory of some of the sex, had come to be regarded as something quite exceptional and curious, and a woman who exhibited any literary knowledge as that “monster of anything, a prodigy.” “Ignorance and frivolity,” says a writer well acquainted with the temper and manners of the times, “were thought less unbecoming in a gentlewoman than the slightest shade of pedantry;” and, judging from the conduct and absurd affectations in which some otherwise clever women of the period indulged, there would seem to have been cause for the prejudice.

About the time of which I am writing, the really learned Mrs. Mary Astell (who had originated the idea of a “ladies’ college,” with a view to obviate the wide-spread want of education in her sex) was in the habit, if indisposed to leave her literary occupations, of flourishing a manuscript and bawling from the upper windows of her house in Paradise Row, Chelsea, to the visitors at her door, that she was not at home, and otherwise practising unnecessary eccentricities. In some, this affectation of singularity took the unwomanly shape of indifference to personal appearance and neatness, the ridicule of which was visited on the whole sisterhood; and even till comparatively recent times, the idea of a literary woman was taken from the Grub-street type, and associated with inky fingers, a neglected room, and utter ignorance and uselessness in the household.

Long years after the period of which we are writing we find a critic of a ladies’ book observing, with much apparent complacency: “It has been remarked, with great justice, that the needle is a much fitter instrument to be wielded by the major part of ladies than the pen.” And another reviewer remarks: “In a series of letters written by a lady, it would be absurd to look either for perfect classical purity in the language, or logical accuracy in the reasoning. The reigning mode of female education essentially precludes both.”

Yet when a woman had projected an establishment which would, long previously, have helped to take away such reproaches from her sex, the scheme, after having received the sanction of the Queen (who was said to have promised £1,000 towards its foundation), was pushed aside by the bishops, with Tillotson at their head, as savouring too much of a convent to be tolerated by the people, whose suspicions of where high church ends and Romanism begins appear to have been much keener in those days than in the present. It remained for the present time (November, 1869) to witness, in the opening of the Ladies’ College at Hitchin, the accomplishment of an idea which more than a century and a-half ago had been promulgated by this lady, of the sister-queens Mary and Anne’s time, for the better education of her sex.

One can judge of the spirit in which the efforts of literary women were met by literary men in the Augustan age by the epistle of Swift (under the name of “Tobiah Greenhead”) to the editor of the “Tatler,” upon the subject of this the suggested Ladies’ College, “where (instead of scissors, needles, and samplers) pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, are to take up their whole time,” &c. &c. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate
exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most valuable weapons. The director of these Amazonian exercises is ‘Epicoene’ (Mrs. Manly, author of the ‘New Atlantis’), and another of the professors is said to be a certain lady who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels, which are said to have been in great repute with the ladies of Queen Emma’s Court as the memoirs from the New Atlantis are with those of our own.” Sir Walter Scott observes that by the Saxon professor is meant Mrs. Elizabeth Elstob, eminent for her knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language and antiquities. Tobias Green-hat ends his letter by promising to inquire into the progress of this learned institution, and to give Mr. Bickerstaff the first notice of their philosophical transactions, &c., &c. Yet Swift employed Mrs. Manly to write an account of Guiscard’s attack on Lord Harley, from notes which he gave her; * and in more than one letter he speaks of getting “the woman” to do literary work for him which not unfrequently passed for his own.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Elstob does not rest on the fame of her first attempt in Saxon literature. She loves work for its own sake; but specially she loves the work of unfolding from its cerements the dead language of our forefathers, which Anglo-Saxon had virtually become from the period of the Norman Conquest. She saw at once (to borrow almost verbatim a sentence from her own writing) of what stuff, strength, sound, and sinew the fine old mother tongue is made; and comprehended as acutely as Dr. Hicks himself (what the best philological scholars are now agreed upon), “that grammatical and idiomatic peculiarities of the living English language, with full four-fifths of its vocabulary, are from the speech of our Saxon ancestors.” Soon after the appearance of the Homily of St. Gregory we find her busy with the translation of the Saxon hymns from a MS. in the church of Sarum—a life of Archbishop Alfric, and excerpts from the Textus Roffensis, of which she subsequently made an exact and lovely copy on vellum, which in 1812 remained in the library of the Earl of Oxford.

Early in the following year (Feb., 1713) there is a rumour of an expected vacancy at Lincoln’s Inn, upon which William Elstob wrote to Chief Justice Parker to solicit his interest for the appointment of Preacher there; and in order to assist his suit, Elizabeth tells us that, accompanied by Mr. John Fortescue Aland, her brother called upon the Chief Justice, who received him very kindly, and [for you see the parson’s fame had preceded him] led the way to learned conversation, and made the student’s heart light, with the most generous promises of favour and service; for though indifferent to learning, Tom Parker (as the mob irreverently called him on a future day, when on his road to the Tower, on a charge of fraudulent practices) could be generous to literature and learned persons; witness his benevolence to the elder Bowyer, and his subsequent service to Elizabeth Elstob herself. In the Rector’s case, however, either the opportunity did not occur, or the Chief Justice forgot his promise. Two months later, Elizabeth had finished her translation of Alfric’s Homilies; and we find Mr. Wm. Bishop, of Gray’s Inn, sending the work to Dr. Charleett, and writing to him: “Dr. Hicks tells me Mrs. Elstob’s book is done as well as if he had done it, and orders me to tell all people, so, and it will be a very valuable work.”

Yet out of the universities, and, except by a learned few, such works were not likely to be sought for, while the expense of printing them forbade even so spirited a publisher as Bowyer (the elder) to undertake the risk, and made it quite impossible for the author to do so. Moreover, it had happened some time after the publication of the Homily on St. Gregory’s Day, that the premises of the great printer, in which he had carried on his business for thirteen years, with untiring assiduity and much honour and profit to himself, had been burnt down, and the Saxon type used in printing * the homily perished, with other valuable property, in the flames. Under these circumstances we find Mrs. Elstob writing to Lord Oxford, the friend of young Pope, and associate of all the wits and men of learning of his day, who, says a spiteful critic, “upon the credit of collecting books, and writing bad verses, appears to have been regarded as a man of etters, and to have affected the character of a Macenas of literary men.” To his credit be it remembered that his patronage went much further than an affectation; that to him, and to Lord Chancellor Somers, of whom it was written:

“Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay
Till Somers’ hand produced him to the day,”

literary men were obliged for almost the first public recognition of their honourable place in society and the value of their services to it.

Mr. Harley’s promotion to the Lord Treasurer’s staff gave him the power of recommending her to her Majesty’s patronage, and his personal knowledge of herself and brother (he had known them at Oxford), his loan of books to them, and other civilities, emboldened her to state frankly the position in which she was placed, and to ask his aid in procuring her the Queen’s bounty towards the publication of

* In 1712-13 Bowyer found himself in one night reduced, by a calamitous fire, from affluence to absolute want. He was, however, very soon re-established by the generous assistance of his patrons and friends, one of the principal of whom was the Lord Chief Justice Parker.

† Mr. Harley was appointed Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, August 10th, 1710.
the Saxon Homilies. Here is her letter to the Treasurer:


"My Lord,—Your lordship having been an encourager of the first Saxon Homily I ventured to make public, and being since then, by her Majesty's wisdom, deservedly placed in such a station as gives you a capacity of encouraging learning equal to your generous inclination, who are acknowledged by all to be the most learned person, as well as the greatest promoter of learning, in this nation, makes me hope that your lordship will not refuse to take some favourable notice of this specimen, as also of the book of testimonies that comes with it; which, might it receive the additional testimony of your lordship's favour, would be highly improved and adorned. Your lordship will easily discern by the specimen that the work itself will be very expensive, and you are very sensible how backward the men, who deal in books, are to undertakings of this nature; so that not only the work itself, but the expense in great measure must, be mine without the assistance of noble and generous persons. Some encouragement from the royal bounty would not only give life and expedition to the work, but would be a great example to other persons of rank to add their favours in some proportion. This I dare but just mention, grounding the hopes of being excused, upon your favourable reception when I had the honour to wait upon your lordship, and your many favours since that time to my brother and myself, for which we beg your lordship will accept of our dutiful acknowledgement. With sincerest prayers for your lordship's health and long life.

"I am, my lord,
"Your lordship's obedient servant,
"ELIZABETH ELSOB."

Lord Harley, engrossed by the cares of office, or in the search for Caxton's works, of which he was an earnest collector,* or simply from that love of procrastination which distinguished him, appears to have overlooked this letter.

The autumn waned into winter, the winter merged into spring, and still no answer arrived from the Lord High Treasurer. It was becoming apparent, that without more assistance than her private means and the condition of her subscription list promised, her great work must be abandoned. But, instead of yielding to this fear, which would be to submit to the overtures of the most ambitious project of her life, Elizabeth opposes active industry to the delay, and physicks the pain of suspense with other literary labours.

In the pauses of preparing the Homiliarium, of which only a few sheets had as yet been printed, she finds time to assist her brother in his translations from various Anglo-Saxon MSS., and to plan the idea of a Saxon grammar that has for some time occurred to her. But, at length taking heart of grace, and probably the counsel of the Dean of Worcester, she resolves to see Lord Oxford and personally learn the result of her written application. Accordingly, on the 12th of March, 1714, Mrs. Elstob made her way from the hired rectory-house in Bush Lane, by London Stone, to the town residence of the Lord Treasurer (probably in Dover Street, or St. James Square, where we find his lordship had a mansion in 1715), not without some apprehension of being denied admission to the great man's presence, as we find from the following note, with which, in this event, she had provided herself:

"London, March 4th, 1714.

"My Lord,—I presumed some time ago to trouble your lordship with a letter, together with a specimen, and proposals for an edition of the Saxon Homilies. It is more than probable that, in so great a variety of more important matters, these papers have been forgotten or laid aside. I have, however, presumed to hope I may have your lordship's approbation of that undertaking. I am now in your lordship's house, and shall be proud to be admitted to know your lordship's pleasure in this affair, or at such time as shall be judged convenient. Hoping your lordship, being so great a patron and judge of learning, for the sake of learning will excuse this, I humbly conclude,

"My lord, your lordship's
"Most obedient servant,
"ELIZABETH ELSOB."

The gentlewomanly tone of this letter appears to have answered the purpose of its writer, and resulted, if not in a personal interview with the Lord Treasurer, at least in arousing his interest in her work, and in his obtaining for her the queen's bounty* towards the publication of the English-Saxon Homiliarium. This appears to have been granted at once, as the following letter, dated 1714, would naturally follow immediately upon its receipt:


"My Lord,—Your lordship having done me the honour of obtaining for me her Majesty's

* Dr. Bernard, physician to James I., was an enthusiastic collector of "Caxtons." After him the next largest collector was Robert Harley, Lord Oxford, who died 1724. He began (says Mr. Blades) the celebrated collection of books and manuscripts so well-known as the Harleian. His son, Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, devoted nearly his whole life to its increase. On his death the library descended to his only daughter, Margaret, Duchess of Portland, and by her and her mother was offered for sale. The MSS. were purchased for the nation at £10,000; but the printed books were sold to J. Osborne, bookseller, for £18,000, being £5,000 less than the binding had cost (Life and Typography of William Caxton, from Original Sources, by William Blades. London: Lilly, 1862).
royal bounty towards printing the Saxon Homilies, which is an example worthy to engage our nobility and gentry to become also encouragers, I could not but justly think it my duty to return my thanks to your lordship for so great a favour, and likewise to acquaint your lordship with how high a sense of gratitude I received her Majesty’s royal encouragement. I have, I bless God, always entertained those steadfast notions and principles of loyalty, which have made me ever constant and fervent in my prayers for her Majesty’s long life and prosperous reign, as the true nursing mother of our church, the greatest blessing to her people, and the glory of our English monarchy. It is not only a very great honour, but an equal satisfaction to me, that these public considerations I can now add the style of my royal benefactress and patroness. In wishing her Majesty success and prosperity in her affairs, it must be one of my prayers that her Majesty may ever be attended by a person of such consummate wisdom and constant fidelity as your lordship. This, we are sure, will be both for the safety and ornament of her Majesty’s royal state and the welfare of her kingdom, the advancement of religion, loyalty, and learning. May your lordship enjoy a perfect health, and her Majesty be happy in so wise and safe a counsellor! May you every day meet with the reward of your fidelity in an accession of new honours, and accumulated prosperities on your lordship and your family! In these prayers my brother very heartily concurs.

“...and obedient servant,

Elizabeth Elstob.”

If the reader is inclined to find fault with the somewhat overstrained compliments and adulatory tone of this epistle, and to think the writer’s prayers and thanks out of all proportion to the benefits received, we must bear in mind the stilted phraseology with which great persons were then commonly addressed, and the wonderful capacity they seem to have had for its acceptance. The dedications of the day exhibit painfully the servile tone and fulsome flattery with which literary men and women besmirched their patrons, and which did not die out till subsequent to the days of Dr. Johnson’s sturdy self-assertion. Moreover, at this particular time, with her work almost at a standstill for want of efficient patronage, and the means of meeting the expense of its publication, the power to head her subscription-list with her Majesty’s style, as she phrased it, and the practical assistance which the promised bounty would afford her, and which would in all likelihood be continued to her as long as Lord Harley held office or the Queen lived, was really an important acquisition, and from its seeming security must have gladdened her brother’s heart as well as her own.

But time passed on, and the bounty was her’s in promise only. Dean Hicks, evidently hurt at the delay, put the matter into his friend Robert Nelson’s hands; and the eccentric, but amiable author of the “Feasts and Festivals” wrote as follows to the Lord Chancellor:

“June 18th, 1714.

“My Lord,—I am required by my worthy neighbour the Dean to return his most humble thanks to your lordship for the royal bounty you have procured for Mrs. Elstob: she wants only that to set the press in work, and therefore he humbly begs that your lordship would be pleased to despatch that affair.”

Thus urged from without, we can imagine the first instalment shortly in her hands, and the filip it must have given to her zeal for the accomplishment of her great work, which was being brought out, says Nichols, in a very “pompous” folio, at the Theatre in Oxford; and now trusting to the Queen’s patronage for increasing the number of her “encouragers,” Elizabeth continues her work, if not more closely more hopefully. But the repeated illneses of her brother call for far other labours at her “fair, pretty hands,” as one of her admirers has called them, and her tender woman’s nature—for even in old age Elizabeth Elstob was eminently womanly—overrides every other consideration, and pen and pencil are laid aside that she may nurse and soothe the beloved invalid.

For a consumptive man, there is a wonderful pertinacity of life in Parson Elstob. He has been ailing from his youth up, and frequent reference is made to his ill-health in London; but at the first cessation of pain, the first uncertain draught of strength, we find him applying to work more eagerly than ever to complete the numerous tasks he had set himself.

Incidentally we catch glimpses of the genial, hospitable nature of the inmates of the Bush Lane Rectory-house, in the frequent visits of old and sympathetic friends—friends of like minds with their own, who are interested in the progress of their literary undertakings, who give and seek information on septenartional studies or antiquarian subjects, or desire the translation of runes rhymes, or of inscriptions in the Gothic character—visitors like cheerful, nature-loving Dr. Charlett, who brings in with him the breezy atmosphere of out-doors life, and talks of the beautiful country month of May, and of his walks in the pretty neighbourhood of Henley-upon-Thames, on the delicious "hills and plains, through fine, passable woods of clean beech, without briars or thorns"—men who season grave discussion and learned talk with pleasant anecdotes and the day’s news, and thus ripple and refresh the calm monotony of the sick brother’s and his sister’s student life. Occasionally Elizabeth, who, with her other artist gifts has a talent for portrait-painting, amuses herself and gratifies her friends by getting them to sit to her, and thus, whoel not otherwise occupied, busies herself with pencil or graver.

Now Mr. Wanley, the beloved friend and fellow-student of William Elstob “Amicus nostrum, per humano doctrinumque,” as he calls
him, finds his way hither from the Haymarket,
where, when not domiciled at the Lord High
Treasurer’s, he had his lodgings with Mr. W.
Waklen, an apothecary at the “Two Pistils
and Mortars,” or, since the journey is com-
passed in a day, Drs. Hudson and Rawlinson,
or handsome Mr. Twailles drop in from Ox-
ford, bringing with them the latest local or dite
and university news, wherewith to amuse the
“Saxon Nymph,” and interest the erudite but
gentle rector.

Dr. George Hicks, too, who had this year
published his “Thebean Legion not Fable”—a
work which he had written in 1687—found in
the Bush Lane, parlour patient listeners to his
political discussions, and his “Vindication
of the Divine Right of Kings.” It was upon some
such occasion, probably, that Elizabeth sketched
her portrait of him, which Swift’s friend, the Rev.
Wm. Broome, remembered to have seen at the
doctor’s house—a picture “very like the doc-
tor, but more severe, who, with an authorita-
tive look, had great sweetness.” Here, also, came
the dean’s friends Mr. William Bishop
from Gray’s-Inn, then a favourite Sunday-
afternoon promenade with the fashionable belts
and beaux, whose follies had afforded materials
for the almost daily exercise of the fine wit and
elegant satire of Steele and Addison during the
past two years. But sometimes after these
outings, pursued their still, literary life, when the slant
rays of the evening sun fell on the thin hands
of her beloved brother, and the flushed face
grew sallow, and the false brightness in the
patient eyes died out, a sharp pang must have
pierced the heart of the solitary sister with a
keen sense of the impending separation from
him whose life had been one with her own, and
whose pursuits, and cares, and joys had been
twin with hers.

I can imagine how she must have striven
against this conviction, and have hoped against
hope, to enable herself to progress with her
work, and nurse and buoy up the sinking
strength and spirits of the dying student, who,
nevertheless, rallies from time to time, and is
zealous in his official and religious duties.

In the July of this year (July 14th, 1714), plea-
sant Mr. Thoersby,† whose brown eyes and
kindly smile must have always brought a wel-
come to them, drops in to see them. It is
Sunday, and the antiquary, in his dark wig and
brown coat, goes with the brother and sister to
St. Swithin’s Church, and notes in his Diary:

“Mr. Elstob preached very well: I dined
with the learned author and his ingenious
sister; and as friends interested in the same
pursuits will talk of their present plans and
future purposes, it may be that William Elstob
informed him of his long-cherished intention
of writing a history of his native place, materials
for which he had been for some time collecting.

His boyish recollections of Newcastle, and the
grammar school, his family associations and
his father’s official connection with the town,
naturally interested him, and made him look
back yearningly, at the early end of his life’s
travel, to the starting point.

Then, as a natural sequence of local and
family gossip, it is not unlikely that then
degreed, “curiously drawn upon vellum, with
Mrs. Elstob’s own hand,” would be shown to
him; for the Elstobs, as I have elsewhere said,
were proud of their descent, and the lady’s skill
and ingenuity would receive, as they deserved,
their meed of praise, of hearing which, the
tender brother would never weary.* Doubt-
less, too, the prospects of the Homestead
would be talked of, and it may be that the
“blooming” letters, or specimens of illuminated
text, would be exhibited to the enthusiastic and
admiring Thoersby, and the visit close in
gratulations and good wishes.

Thus midsummer comes and goes. The
soft, warm summer air blows with blessing
it for the invalid, and Elizabeth, dear Elizabeth,
is she not in the temporal sunshine of royal
patronage? When his time comes he will
have the comforting assurance that she will not be
left wholly destitute, but that the crowning work
of her studious life will make its way under the
Queen’s protection, whom now, even the Tories
affected to honour.

In the last week of July, there is the usual
thrill and stir which London always feels at the
summer races. The Doncaster Meeting takes
place on the 1st of August, and her Majesty,
who though, we are told, she rather tolerated
than patronized equestrianism, was an active
patroness of the northern race-course, to
which she not only gave cups, but entered her
own horses to run for them, had (as she always
had) a stake in the field. On this occasion,
we learn from a “correct card of the races,”†
the queen’s bay horse “Star” won a plate of
£40 value, in four heats, thus lost and
recovered: Four, three, one, four. This was
the Queen’s last triumph on the turf, but of
which she was never conscious, for just after the
royal race had been run, “an express” arrived
with advice of the death of her Majesty Queen
Anne, who had expired of apoplexy. “Upon
which,” says old Pick, “the nobility and gentry
immediately left the field, and attended the

† I feel pleased that my own impression of the man
is borne out by the likeness of him, which I have, since
writing the above, had the pleasure of seeing in the
National Portrait Exhibition of 1867. “Pleasant”
is precisely the character which the clear, brown,
trustful eyes and well-defined, but some-what crestulous,
eyebrows and kindly mouth expresses. The portrait
has no artist’s name attached to it, and I pleaded my-
self by thinking that this might be (†) the identical
picture which Elizabeth Elstob made of him.—C. A. W.

* The original, which Elizabeth Elstob presented
to Mr. Wanley, is preserved in the Harleian MSS.
British Museum.
† Pick’s old Historical Racing Calendar, York,
1709-1759.
Lord Mayor (William Redman, Esq.) and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed his Majesty King George I., after which most of the nobility set off for London."

How this news affected the Elstobs may be readily imagined. With the Queen died her bounty; and as this happened before the grant had been long bestowed, Elizabeth could only have just realized the service it would have been when it was snatched away. Her patron, the Earl of Oxford, accused by his coadjutor Bolingbroke of a private correspondence with the House of Hanover, had been deprived of the Treasurer's staff three days before the death of Queen Anne, and did not again take office. But Elizabeth Eltob's nature, as we have seen, was not one to be easily cast down; in her small frame beat a brave, self-reliant heart. She had within her treasures of which neither change of monarch nor minister could dispossess her, and found in her literary vocation and love of books, the best panacea for her disappointment.

In the three meager pages of MS. autobiography which she has left, she but alludes to this misfortune generally, as one among the many she had suffered.

Bitterer, and less easily supported trials were at hand. The beloved protector, teacher, companion, friend, he who meant to her all home affections, all family ties, all kindred sympathies, her brother, rapidly declined through the ensuing winter, and before the grass blades had stirred in St. Swithin's church-yard, William Eltob lay "calm as forgiven hermit rest," and was buried beneath the altar;* at which, for thirteen years he had officiated. He died on the 3rd of March, 1715, leaving the last work he had contemplated, and in which he had made some progress—an edition of the Saxon laws to be finished by another hand.†

How much William Eltob was interested in the completion of this work, is evident from the continuation of his letter to Mr. Wanley (already quoted), in which he observes: "That I have made a considerable progress in the business of the laws, you yourself have been an eye-witness, and I have since that added much more, and am daily increasing my stock of materials; so that I hope I shall be able to show the Saxon laws under a better light and reputation, than yet they have appeared in, and rescue them from that obscurity and confusion with which they were deformed by the Normans. If anything need be added to the testimony of your kind judgment concerning me in that undertaking, Dr. Hicks, whose judgment few will question, will, I am sure, heartily give me his suffrages, and would readily condescend to be an advocate for me. As for my principles in church and state, in which I have been long tried and ever steady, they are agreeable so near as I could inform myself to the true state of our constitution, and such as are now happily professed by her Majesty and her present ministry."

With all his learning, as Dr. Hick's had stated in the letter we have quoted to Lord Harley, William Eltob was not a prosperous or successful man. In an epistle of his own, written twelve months subsequently to the above (1714) to Lord Chief Justice Parker, he says that he has been a preacher in the city 11 years, and diligent in his profession, as well as laborious in other matters, without seeking or finding such assistance as are both useful and necessary to such as commerce with books.

There were no institutions answering to the British Museum Reading-room, or Royal Library, in those days, to bring within an author's reach the works of reference essential to him. Where private friendship or patronage failed in procuring the loan of such works, the student had to purchase them if possible, or borrow a sight of them at the booksellers', or visit local collections, or the libraries of the universities, and in this way was put to much expense and loss of time. Hence William Eltob's complaints, hence also the frettering away of the "gentle fortune" of himself and sister. But all the difficulties in his way have ended now, all the weariness of life, all its uphill struggles; and his sister, poor and alone, takes up the cross where the ill-requited and uniting scholar had laid it down, and prepares to follow the same thorny path, as the only one that opened to her a means of livelihood.

The patient strength of Elizabeth Eltob's character, the pious resignation in which she had been trained, and to which the discipline of early sorrow had contributed, no doubt assisted her to bear this long-threatened, but not the less heavy grief—a grief the memory of which appears to have abided with her through her long life, and never to have been referred to without reawakening the tenderest sorrow. His gentleness, his patience, his charity and learning, are themes on which, twenty years later, her pen lingers as lovingly as if the loss of him who exercised these Christian virtues were but a few days old. In this hour of supreme sorrow and desolation, one old and faithful friend remained to her in the person of Dr. George Hicks. With him she probably took counsel as to her future course of action and mode of life. He, in all likelihood, shared her sad task of looking through the unfinished works* of the dead student, and deciding which

* Besides the homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, William Eltob published an essay on the affinities and agreement between the two professions of Law and Divinity, with a preface by Dr. Hicks, and Latin translation of the homily of Lupus, with notes, which he undertook at the Dean's request. He published also two sermons—one a thanksgiving sermon from

† The scheme of this work was carried into effect by Dr. Wilkins in 1721 (Nichol's Anecdotes).
Left behind.

I laugh as the snow drifts cold in my breast;
"Tis warm as the idol that last there was pressed;
"Tis warm as the pillow that now gives him rest.

VI.
I've called to him, wild winds, with passion so deep,
That the stars, could they hear me and look down, would weep:
But never my wailing has broken his sleep.

VII.
I've knelt, where he lieth, from morning to even,
And whispered the love he once smiled to receive;
And begged for the kisses he once begged to give.

VIII.
But never a word broke the silence so chill.
Go! wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill!
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill!

IX.
And perchance ye will wake him; for if he should hear
In his dreamings your ravings so mournful and deep.
He would shake off that slumber and haste to me here.

X.
For I am his darling. Wild winds, does he know
I am standing alone in the cold-drifting snow,
With my hopes frozen up in a winter of woe?

MY WINTER-TIME.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.
Go, wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill!
And hurl off the sere leaves that flutter there still;
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill!

II.
Go drift up, go drift up the snow cold and high;
Let its whiteness make blacker the grim, angry sky!
Let the pilgrim go breast-deep to stiffen and die!

III.
Go howl in your fury! and in your disdain
Give mock to the world and all of its pain:
Give mock to its sorrow and hot-throbbing brain!

IV.
And here in the midnight I'll laugh as I list,
For my heart has gone from me; 'tis keeping a tryst
With lips that it loves, that kiss when not kissed!

Psalms ciii. 10 for the victory at Hochstet, and the other from Timothy i. 12 on the anniversary of the Queen's accession (it is a copy of the latter which is preserved in the Tomlinson Library at Newcastle).
Besides these works, being a great proficient in Latin, the Rector of St. Swithin's had prepared an essay on its history and use. He had also collected materials for a history of Newcastle, and also an account of the various proper names formerly used in the north; but what became of these MSS., Chambers adds, is not known. The scheme of his great work on the English laws had been printed at Oxford as far back as 1099. His transcript of Orosius, in the Bodleian, was made use of by the Hon. Daines Barrington for his translation, and was duly acknowledged.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY ADA TREVENIAN.

Draw near to the fire, my little son,
For the eve is come, and the day is done,
And the trembling stars are seen;
And the cool night-breezes come and go,
Near the ivied wall where the violets blow,
In the churchyard lone and green.

Oh slowly, slowly, pass the hours,
My heart in low musing wastes its powers,
Recalling lost love and rest;
But the spirit so noble, fond, and true,
Looks out through these orbs of steadfast blue,
From the dear head on my breast.

And I find in this weary world a spot,
The cold, changed world where he is not,
Where my heart may yet remain;
Ay, look with me to the clear, grey sky,
Far above this earth where great deeds die,
We shall meet our lost again.
A WAITING-MAID'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

CHAP. III.

Since the first evening of my attendance on Miss Radcliffe, she had never spoken to me of keeping her secrets; neither indeed had she given me any secrets to keep, my manner on that eventful occasion, I suppose, having proved me unworthy of her confidence; but latterly although making evident efforts to subdue her temper and succeeding in making it less violent, it became even more than usually uncertain. She would alter and realter her dresses and their trimmings until I was weary, and then blame my want of taste when her complexion remained as hopelessly dingy as before.

Sometimes she would be in the wildest spirits, declaring herself to be completely happy in the prospect of a three months' stay in London, promised her by her father as a bribe to win her from any lingering thoughts of Nolan. At other times she would sink into the most wretched nervousness, start at the slightest noise, and question me eagerly as to Mansfield's visits to the Colonel's study, then become naughty again, and not deign to speak, except to give orders, for hours.

It soon came to be well-known throughout the household that the family might be expected to set out any day now upon their journey. And pained and humiliated as I felt by Mansfield's continued want of recognition of me as my former, and utter indifference to me as my present self, it was strange that I should feel the real sorrow I did at leaving Carrig.

Yet, so it was, and even the prospect of seeing my poor mother was as nothing to me in comparison to the acute pang of joy which thrilled through me at catching even a chance glimpse of him whom I could have kept all my own at one time but for my own folly; but who now passed me with a careless nod or, at most, a civil Good-morning.

It was, with silly tears in my eyes and a firm resolution in my heart to come back again if possible, that I received Miss Radcliffe's orders to pack her trunks, as we were to set off on the day but one after. I had some busy hours on that and the following morning. My mistress superintended the packing herself, and was very particular that everything belonging to her should be taken, not a scrap left behind. Although I suggested more than once that some of the things could not possibly be wanted until her return, it was of no use; as usual, she would have her way.

There was naturally a great deal of bustle through the house all that day, the hall was full of luggage, and the servants at their wits end running everywhere; but no one was so busy as Mrs. Blake, who was an especial favourite of the Colonel's and Mrs. Radcliffe, neither of whom would trust anyone but her, not even their personal attendants, to see that the various little necessaries for their comfort were safely put away for them.

It was near ten o'clock when she came hurriedly into her own sitting-room, where I had just taken a cup of tea, and said:

"My dear, I am tired to death, and have to go back at once to the Colonel. I cannot get a single servant, they are all so occupied; would you then for ever oblige me by walking down as far as the gate on a message for me?"

"It is late, Mrs. Blake," I replied; "I should almost fear to go."

"Fear," she laughed, "why, there is a lovely moon, and Mr. Mansfield is very close at hand if my nephew should attempt to run away with you."

"Your nephew," I questioned. "Yes, my dear," she said, "It is my nephew I want you to be so kind as to take a message to. He is going to America, and came twenty miles out of his way to see me and bid me good-bye. I promised to meet him to-night at ten o'clock; but it is impossible for me to keep my appointment, and he is waiting, I suppose, poor fellow. Tell him this, and say I will be at the early train for C—— in the morning. Miss Radcliffe's luggage goes by it, so that I will be there without fail to take my leave of him, poor dear boy, before he starts. I will go over with Jim Daly on the car."

"Well," I suppose I must not refuse you," I said, lastly, "although I do not like it. I will go for my bonnet."

"Oh, don't mind a bonnet, dear," said the housekeeper, in her smooth way; "I have brought my cloak for you. Here, draw the hood over your head, it will be better," and so saying, she put on my shoulders the long Irish mantle of blue cloth, and drew its deep hood, trimmed with a peculiar kind of a light fur, over my face, which she was in the habit of wearing herself on wet or cold days in winter, and hastened me away.

It was, as she said, a lovely night; not a breath of rough air was stirring strong enough to rustle even one of the tender new-born leaves upon the budding tree.

I walked at a quick pace along the carriage drive, and reached the gate without meeting anyone on my way. I found it locked; and as there was no light in any of the windows of the lodge, I guessed that its occupants were
already sleeping soundly. Leaning against one of the piers without was a tall man in an overcoat of dark frieze, the collar of which was drawn up to hide his face, where a low crowned hat was well slouched to meet it. He was smoking a short pipe, which he took from his mouth when I approached, and demanded, eagerly:

"Well, what news? All right, I hope."

"You are Mrs. Blake's nephew, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," he answered, shortly, and in a disappointed tone. "Why is she not here herself?"

"She found it impossible to get away," I replied, "and has sent me to tell you so; but she will meet you in the morning at the early train, the luggage goes by it, and she has to see to it."

"Very good," he replied. "You are Miss Radcliffe's maid, I believe."

"Yes," I said, "Good-night."

"Will you not shake hands with me and say 'God speed' Irish fashion?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"I wish you all success, I am sure," I replied, as I gave him my hand through the bars.

"You are very good," he said, "and I am much obliged by your coming."

He held my hand while he said this, and I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable with a strange doubt that he was Mrs. Blake's nephew at all. I had never heard her mention such a relative before; and although I could not see his face, his manner was better, more that of a gentleman, in fact, than any nephew of hers could be likely to be.

"Oh; you are very welcome. I was glad to oblige your aunt," I answered, and snatchine my hand rather roughly away, I repeated my "Good-night," which he returned, and adding, "Tell my aunt not to be late in the morning," walked quickly away.

I had not gone many steps back towards the house, when, emerging from the shadow of the trees into the light, a tall figure barred my way; and looking up, I perceived that once more, after the lapse of seventeen years, Robert Mansfield and I stood alone, face to face together in the soft, clear light of the young May moon.

"I have been watching these night meetings," he began abruptly, "and have succeeded in establishing the identity of the gentleman without much difficulty. Now, as far as the height I know it is not a lady, with whom I should not dare to take such a liberty, I must insist on discovering the other masquerader."

And throwing my hood lightly back, he looked into my pale scared face with an expression of utter scorn on his own; so he said:

"Against the Colonel's express orders, you are taking messages to Mr. Nolan from Miss Radcliff, or I beg your pardon," he continued, bitterly; "perhaps it is on your own account you meet him. In either case I must report this to my master; if you can satisfy him as to which part you are playing, messenger or principal, I shall be satisfied; it is nothing to me."

If I ever in my life hated a human being it was Mrs. Blake at that moment; always suspecting her, I now saw clearly how she had tricked me. And never did an innocent person before, I believe, look so like a guilty one as I did at that moment. I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat prevented me from articulating one word, until, at length, with a gasping sob, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Mansfield; oh, Robert, if you knew me you would not wrong me so, you would not speak to me so harshly."

"If you mean," he said fiercely, "if I knew you were Ellen Wells, of course I knew you since the first moment I saw you; but as it is not a very good sign of anyone to pass under a false name in a strange place (I am told you are not a widow), I thought it better not to interfere unless the Colonel's interests were at stake, as they are now. Then, what are you to me that I should spare you; you were false years ago; the world does not improve people in their way through it. I suppose you are worse now?"

"Oh," I said, imploringly, "do not visit on me now the folly of my girlhood. Heaven knows how bitterly I have atoned for it in all these weary years. I did not come here under a false name; my mistress always calls me Wells, that truth you can easily discover. I do not know how it was the servants called me Welsh; but I was too heartsick to correct the mistake. What mattered it what they called me when you passed me as a stranger?"

"I tell you again, woman," he said, "you are as a stranger to me. I have only to do with your meetings with Mr. Nolan and—"

"Oh, indeed I did not know him," I interrupted; "indeed I believed him to be Mrs. Blake's nephew. Whatever change for the worse you say may have come to me, at any rate you must acknowledge I have acquired one virtue—Humility. There was a time, as you know, that not for any consideration—not even to save my life would I condone to such explanations, to such entreaties as these."

Passing over the latter part of my remarks entirely, he said, mockingly, "I suppose it was in compliment to his aunt you let your hair rest so long in his during your leave-taking through the bars. Your mistress should look to it. You played Thisebe to his Pyramus, as I saw it once in a comedy, too naturally for my taste if I were she."

My temper was now up. I had borne much from him; I should bear no more, and, drawing my cloak more closely round me, I exclaimed, indignantly, "Let me pass, sir. I will not stay here longer to be insulted. In one thing, at any rate, you are right; it is with Colonel Radcliffe I am to settle this; not with you. Go tell him whatever you conceive to be your duty"
to tell, and I will then give him my explanation."

He stood aside instinctively as I ceased speaking, and I passed on. But ah! I had not proceeded very far when the strength of my burst of anger had given me passed away, and, all faint and trembling, I threw myself on the first rustic seat I met with and burst into tears. It was over; then, he was totally estranged from me! Feel that I was to entertain any hope that it could be otherwise!—to expect him to think of me as I did of him all through the changing life he had led, and through a marriage which had lasted years; and yet that I had done so was fully proved to me by the bitterness of my present disappointment: nay, it was not dead even yet; for, with a sudden joy, it flashed upon my mind that in his late violent attack on me there had been as much furious jealousy of my interview with Mr. Nolan as care of his master's interest; yet, with bent head, I went on feeling if I indulged in such an idea it would be merely preparing fresh pain for myself. Even on the stillness of the soft spring night I did not hear a single sound. He must have walked upon the grass outside the path, until a minute or two afterwards I felt a hand laid lightly on my shoulder, and heard Mansfield's voice saying "Let us not be a couple of fools again, Ellen, as we once were, long ago. We are not girl and boy now, to quarrel over nothing. I was wrong, too violent, but it is strange how you still have the power to torture me. It stung me to the quick to see that fellow hold your hand."

Odd as it may seem (and I suppose my mirth was half hysterical), I absolutely shook with laughter to hear him acknowledge this; and, stooping over me, he perceived it; when laughing also, he continued: "Well, well, there is no use in talking to you. I believe it will be the same to the end of the chapter—the same provoking puzzle that teases a fellow even while it interests him."

I had not yet spoken a word although I had not resisted the arm he had placed around me when he seated himself at my side, and continued, gaily: "Come now, I have you fairly a prisoner. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself all these years; and why you have never married, after all the lovers you used to have."

"If I did you would not believe me," I replied, saucily; "you told me awhile ago I was always false, and you were good enough to add that you supposed I was worse now; but feeling, even as I spoke, that I was indeed no longer a girl, in whom alone further trifling would seem graceful, I continued, "yet I will tell you I have gone through many troubles, and have been for a long while trying to earn a livelihood. And that I always felt remorse about your supposed death, and always accused myself of being its cause. Ah, Robert, how simple I have been; fretting about you, and you so happy all the time. Why did you not speak to me when you saw me in Mrs. Blake's room? Ah, how I grieved to think how completely you had forgotten me! All my past sufferings were as nothing to that. Am I so very much changed? Do tell me."

"You have changed, of course," he replied; "but it is only from the prettiest girl I ever saw into a very handsome woman; but I should know you among a thousand. As you knew me—grave, dark-old fellow that I have become—I did not speak to you, because I saw you knew me, and I wished to see how you would act. How amused I was the night I piqued you so much talking of poor Jane! Yet, after all, Nellie, my patience did not last long; you out piqued me in the end, as you always did."

"But did you really care so very much for your wife?" I asked. "Of course I know you cared for her something—but so very much you know—"

"We never had an unkind word between us," he replied; "she was very good and gentle; but her love was for her first husband. She was never very strong, and I really believe, in her calm way, she cared almost more for Miss Radcliffe, about whom she was engaged nearly all her life, or at any rate, since she was a mere little girl, than she did for her own children. I can scarcely say, I am sure, why we married at all, neither of us cared to do so. Mutual acquaintances managed it all; they said it was for our good. So I suppose it was, somehow: but my eldest girl soon became such a bright little thing that, after the first few weeks, I cannot say I missed her mother much from our home."

"Ah how bitterly unfeeling you are," I exclaimed; "one does you just as well as another."

"Yes," he replied, composedly, "you will do me very well now; but I suppose by the time I have had you in my house to confuse it a bit, I should rather miss your nonsense."

He stopped abruptly, for we heard a rapid step approaching, and the next moment, looking neither to the left nor to the right, Mrs. Blake, wrapped in a dark shawl, passed towards the lodge—of course in pursuit of me, alarmed at my long absence.

"Come now, Ellen, let us hasten on to the house," said Robert. "I must see the Colonel to-night and try and persuade him to consent, if possible, to this marriage. That mad girl will have her way, better let things come off quietly than have a useless scandal about it. Mrs. Radcliffe will, I hope, use her influence to have the wedding over at once." So we hurried on, and he waited in the hall while I went up to the drawing-room to tell his master that Mansfield desired to see him on very urgent business.

A shade of annoyance passed over the Colonel's good-natured face as I delivered my message, and he asked, testily: "Cannot this important business, stand still until to-morrow?"
"No, sir," I replied; "he says it is necessary you should hear his news at once."

Here Mrs. Radcliffe interfered, and said:

"If you must see him, pray let it be here, Colonel; you cannot risk cold by going to your study at this hour."

"As you are so good, my dear, I shall take advantage of your kindness," said the old gentleman, courteously; and looking at me, he added:

"Tell him to come up, as it is so very necessary he should see me."

As I turned to obey him, Miss Radcliffe rose from her chair and rushed rudely past me with a look of fierce anger on her face, such as I hope I shall never see on a human face again. And as soon as the door closed on us, exclaimed, with her hand uplifted and clenched as if it was with difficulty she refrained from striking me:

"So you are the spy. I know Mansfield's business with my father. Send Blake to me; do not dare approach me yourself; send Blake at once."

"Mansfield told me, as he went up-stairs on my delivering the Colonel's orders to him, to remain within call, as I might be wanted."

So I was still in the hall when the housekeeper came in breathless and asked me very crossly where on earth I had been. I replied, what was indeed the exact truth, that I had been unexpectedly delayed, but as Miss Radcliffe awaited her impatiently in her room, I could not detain her to explain things now.

"But you gave the message?" she questioned.

"Yes," I said "to the person at the gate."

And hearing this, apparently satisfied, she hurried away.

A quarter of an hour after, I heard Robert calling me by the old familiar name Nellie. And with instant obedience I once more returned to the drawing-room, where I found Mrs. Radcliffe urging something on her husband with all her powers of persuasion.

"Think, dearest Hugh," she said (a most unusual mode of addressing him for her), "think how wilful she is, she will surely do something very shocking for us all if you do not consent to this marriage."

"Mansfield thinks Blake must have been false all through, and probably brought Nolan back by telling him Alicia was really of age, although you thought it such a secret, and also of the settlement made on her at our marriage; he thinks she must have heard it from his late wife, with whom she was very intimate. Could that really be the case, Bob?" demanded the Colonel.

"I am nearly certain of it, sir," replied the ex-Sergeant, "Mrs. Blake loves money, and very likely has secured to herself a good price for her news from Mr. Nolan when he touches Miss Alicia's fortune. I think she could have contrived to see him to-night too, if she wished, as she had done all through; but that she had some plan formed to make it appear Ellen had been the messenger from the first and in escaping blame herself, still keep her situation. I think that was her motive for putting her own cloak on Miss Wells. She could so easily prove she had been in attendance on you at the very time this cloak was worn by her at the gate while she spoke to Mr. Nolan. Oh, I can see through it all."

"By my word that is more than I can," said the Colonel; "but I suppose there is no help for it now: this fellow has, apparently, no sense of honour or pride to which I can appeal. Write a note to him, Bess," he continued, addressing Mrs. Radcliffe, "in your own name; telling him I withdraw my disapproval of his suit, and ask the fellow here to breakfast in the morning. We must put off this visit to London indefinitely. I forget what I wanted to ask you, Wells," he said to me, who all this time had remained standing by the door expecting to be questioned about my late adventure; "but whatever it was it can be of no consequence now I know you, at any rate, were not to blame in all this. But Bess" again turning to Mrs. Radcliffe, "see that housekeeper woman is discharged. Now I will go and see Alicia. Poor girl! poor fool! I hoped to have done better for her," and he left the room.

What passed between the father and daughter in that interview, never transpired; but next morning, when I ventured into her room, she was more subdued than I had ever seen her before, and much more civil.

Well, they were married, Miss Radcliffe and Mr. Nolan, and they spent between them a great deal of the Colonel's wealth. But he had enough, and to spare, and at his death left them a large fortune. But so tied up, as the lawyers call it, that they could not spend any of the principal that was to go to their children, of whom they had two.

He was a careless husband, and she a bad-tempered, extravagant wife; yet they dragged on their lives in some way together, and do so still, although they are now well on in years.

She had a new maid when she went on her wedding tour, for I was married the same day with herself; and I do not believe that even now, old as I am, that Robert could be got to say he would not miss me from our home if I were gone, or that anyone on earth could supply my place to him. My stepchildren have now grown up children of their own, and my own boys and girls are settled too, yet all still meet together, as one family, at Christmas, round the fireside of the comfortable farmhouse, left to my husband by his kind master in his will. Strange to say, Mrs. Blake died in the Colonel's service after all. She told some plausible story to him, in which she was backed by Mrs. Radcliffe, that completely calmed down his displeasure, and, in spite of Robert's ideas on the matter, I always thought, even
The Oldest Inhabitant.

from the first, that her mistress had a shrewder notion of her meddling in the young heiress's affairs than she would care to have known. However, the secret was kept for her. She is living still, and has a fine jointure, which will, of course, go to the young Nolans at her death.

It was only the other morning that Mansfield called me to look at his eldest grandchild (Jenny's daughter), who was leaning on the garden hedge, heaping all kinds of civilities on some young lad, while the young man, whom she really likes and to whom she is to be married in two or three months, stood sulkily by.

"Ah," he said, laughing, "that was the work that sent me half mad upon the world."

"Poor fellow," I replied, part as ever in my old age, "how much to be pitied you were in your loneliness. I wonder is that misguided girl there all like what her grandmother was," and I trotted off to see the cows milked; while he, strong and, thank goodness, healthy still, went off whistling to his fields.

Can it be really true that I ever feared to come to Ireland. My dear mother found for years a happy home with me there, and now, for years too, a peaceful grave. And long long ago I discovered it to be the most beautiful country on the earth, "in the ring of the world," the bright, pure, sparkling, emerald gem; the dear land of my last hopes and my fulfilled affections.

"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

BY THE LATE A. B. B.

Amongst the fabulous, or semi-fabulous, natures of the world, those things which, like ghosts, salamanders, and sea-serpents, are often heard of, but very seldom seen; those reations with which we are familiar in print, which seem to live but to turn a sentence, or end a doubtful evidence to the assertion of a paragraph; among this class of ambiguous beings—shadow, not substance—neither fish, flesh, nor foul—is to be found that dim, mysterious personage, the "Oldest Inhabitant."

The "Oldest Inhabitant" seems to live, move, and have his being in the newspaper. He is exclusively their property. His appearance is inseparably connected with the disasters or moving accidents which they chronicle; hail-storms, high winds, high tides, wet seasons, dry seasons, are all duly recorded in their columns, and the experience of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as uniformly appealed to in support of each separate event being the most tremendous and terrific and astounding that has occurred since heaven knows when. The "Oldest Inhabitant" is, therefore, an exclusively newspaper personage. Griffins and unicorns live in heraldry. Lady Bonnifolds are to be sought for in moral stories for moral children. Generous thieves and heroic foot-pads are the heroes of modern novels: each class of fiction creates its own proper fictitious personages. Mrs. Gamp created Mrs. Harris; but penny-a-liners it is who create "Oldest Inhabitants."

No elixir of life preserves their vitality; no miraculous pills have kept them pale and sturdy while ages waned, and friends and neighbours and acquaintances waned with them. We know not how they became what they are; we know not what they are; we know not how one succeeds the other, or when the stroke of death smote, and promoted to the title the now current "Oldest Inhabitant." We merely see them in black and white; we must take them upon credit, and take the surpassing violence of such a storm, or the abundance of such a harvest, upon their credit too.

The authority of most people is cited for what they know or remember. The "Oldest Inhabitant," however, is only cited as an authority when he does not remember. We only hear of him when his memory can bring no parallel to the matter in hand: he is remarkable for remembering nothing. If he remembered, he would be of no use—he would never be cited. He might as well not be the "Oldest Inhabitant." The paragraph-concoctor works away lustily at an inundation, or storm of thunder and lightning. He soon exhausts all the common-places of his craft. He duly makes the storm "visit" the devoted city; he chronicles in good set phrase the "ravages of the destructive element"; but he wants a climax, a peppy wind-up for his lucubrations; he has made the waves roll, and the "electric fluid" flash; he wants something more forcible and pointed still, to bring before his reader in a word the violence and the fury of the tempest; so, summoning up with a scratch of his pen, an "Oldest Inhabitant" manufactured expressly for the occasion, he bids him dive back into the recesses of past
times, grope into the inmost cavities of his memory, and resting fruitlessly from the search, declare upon his honour that no similar visitation has occurred within his recollection.

After this, who can doubt the overwhelming size of the hailstones, or presume to question the vividness of the lightning? Hath not the "Oldest Inhabitant" vouched for it? Hath he not bethought him of his sunny childhood, of his "hot youth when the third George was King," of his strong-minded manhood, of the calm times of his declining years; and in all that long space of worn-out time, whilst dynasties were changing, new nations being born, and old nations dying away—there was no such storm, no such big hailstones, no such vivid lightning, no such loud thunder. One almost feels proud of his own age as he reads the fact, or the record of the fact. What were our ancestors, that they should speak? They had no such grand things as their descendants. Their storms must have been mere child's play. The elements are only growing up; they are getting stronger and stronger every day. Fifty years hence, not doubt, the then "Oldest Inhabitant" will bear testimony to a storm, the extent of a crop of gooseberries, or the productiveness of a field of cabbages, as being each or all of them greater than any within his remembrance. The "Oldest Inhabitant" of the present day was the young man of half a century to come. Every natural event is more remarkable now, so says the "Oldest Inhabitant," than any he can remember. The next "Oldest Inhabitant" will say the same; and so on; from which it is to be logically deduced, that if every successive year natural phenomena are increasing in the splendour and vastness of their attributes; that floods are getting deeper, hailstones bigger, lightning brighter, thunder louder, and summers and winters warmer or colder, as the case may be.

"Oldest Inhabitants" are not altogether of modern invention; we have said that they are newspaper characters; the pointers of a paragraph and the adorners of a puff. Such is the rule, but there is at least one exception. The great forte of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as we have hinted, is not remembering any storm equal to the last storm. He is called forth by a storm as naturally as an umbrella by a shower of rain, or a mouse by toasted cheese. Shakespeare knew this propensity of the "Oldest Inhabitant." The night in which Duncan was murdered, the elements were tumultuous, Fortinbras appears on the stage an "old man," evidently the then "Oldest Inhabitant" of Inverness, who declares:

Three score and ten I can remember well, Within the volume of which time, I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night Hath tried his former knowings.

The "Oldest Inhabitant" is thus always labouring in his vocation; always not remembering—that is to say, remembering a great deal, but never remembering anything equal to the last catastrophe to which he is requested to remember a parallel.

We have said that we have never seen as "Oldest Inhabitant," nor know we any person who has; yet after all there must be some "Oldest Inhabitant" of the parish, of the city, of the world. Methuselah must have been a very respectable "Oldest Inhabitant," but the phrase was not in use in his days, as there were no newspapers. Of course, if there were, he would have come down to us with as great a chance for not remembering as he has for longevity—not that there would be any particular connection between the newspaper "Oldest Inhabitant" of the time and Methuselah, newspapers always having "Oldest Inhabitants," like correspondents, of their own; but that we should be apt to associate one with another, and account poor Methuselah a perfect blessing to the journalists, as they are getting thinner and thinner.

No; the newspaper "Oldest Inhabitant," the fictitious veteran, the hero of a hundred paragraphs, is unsubstantial as John Doe or Richard Roe—impalpable as Mr. Ferguson who never "lodged here;" invisible and unapproachable as the oft-quoted Jack Robinson—ideal and airy as the famous, known and yet unknown, "Walker." In the navy there is a mysterious "Cheeks, the marine," who always watches over the weather. The greenborn is recommended to apply for any information he may want to that hitherto unheeded personage. "Cheeks, the marine," and the "Oldest Inhabitant" must be cousins—the one living on the land, the other on the sea; but the authority of both equally quoted—the identity of both equally indistinguishable.

Yet far be it from us to say that there exist not real actual flesh and blood "Oldest Inhabitants." They claim not the title, but nevertheless they are entitled to it. It is the newspaper variety which is mysterious, fabulous. It is the vouchers for phenomena of hitherto unknown vastness that we mistrust. There are—there must be—oldest as well as youngest inhabitants; and it is not difficult to conjure up an individual of the species; to place him before our readers as he lives and moves; to note his habits of thought and of speech, and to exclain triumphantly, "See Homo!"

There are two great varieties of the veritable "Oldest Inhabitant," he of the country, and he of the town. He whose long range of years has flown over in quiet rural sports—in nooks apart from the world; and he who has always been surrounded by men, whisked along through life by the bustle and hurry-scurry of a great swarming, restless society.

We shall take a glimpse at both and each.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant," of the veritable flesh and blood species, lives in a distant unvisited place, hemmed in by miles and miles of solitary fields and meadows. Only country cross-roads, unfrequented and full of ruin, but...
The Oldest Inhabitant.

from traffic, but from neglect, traverse the neighbourhood of his dwelling. No stream of busy travelling flows past. No modern innovations and changes alter from day to day, and from year to year, the well-known aspect of surrounding objects. They have never been but as they are in the recollection of the "Oldest Inhabitant." He has lived there from boyhood. Several times, indeed, he has been to the nearest large town, and once, very long ago, he saw London—the King, the Queen, and the lions in the tower. That was, perhaps, the event of his life: happy, quiet life which can reckon such an event. He is a great authority in the parish, for, he it known, even in the most sequestered of pastoral spots, there is a little world in the parish. He is, we say, a great authority there, perhaps even greater than the parson—undoubtedly greater than the clerk. His words are listened to very reverently; and when a doting sentence, a wandering expression escapes, it is still heard respectfully and pitifully; for the hearers know that mind tossers under the load of years. He is fond of surrounding himself with the neighbouring children, and,usty with enthusiasm, and superstition, and suspend their play, and assemble joyfully round the door of his cottage, where he sits enjoying the afternoon sun. He tells them stories of people whose memory has lingered long in parish annals, local heroes, remembered for what they have done or suffered, or for the tales of their own fathers, or mayhap their grandfather's childhood; of rustic feats achieved, of rustic skill attained—always winding up the narration with, "Ay, ay, that was when I was a boy."

When he was a boy! His little auditors look wistfully into his face, into that old wrinkled furrowed face, upon the few locks of straggling hair, fine and silky, white as a new-coined shilling, upon the eye which has lost its height, the limbs all bent and shrunken and strengthless as the summer reed, and the long skinny brown hands, which shake with a strange ceaseless motion. When he was a boy! They cannot realize the thought. When he was little and plump and ruddy; when he shouted and screamed, and ran and leaped, and climbed trees, and robbed orchards, and swim the first across the river. Strange! Could he ever have been a boy? Was he not always thus? And would they one day, if they lived be so too? Away! childhood cannot grapple with such thoughts; in the next moment they are forgotten. Had the old man dated his story in the year One, the children would have thought dimly of some time long, long ago; but "when I was a boy!" the time is harder to be seized, more indefinite, more uncertain to their minds than would be the year One.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" is often to be found wandering among the grave-stones of the churchyard. He looks upon old stones, almost covered with green-clinging moss. No need for him to attempt to decipher the inscription. He knows well who lies beneath; he knew him in life, and he remembers him in death. No need for the stone to set forth his virtues; he knows them, and he knows, moreover, what the stone does not set forth—his faults. On a Sunday, after service, he loves to sit near the church-porch: he is the centre of a little group: he talks of old things, extols old customs, points out whence the old boundaries stood, now unknown, and the true sites of old parish legends. He always elevates the past at the expense of the present. The young men, he says, were stronger in his day, more manly, more open; the maiden more fair and more true; and the young men and the young maidens around listen without gesture of dissent, or word of murmur, but in their hearts they believe it not.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" thinks little of modern improvement; in fact, he does not deem it so much improvement as innovation. He is even slow to believe all the wonderful tales related by parish travellers, and vouched for by half-year-old newspapers which occasionally find their way to his cottage. He long shook his head at what he heard of steam carriages moving without the aid of land and sea; at any rate, there were no such things in his day. At length a railroad is projected; it passes through his neighbourhood. He receives, half-doubtingly, from day to day, the accounts of its progress; of iron belts stretching from field to field, from east to west; of the square pheasant perched on the new rail, always deemed ground almost as sacred, as hallowed, as the churchyard itself, being sacrilegiously broken into, the old trees cut down, the old landmarks effaced. He knows not what to say; he wishes it may all be for good. At length the railroad is complete. Down through the rich country flies the hissing, shrieking train, with a demon's might, and a demon's speed; the seething, panting engine, gorgeous with polished brass and glittering steel, sweeps merry, hopeful hundreds after it in its flight. The "Oldest Inhabitant" comes and sees; he confesses that he will believe anything now; he does not know what the world is coming to; it was a different place once. But his day is past; these things belong to his children and his children's children. He wishes but for peace and quiet to think over old times, to hold mental communion with old friends, long, long, buried. Still he is cheerful and tranquil, and patiently waits the day (he knows it is not far off) when he, too, will be borne to that well-known, long-known churchyard, and where most of the parish will assemble round the grave of the "Oldest Inhabitant."

But very widely different from this is the "Oldest Inhabitant" of the city. He never gets, so to speak, so old, that is, so mentally old, as his compere of green fields and lone villages. He is borne on with the busy world around him; he continues to think himself of it so long as he is on it. He rejoices in its progress, sympathizes with its discoveries, exults over what it has done, and hopes still greater things...
for it yet. He is fond of contrasting old times and new, to the advantage of the latter, and has wonderful stories of robberies and murders committed in places once lone and dreary, but now bustling thoroughfares or modish squares. He loves to recall his personal recollections of great historic events; he will dilate by the hour on what he remembers of Warren Hastings’ impeachment, and tell you how distinctly he recollects where he was, and what he was doing at the moment when news was received of the death of the Earl of Chatham. He is by no means so serious or grave a personage as the “Oldest Inhabitant” of the country. He can even stand good-humouredly some quizzing about his age. Lately he has got proud of it; and although he replies, “Sad dog, sad dog!” when one of his young friends ask him how Charles II. walked up the Mall; or if Pope was really such a little crooked fellow as he is represented to have been, he is not a bit angry in his heart. The probability is, that he is a great parish antiquary; deeply read in the history of old houses; perfectly able and willing to point out the forgotten tracts of long-demolished streets; and should there be a dispute between the churchwardens of two neighbouring parishes about the geography of their boundaries, he is always called in, upon one side or the other, as a witness to some old use and wont.

If he be a London “Oldest Inhabitant,” he is sure to be very great upon its increase; upon the astounding strides which it has made since he can recollect. He tells how he was once three days going to Gravesend by water, and of the time when there was only one daily conveyance between Paddington and the bank. Nevertheless, he has a kindness for the olden times, and concludes such narrations with, “But, after all, there was a great deal of fun in those days.” Sometimes, looking over the papers in the coffee-room, which he has frequented for half a century, he makes acquaintance with his own newspaper-double, some other unknown “Oldest Inhabitant.” Who can this be? he thinks at first in the innocence of his heart. Ay, who indeed! Ask the writer of the paragraph; he knows as much as you do. His “Oldest Inhabitant” consists but of so much black printer’s ink stamped in certain forms upon white paper. And so the real “Oldest Inhabitant” learns to laugh at his oft-quotedshadow, but mystifies his friends by telling them that the newspapers always send to ask him, after a smart gale of wind, whether he can point to any other such tempest within his recollection.

We have thus, then, good reader, lightly traced the veritable and the fabulous “Oldest Inhabitant.” The first you may not often see; the second is continually before your eyes. Be of flesh and blood is but one; but he of ink and paper is legion—and a legion fleeting and unreal. May, however, the shadow and the substance equally find favour in your eyes; and so may you live pleasantly and easily on until you yourself absolutely become the theme of this paper—no more nor less than the reader, fond, fat, unmistakeable “Oldest Inhabitant.”

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**EPITAPHS.**

**ON A CARRIER WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.**

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so long and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more, so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he’s now carrier.

Byron, 1811.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.**

Kind reader! take your choice to cry or laugh,
Here lies a man, but where’s his epitaph?

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If such you seek try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Byron, Athens, February 12th, 1810.

**THE COMPOSITE MERITS OF HERVEYS FISH SAUCE AND HERVEYS MEDITATIONS.**

Two Hervey’s had a mutual wish
To shine in separate stations;
The one converted sauce for fish,
The other meditations.
Each has his different powers applied
To aid the dead and dying;
This relishes a sole when fried,
That saves a soul from dying.

Byron, 1811.
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 ——,

We are again in the excitement of elections. Four deputies for Paris were also elected in the country at the general elections, and as they were liberals, and it is easier to get a member of that denomination in for the capital than for the province, they have chosen to sit for the province, and Paris has again been inundated with professions-de-foi speeches, and the irreconcilables' hallucinations; so that the timorous are in continual fear, and see riots and revolutions for a certain date in every month. Bills were stuck up on every wall on the 26th of October, by which the Préfet of the Police invited all peaceable citizens not to loiter about in groups. The precaution was unnecessary, for no deputy appeared; and citizen Raspail, who had declared that he would go that day to the Corps Legislative, even if he went alone, was prevented by the rain. The irreconcilables were represented by the arch-republican, arch-poet Gagne, and his umbrella, who made a speech—not the umbrella—in verse, in which he again asked to be named the whole sole representative of France, and to do away with the Corps Legislative altogether. The pouring rain prevented bursts of popular enthusiasm. You think, perhaps, that this man is not serious; but he is. Eighty-three names were inscribed to fight for four places. Rochfort was of course re-proposed, and, being sent for by his partisans, was arrested at the first village after passing the frontiers. The Emperor, however, very wisely ordered him to be set at liberty immediately, with permission to remain in Paris all the time necessary for his candidature; so for the last fortnight he has been the lion of the capital, and has promised everything that his hot-headed electors asked him, and was escorted by them with cries of "Fina Rochfort!" to all the meeting-rooms in his "circumscription," which makes him the "bête noire" of all the fearful. But his party is not so strong in numbers as in voice, though it is said that Government would like to see him succeed. The Emperor is arrived from Compiegne on purpose for the election, and all the necessary preparations to quell a riot are ready; but it will be postponed until the opening of the "Chambres," and then until another epoch. The great majority of the Parisians are too intent on gaining real liberty to listen to a set of brawlers who do not know what they want.

Commerce still makes sad complaints. Some accuse the Emperor; some the Opposition. Report said at one moment that his Majesty intended to abdicate, and that the form was all ready except the signature, but that Monsieur Bouher got scent of it, and hastened to persuade the Emperor against such a step.

Although Napoleon III. is better in health yet it is asserted that he cannot live long. The "irreconcilables" report that he has a cancer in a very dangerous part, which must take him off in a few months. I think it is scarcely probable that the Empress would have set out for so long a journey, or at least have taken so much time to it, if such were the case. Popular report has given so many different diseases to the Emperor, that one may hope that this dreadful one is only in their imagination. They say that the Court-physicians have advised his Majesty to spend a few months during the bad season at Nice or at Menton, and that after the return of the Empress, the Court will set out for the South, where there will be a meeting between the Emperor of Russia and the French monarch.

The Sainte Eugénie was celebrated at Compiegne as usual, in spite of her Majesty's absence. The young Prince had his accustomed holiday on that occasion, and profusions of flowers were sent to the Palace, and were arranged in the dining-room, where his Majesty presided at a large party in honour of the absent lady.

Several telegrams have been received at the Palace from Egypt, in which the august traveller expresses her ennui, and strong desire to be at home again. One would think that she had only to order the "Aigle" to fly home with her. Whilst she was at Constantinople, one of her maids was seized with typhus-fever. The Empress would not leave her, but had her conveyed on board the Aigle, and a bed arranged in the grand saloon for the invalid. When the Sultan went on board, to bid her Majesty adieu, she was obliged to receive him on deck, begging him to excuse her as she had a person very ill in the saloon. As soon as the steamer began to move, the guns commenced firing from every quarter. The Empress sent off a boat to beg them to desist; but, finding it impossible to put a stop to all, she, with tears in her eyes, entreated the men in the steamer to hasten their departure from the noise: "It will kill her!" she cried, in agony; "make haste, make haste; put on all the steam you can get away!" The maid died en route, and was put on shore, with orders from the kind-hearted lady to be conveyed to France at her expense.

We cannot make out whether the famous canal has really been inaugurated. Some of our papers say "yes;" some "no." It is very odd. The Empress was to present Monsieur de Lesseps with the title of Duke of Suez at the inauguration, and to be present at his wedding. He is a distant cousin to the imperial lady. She has ordered a very handsome wedding-present for him—an ornamental piece, in massive silver,
representing the different works in the piercing of the Isthmus, and which cost 25,000 francs (£1,000). Many criticize this journey of the Empress for its expense and eccentricity; they say a born-princess would never have set out without her husband, for a country where she would have no lady to receive her, &c., &c. It is a hard thing to please everyone.

There has been much talk in a certain society about a letter, addressed by the Bishop d’Orléans (Monsignore Dupanloup) to the clergy of his diocese, in which he expresses his wishes that the coming Ecumenical Council may not touch on the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope—a dogma which he considers one of the great obstacles to the conversion of Protestants. I should fancy that those who can admit most of the other dogmas of Romanism, would not find the Pope’s infallibility a stumbling-block.

The recent illness of the King of Italy excited the Union (a clerical paper) to many reflections, which would certainly have ended in seeing it a punishment sent from God, for having cast the shadow of Italy, had the valiant monarch died. The Emperor was very anxious, and was continually receiving telegrams until the King was out of danger.

The “Consistore” (the Protestant church of France) has, at the instigation of Monsieur Guizot, protested against the right of the Minister of State to decide questions in their church, and a Council is to be held to examine the question.

It seems that a “jubilée” (fasting and prayer) is commanded by the Pope amongst the faithful, to bring down the Holy Ghost on the Bishops during the Council. Three days of fasting and prayer; but as the Parisians are not fond of fasting; particularly at a moment when there are so many good things, they have permission to put it off until Lent—two birds killed with one stone.

The press has been very full of the reception given to Monsieur Prévost-Paradol in Edinburgh, and the immense success he has met with there in his lectures on the History of France at the present day. They say here that his pure accent and elegant style have quite put all the English lecturers in the background. If he were not a most talented man, I should not pay much attention to what French infatuation imagines, having heard many assert that such and such a person spoke better English than an Englishman. In England the common phrase is “as well as a native;” but here it is “Better than a native.”

We have duels after duels. It is dreadful! every day there is a fresh one. Certainly, some of them appear only to be in fun, as they finish with shaking hands and a good breakfast; but some are serious. What a strange thing that men should satisfy their honour in that way! Some one, in one of the papers, proposed to establish an agency for duels, and, in a very witty article, imagined a tariff for “Reparations of every kind.” Another relates an anecdote on the same subject. One day, two young officers, after eating, drinking, and singing together at a grand dinner, commenced a quarrel, and finished by publicly striking each other. The next day, of course, their honour must be repaired, although until then they had been great friends. Their Colonel heard of the affair, and wrote for an answer; but as it is my hour for a ride, I order you both to remain here until I return. At first the two young men were silent, biting their lips with rage; but after an hour or two, the want of breakfast made them less hostile. Breakfast was served, but after dessert only one pipe, and both dying to smoke. “You wish to smoke, sir?” “Yes, sir.” “No, I beg you to begin.” Silence. “Shall we play a game at ‘écarté,’ to see which shall smoke first?” “Readily: here are the cards.”

The ice was broken, the pipe smoked on both sides, and the quarrel was forgotten—particularly when, at dinner-page, an excellent glass of wine forced them to see the matter in the right light; so that, when the Colonel returned at eleven at night, he found the young men the best of friends again, as he had anticipated.

Queen Isabella has abdicated in favour of her son, but the Spaniards do not seem to care more about the son than the mother. The ex-monarch has not yet opened her salons, but it is said that her husband intends to receive, in his private apartments, a circle of chosen artists. I hear of no grand fêtes yet amongst the grand monde; there will be nothing until after the opening of the Chambers. The Duke de Luynes, a young man of twenty-two, intends, they say, to recall the old gaiety to his splendid hotel, by giving fêtes and balls this winter to the androcracy of the magnificent St. Germain. Napoleon I. used to say that the Duke de Luynes’ residence was the metropolis of legitimacy.

So Wagner has robbed his friend of his wife—or at least, report says so here. Madame de Bulow was the sister of Emilie Ollivier’s first wife, and the daughter of Lists and Madame d’Agoult, who set her daughter the example she has so well followed. Fancy leaving four dear little girls motherless! Is it conceivable? And it is only two years ago that the lady was enthusiastic in speaking of her husband’s qualities—it was a love match also. Monsieur de Bulow, who is director of the Conservatory (academy of music) at Munich, has done everything in his power to make Wagner’s music popular, and this is how the celebrated composer has shown his gratitude. Talking of Wagner, Prince Poniatowski asked the Emperor the other day if Wagner had been a Frenchman, would he have had his Majesty’s protection? “Probably he might,” answered Napoléon III., “but on one condition, that he exclaimed me from listening to his music.” We are not “amateurs” of Wagner’s music at Paris.

As we are for the present assailed with the cries of “Vive la République!” etc., etc., etc.
The Theatres, &c.

321

anecdote of De Lamartine, when President of the Government Provision," will not be out of place: One day a workman, a strong Herculean-looking fellow, came to him. "Citizen," said he, "you, who counsel the nation now, just give me a little good advice. I have a wife—a little, pale, fair-haired thing in appearance, but a little devil in reality—and she beats me on every occasion. If I take a glass more than usual, slap! slap! go the hands—it becomes intolerable—what do you advise me to do? I could crush her between my finger and thumb if I liked! Shoud I return her thumps, or get separated from her—or what should I do?" De Lamartine reflected a moment: "Citizen," said he, at length, "let her beat you!

A certain Madame Lhercule has just died; she was, in her youth, a "model," well known amongst the sculptors and painters. Chevaudier de Valdrône, who had often modelled the lady's well-made person, thought, one day, that he should like to have a bit of fun with her: "Madame Lhercule," said he, "I am not proud, as you know, and I have known you so long, I should like you to come and dine with my sisters, duchesses and countesses, who would be enchanted to see you—only of course you will remember that they are fine ladies, and put on your best manners!" He said the same thing to six other women of the same class, and invited them to Véfour's. The dinner passed off well: all were as stiff and out of their element as possible. The next day one of the Amphitryon's friends asked Madame Lhercule how she had enjoyed herself? "Very much," said she, "the duchesses and countesses were superb—real ladies, sir, one might see. Only one thing astonished me: I saw one of the duchesses, during dinner, spread her handkerchief on her knees and hide the wing of a pheasant in it!" "Oh," said the friend, without smiling, "that is nothing; it is a received thing in high life!" "So I understood," immediately replied the lady, "therefore I hid the rest of the leg of venison in my handkerchief, and brought it away with me!"

A snare was laid to entrap the famous murderer, Tropmann; he was shown the possibility of escape in declaring where he had buried John Kinck, as he would be taken to the place to be confronted with the body. He indicated a place, but the body was not found. He asked to be taken there, but the police are not disposed to hazard that. —Au revoir,

S. A.

THE THEATRES, &c.

HAYMARKET—NEW COMEDY. GAIETY—

"THE LIFE CHASE."

The Haymarket has opened its pleasant portals for another campaign, and Mr. Buckstone has taken care to be richly supplied with novelty. A new comedy has been produced, written by Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Dubourg, entitled "New Men and Old Acres." This work of a popular dramatist is a comedy of the quietest description, without any particular vigour of writing, and on the whole a somewhat insipid production. The dialogue is not brilliant, and not even dignified where it could have been easy to become so. The faton de parler is too leveling, and therefore descends to the monotonous. The Haymarket company have persisted, of late years, in a nerveless style of polite drawing-room conversation, which, pursued to extreme, is tiresome. What would the present piece be without such an actor as Mr. Buckstone, to act as a humorous foil to the somewhat dull light-comedy acting that pervades the new play? There is always energy and earnestness, as well as unctuousness, in Mr. Buckstone's impersonations of low comedy; but Buckstone, his last new part, is not altogether one that suits our favourite comedian's style. The chief merit of "New Men and Old Acres" we think consists in its original plot, and its several good situations; these will be better understood by our giving a succinct account of the piece. The story relates that a conspiracy has been formed by certain speculators on Change, who have grown rich by unscrupulous financing to obtain possession of a noble country estate. On the rise of the curtain we find Mr. Bunter, a financier (Mr. J. B. Buckstone); Blazonbolg, his man of business (Mr. Rogers), and Bertie Fineseres (Mr. Buckstone, jun.), sojourning at Beaumont Park House. Rich negotiators, as the city men are supposed to be, they are allowed the run of the house and grounds, which, in fact, have been advertised to be let or sold. The financiers commence at once their negotiations for the purchase of the broad acres of the Varaeuses, and they are received by the family on the most friendly conditions of intercourse. The action of the comedy at this, its earlier phase, is carried on at Cleve Abbey, in Lancashire, and lasts throughout the first act. The imbroglio or entanglement created by a double love-affair, and the vicissitudes in the fortunes of the men
of business" who besiege the Vavassours, are sufficient to keep the action of the play fully alive through its three acts; and the comedy is brought at last to the usual happy termination by the detection of the impostors who had pretended to be purchasers of the estate, and the extraction of the title-deeds from their nefarious hands. The disconsolates of Bunster, a man who is a mixture between a mauvais tour and a city speculator in stocks, and his German friend Blasenbolg, who is an unscrupulous swindler and outsider of Capel Court, form the dénouement of the piece, which ends all the more pleasantly through the arrangements for the marriage of the two pairs of lovers; dividing the interest with the proceedings of the speculators and the discovery of their plot. A very interesting portion of the comedy is formed by the scenes in which crucial tests are applied to the constancy of Miss Vaasaour, in her love for the supposed Samuel Brown, millionaire. Miss Vaasaour has, in the first instance, submitted to the attentions of her rich lover through filial regard, and to procure pressure on the estate in the family, which seems likely to pass into the hands either of the millionaire or his acquaintances Bunster & Co.; but Brown, notwithstanding, has to declare himself a bankrupt, in consequence of his becoming the victim instead of the gainer, through the financial operations of Bunster and Blasenbolg. Miss Vaasaour, like a true mistress, refuses to obey the injunctions of her parents, and give her new fortuneless lover up; but clings to him who has won her heart to the last. This part was effectively sustained by Miss M. Robertson; her lover, Brown, was performed in a manly style by Mr. Howe. The characters of Lord and Lady Vaasaour are both well drawn, the former stately and rigidly politic, the latter lady-like, with a geniality of manners which proves exceedingly engaging. These parts were ably represented by Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale. Mr. Buckstone, jun., was very easy and gentlemanlike in the part of Bertie Tilsawere, which seemingly, a modernized reproduction of Slender, in the "Merry Wives." Mr. Rogers's swindling financier (Blasenbolg), with the accent of the German Jew, was well performed; and the remainder of the Haymarket Company engaged in the piece acquitted themselves most efficiently. The scenery a croquet lawn and a drawing-room interior) was good of the decorative kind, and the general mounting of the piece, together with the modern style of dressing adopted by the performers, much contributed to the generally cheerful effect of "New Men and Old Acres."

We have, in the foregoing, been descanting on the popular features of a modern comedy. It will be our next task to draw a contrast between the old style and the new style of drama. The now antiquated, but still perennial, play of the "Gamester" has been revived, with great success at the New Holborn Theatre, by Mr. Barry Sullivan. The mumified anatomy of Dr. Moore's old-fashioned prose tragedy has certainly been galvanized into new life by the re-animating forces of Mr. Sullivan's and Mrs. Hermann Vezin's talented acting. The "Gamester" was originally written with an honest desire to reprove the leading and absorbing vice of eighteenth-century society. The author, the Rev. Mr. Moore, innocently sought dramatic authorship in the hope of correcting the vices of the corrupt society of his own time. Whatever the result may have been, the piece, at any rate, gave to the stage one of its most permanent acting dramas. The great tragedies of the last century all played Beverley, renewing their popularity by adopting so stirring a part. Even at the present day, some latent interest and sympathy are felt for the misfortunes of the duped gambler, who sacrifices home, fortune, wife, sister—nay, his own life at last, for the fascinations of the gambling table, and the indulgence of its vicious surroundings. The old-fashioned form of the prose tragedy of the "Gamester" continues to somewhat mar its leading effects, but there is still enough of poetic thought, of noble sentiment, thoughtful satire, and pointed satire, and of conscientious and rigidly formal character of the play and excuse the hum-drum manner of the dramatic personae. The characters in the "Gamester" are brought on like those of a Greek play, and they "run" in couples, as it were, all through the piece. Scene after scene proceeds, and still the inseparable pairs relieve each other on duty, occupying the stage as though they thought that the acting could not, or ought not, to be carried on in any other way than by two persons at a time undertaking to develop the plot. However, with many drawbacks of the kind indicated, it must be owned that there are some interesting dialogues, situations, and characterisations in the worn-out tragedy of the "Gamester." The scenes between Beverley and Mrs. Beverley, the quarrel between Stukeley and Lecon, the domestic scene, in which Mrs. Beverley condones her wrongs to Charlotte, and, finally, the prison-scene, in which the gambler, maddened by his unhappy experiences and present ruin, "swallows poison," and dies, raving in the arms of his devoted wife, are all of an exceedingly earnest nature. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Barry Sullivan's Beverley. Here one of the finest parts in the whole acting drama has assuredly found an unrivalled representative. The acting of Mr. Sullivan in the "Gamester" has attracted overflowings of house. If we have a fault to find with Mr. Sullivan's Beverley we are of opinion that the dying scene is too prolonged for the tastes of present audiences. The "Gamester" continues to be occasionally performed, although the tragedy now divides the week with the ever-charming "Lady of Lyons." In the latter play Mr. Barry Sullivan's Claudio Meliotto is well known, as is also Mrs. Hermann Veizin's Pauline. Both are most able personages. The "Life-Chase," the new comedy produced at Mr. Hollingshead's neat and comfortable theatre, the Gaiety, belongs to the spasmodic order of melodramas, and almost con-
Music.

Music.

conveys the impression that it was intended to burlesque the Victoria Theatre melodrama! It is adapted from the “Drame de la Rue de la Paix,” brought out at the Théâtre Français a year or more ago. The Parisians admired the terror-inspiring fable upon which the piece is founded; namely, of a fashionable widow’s clandestine lover being suspected, and furtively hunted through his married life as a murderer! Such is Alvincar, the lover of Madame Bouval. Of course the situations into which these two characters are thrown, in consequence of Alvincar being a suspected assassin—the assassin of his inamorata’s late husband—are sufficiently strong, exciting, and vitiating in kind. Like many such adaptations, the “Life-Chase” is hardly an improvement on the original—with all deference to the English dramatists Messrs. Oxenford and H. Wigan. But the drama has been admirably put upon the stage, and is, as we have observed, not wanting in powerful situations. The acting throughout is generally good; Messrs. Alfred Wigan and Clayton, and Miss Neilson, being fairly supported by the rest of the Gaiety company, and doing much themselves to sustain the corps dramatique to which they belong. Still, as a whole, the “Life Chase” has a disappointing effect. It moves, as it were, by jerks; an air of unreality pervades it from first to last; it produces on the spectators a feeling of uncertainty which prevents them from throwing themselves heartily into the scenes before him. In point of dialogue the play is generally dull, what of wit it contains being reserved for the little Marquis of Fontelo (Miss Wilson), while Peregrine Thrill (Mr. J. Robins), does duty in a mild way for the satire. Bertrand Alvincar is well interpreted by Mr. Alfred Wigan, whose sang froid generally and easy show of indifference in the opening scenes of the play, are matched by the sudden power of his last tragic interview with Madame Bouval, the unsuspected widow of the man he had been accused of assassinating. Nor would it be easy to outdo Mr. Wigan’s masterly acting in the supper scene; his quiet coolness at the first, his momentary self-betrayal under Vaubert’s searching experiment, and his readiness in accounting for the weakness into which, for the moment, he had been surprised. The scene indeed was rendered by all three of the leading characters in a manner worthy of its dramatic capabilities. But in spite of some striking effects, the part of Alvincar fails to satisfy former impressions of Mr. Wigan’s genius. In it he seems great by fits only, not all through. At times, indeed, Bertrand is well-nigh eclipsed by Vaubert, a part very ably sustained by Mr. Clayton. Miss Neilson’s presentation of Madame Bouval was decidedly effective. Her attitudes are becoming, and her general manner free from affectation. The smile that grows upon her face as she takes in the apparent proof of Alvincar’s innocence evidenced histrionic power, as did her pleading for forgiveness from the man she thinks she has wronged by the suspicions which the assassin’s own avowal is presently to confirm. To conclude, “The Life Chase,” will well enough pass muster as a moderately good form of Gaiety melo-drama. We should, however, like to see the Gaiety come into the possession of a real prize in the form of a well built-up play suitable to the audience. And this the theatre has not yet, we believe, met with. The management systematically produce the works in their programme in a style of costly magnificence; but sometimes the pieces upon which money has been lavished, have not intrinsically deserved the splendid mountings bestowed on them.

E. H. MALCOLM.

MUSIC.

Mr. Barnby’s Oratorio Concerts season commences with the present month. Handel’s “Dettingen Te Deum,” and “Acis and Galatea,” with additional accompaniments by Mendelssohn, are announced for the 8th inst., the first Wednesday evening of the series of concerts. We believe Mendelssohn’s additions to Handel’s celebrated “Serenata,” will be tried for the first time in England. Mdm. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Herr Carl Stepán, will appear in the opening night.

We are glad to notice Mr. and Mrs. German Reed’s return to the “GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,” with musical novelties of the operetta and opera buffo style. The opening piece, on the 22nd ultimo, was a new burletta, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled “Ages Ago.” Mr. F. Clay has composed the music. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Miss Fanny Holland and Mr. Arthur Cecil are the supporters of the new operetta.
Pattern No. 1. Make a chain of 14 stitches and unite it.

1st round. * Work 4 long stitches, make 3 chain, and repeat from * 7 times more.

2nd. Work a stitch of double crochet into the 3 chain, make 7 chain, and repeat.

3rd. Work 2 stitches of double crochet, beginning on the 1st of the 7 chain, make 5 chain, turn, miss 1 loop, work into successive loops a stitch of double crochet, and 3 long stitches, make 3 loops, work 2 stitches of double crochet, make 5 chain, turn, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st of the 5 chain, and repeat.

4th. Work a stitch of double crochet at the point, make 11 chain, and repeat.

5th. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 5 chain, miss 3 loops and repeat.

6th. Work 3 stitches of double crochet into the 5 chain, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st, work 3 more stitches of double crochet into the same place, make 1 chain and repeat.

7th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the 1 chain, make 9 chain and repeat.

8th. Work 8 stitches of double crochet into the 9 chain, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st, and repeat.

2nd Pattern. Make a chain of 21 stitches, and unite it, make 21 chain, and unite it, work 3 stitches of double crochet into the 21 chain, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st of the 5 chain, work 3 stitches of double crochet, repeat from * 6 times more, work into the other 21 chain, the same as last.

Four of these patterns will be required for this doiley.

3rd. Make a chain of 16 stitches, and unite it, make 16 chain and unite it, make 16 chain and unite it, then work into each of the 16 chain 24 stitches of double crochet.

Eight of these patterns will be required for this doiley.

4th. Make a chain of 9 stitches, and unite it, make 9 chain and unite it, make 9 chain and unite it, then work into each of the 9 chain 11 of double crochet.

Four of these patterns will be required for this doiley.

5th. Make a chain of 6 stitches and unite it.

1st round. * Work a stitch of double crochet, make 4 chain, repeat from * 5 times more.

2nd. Work into the 4 chain a stitch of double crochet, 4 long stitches, and another stitch of double crochet, repeat.

3rd. Work a stitch of double crochet over the stitch of double crochet in 1st round, make 6 chain, repeat.

4th. Work into the six chain in last round, 1 stitch of double crochet, 6 long stitches, 1 more stitch of double crochet, repeat.

5th. Work a stitch of double crochet over the one in 3rd round, make 8 chain and repeat.

6th. Work into the 8 chain, 1 stitch of double crochet, 8 long stitches, 1 of double crochet, repeat.

7th. Work a stitch of double crochet over the one in 5th round, make 10 chain and repeat.

8th. Work into the 10 chain, 1 stitch of double crochet, 10 long stitches, 1 of double crochet, and repeat.

9th. Work a stitch of double crochet over the one in 7th round, make 12 chain, repeat.

10th. Work into the 12 chain, 1 stitch of double crochet, 12 long stitches, 1 of double crochet and repeat.

11th. Work a stitch of double crochet over the one in 9th round, make 14 chain and repeat.

12th. Work into the 14 chain, 1 stitch of double crochet, 14 long stitches, 1 of double crochet, and repeat.

Work 2 patterns for this doiley.

6th Pattern. Make a chain of 12 stitches, and unite it.

Work into the circle a stitch of double crochet, * 2 long stitches, make 3 chain, repeat from * twice more, work 2 double long stitches make 4 chain, work 2 double long stitches, * make 3 chain, work 2 long stitches, repeat from * twice more, work a stitch of double crochet, make 7 chain. Repeat from the beginning.

In working the 2nd pattern, join it to the 1st with the 2nd 3 chain, work 3 leaves in this manner, then make only 3 chain, and work a 4th leaf without joining it to the 3rd, make 3 chain after the 4th leaf, and work a stitch of double crochet into the last 7 chain, make 3 chain.

Work 4 patterns for this doiley.

7th Pattern. Make a chain of 5 stitches, and unite it.

1st round. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 5 chain, and repeat 4 times more.

2nd. Work into the 5 chain a stitch of double crochet, make 3 chain, and repeat till 5 stitches of double crochet are done; repeat.

3rd. Work a stitch of double crochet into
the one in first round, make 7 chain, and repeat.
4th. Same as 2nd.
5th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the one in 3rd round, make 7 chain, and repeat.
6th. Same as 2nd.
7th. Same as 5th.
8th. Same as 2nd, only 4 chain instead of 3.
9th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the one in 7th round, make 8 chain, and repeat.
10th. The same as 8th, only making 5 chain instead of 4.
Two of these patterns will be required for this doily.
8th Pattern. Make a chain of 8 stitches, and unite it.
1st round. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 11 chain, miss 1 loop, and repeat 3 times more.
2nd. Work into the 11 chain, * 3 stitches of double crochet, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st chain, repeat from * twice more, work 3 more double crochet, re-from the beginning of the row.
Four patterns of this number will be required for this doily.
9th Pattern. Make a chain of 8 stitches, and unite it.
1st round. Work into the circle 1 long stitch, make 3 chain, repeat 9 times more.
2nd. Work into the 3 chain a stitch of double crochet, make 17 chain, work another stitch of double crochet into the same place, make 1 chain, work a stitch of double crochet into the next 3 chain, make 1 chain, and repeat.
3rd. Work into the 17 chain 20 stitches of double crochet, work a stitch of double crochet into the 1 chain, make one chain, work a stitch of double crochet into the next one chain, and repeat.
4th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the 1 chain in last round, * 5 stitches of double crochet into successive loops, beginning on the 1st of the 20, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st of the 5, repeat from * twice more, then work 5 stitches of double crochet into successive loops, and repeat from the beginning of the round.
Four of these patterns will be required for this doily.
10th Pattern. Make 21 chain, and unite it, make a chain of 27, and unite it, make a chain of 21, and unite it.
1st round. Work into the 21 chain 25 stitches of double crochet, work into the 27 chain 31 stitches of double crochet, work into the 21 chain 25 of double crochet.
2nd. Work 3 stitches of double crochet into successive loops, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 1st of the 5 chain, repeat this 6 times more, then work 3 stitches of double crochet, and repeat from the beginning in the centre loop, repeat this 9 times instead of 7.
Four of these are required for this doily.
The patterns have now to be united into the desired form.

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

WARNE'S PICTURE-BOOKS,—(F. Warne & Co., London.)—There is a practical knowledge of child's nature and its requirements in the new idea embodied in the highly-coloured illustrations of the thin quartos before us, which will be appreciated by the small denizens of many a nursery. These books afford a treble feast. First there are the pictures themselves, then the story they serve to illustrate, and lastly the satisfaction of cutting out the figures, which are printed on separate pages, and of pasting them into their proper places in blank spaces left for the purpose on a coloured background. Scissors, and gum, and camel-hair brush, are all called into requisition, thus giving occupation as well as amusement to the possessors of "The House we live in," "The Nursery Play-book," and "Holiday Fun." The series may be more extensive, but as the publisher has not favoured us with others we cannot say. The idea is worthy of a good fairy, conscious of the mischief that is sure to ensue when children have no means of turning their natural restlessness to account. Amuse a child and you keep him out of half-a-dozen small scrapes and naughtinesses—a state of things which may every day be observed in children of a larger growth. From the Puzzle Toy-books other beneficent results may be hoped for. The impatient or careless child will be certain to disappoint his intentions, for the objects require to be cut out with care and precision, or they will not fit the spaces left for them. Their next adjustment, again, will depend on the exercise of these habits, which, when once formed in the child, will do him service ever after. Loving grandmamas (as useful as the fairy-godmother of old) or childless aunt or bachelor uncle, who play the role of
"Saint" or "Santa Claus" in many a family circle, will do well to remember the special charms of the Puzzle Toy-books for some of their younger clients.

AUNT'S FRIENDLY NURSERY KEEPSAKE, published by the same house, deserves a place amongst juvenile gift-books of the season. It abounds in brilliantly-coloured pictures, and contains the most popular of the dear old stories, the memory of which survives the newer ones, and, retold by Aunt Friendly, are (if that were possible) more entertaining than ever. Amongst more familiar reprints, we find Hans Christian Andersen's delightful fairy-tale, "The Ugly Duckling," which appears established as a favourite in English households.

NURSERY TALES AND STORIES, AND NURSERY SONGS AND BALLADS (Ward, Lock, and Tyler) come under the same category as the above, and make, perhaps, the nine hundred and ninety-ninth edition of these juvenile classics, of which the readers never seem to weary. We may say the same of Messrs. Routledge's reprints of the popular old romances of "Jack and the Bean-stalk" and "Tom Thumb," and the pitiful tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood"—old stories which no newer ones have ever yet effaced from the memory of the old British reader.

For boys and girls of more advanced years, there is THE BOOK OF RARE OLD BALLADS (Ward, Lock, & Co.), THE BOY'S HAND-BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY (published by the above firm), and Mrs. S. C. Hall's MIDWINTER'S EYE, a Fairy Tale of Loving and being Loved, republished with the original illustrations (Hotten). Most young people are acquainted with "Aesop's Fables;" but Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have ventured on reproducing them, with illustrations from the characteristic and humorous pencil of Griet. In looking over this list, we are struck by the absence of novelty. With one or two exceptions, all are reprints—of popular works certainly, but for which publishers have paid so copyright for many generations.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

The readers of the Edinburgh Review have rarely enjoyed a treat rarely furnished by journalism. In its columns have appeared large extracts from an unpublished book printed in England for private circulation. The Memoir and Selected Letters of Miss Edgeworth, by the late Mrs. Edgeworth, is a title that will excite high expectations among those to whom the fertile invention and keen observation of the Irish novelist have made her name like that of a household friend; and the favoured few who had glimpses of the happy and well-ordered family life, whose movement is here displayed, will feel a double pleasure in finding their fragmentary remembrances in harmony with the whole tenor of her days. This volume is one of those rare biographies like Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or Moore's "Letters of Lord Byron;" a biography whose subject is memorable, whose materials are ample, whose execution combines judgment with affection. The charge of concealing or of palliating faults, so often and so justly brought against those who write the lives of their friends, would have no reason here. Miss Edgeworth is before us in her letters just as she must have seemed to those around her—the lively, witty, sensible woman that our fathers found so attractive; a little prose, perhaps, never rising above a certain level in her writings, but within her own region thoroughly admirable.

We design to give our readers, in as brief a space as possible, an idea of the contents of this book, especially of the social life described in it. Miss Edgeworth was not only a lion herself, but she was the friend or acquaintance of a great many other lions. Her social position was the best; and at that time almost every literary celebrity belonged either by birth or adoption to the set in which she lived. At home and abroad, she met the people of whom we like to hear. Her letters abound in anecdotes and details of the famous men and women of her time.

She was born in Oxfordshire, January 1, 1767, and was the only daughter of her father's first marriage. He had four wives; and not the least entertaining and remarkable portion of the Memoir relates to him and them. His character, as it comes out through the book, is a peculiar one. He was a man of plans and purposes; full of energy and vivacity, and apt to talk of himself; something of a bore, we suppose, in general society, at our first extract will show; but alike agreeable and useful to his family. Lord Byron met him at a company in the later years of his life.

"I have been reading the life by himself and daughter of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of the Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable world of London, in the
assemblies of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812; Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Staël, with the Cossack, towards the end of 1813, were the exhibitions of the succeeding year. I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarity, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no, nor forty-eight, even. I had seen poor Fitzpatrick not very long before—a man of pleasure, wit, eloquence, all things. He totteried, but still talked like a gentleman, though feebly. Edgeworth bounced about, and talked loud and long, but he seemed neither weakly nor decrepit, and hardly old.

"He was not much admired in London, and I remember a 'rygie merrie' and concealed jest which was rife among the gallants of the day, viz., a paper had been presented for the recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage, to which all men had been called to subscribe. Whereupon Thomas Moore, of prose and poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper should be subscribed and circumscribed for the recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland. The fact was everybody cared more about her. She was a nice little unassuming 'Jenny-Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say; and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but if nothing else was worth writing."

Byron iss aid to have proposed a Society for the Suppression of Edgeworth; but

"Edgeworth was insupportible; and, take him for all in all, he was not a man whom it was proper or expedient to suppress. With the simple change of gender, we might apply to him what Talleyrand said of Madame de Staël: 'Elle est vraiment insupportable; which he qualified after a short pause by, 'c'est son seul défaut.'"

Certainly he was not a stupid man; his letters and the anecdotes of him prove the contrary. He came of a stock that had plenty of nerve and wit.

"His maternal grandfather was a Welsh judge, named Lovell, of whom it is related that, travelling over the sands of Beaumaris as he was going circuit, he was overtaken by the tide; the coach stuck fast in a quicksand; the water rose rapidly, and the registrar, who had crept out of the window and taken refuge on the coach-box, whilst the servants clustered on the roof, earnestly entreated the judge to do the same. With the water nearly touching his lips, he gravely replied: 'I will follow your counsel if you can quote any precedent for a judge's mounting a coach-box.'"

Edgeworth himself said, "I am not a man of prejudice; I had four wives: the second and third were sisters; and I was in love with the second in the lifetime of the first." It came about in this wise: The first Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria's mother, seems to have been neither attractive nor cheerful. In 1779, her husband visited his friend Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," in Lichfield; then he met Miss Honora Sneyd, and his admiration for her appears from his memoirs; but conscious of his weakness, he went abroad with Day.

"He was certainly deeply attached to her; and so was Day, who wrote her an argumentative proposal comprised in several sheets of paper, to which she wrote an equally long and argumentative refusal. The pith of his reasoning was that the best thing for her would be to live with him secluded from what is called the world; the pith of her reply being that she would rather live in it. On receiving this reply he took to his bed and was profusely bled by his friend Dr. Darwin; but speedily thought better of the matter, got up, rejoined the circle, and fell in love with her sister."\n
This sister had a high esteem for dancing and fencing; and Day went abroad to learn them.

They spent two years in Lyons; Mrs. Edgeworth died in 1773, and shortly afterwards the widower married Miss Sneyd.

"On Mr. Edgeworth's marriage with Honora Sneyd, Maria accompanied them to Ireland. Of this visit she recollected very little, except that she was a mischievous child, amusing herself once at her aunt Fox's when the company were un mindful of her, cutting out the squares in a checked sofa cover, and one day trampling through a number of hot-bed frames that had just been glazed, laid on the grass before the door at Edgeworth-Town. She recollected her delight at the crushing of the glass, but, immorally, did not remember either cutting her feet or how she was punished for this performance."

This stepmother was a most affectionate parent to her; her only printed letter to her daughter-in-law, written in the last year of her life, shows her watchful kindness. She says:

"It is very agreeable to me to think of conversing with you as my equal in every respect but age, and of my making that inequality of use to you, by giving you the advantage of the experience I have had, and the observations I have been able to make, as these are parts of knowledge which nothing but time can bestow."

Edgeworth himself, in his first letter, says much the same:

"It would be very agreeable to me, my dear Maria, to have letters from you familiarly; I wish to know what you like and what you dislike; I wish to communicate to you what little knowledge I have acquired, that you may have a tincture of every species of literature, and form your taste by choice and not by chance."

Honora died in 1780, and the next year Edgeworth, in accordance with her dying wish, married her sister Elizabeth, "who had flung over Day after he had undergone a regular gymnastic training for her sake."

After Honora's death, Mr. Edgeworth writes to his daughter:

"I beg that you will send me a tale about the length of a 'Spectator' upon the subject of
Generosity; it must be taken from history or romance, and must be sent the day s'night after you receive this, and I beg you will take some pains about it."

"The same subject (we are informed in the memoir) was given at the same time to a young gentleman from Oxford, then at Lichfield. When the two stories were completed, they were given to Mr. William Sneyd, Mr. Edgeworth's brother-in-law, to decide on their merits; he pronounced Maria's to be very much the best; an excellent story, and extremely well written; but where's the Generosity? A saying which became a sort of proverb with her afterwards. It was Maria's first story; but it has not been preserved; she used to say that there was in it a sentence of inextricable confusion between a saddle, a man, and a horse."

In this year she was removed from Mrs. Lataffiere's boarding-school to "the fashionable establishment of Mrs. Davis."

Mrs. Davis, it is stated, treated Maria with kindness and consideration, though she was neither beautiful nor fashionable, and gave her the full benefit of an invention for drawing out young ladies, which we hope died out with this establishment. "Excellent masters were in attendance, and Maria went through all the usual torture of back boards, iron cellars, and dumb-bells, with the usual one of being swung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth, a signal failure in her case." Did it succeed in any case? There is a story of a wry-necked Prince of Condé falling in the hunting field, and coming to himself just in time to stop the peasants who picked him up in a well-intended effort to pull him straight; but the notion of pulling out a young lady like a telescope was surely peculiar to a "finishing school."

Some traits of her school-days are related:

"She had a great facility for learning languages, and she found her Italian and French exercises so easy that she wrote off those given out for the whole quarter at once, keeping them strung together in her desk, and read for amusement whilst the other girls were labouring at their tasks. Her favourite seat during playtime was under a high ebony cabinet which stood at one end of the school-room; and here she often remained so completely absorbed by the book she was reading as to be perfectly deaf to all the noise around her, only occasionally startled into consciousness of it by some unusual uproar. This early habit of concentrated attention, perhaps inherent in minds of great genius, continued through life."

"She was remembered by her companions, both Mr. Sneyd's and Mrs. Davis's, for her entertaining stories, and she learned with all the tact of an improvisatrice to know which story was most successful by the unmistakable evidence of her hearers' wakefulness, when she narrated at night to those who were in the bedroom with her."

In 1782 she left school and went with the family to Edgeworth-Town, where she had her home for the rest of her life. These are her first impressions of Ireland:

"I accompanied my father to Ireland. Before this time I had not, except during a few months of my childhood, ever been in that country, therefore everything was new to me; and though I was then but twelve years old, and though such a length of time has since elapsed, I have retained a clear and strong recollection of our arrival at Edgeworth-Town."

"Things and persons are so much improved in Ireland of latter days, that only those who can remember how they were some thirty or forty years ago, can conceive the variety of domestic grievance, which, in those times, assailed the master of a family, immediately upon his arrival at his Irish home. Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of his house, damp, dilapidation, waste appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing—all were wanting!"

"The back yard, and even the front lawn round the windows of the house, were filled with loungers, followers, and petitioners, tenants, undertenants, drivers, sub-agent and agent were to have audience: and they all had grievances and secret informations, accusations reciprocating, and quarrels each under each terminate."

Of her father she says:

"I was with him constantly, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through these complaints, petitions, and grievances, with decision and despatch; be all the time, in good humour with the people, and they delighted with him; though he often rated them roughly, when they stood before him perverse in litigation, helpless in prosecution, detected in cunning, or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character, almost as soon as he understood theirs. The first remark which I heard whispered aside among the people, with congratulatory looks at each other, was: 'His honour, any way, is good pay."

"It was said of the celebrated King of Prussia, that 'he scolded like a trooper, and paid like a prince.' Such a man would be liked in Ireland; but there is a higher description of character, which (give them but time to know it) the Irish would infinitely prefer. One who paid, not like a prince, but like a man of sense and humanity."

"Some men live with their family, without letting them know their affairs; and however great may be their affection and esteem for their wives and children, think that they have nothing to do with business. This was my father's way of thinking. On the contrary, not only his wife, but his children knew all his affairs. Whatever business he had to do was done in the midst of his family, usually in the common sitting-room; so that we were intimately acquainted, not only with his general principles of
Miss Edgeworth's Life and Letters.

conduct, but with the most minute details of their every-day application. I further enjoyed some peculiar advantages; he kindly wished to give me habits of business; and for this purpose, allowed me during many years to assist him in copying his letters of business, and in receiving his rents.

Her next literary effort was a translation from Madame de Genlis; but neither this, nor any of the tales which from this time she began to compose, were published until 1789. Day had a great dislike of feminine authorship, and from deference to him her father waited till after his old friend's death. No doubt the delay was a real advantage to Maria. She wrote at this time "The Bracelets," and several other short stories; writing them on a slate and reading them to the family, and if they were liked, copying them. Her father was her chief critic:

"Whenever I thought of writing anything, I always told him my first rough plans; and always, with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer the purpose: 'Sketch that and show it to me.' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hope of success. It was then sketched. Sometimes, when I was fond of a particular part, I used to dilate on it in the sketch; but to this he always objected, 'I don't want any of your painting—none of your drapery!—I can imagine all that; let me see the bare skeleton.'"

Among her most intimate friends was Dr. Darwin. It was to her father he gave his celebrated definition of a fool: "A fool, you know, Mr. Edgeworth, is a man who never tried an experiment in his life." She writes in 1792:

"My father has just returned from Dr. Darwin's, where he has been nearly three weeks; they were extremely kind, and pressed him very much to take a house in or near Derby for the summer. He has been, as Dr. Darwin expressed it, 'breathing the breath of life into the brazen lungs of a clock,' which he had made at Edgeworth-Town as a present for him. He saw the first part of Dr. Darwin's 'Botanic Garden'; £300 was what his bookseller gave him for the whole! On his return from Derby, my father spent a day with Mr. Kier, the great chemist, at Birmingham; he was speaking to him of the late discovery of fulminating silver, with which I suppose your ladyship is well acquaintance, though it be new to Henry and me. A lady and gentleman went into a laboratory where a few grains of fulminating silver were lying in a mortar; the gentleman as he was talking, happened to stir it with the end of his cane, which was tipped with iron—the fulminating silver exploded instantly, and blew the lady, the gentleman, and the whole laboratory to pieces! Take care how you go into laboratories with gentlemen, unless they are like Sir Plume, skilled in the 'nice conduct' of their canes."

Again, in the course of the same letter:

"Anna was extremely sorry that she could not see you again before she left Ireland; but you will soon be in the same kingdom again, and that is one great point gained, as Mr. Weaver, a travelling astronomical lecturer, who carried the universe about in a box, told us 'Sir,' said he to my father, 'when you look at a map, do you know that the east is always on your right-hand, and the west on your left?' 'Yes,' replied my father, with a very modest look, 'I believe I do.' 'Well,' said the man of learning, 'that's one great point gained.'"

Elizabeth Edgeworth died in 1797, and in May of the next year her father married his fourth wife, Miss Beaufort. Miss Edgeworth was blamed at the time for too ready an acquiescence in these speedy unions; but she seems to have done just enough, and yielded gracefully at the right time. She says:

"When I first knew of this attachment, and before I was well acquainted with her, I own I did not wish for the marriage. I had not my father's quick penetration into character: I did not at first see the superior abilities or qualities which he discovered; nor did I anticipate any of the happy consequences from this union which he foresees. All that I thought, I told him. With the most kind patience he bore with me, and instead of withdrawing his affection, honoured me the more with his confidence."

"All resistance and repugnance," says the reviewer, "were overcome by his eloquence or pertinacity, and he closes a letter to Day about a bust, the upas-tree, frogs, agriculture, a heating apparatus, and a speaking machine, with this passage:

"And now for my piece of news, which I have kept for the last. I am going to be married to a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments—compared with my age, much youth (not quite thirty), and more prudence—some beauty, more sense—uncommon talents, more uncommon temper—liked by my family, loved by me. If I can say all this three years hence, shall I not have been a fortunate, not to say a wise man?"

Miss Edgeworth writes to her prospective step-mother, some years younger than herself:

"I flatter myself that you will find me gratefully exact en belle fille. I think there is a great deal of difference between that species of ceremony which exists with acquaintance, and that which should always exist with the best of friends; the one prevents the growth of affection, the other preserves it in youth and age. Many foolish people make fine plantations, and forget to fence them; so the young trees are destroyed by the young cattle, and the bark of the forest trees is sometimes injured. You need not, dear Miss Beaufort, fence yourself round with strong palings in this family, where all have been early accustomed to mind their boundaries. As for me, you see my intentions, or at least my theories, are good enough: if my practice be but half as good, you will be content, will you not? But theory was born in Brodigdagn, and practice in Lilliput. So much the better for me."
In 1798 she and her father published, in joint authorship, "Practical Education," a large and miscellaneous work. The preface states that more than two-thirds of the book is hers. She writes this year:

"In the 'Monthly Review' for October, there is this anecdote: After the King of Denmark, who is somewhat silly, had left Paris, a Frenchman, who was in company with the Dutch ambassador, but did not know him, began to ridicule the King—'Ma foi, il a une tête, une tête!'—'Couronnée,' replied the ambassador, with presence of mind and politeness. My father, who was much delighted with this answer, asked Lovell, Henry, and Sneyd, without telling the right answer, what they would have said.

"LOVELL: 'A head—and a heart, sir.'
"HENRY: 'A head—upon his shoulders.'
"SNEYD: 'A head—of a king.'
"And adds: 'Tell me which answer you like best.'"

The "Parent's Assistant" had been published two years before. Writing of it to her cousin, she says: "I beg, dear Sophy, that you will not call my little stories by the sublime title of my works; I shall else be ashamed when the little mouse comes forth." The first story in her peculiar vein is "Castle Rackrent," in 1800. The first edition was published without her name, "and its success was so triumphant that some one not only asserted that he was the author, but actually took the trouble to copy out several pages with corrections and erasures as if it was his original MS." In 1802, Maria writes from Paris: "Castle Rackrent has been translated into German, and we saw in a French book an extract from it, giving the wake, the confinement of Lady Cathcart, and sweeping the stairs with the wig, as common and universal occurrences in that extraordinary kingdom."

"Belinda" and "Moral Tales" were published in 1801, and the "Essay on Irish Bulls," in conjunction with her father, in 1802. She says of it:

"After 'Practical Education,' the next book which we published in partnership was the 'Essay on Irish Bulls.' The first design of this essay was his. Under the semblance of attack, he wished to show the English public the eloquence, wit, and talents of the lower classes of people in Ireland. Working zealously upon the ideas which he suggested, sometimes, what was spoken by him, was afterwards written by me; or, when I wrote my first thoughts, they were corrected and improved by him; so that no book was ever written more completely in partnership.

On this, as on most subjects, whether light or serious, when we wrote together, it would now be difficult, almost impossible, to recollect, which thoughts originally were his, and which were mine. All passages in which there are Latin quotations or classical allusions, must be his exclusively, because I am entirely ignorant of the learned languages. The notes on the Dublin shoeblack's metaphorical language, I recollect, are chiefly his.

"I have heard him tell that story with all the natural, indescribable Irish tones and gestures, of written language can give but a faint idea. He excelled in imitating the Irish, because he never overstepped the modesty or the assurance of nature. He marked exquisitely the happy confidence, the shrewd wit of the people, without condescending to produce effect by caricature."

"Mrs. Edgeworth relates that a gentleman much interested in improving the breed of Irish cattle, sent, on seeing the advertisement, for the work on Irish bulls: 'He was rather confounded by the appearance of the classical bull at the top of the first page, which I had designed from a gem, and when he began to read the book he threw it away in disgust; he had purchased it as secretary to the Irish Agricultural Society.'"

In the autumn of 1802 the family went to Paris. There "they seem to have known everybody worth knowing." Madame Recamier, Madame de Harpe, Montmorency, Kosciesko, are a few among many. She says of Madame Oudinot, Rousseau's Julie:

"Julie is now seventy-two years of age, a thin woman in a little black bonnet. She appeared to me shockingly ugly; she squints so much that it is impossible to tell which eye she is looking. But no sooner did I hear her speak than I began to like her; and no sooner was I seated beside her, than I began to find in her countenance a most benevolent and agreeable expression. She entered into conversation immediately; her manner invited and could not fail to obtain confidence. She seems as gay and open-hearted as a girl of seventeen. It has been said of her that she not only never did any harm, but never suspected any. . . I wish I could at seventy-two be such a woman!"

"She told me that Rousseau, whilst he was writing so finely on education and leaving his own children in the Foundling Hospital, defended himself with so much eloquence that even those who blamed him in their hearts could not find tongues to answer him. Once at a dinner at Madame d'Oudinot's there was a fine pyramid of fruit. Rousseau, in helping himself, took the peach, which formed the base of the pyramid, and the rest fell immediately. "Rousseau," said she, 'that is what you always do with all our systems, you pull down with a single touch, but who will build up what you pull down?' I asked if he was grateful for all the kindness shown to him? 'No, he was ungrateful; he had a thousand bad qualities, but I turned my attention from them to his genius, and the good he had done mankind.'"

We quote now from the reviewer:

"The grand event of her—of every woman's—life came to pass at this period. On quitting Paris in March, 1803, she could say, for the first time, 'Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.' (I have
lived and loved). Abruptly closing her catalogue of new acquaintance, she adds:—

"Here, my dear aunt, I was interrupted in a manner that will surprise you as much as it surprised me, by the coming in of Monsieur Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman, whom we have mentioned to you, of superior understanding and mild manners; he came to offer me his hand and heart!"

"My heart, you may suppose, cannot return his attachment, for I have seen but very little of him, and have not had time to have formed any judgment, except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my own dear friends and my own country to live in Sweden.

"In a letter to her cousin on the eighth of December, 1802 (the proposal was on the first), after explaining that M. Edelcrantz was bound to Sweden by ties of duty as strong as those which bound her to Edgewater-Town, she writes: 'This is all very reasonable, but reasonable to him only, not for me; and I have never felt anything for him but esteem and gratitude.' Commenting on this passage, Mrs. Edgeworth says:—

"Maria was mistaken as to her own feelings. She refused M. Edelcrantz, but she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration; she was extremely in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself; but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting from us. She decided rightly for her own future happiness and for that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. While we were at Paris, I remember that in a shop where Charlotte and I were making some purchases, Maria sat apart absorbed in thought, and so deep in reverie, that when her father came in and stood opposite to her she did not see him till he spoke to her, when she started and burst into tears..." I do not think she repented of her refusal, or regretted her decision; she was well aware that she could not have made him happy, that she would not have suited his position at the Court of Stockholm, and that her want of beauty might have diminished his attachment. It was better perhaps that she should think so, as it calmed her mind, but from what I saw of M. Edelcrantz, I think he was a man capable of really valuing her. I believe that he was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married. He was, except very fine eyes, remarkably plain.'

"This is an interesting and instructive episode. It lets in a flood of light upon those passages of her writings which inculcate the stern control of the feelings, the never-ceasing vigilance with which prudence and duty are to stand sentinel over the heart. So, then, she had actually undergone the hard trials she imposes and describes. They best can paint them who can feel them most. She was no Madame d'Aubray, with 'ideas' of self-sacrifice admirably adapted for others' uses, but disagreeably unfitted for her own; and before settling down her precepts of self-command under temptation, she had tested them. Caroline Percy (in 'Patronage') controlling her love for Count Altenberg, is Maria Edgeworth subduing her love for the Chevalier Edelcrantz.'

They left Paris in 1803; and the same year she published 'Popular Tales,' and in 1809 "Tales of fashionable Life." "Patronage," published in 1813, is the longest of her stories. Its origin is thus described:—

"Among others, written many years ago, was one called 'the History of the Freeman's Family.' In 1787, my father, to amuse Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, when she was recovering after the birth of one of my brothers, related to us every evening, when we assembled in her room, part of this story, which I believe he invented as he went on. It was found so interesting by his audience, that they regretted much that it should not be preserved, and I in consequence began to write it from memory. The plan, founded on the story of two families, one making their way in the world by independent efforts, the other by mean acts, and by courting the great, was long afterwards the groundwork of 'Patronage.'"

In 1813 the family went to London. They were people of good birth and fortune, and Maria was a favourite in society. A long letter from her gives an account of her visit. It is full of details of celebrated people. Mrs. Edgeworth says:—

"One day, coming too late to dinner at Mr. Horner's, we found Dr. Parr very angry at our having delayed and then interrupted dinner; but he ended by giving Maria his blessing. ** We unfortunately missed seeing Madame d'Arblay, and we left London before the arrival of Madame de Staël."

This story falls in with a story printed in Moore's Diary:—

"In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance of the kind in which Rogers was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive. 'Not till Miss Edgeworth is gone,' replied Rogers; 'Madame de Staël would not like two stars shining at the same time.' The words were hardly out of his mouth, when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table and say in a solemn tone: 'Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.' It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never before seen.'"

Harrington,' "Ormond," and "Thoughts on Buses" were published in 1817. In June her father died; and Maria's first task was to conclude his "Memoirs," of which she wrote the second volume. For a while she wrote
nothing else. She went to Paris in 1823, and her letters from thence are among her best. In France, as in England, she was received everywhere; the main difficulty being to pronounce her name, the nearest approach to which was "Edgeratz."

"At one house, a valet, after Maria had several times repeated 'Edgeworth,' exclaimed, 'Ah, je renonce a ça; and throwing open the door of the saloon, announced, 'Madame Marie et Mesdemoiselles ses sœurs.' Byron speaks of some Russian or Polish names as 'names that would descend to posterity if posterity could but pronounce them.' Many English names are exposed to the same disadvantage. An English traveller passed the better part of an evening at Teck's, at Dresden, in 1834, vainly endeavoring to teach some German ladies to pronounce 'Wordsworth.' Few of them got nearer than 'Vudvutt.' The form of the visiting cards of the party, adopted (she says) after due deliberation, was 'Madame Marie Edgeworth et Mesdemoiselles ses sœurs.'

Here are some details of her Parisian life:―

"We have seen Mademoiselle Mars twice, or thrice, rather, in the 'Mariage de Figaro' and in the little pieces of 'Le Jaloux sans Amour,' and 'La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq,' and admire her exceedingly. In petit comité the other night at the Duchesse d'Escars, a discussion took place between the Duchesse de la Force, Marmont, and Pozzo di Borgo, on the bon et mauvais ton of different expressions—bonne société is an expression bourgeoise—you may say bonne compagnie or la haute société. 'Voilà des nuances,' as Madame d'Escars said. Such a wonderful jabbering as these grandees made about these small matters. It put me in mind of a conversation in the 'World,' on good company, which we all used to admire."

"She met all the scientific men of note at Cuvier's, who gave a good instance of Bonaparte's insisting on a decided answer. He asked me 'Faut-il introduire le sucre de betterave en France?' 'D'abord, Sire, il faut songer à vos colonies.'—'Faut-il avoir le sucre de betterave en France?' 'Mais, Sire, il faut examiner.'—'Bah! je le demanderai à Berthelot.'"

She was very fond of Madame de Staël and Madame de Broglie. Here is an anecdote of the former:

"One day M. Suard, as he entered the saloon of the hôtel Necker, saw Madame Necker going out of the room, and Mademoiselle Necker standing in a melancholy attitude with tears in her eyes. Guessing that Madame Necker had been lecturing her, Suard went towards her to comfort her, and whispered, 'Une caresse du papa vous dédommagera bien de tout ça.' She immediately, wiping the tears from her eyes, answered: 'Ah oui, monsieur, mon père songe à mon avenir.' There was more than presence of mind, there was heart and soul and greatness of mind in this answer."

In December, 1820, she returned to England, where the last years of her life were spent. Scott says of her, in 1827:

"It is scarcely possible to say more of this very remarkable person than that she not only completely answered but exceeded the expectations which I had formed. I am particularly pleased with the naïveté and good-humoured ardour of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation."

To which the reviewer adds:

"The object of the most refined and cultivated society of London and Paris, in their ordinary intercourse, is not to instruct or be instructed, dazzle or be dazzled, but to please and be pleased. Now, Miss Edgeworth was pre-eminently the fashion year after year, and she wisely acted on Colton's maxim in 'Lacoon': 'In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest. In the grand theatre of human life, a box-ticket takes you through the house.'"

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**WOMEN'S RIGHTS.**

The right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer,
The right to dry the orphan's tear;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure:
The right, when other friends have flown,
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside,
And weepingly point to Him who died;
The right a happy home to make
In a clime, for Jesus' sake:
Rights, such as these, are all we crave,
Until our last—a quiet grave.
CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was Christmas morning at our house, and at everybody's, for that matter, and of course Uncle Theodore, or Uncle Ted, as we called him oftenest, was cross—he always was in the morning; we expected that just as much as we did the sun's rising.

There was a good deal of excuse for him, though, for he was dyspeptic and was subject to twinges of gout and touches of neuralgia; and anyone of those infirmities, mamma says, would make a sinner, for the time being, out of the temper of a saint.

I don't know this: anybody really likes Uncle Ted the less for being cross, any more than we like a fine, clear October day less for the white frost that glitters, and the sharp, bringing air that chills through its early morning.

Uncle Ted is an invalid, and we set down his peevishness to that; and after breakfast is over, and he is comfortably settled in his arm-chair with his newspapers and his beloved books about him, this dear, fretful, spleenetic Uncle Ted grows bland as the day does, shaking off the white frosts from the grass with its sparkling light, and striking out the chill from the air with its warm, mellow beams.

Uncle Ted is a handsome man, too: dark and sallow, and a little wrinkled with illness rather than with years, as he is a good deal this side of fifty, and I searched the other day a quarter of an hour among his thick, dark locks for a grey hair, and I never found one.

We live with Uncle Ted—mamma, sister Adelaide and I, or he lives with us. He was papa's younger brother, and I have heard Mamma say he was the indulged, spoiled pet and idol of the family.

When grandpa lost his property, and had all that trouble, which broke his heart and shortened his days, Uncle Theodore went to the West Indies and made a fortune there; but he paid a dreadful price for it, for the long years in that hot climate chafed his spirits and broke the vigour of his constitution.

But the peevishness is on the surface; the warm, generous heart throbbs below all that, and in his happy moods, with his stories and his playfulness that flashes a perpetual glimmer of light among them, and will hold you enchanted all-day like the fairy tales, or dear old thumb-stained "Robinson Crusoe," in his happy moods, as I said, I do believe Uncle Ted is the most wonderful and delightful man in the whole world.

But it was Christmas morning, and I knew Uncle Ted well enough to know that it would "go across his grain" to say one word about the presents I'd found in my stocking and spread out on the table by my bedside.

"Tut, tut!" he'd say. "Don't let's have any fuss over those gin crackers," though he went into town with mamma and Adelaide in the dump, biting December air only the afternoon before to select the gifts himself.

When the time came I might chatter like a magpie over each, but now it would not be a particle of use. We all understood Ted and humoured him. There was to be a wedding opposite, that Christmas day—a very grand affair, you see; for the people were very grand indeed who lived there. Such preparations had been going on days before! Such a constant ringing of bells, and running to and fro, and delivering of bundles. The servants, even down to the errand-boy, had a solemn, mysterious air and look every time they showed themselves out of the doors and windows.

It was a clear, bright winter's morning. It seemed to me somehow that the very sunshine felt that it was Christmas, and sparkled for joy a little brighter than ever. We stood at the front sitting-room windows, Uncle Ted and I, watching the people hurry past, and everybody had a bright look like the morning, as though there were presents at home, and it was Christmas.

But across there, at the great brown house, the bells kept up an incessant peal. A thought suddenly shot among mine—I don't know how it came there, but with it I turned and faced Uncle Ted, and two or three minutes afterwards he too turned from the window and caught me looking at him.

"Well, Kathie, what has put that little grave face on you, child? Are you thinking about me?"

"I'd rather not tell, if you please, Uncle Ted."

"But I want to know, and I must, therefore tell me, little girl."

There was no use having any more words about it; so I made a clean breast of my thoughts. I was just thinking, Uncle Ted, that I wondered whether you would not have been a happier and a pleasanter man if you'd got married too! Then, you see, you'd have a wife that was all your own to love, and boys and girls about you, to tease, and trouble, and bother you all day; and yet it seems to me that it would have been a great deal better than being just as you are now, though of course I don't know.

He looked at me a moment with a curious kind of a smile about his lips, and something half-sad in his eyes, I thought. "Little Queen Mab," he said, in a minute, "that is a spear's thrust at me that no man or woman in the world..."
The waistband is tied over it in a bow with four loops and ends trimmed with a ruche at bottom.

The first novelty to record in rich silks is the pica, or peacock colour. This is shaded precisely like that part of the fowl’s feather that is alternately blue and green, and has probably grown out of the popularity of those colours in plaid goods last season. It will be worn for rich carriage toilettes or walking suits, as it is a colour which does not look well at night. The colour is the poul de soie antique, and a softer kind of goods than gros grain. In this material we also see the antique red called Sultan, poussiere, or dust colour; and elderberry, a grey colour intended for street wear. For evening there is a pale ashes of roses, shading towards lilac rather than pink; a brilliant coral colour, regina, which is darker than mauve; and absinthe, the faintest tint of blue on white, a marvellously beautiful colour, that seems green by gaslight. In woollen we have plaids, and plain goods in cashmere, merinos, p oplins, and velours. Among these goods a dark red shade called Lucifer is prominent. This Lucifer is not the flame-colour which the name suggests, but a deep wine-colour, like the red of carbuncles, when held before the light. Sultan, ruby, maroon, Humboldt purple, and bright green are also very largely imported. For quieter out-door dresses we see drab, snuff brown, tea-colour, olive, cinnamon-colour, invisible green, and blue. Ladies’ cloth promises to be the favourite material for such suits; but the same grave shades are seen in serges, armures and ottoman velours. Empress cloth suits for out-doors have the principal parts of the dress in small figures, or else mottled grounds of black speckled white, blue, green, or Lucifer, and a printed border in the two colours for trimming. In cloths we see black and white Astrakhan, in imitation of the smooth, wavy skins of the Russian lamb: it is a novelty, and prettier than the curly Astrakhan worn the few past seasons. Among the many varieties of plush are stone grey and maroon colour, with pile an inch deep, as soft and warm as fur. White plush, dotted with blue, cherry, or lavender is especially pretty for children’s wear.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.


Received, but not yet decided upon: “The Duel;” “Lethic;” “The Skipper’s Story.”

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks: “The Fall of the Leaf;” “The Dead Hope;” “The Legend of Jack Brian, of the Fort.”


Amateur.—This lady will find her question answered in our last number; but we repeat, for her especial benefit, that all such tales, essays, &c., shall receive our best attention, and, where it is possible encourage. Music, books for review, &c., must be sent in by the 10th of each month, to receive notice in the next number.

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