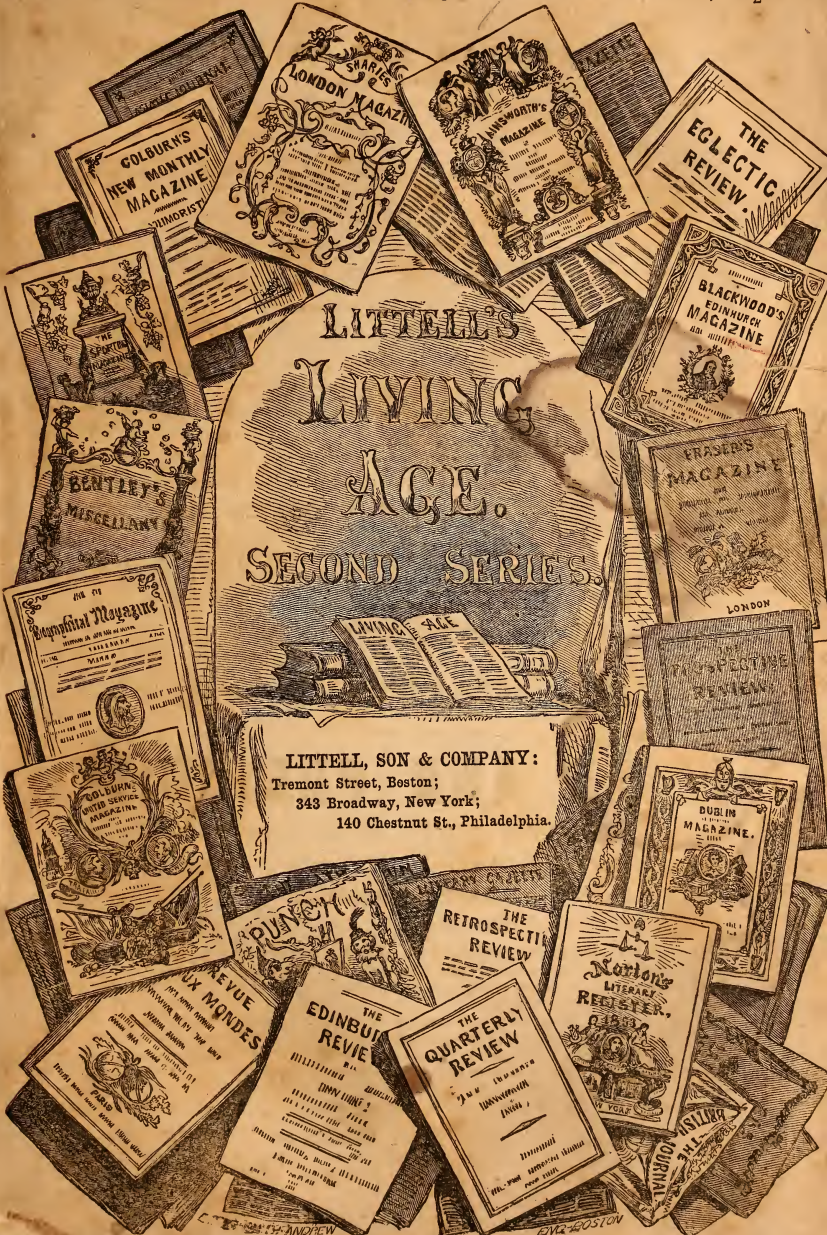


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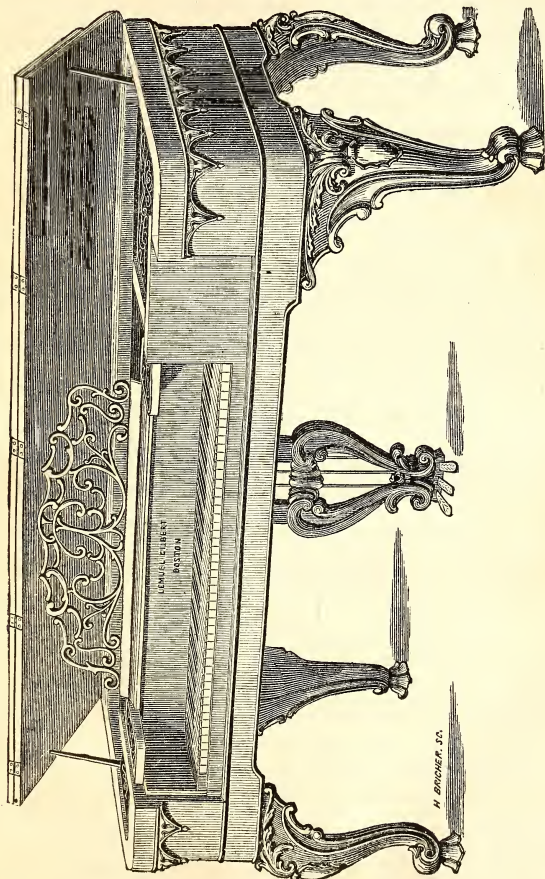
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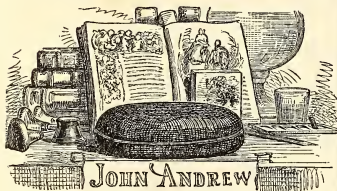
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It will instantly check the Ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing its use according to directions. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected.

This specific is so harmless that it may be taken by persons of every age, sex or condition, and it will not substitute for one disease others still worse, as is too often the result in the treatment by Quinine, Mercury, Arsenic, and other poisonous or deleterious drugs, not a particle of any of which is admitted into this preparation.

One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases; some may require more. Directions, printed in German, French and Spanish, accompany each bottle. Price One Dollar. Liberal discounts made to the trade.

JAS. A. RHODES, Proprietor,
 Providence, R. I.

EVIDENCE OF SAFETY.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1855.

"I have made a chemical examination of 'RHODES' FEVER AND AGUE CURE,' or 'ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA,' and have tested it for Arsenic, Mercury, Quinine, and Strychnine, but have not found a particle of either in it, nor have I found any substance in its composition that would prove injurious to the constitution.

JAMES R. CHILLTON, M. D., Chemist."

EVIDENCE OF MERIT.

"LEWISBURG, Union Co., Pa., May 2, 1855.

Mr. J. A. RHODES—Dear Sir: The box of medicine you sent me was duly received on the 11th of April. I have sold about one half of it, and so far the people who have used it are satisfied that it has cured them. It has certainly stopped the Ague in every one who has used it, and six of the cases were of long standing. My sister, who has had it for five or six years back, and could never get it stopped except by Quinine, and that only as long as she would take it, is now, I think, entirely cured by your remedy.

C. R. MCGINLY."

CAUTION TO AGUE SUFFERERS.

Take no more Arsenic, Tonics, Mercury, Quinine, Febrifuges, Strychnine, or Anti Periodics of any kind. The well-known inefficiency of these noxious poisons proves them to be the offspring either of false medical principles, or of mercenary quacks. The only remedy in existence that is both sure and harmless, is

RHODES' FEVER AND AGUE CURE.

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- Weeks & Potter, Boston.
- C. V. Clickener & Co. and C. H. Ring, New York.
- T. W. Dyott & Sons, Philadelphia.
- J. D. Yerrington, Chicago.
- Greene & Button, Milwaukee.
- Haviland, Risley & Co., Augusta, Ga.
- E. S. Wheaton, St. Louis.
- F. B. Winter, Baltimore.

And for sale by Medicine dealers generally.

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Persons wishing to rent a Piano will find them at the store of the subscriber, varying in price from \$25 to \$40 per year. For a less period than one year, a higher rate is charged than for a single quarter.

For boxing and delivering at the depot no charge will be made, when hired for a year, but freight both ways must be paid.

Persons at a distance need only specify the amount they are willing to pay to depend upon being faithfully served.

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The advantages afforded young men, both as regards thorough and practical instructions, and also the opportunities for obtaining GOOD EMPLOYMENT at this Academy, are superior to any other, and at the same time the expense is much less. Separate Rooms for Ladies.

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Cards of terms may be obtained on application.
 Hours from 8 to 12, A. M.; 2 to 5, P. M.; 7 to 9, Evening

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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
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JOHN TAYLOR, Proprietor.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

"We walk by *faith*, not by sight."—2 Cor. 5: 7.
 "The things which *are not seen* are eternal."—2 Cor. 4: 18.

THOU unseen Spirit-Land!
 Vainly I strive thy secrets to explore;
 Vainly my weary hand,
 And dim eye straining to thy silent shore.

Far thy vast boundaries lie,
 Circling all worlds, and zoning space and
 Time;
 But thou to mortal eye,
 Revealest not thy mysteries sublime.

The roseate morn, the skies
 Suffused with sunset's sad magnificence,
 And all with them that vies,
 In beauty are the things of Earth and sense.

Yet well I know thou art,
 For oft low-whispered voices come from
 thee,
 And murmuring thrill my heart
 Like strange sweet echoes from an unknown
 sea.

Behind these walls of clay,
 O Spiritual World, thy boundless realms
 are nigh,
 And, passing hence away,
 Depart to thee all things that cannot die.

Thither the good and wise,
 Thither the gentle and the pure are gone,
 And, sphered in thy bright skies,
 Shine on invisible—from earth withdrawn.

All glory, beauty, might—
 All shapes of loveliness are gathered there—
 Beyond the waste and blight
 Of Time, beyond its sin, and toil, and care.

And those we see no more,
 The friends of other and of vanished years,
 The loved and lost of yore,
 Of whom we think not save with blinding
 tears.

Of grief that will not die—
 Are all in thee, O Spirit-Land, in thee;
 And from the eternal sky
 Behold us, as the stars the mourning see.

Yet not in vain we mourn;
 The gloomy dawn shall glimmer into day;
 For to the self-same bourne
 We all are taking our returnless way.

We are as children here,
 And blindly in an alien land we roam;
 Yet nearer and more near
 Are journeying ever to our Father's home.

But not by sight, he saith,
 Ye live, who seek with me at last to dwell,
 But by the law of faith,
 As seeing him who is invisible.

The things unseen alone
 Eternal are—and blest alone are they
 That walk in love of One
 Who trod before the strait and narrow way.

We will not, then, repine;
 Serene and patient, we will wait the close,
 Trusting a hand Divine
 Will spread the pillow of our last repose.

And while the ages fly
 Unnumbered o'er our dark and dreamless
 sleep,
 Our Father's watchful eye
 The silent treasure of the grave shall keep.

And then the dawn—the day—
 Earth's long-lost myriads bursting from the
 sod—
 And we from cold decay
 Shall wake to know the love and life of
 God. C.

YALE COLLEGE.

Independent.

BE SURE YOU CALL.

It was a rustic cottage-gate,
 And over it a maiden leant,
 Upon her face and youthful grace
 A lover's earnest eyes were bent:—
 "Good night," she said, "once more, Good night,
 The evening star is rising high;
 But early with the morning light
 Be sure you call as you pass by,
 As you pass by,
 Be sure you call as you pass by."

The spring had into the summer leaped,
 Brown Autumn's hand her treasures threw,
 When forth a merry party swept
 In bridal garments, two by two:—
 I saw it was the maid that blessed
 The evening star that rose so high:—
 For he, as I suppose you've guessed,
 Had often call'd as he passed by,
 As he passed by,
 Had often call'd as he passed by.

Oh, blissful lot where all's forgot,
 Save love, that wreaths the heart with flowers,
 Oh, what's a throne to that dear cot
 Whose only wealth is happy hours!
 I know to leave their home they're loath,
 Although the evening star be nigh;
 But if you wish to see them both,
 Perchance they'll call as they pass by,
 As they pass by,
 Perchance they'll call as they pass by.
Lit. Gaz. CHARLES SWAIN.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

BEN Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor—
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and as bright
As when he and Kate twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted merrily:
Right merrily chatted they on the while,
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a cherub rogue, with a rosy smile
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield:
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that morning that Tommy
churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat:
That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made,
And that too by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Anne was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;

He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

From the Transcript.

BY THE RIVER.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

FROM mountain peak and village spire,
The golden sunlight fades away;
But up the clear sky, high and higher
With deepening radiance doth ray
The glory of the dying day,
In streams of rosy-gleaming fire.

Upon the river's marge I stand,
And gaze across the shadowy blue,
As rippling up the shelving strand,
The mimic waves their foam-bells strew,
Slide softly back, then come anew,
And murmur up the glistening sand.

How sweet to feel this dewy air
Blow freshly o'er the untruffed tide,
So tenderly it lifts my hair,
So woos the modest flowers that hide
Their little cups anear my side,
To greet me with their perfume rare.

And sweet it is at times to hear
The dip of oars, the lingering sweep,
As some light boat its course doth steer
Towards the far-off, billowy deep;
So falls the measured chime they keep,
With silvery cadence on the ear.

And look! above yon monarch pine,
That sentinels the distant shore,
Our chosen star doth brightly shine,
And all the charmed waters o'er,
Her pure and lustrous light doth pour
Recalling thee and hopes divine.

I would thou wert beside me now,
Beneath this gnarled beechen tree,
To watch the river's placid flow,
And hear the wavelet's gurgling glee,
As on the lone shore merrily,
Unceasingly they come and go.

That I might gaze upon thy face,
Drink gladness from thy loving eyes,
And feel again the wondrous grace
That in thy every action lies;
Or speak, and hear thy low replies;
Or hold thee in my close embrace.

Vain wish! But wheresoe'er to night,
Or far or near thy footsteps rove,
When yon dear star shall meet thy sight,
Oh, may its welcome radiance move
Thy gentle heart to dreams of love,
And bring thee peace and calm delight.

From Chambers's Journal.

PATERNOSTER ROW AND MAGAZINE-DAY.

PATERNOSTER ROW, which as most people know, stands north of St. Paul's Churchyard, began its career as a straggling row or rank of dumpy wooden houses, inhabited by the turners of beads and rosaries, and the writers of Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds, in days prior to the invention of printing. Its proximity to the metropolitan church, and its central position in the capital, made it a desirable situation for the scribes and the artificers of those days, whose occupation it was to supply the literature and the machinery of devotion. The Row then consisted but of a single rank of houses, looking out upon old St. Paul's Church; and the sale of its merchandise, we may reasonably conclude, augmented or declined with the religious fervor of the people, and with the periodical celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies.

When the reformation came, and England grew Protestant, the beads and the rosaries, the Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds—and the poor friars of the religious houses, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," had to decamp without beat of drum. In their place came a swarm of mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and tire women and seamstresses. Churchgoers no longer wanted beads and breviaries, but handsome Sunday-garments—and the new tenants of the row administered to the necessities of a new species of devotion, not much better, it is to be feared, than the old. The Row now began to grow famous as a market for rich velvets and stuffs. It was here the gentry of the court of Charles II. came a-shopping in their equipages; and by this time the Row must have become, to some extent what it is at the present day—a narrow lane, unsuitable for the passage of vehicles—for we read that the thoroughfare was often blocked up by the carriages of the court-ladies. Pepys records, in his diary (1660), that he came here to buy "moyre for a morning waistcoat;" and again, in 1662, that he came on foot to purchase "satin for a petticoat for his wife against the queen's coming."

But the mercers, lacemen, etc., had not the whole place to themselves. A century before Pepys bought his wife's satin petticoat, one Henry Denham, a bookseller, had opened shop at the sign of the Star, and had written on his sign-board the motto: *Os homini sublimè dedit*. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the booksellers in a body removed to the Row from Little Britain. From that time to this, the reputation of the Row has spread further and wider through the world with each revolving year; and for many generations past, the well-known

name has been familiar to the eye of every man, woman, and child of the realm to whom a book is either a necessary or a luxury of life. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the commerce in books, of which the Row is the great centre, and where as many as five millions of volumes have been sold in a year by a single firm. To do that, would require more space than we have at command, and would involve researches and calculations that might perplex and appal a Bidder. The Row is fed, now-a-days, by fifty thousand authors at least, and a thousand or so of steam-presses; and what the amount of printed paper may be which is turned into it and turned out of it in the course of a year, let those declare, if there be such, who have the means of judging. There are firms there of above a century's standing, who might throw some light on that subject, if they chose; and to them we leave it—preferring, on the present occasion, to introduce the reader to Paternoster Row under its existing aspect, and contemplate at leisure such of its activities as may help us to some general idea of its ways of life.

The aspect of the Row, enter it from what quarter you may—and you may take your choice of very numerous different entrances—is pretty sure to disappoint the expectations of a stranger. To say the best of it, it is but a narrow, curving, irregular thoroughfare, leading from near Ludgate Hill to Cheapside—a lane of brick and mortar, with erections of all dates and all styles and no styles of building—with a foot-pavement scarcely wide enough for two individuals to pass each other, and a roadway through a good part of which vehicles can pass only in single file. The shops, which with the exception of two or three, are all those of publishers, have a business rather than an attractive air, and except on certain periodical occasions are not much troubled by the rush of customers. Into this lane, a number of narrow lanes, of courts and alleys, disembody themselves—some leading to Newgate market, whose shambles are in unpleasant contiguity to the rears of the houses on the northern side—some into St. Paul's Churchyard, some into Newgate Street and Warwick Square, and some to nowhere particular, only to a *cul-de-sac*, which sends the wanderer back again into the Row. At the west end, in a small dusty square, accessible through close-paved courts, leading by a byway to Ludgate Hill, stands a noble sycamore of perhaps a century's growth, whose leaves rustle pleasantly in hot summer-time, and whose leafless boughs in the winter are the parliament of the sparrows of the ward, which are observed to sit there in deafening convocation daily during the short half-hour of winter's twilight.

Viewed, then, in connection with the immediate neighborhoods of Ludgate Hill, Cheap-

side, and Newgate Street, which from early morn to midnight, are resounding with the continuous roar and rumble of wheels, the Row is, in general, a remarkably quiet place. The fever of business is intermittent, and the crises occur only at regular intervals. During the quiet times, the place is frequented chiefly by two classes: the publishers, their booksellers and their agents—and literary men. There is a good deal of gossiping in the shops among clerical-looking gentlemen in white ties, and much lounging and reading of newspapers and magazines over the counter among clerks and shopmen. Now and then, the old blind fiddler strays into the Row, and tunes up a sentimental air, followed by rapid variations, in a masterly style, to whom his regular patrons are not slow in awarding the customary meed of coin. Anon comes a brass band of Germans, who draw up in rank on the curb, intoning the patriotic harmonies of Fatherland, and who, in their turn, gather a shower of coppers, cunningly aimed from upper stories into the open throat of French horn or ophiclede by publishers' clerks in want of more profitable amusement. Here and there, a collector, bag on shoulder, strolls from shop to shop, to make up some extra parcel for a country customer—or a hungry bookworm lounges from window to window, to catch a glimpse of some new work; but there are no great signs of activity—except it be the sudden taking to his heels of the bookworm aforesaid, from a sudden effluvium that hits him clean off the pavement, and sends him staggering down the nearest court; and which proceeds from a tallow-melting establishment, as appropriately fixed, as would be a pig in an Opera-box, in the very focus and centre of the literary world. Once a week, however, the Row puts on a vivacious look, and bustle and business are the order of the hour. By post-time on Friday, the weekly papers march off in sacks, bags, and parcels to the post-office, and of these the Row furnishes a liberal quota. The procuring of the papers from the publishers of each, which is often attended with no small amount of squabbling and delay—the packing for agents—the addressing to private customers—the invoicing and final bundling off on the back of the boy to the post-office—all together put the whole force of the publishers upon their mettle, and make his shopcounter the arena of a contest against time, in which, if he come off the winner by a minute or so, he is perfectly satisfied. Before the clock strikes six, the whole affair is over—the crisis past, and the Row has relapsed into its former state of tranquillity.

But the grandest demonstration of all occurs on that day of days, which is the test and touchstone of the publisher's commerce, known

among printers, binders, booksellers, and men of the Row of all denominations, as Magazine-day. On this day, which is the last day of every month, the Row is as much alive as an Egyptian pot of vipers, and far more wide awake. Every house, from garret to cellar, is in a thrill of agitation that stirs the dust in the remotest crannies. Such pulling and lugging and hauling, and unpacking and brown-papering and pigeon-holing, as then takes place, upstairs and down, is a thing to be seen only then and there, and at no other time or place. It is a thing worth seeing, too, only we would advise no unauthorized intrusion of spectators who cannot compromise their dignity, and consent to be carried with the tide.

The business of Magazine-day invariably commences on the night before the important day dawns—a night which goes among the trade by the denomination of "late night," from the fact that its duties, when business is brisk, rarely terminate before twelve or one o'clock. By the morning post of this day of preparation, the orders of the country booksellers have all arrived. From their orders the invoices have to be made out; a process which, in some houses, is facilitated by means of printed lists of the monthly magazines and of the publisher's own books. Each regular customer has his allotted pigeon-hole, or other place of deposit, into which his invoice is put as soon as it is copied, together with such of the books he has ordered as the publisher has on his premises. In this way, a considerable part of the work of Magazine-day is done during "late night;" and in houses where the business is extensive, it is indispensable that all that can possibly be done should be done before the labors of the night cease. Because, in a case where a man has to supply in one day the monthly parcel of a hundred or more of country booksellers, each of whom would think there was a design to ruin him if his parcel did not arrive on the first of the month, he cannot afford the risk of a moment's avoidable delay.

As soon as breakfast is swallowed on Magazine-day, the business of despatch begins. The printers have sent the magazines perhaps over night, or, at the latest, by early morning. The object is now to complete the order of each customer; and the moment it is completed, to pack it up with the invoice, and direct the parcel. Were nothing more to be done than to add the magazines and monthly publications to such books as form part of the publisher's own stock, the affair would be comparatively easy and simple; but as country booksellers deal mostly with but one publisher, each publisher has to supply his customers with all they want; and it will happen that, for one book of his own, he is compelled to procure ten or a dozen of other people's,

upon which all the profit he gets is a trifling commission. Let him be as provident as he will in reference to this contingency, he finds, on Magazine-day, that he has to send not only to every house in the Row, but to half the publishers scattered over the metropolis besides, for books or pamphlets he has not got. His hands are so busy packing, sorting, and arranging, that he cannot spare enough of them to run half over the town for the whole day; so he has recourse to the book-collector, who at this moment comes forward with his services, and of whom, notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, we must say a word or two before we proceed.

The "collector," so indispensable to the Row, is a rather anomalous subject, and may rank as a curiosity among London industrials. He is, for the most part, neither man nor boy, but in that transition period of existence known as hobbledohyhood. For the outward and visible signs of respectability, judging from appearances, he cares not a dot. He wears a seedy suit, surmounted by a cloth cap or a crushed hat: and he carries on his shoulders a dust-colored canvas-bag, which had parted with its original and legal hue before it came into his possession. His voice is loud, his bearing independent, and his speech sharp, rapid, and abbreviated. Perhaps you would not be inclined to trust him with much, measuring him by your instincts; but if you were a publisher, you would be compelled to trust him often, and with a good deal. In the financial conduct of small and serial publications, ready cash is the standing rule; and you must give your collector the cash, or he can't collect the goods. Fortunately, you *may* trust him without incurring any great risk: there is honesty in him, and a proud feeling of caste, and he will account for your cash to the last fraction; and if he should do so with an air as though, if there were any delinquency to be suspected, it would be on your part, and not on his, you need not be surprised—it is his way. When you have given him your cash and your commission, he knows what to do, and is off like a shot. A specific sort of knowledge he has in perfection—a knowledge of little books and low-priced publications, and who their publishers are, and where they may be got. He will not travel half the distance for the things you want that your own clerk would do if you were to send him after them. Then, he can crush into a crowd, and "chaff" and bully his way to the counters in a style which your clerk would never learn, and get his business done all the quicker for it—and he will fill his bag, and return with his load, leaving you ample time for packing before the carts come for the parcels. He is well known at all the news-offices—was, in fact, a news-boy himself as

long as he was a boy at all—is well used to accounts, and the mental addition of fractions especially; and though more than a trifle pert and slangy, and given to stare at you in a way that savors of impudence, he is upon the whole, a reasonably reliable, indifferent, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow enough.

As fast as the several orders are completed, the collected books and publications, together with the invoices, are carried to the packing-department, which may be a cellar, gas-lighted, below the shop, to be packed. The packets of the smaller traders are mostly cleared off early in the day, and stacked ready for the carters; but the completion of a large order is a thing not to be got over in a hurry, and is only effected at last by the success of the collectors in their rambling mission. Often enough, as country booksellers know to their mortification, an order is not completed at all—tracts and pamphlets being returned as "out of print" when they are only "out of reach," far off on the shelves of some West-end publisher, to whom there is not time to send.

As the day grows older, faster and more furious grows the strife of business. Every publisher has not only his own dozens, scores, or hundreds of parcels to despatch, but he is himself a quarry of more or less importance to fifty other publishers, whose agents and collectors are goading him on all sides with eager and hurried demands, which it is as much to his interest to supply instantaneously as it is to execute the orders he has himself received. Within doors, the shops are crammed with messengers, bag-laden and clamorous, from all parts of London; and without, the Row is thronged like a market with figures darting to and fro, and across and back again—with bulging sacks on shoulder—with paper-parcels and glittering volumes grasped under each arm—and with piles of new books a yard high resting on clasped hands, and steadied beneath the chin. It is of no use now for the blind fiddler or the brass band to make their appearance, and they know that perfectly well, being never caught in the Row on Magazine-day.

Let us enter one of the shops while the business of the day is at its height, and note what is going on. The apartment is not particularly large, the convenience of space being the one thing in which the Row is awkwardly deficient; but it is well furnished with goods, the walls from floor to ceiling, being on all sides one conglomerate of pigeon-holes; further, there are screens of double-sided pigeon-holes dividing the shop from the offices, and all are stuffed to repletion with books, mostly of small size, and tracts or pamphlets in prodigious numbers. A crowd of boys and lads are pressing to the counter, behind which clerks

with pen in hand or ear, and shopmen, now climbing ladders, now ducking and diving into dark corners, are busy in supplying their clamorous demands. From a trap-door in the floor, the gaslight glimmers pale from the cellar below, whence now and then a head emerges and descends again with an unpacked pile. Amid the jingle of cash, the shuffling of feet, and the lumping of books on the counter, rise the imperative voices of the collectors, in tones none of the gentlest, and in terms not the most intelligible to the ear of the uninitiated.

"Come, it's my turn," bawls one: "am I to wait here all day? Pots of manna, six; and phials of wrath, thirteen as twelve. Look alive, will you?"

While the shopman is rummaging for the pots and phials, another voice ejaculates: "Coming struggles, twenty-six as twenty-four; two devices of satan; and one little Tommy Tubbs."

"Do you keep the pious pieman?" roars a lanky "lither-lad," half doubled up beneath his corpulent bag.

"No," says the shopman—"over the way for the pious pieman."

"Well, give us a dozen blaspheming blacksmiths—thirteen, you know. Anything off the blacksmith?"

Shopman shakes his head.

"Nine broken pitchers and Jacob's well!" screams a shrill youth; "and what's a church, and wheat or chaff?"

"Ten garments of faith, and fifty bands of hope," cries another.

"Come," adds a third, "give us old brown and the new jerusalem, and I'll be off."

"Do you keep the two thieves?" asks a fourth.

"Yes; how many?"

"The two thieves and thoughts in prison."

The traffic here, as you perceive, is of a peculiar kind, being mostly in publications of a low price, and of a religious character. The moment a customer gets what he wants, he is off elsewhere for serials or volumes of a different description. The demand of the present day being chiefly for cheap or low-priced literature of one kind or another, we find the greatest crowds where that is dispensed in the greatest quantity. In places where volumes and the dear magazines form the whole, or nearly the whole of the materials of traffic, there is time, even on Magazine-day, to conduct the business with more deliberation and decorum. But time must not be lost; and the dinner-hour comes and goes at this particular crisis with but an apology for dinner, or not even that, to the majority of the actors in the busy scene.

As the afternoon wanes, the collectors gradually disappear; and that for an obvious reason, as their burdens have to be sorted, packed, and sent off before six o'clock. As other people's collectors desert the publisher's shop, his own begin to return, having fulfilled their commissions; and now there is an hour and a half, or two hours, in which the work of packing has to be completed. The packing of books is an art, not an intuition. If it is not well done, the books suffer in their transit to the bookseller, and may be refused by the customer; and if it is not done quickly on Magazine-day, it may as well not be done at all. Practice, however, renders the packers adroit; and it is amusing as well as surprising to note how rapidly a heap of books, of all sizes and all shapes, of damp magazines and flimsy sheets, is transformed into a neat brown paper-parcel, corded and directed, and ready for carriage. This all-important work employs all hands, and consumes the last laboring hours of the day. As time draws on, symptoms begin to appear of the conclusion of the labor. Head-clerks and shopmen button on their coats, and march off to a late dinner; chops, steaks, and cups of coffee walk in to the solace of those who are left behind to see to the termination of the day's business; and carts and wagons begin to defile into the Row from the Western entrance, to carry off the parcels to the carriers' depots. According to a very necessary regulation, well understood, the carts and vehicles performing this service enter the Row from the Western or Ludgate Hill end, and draw up with horses' heads towards Cheapside. As a compensation for any trouble this rule may occasion, the carters have a small monthly gratuity allowed them. The carriers send for the goods at their own expense, receiving only the usual booking-fee for each parcel. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, the carting-process rarely goes off without a bout at wrangling and squabbling among the drivers. Now and then, an unsalaried carter, hired for the single job, and ignorant of the etiquette which requires that all vehicles shall depart at the Cheapside end of the Row, will obstinately persist in crushing his way in the contrary direction—and though he is generally defeated in the attempt, he does not submit to fate without the usual demonstrations characteristic of his class. When the carts have all been filled and driven off, the Row assumes a sudden tranquillity, in remarkable contrast with the bustle and turmoil of the past day. By the time its shops are finally closed for the night, some million or so of copies of the latest productions of the press have taken to themselves wings of steam, and are all flying from London, as a common centre, to all parts of the realm;

and before to-morrow night the greater portion of them will be affording to the reading public their monthly literary treat.

The above glance at the operations of the publishing-trade, furnishes us with a reason sufficiently obvious why publishers should congregate—in so doing, they do but practice what is mutually convenient and profitable. It shows us, moreover, that the convenience at present derived from association, is capable of very considerable enhancement. What, to us, appears to be wanting, is the establishment of a publishers' hall of commerce, in which, of everything published, not only in London but in all parts of the country, copies should be deposited for sale at the wholesale-prices to all the members. The establishment need not be large, nor its

management expensive; and the expense should be defrayed by a rate chargeable to each member, and deducted from the sums handed over to him in payment for his deposits. If the publishing-trade goes on increasing for the next thirty years in the same proportion as during the last thirty years, Paternoster Row, with its present limits, cannot long continue to form its principal store-house. As other nuclei arise in other places, the necessity for some common area for the despatch of business will become more imperative and indisputable; and something equivalent to what we here suggest will arise, as most improvements in commercial systems have arisen, out of the urgent requirements of the hour.

From Chambers's Journal.

MEDICAL FAITH.

In Egypt, there have been of late years, a few English and French physicians, who practise according to the rules of modern medicine, as taught in the most enlightened parts of the world. There is at the same time a vast number of the old native practitioners, who pretend to cure everything by charms and amulets, or by such therapeutics as the swallowing of a masked prayer or extract from the Koran. We were much struck lately on hearing an intelligent native of Egypt declare, that it often appeared as if the old practitioners achieved the greater proportion of cures.

The fact—for we can well believe it to be one—seems worthy of some philosophic consideration. It is, we think, generally overlooked by writers on quackery in medicine, that it is not simple credulity that is concerned in supporting the trade of the quack. This credulity is attended with a certain effect, which reacts in justifying the credulous to himself, and making him even bear ridicule with a sort of heroism. It supplies him, in short, with facts, which he believes to be good ground for his faith. The denouncer of quackery neglecting this point, and proclaiming war against his convictions as wholly composed of delusion, leaves him as he found him, and makes but little way in guarding the public against similar absurdities.

The career of all great quackeries has been, for the most part, the same. An ignorant person, in or out of the medical profession, is accidentally impressed with the belief that some particular thing or process is attended with a curative effect. As an example: "A young man who had been brought up as a journey-

man cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *shampooing*. Shampooing, and other modes of friction, have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bedridden patients; and there are many respectable females of the class of nurses in London who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated by earning a few shillings daily. But this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures, which it was reported he had made, caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver—patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever, went to be shampooed. The time of the artist, being fully occupied, rose in value; and we have no doubt that we do not overestimate his gains in saying that, for one or two years his receipts were at the rate of £6,000 annually. Matters went on thus for two or three years, when the delusion ceased as suddenly as it had leapt into vigor, and the shampooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation.*"

As another and equally instructive example. It was about the close of the last century, that Benjamin D. Perkins, an American surgeon, practising in London, announced the

* From an article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxi., p. 90), understood to have been written by Sir Benjamin Brodie.

sanative virtues of what he called his *Metallic Tractors*. They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc, the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the part of the patient affected by disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetized away. For a time, persons afflicted with gout, rheumatism, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Mr. Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The Society of Friends, to which body he belonged, benevolently raised an hospital in which he might practise on the poor. At length a Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors. "He suggested to Dr. Falconer that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel [?] ones, and see if the very same effects would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath, upon whom to operate. Four of them suffered severely from chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the fifth had been afflicted for several months with the gout. On the day appointed for the experiments, Dr. Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed, when the twitching began again. On the following day, the real tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms.

"To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder, so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from his knee. The fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the afflicted part, one of the physicians, to add solemnity to the scene, drawing a stop-watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the change of symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes, the man felt so much relieved, that he lifted his hand several inches without any pain in the shoulder."*

In our own day, we have seen a gigantic system of what may be called uncanonical me-

dicine arise under the name of Homœopathy; and it is still running its course. Its leading dogmas are—that diseases are curable by the articles which naturally produce similar affections in healthy persons, and that these must be administered in infinitesimally small doses. The explanation of an infinitesimally small dose, gives a key to the character of the system. Take a grain of aconite, for example, and mix it up in a certain quantity of water; then take a drop of this water, and diffuse it through a similar quantity of pure water; then let a drop of that again be diluted in like manner; and so on for *thirty times*, in which case it is arithmetically demonstrable that you have the original grain diffused through a mass of water many million of millions of times larger than the whole earth: a globule or small pill containing some of this infusion becomes the approved dose! At this moment there are hundreds of respectable men practising homœopathy: as one remarkable fact there are three shops for the sale of its peculiar medicines in our own city. It is understood to be in many instances more lucrative than the ordinary practice; yet we see no reason to doubt that the practitioners are, in general, well-meaning and earnest men. There are many curious stories told illustrative of the illusory character of the system. We shall not repeat them, because we do not wish unnecessarily to give offence. But we may be allowed to say that, according to the best judgment we can form regarding homœopathy, we are left no room to doubt that the views of its practitioners are founded in almost unmixed error.

Now, it appears to us, that no such processes as shampooing and magnetizing, no such practice as that of homœopathy, nor any of the many pills, ointments, and other appliances which seek the public favor, could have the least chance of success, if they were wholly illusory—that is to say, if no positive effect, at least, *appeared to follow* from them. The superstitious practitioners of Egypt could not possibly, in our opinion, maintain their ground, against the newly introduced English and French physicians, if they in every case left their patients just as they found them. Men in no stage of society are quite so weak and irrational as to continue from age unto age under a pure deception. The opponents, however, of quack-medicines and quack-practices, are usually so weak and irrational (for really it is little less, as to suppose that the bulk of their fellow-creatures are capable of this monstrous amount of delusion; and hence, we believe their small success in disabusing the public of such deception as really exists.

One first, but hitherto neglected step is, in our opinion, necessary, in order to guard man-

* Mackay's Extraordinary Popular Delusions.

kind against empiricisms in medicine ; and this is an acknowledgment of the fact that, in many instances, a cure *has* followed the medicine or treatment, joined, however, with an explanation as to this cure.

In the first place, it may be connected with the taking of the medicine, or the submission to the treatment, merely in point of time. Contrary to the common notion, that a disease, if left to itself, will go on to a fatal conclusion, it is much more apt to go on to a recovery. "Men," says Dr. Simpson, "laboring under diseases, even the most acute, and consequently much more so under slighter ailments, do not as a general rule die, even when left without any medicinal treatment whatever." There is an internal energy in the system, recognized as the *vis medicatrix naturee*, which constantly works to the effecting of a cure ; and often it does so with so much success, that the less positive interference from without the better. Such being the case, it is evident that where a medical attendant merely rubs some part of the body, administers a visionary or otherwise innocuous medicine, or acts in any other way indifferently to the actual disease, that disease may be all the time abating of itself, not in any way affected by the treatment, to which accordingly, the cure can only be attributed under a mistake.

In the second place, there are cases in which the medicine or treatment may be said to have really effected a cure, more or less thorough and permanent, but in a wholly indirect manner. Its effect in these cases is owing to the intervention of a mental affection on the part of the patient. The maladies to which this principle applies are chiefly of a nervous character. The treatment is an application to the nervous system, which may be called the mainspring of the human constitution ; it is so far, then, an intelligible process. At one time, we see a Valentine Greatrakes giving out that he can cure all diseases by stroking the affected part with his hand ; at another, we have a Prince Hohenloe undertaking to heal the whole of a certain class of ailments in a distant province by his prayers, on the sole condition that the patients have faith in him, and pray to the same purpose at the same time. Or, perhaps, there is a belief, connected with the religious creed of the individual, that if he pilgrimize to a certain saint's well, or tomb, or shrine, and there go through certain ceremonies, his malady will leave him. Or, it may simply be, that some mystical-looking system of therapeutics, like homœopathy, has acquired a hold upon the faith of the patient. In all cases, the patients are taught to expect something wonderful. A real effect is consequently wrought in them ; and under the powerful impulse given for the moment

to the nervous system, the bedrid finds he can rise, the paralytic throws away his crutches, the deaf hears, and even tumors and ulcers subside and are dried up. The possibility of such cures by such means is established beyond all contradiction. One noted case, often alluded to in medical works, is that of the besieged inhabitants of Breda, who when invalided and bedrid with scurvy and other complaints, were rapidly restored to health by drinking of the solution of what they were told was a very precious drug smuggled into the town, for their especial benefit, by the Prince of Orange, but which was confessedly only a little colored water. We are told that Sir Humphrey Davy cured a paralytic man in a fortnight, by placing daily under his tongue the bulb of a pocket thermometer, from which the patient was led to believe that he inhaled a gas of sovereign virtue. M. Huc informs us in his amusing *Travels in Tartary*, that the Lama there cures all diseases by vegetable pills ; but "if he happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted : he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as if they were genuine medications. To swallow the *name* of a remedy, or the *remedy itself*, comes, say the Tartars, to precisely the same thing !"

It is, we conceive, entirely owing to the fact that diseases thus so frequently vanish under empiric treatment, either in a mere connection of time, or through an indirect efficacy in the treatment, that empiricism takes such a hold of the public mind—nay, that so many medical men, from whom better things are expected, adopt empiric styles of practice. The alleged facts are real ; they are candidly accepted, and honestly acted on ; only they are all the time misinterpreted. What is first, and above all, required, accordingly, in order to save the world from quackery, is, that we meet its practitioners, defenders, and victims, on the ground of an acknowledgment and explanation of these facts. Till this is done, it will, we believe, be quite in vain to hold up to ridicule or lamentation the attestations given by nobles, clergymen, professors, and others, in favor of the cures effected by the Perkinses and the St. John Longs, or to deplore that homœopathy brings some men their six thousand a year, while honorable allopathists can sometimes hardly obtain a subsistence. When this is done, and medicine has become a scientific system, we may hope to see true therapeutics aided by the imagination as much as quackeries have been, and the orthodox doctor allowed the full gain which he deserves.

From The Athenæum.

The Synagogue-Poetry of the Middle Ages—
 [Die Synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters.]
 By Dr. Zunz. Berlin, Sprenger; London,
 Nutt.

It has been remarked of the Comedies of Aristophanes and his contemporaries, that with the ancient Athenians they performed functions which modern society, consistently with the doctrine of the division of labor, distributes among several hands,—answering the purposes of the political pamphlet, the electioneering squib, the newspaper, and we forget what besides, in addition to the more obvious end of theatrical entertainment. Something similar may be said of the Jewish synagogue during the Middle Ages—it was not a mere place of devotion where worshippers separated themselves for a while from the rest of the world; but its varying ritual was the record of the terrible events without. The Temple, with its ceremonies, had passed away; but in the synagogue the Jewish mind found its rallying point; and though the period of burnt-offerings had gone by, the song of constancy under persecution, faith amid universal derision, hope when all seemed desperate, rose with sublime vigor. In the synagogue alone could the Hebrew, as a Hebrew, manifest his higher aspirations and feelings. The more persecution increased, the more was he drawn within the precincts of the holy place; and it was there that the poetical side of his nature could alone find its expression. From the simplest of rituals arose a gigantic mass of sacred lyrical poetry, such as probably no other ecclesiastical establishment can show. To the modern reader, who merely judges these songs according to their own intrinsic value, they will possibly appear tedious repetitions of one set of sentiments; but taken in connection with the history of the events under which they arose, they assume an interest almost fascinating. The very monotony of the song corresponds to the unshaken firmness of the hapless songsters:—the sameness of ideas represents the sameness of persecution. For instance, when Elasar Ben Jehuda, a poet of the twelfth century, sings—

Thy faithful ones with stones they slay,
 Tormented, strangled, bruised are they;
 Broken on the wheel or hung,
 Into the grave while living flung.
 One with eyeless sockets stands,
 Another bleeds with lopp'd-off hands.

The horrors seem to find difficulty in elbowing their way into the limited space of six short lines. The picture appears about as poetical as the notable description of crimes and their punishments which we find in the "Orbis Pictus" of Comenius. But let us only

bear in mind the fact, that the enumerated torments were all hanging over the head of the bard—who, be it remarked *en passant*, lost his wife and all his children on the occasion of one of the crusades—and at once a degree of grandeur is given to the ghastly catalogue. Only fancy such a song hymned forth in the midst of a congregation, every member of which could find one of the maimed and slaughtered among his own kin.

All other histories of persecution are but records of cruel whims and caprices compared with the chronicle of Jewish suffering. The savage sport of the worst Roman emperors,—the martyrdom of Christians by Pagans—of Huguenots by Catholics,—even the wholesale slaughter of the Attilas and the Djingis-Khans lasted but a short time,—so that the duration of the horrors seems to be in an inverse ratio to their intensity. But the tale of Jewish persecution is an unvarying narrative of a hatred that defied the power of wear and tear. There is nothing impulsive in the operations of the chronic malignity; but century follows century, and the tortures and the massacres and the false accusations undergo no diminution. "If," says Dr. Zunz, "a literature is to be called rich because it possesses a few classical tragedies,—what rank belongs to a tragedy that lasts 1,500 years, written and acted by its own heroes?"

Nor is the persecution merely long in duration,—it is always gigantic in its workings. Just as certain philosophers of the present day can find the origin of the cholera in the Maynooth Grant, so in the Middle Ages every calamity that could befall a nation was traced to the Jews, who were perpetually accused of slaughtering children, drinking blood, poisoning wells and crucifying hosts. The epidemic which ravaged a large portion of Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century, was without hesitation laid to Jewish account; and the persecution that ensued extended from Thuringia to Catalonia, that is to say, over nations that had nothing in common with each other beyond a participation in the universal brutality. In 1181, three Christian children were lost in Vienna; and as there was no lack of witnesses to allege that the missing urchins had been sacrificed by Jews, after the fashion immortalized in the "Priores's Tale" of Chaucer, no less than 300 Jews were burnt alive. The notion of killing Jews by units seems never to have occurred to the Mediæval mind. When all was over, it was discovered that the children had been accidentally drowned while sliding on the ice. This anecdote, be it understood, is a mere sample of the general, long-enduring horrors, not a whit more important than countless others recorded in the ghastly chronicle of Hebrew suffering. It may easily be conceived that, regarding his-

tory from a Jewish point of view, Dr. Zunz has but small affection for those Middle Ages that so many sentimental bards affect to admire and to regret. "In that golden age," he says, with ironical applause, "several noble inventions were made, *e. g.* auricular confession, celibacy, prohibitions of the Scripture, Carthusians, Crusades, prosecutions for witchcraft, inquisitions, and the burning of heretics. Priestcraft and rapacity trampled down the flower of Provence, impoverished Spain, depopulated Asia and America;—despots and priests have left upon their track more misery and more marks of desolation than all the Scythians, Huns, and Vandals put together."

The history of persecution is also a history of the most marvellous fortitude on the part of the oppressed; and the heroism *en masse* is as remarkable as the wholesale slaughter. Indeed, after a perusal of Dr. Zunz's records of calamity, and his collection of the songs which it inspired, we rise with the conviction that the sort of virtue which is popularly termed "Roman" would more properly be called "Jewish." The history of the Eternal City can show *one* Brutus, who did violence to the paternal sentiment for the sake of the Republic,—*one* Virginus, who immolated his daughter to save the family honor,—but the Jews of the Middle Ages can show crowds of such characters, who would undergo any amount of torture, and vie with each other in the work of mutual slaughter rather than offer "sacrifice to Baal," as they termed the rite of Baptism. What shall we say of a French Rabbi who put the whole of his school to death, lest they might be captured and baptized by the Christian enemy?

At all events, the Hebrews had the satisfaction of knowing that they would not perish museless, like the heroes who died before the Trojan War. The poets of the synagogue were ever at hand to extol constancy and suffering, and inspire the chosen race with renewed fortitude. Thus, for instance, was the

execution of a number of Jews at Erfurt, about the end of the twelfth century, on the common pretext of child-murder, celebrated by Salomo ben Abraham, who even records the names of the sufferers:—

As raging birds of prey,
To woman and to man they came.
We earned the martyr's name;
The body only could they slay;
The soul we dared to save,
An ample store of lies they have,
When they would seek our life,
Saying, that with a festal knife
We kill'd and ate a child;
But mercy they will show,
If baptism we will undergo.
At this the pious smil'd.
So Samuel they slay,
His wife, his daughter too, the lovely one,
His brothers and his son's wife, and his son.
Simcha, while stretching forth his neck can pray,
Joseph, and all his race, to us endeared shall be,
They gladly stride through torture unto Thee;
And Moses, great was he,
Who to the fire with his two children came.
Into the Jaws of death thy stepp'd.
All Israel wept;
But tears could not subdue the flame.
And Schaltai, with his wife,
Because Thy law they have not spurn'd,
Into a heap of ashes now and turn'd.
See, Father, see, for Three they give their life,
Three, greatest above all, they fearlessly proclaim,
In death they lift on high Thy name.

To those who would wish to pursue in the fullest detail the story of suffering and the songs which arose from it, the work of Dr. Zunz, who is generally esteemed one of the most profound Hebrew scholars of the age, may be unreservedly commended. Most of the poems which he has translated into German exist only in manuscript; and learning of a peculiar kind was required to form such a Hebrew anthology as that which he now gives to the world, with short notices of the poets and an admirable survey of the circumstances under which they sang and suffered.

SYDNEY SMITH MEETS A KINDRED SPIRIT.

—Most London dinners evaporate in whisperm to one's next door neighbor. I make it a rule never to speak a word to mine, but fire across the table, though I broke it once when I heard a lady who sat next to me, in a low sweet voice, say, "No gravy, sir." I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round, and said, "Madam, I have been looking all my life for a person who disliked gravy—let us swear eternal friendship." She looked astonished, but took the oath, and what is better, kept it. You laugh; but what more usual foundation for friendship than similarity of tastes?

RHUBARB MARMALADE.

Now that a supply of rhubarb is at hand, we present our readers with a Recipe which has been furnished us, and which we have had tested, and which we can therefore recommend, for making a delicious Marmalade:—Pare and cut into very small pieces two pounds of rhubarb; add one and a half pounds of loaf-sugar and the rind of one lemon, cut very fine, and into very small pieces; put the whole into a dish or other deep vessel, and let it stand until next day; then strain off the juice and boil from half an hour to three quarters; after which, add the rhubarb and boil all together ten minutes.—*Preston Guardian.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS. WILLIAMS'S ROOM.

Mrs. Burtonshaw was still more rejoiced and exultant next morning to find that she had wrought a complete cure, and that, emerged from the purgatory of gruel, bathed feet, and double coverings, her young patient took especial care not to look pale in her presence again. "You must take care, my dear, and wear this shawl to-day. What a pleasure to think you are so much better!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw. When she was gone, Zaidée, sonsciously carrying the shawl with her, hurried to seek admittance at the little door, thrice or four steps up in a corner of the wall, which belonged to the private apartment of Jane Williams. In this great house, where there were so many rooms, this little one was merely intended for a linen closet; but pragmatical Jane was very Welsh and very positive. She liked this small corner, which put her in mind of her limited accommodation at home, and had it crowded with her belongings, with true rural pride. A few things in a great room looked "poor," as Jane thought. The true sign of wealth was to pack your apartment till you had barely room to move in it. Accordingly, a very narrow winding pathway over Jane's central carpet, and a clear space by the side of her little green porcelain stove, large enough to hold herself, her elbow-chair, and small round table, was all the available space in the private room of Mrs. Williams. One window, close into the corner of the wall, gave a onesided aspect to the little apartment; and this window looked into a great elm tree, which, in summer, with its multitudinous leaves, and at present with a forest of bare branches, was the whole visible world to the inmate here. A spider-legged table, with numerous drawers, stood in the window, and upon it were ranged various ornamental matters—a stuffed parrot in a case, a grotto of shells, and elaborate workbox, with its lid open, disclosing all its treasures. By dint of pertinacity, Jane had managed to have these favorite articles of hers carried among the family baggage wherever they wandered; and the old woman took pleasure in the neat cover of her table, and in the careful arrangement of these treasured ornaments. Her little mantel-shelf, too, was rich with china shepherds and shepherdesses, and supported her library of three books—an aged Welsh Bible, a collection of hymns, and one of ballads, in the same antique language—for the newspapers were the only things which Jane would submit to read in English. She was a worldly-minded old woman, but she had a national regard for "religion," and was reverent of the name, and of its symbols, as Mary Cumberland was. Jane's religion consisted in conning a few verses in her Welsh bible on the afternoon of Sunday, which she observed with great decorum by means of a long sleep and a grave face. Mr. Cumberland and his wife were liberal, to the broadest extent of liberalism, and never interfered with the "opinions" of their servants. The "opinions" of various of these respectable domestics were in favor of coffee and music at the Rosenau, and not against a concluding dance. Save Mrs. Burtonshaw and Zaidée, whose ignorance was

aghast at this, the family were extremely indifferent. Only Mrs. Williams took the place of censor upon her—she who herself was virtuously conscious of spending the day as her father spent it in the recesses of religious Wales. This town of Ulm, though it was Lutheran, was no less addicted to its Rosenau and its Sunday holiday than if mass had still been said in its Domkirch; and though Sylvio Burtonshaw concluded it "very poor fun" to sit by the long tables, on the damp soil of these gardens, sipping coffee, neither Sylvio nor his kindred knew very well how to spend the day better. They yawned through it, for propriety's sake. Sabbath was a dead letter, and Sabbath-keeping unknown to them. They were the best examples in the world to a foreign apprehension of the dulness of the English Sunday. It was neither the day of God nor the day of home; "the fruit of this, the next world's bud," to those hapless rich people who had only "opinions," and no faith.

But while we digress, Zaidée stands waiting at the door of Mrs. Williams's room, and is very glad to see Mrs. Williams herself sitting by the stove in her little sanctum, mending her laces, when she is invited to enter. A great many pieces of furniture, wardrobes, and boxes, fill up the small space within these four white walls, and Zaidée winds her way carefully towards the little throne of the Welshwoman. Looking into the elm tree is like looking into a forest. Only those bare branches and a morsel of sky are visible of the world without; but all the world of its inmate is within this small enclosure. Out of it she is foreign and unintelligible, even to her fellow-servants. Here she hears the "sweet Welsh," from her own lips at least, and in her own fancy lives her life over again. The hills of Wales and the grand house of Powisland rise once more before her, as she goes on with her silent occupations. Poor old Jane Williams! she is solitary, and a stranger downstairs, with all her self-importance; but here she is at home.

"Well then, child, shut the door. I will not have them foreigners looking in on me," said the old woman. "Did you come for the collars? Yes, sure, them ladies that never took up a needle, they think that poor folk's fingers is made of iron. I do be busy with them; they'll be done in time."

"I did not come for the collars, Jane," said Zaidée, with a slight return of her former trembling. "But you said you would let me see some papers. Will you? and I will try to help you if I can."

"And what do you want with my papers, child?" said Jane, fixing upon Zaidée her little twinkling scrutinizing eyes.

"I like to see about the people you tell us of. I like to hear your stories, Jane, said Zaidée, with unconscious flattery; "and the old gentleman—the old Squire. You said you would let me see his name."

"Well, I know a deal of stories. Yes, indeed—that is the truth," said Jane. "Miss Mary has her own things to mind; for certain sure she never would listen to me. I like an open-hearted child. I do, then; and I am good to learn

any one experience of the world. Yes, sure, I've seen a deal myself—and my father, and my sister, and my brother—and all among great families too, and nothing common; and I've a deal of papers. There's all about Rhys Llewellyn that married the pretty lady; and Miss Evelyn that runned away, and more than I can tell. They'd get me money, you take my word, if a scholar was to see them; but I'm no scholar myself. Sit you down, child. I'll get my keys when I'm done."

Zaidee sat down patiently on the stool by Jane's feet. The old woman was very busy, holding the lace between her small brown shrivelled hands, and working with great speed. The sounds of the household life below were lost in the distance; the long wide passages and staircase consumed them before they came so far, and in a strange isolation the little Welsh woman pursued her labors. The wind rustled in the branches of the elm, and the rushing of the Danube interposed faintly; these natural voices were all the sounds that came here. Zaidée was struck with the loneliness—she wondered what moving cause there could be to bring this old woman here.

"Jane, could you not stay at home? Why did you come here?" asked Zaidée in a half whisper.

"Could I not stay at home? You don't know what you are saying, child," cried the old woman, indignantly. "They'd be glad to see me home—ay, and rejoice this day. I came for my own will; yes, I did, then.—I had a mind to see foreign parts. And to see the great house at Powisland stripped and bare, and every one dead and gone—it broke my heart. I'm far off, now, child, over lands and seas; but I can see sweet Powisland, and my beautiful Wales between me and that tree—for certain I can. And I think upon all my old tales; and an old woman wants no more. I'm like none of you young creatures, striving for change and new faces. I'm doing my duty. The Williamses always was known for it, and I'm content. Once I was young, and tripped upon the hills; now I'm old, and the fire is my garden. Will you husht, you child! The like of you is no judge. I please myself."

"And did nothing ever happen to you?" asked Zaidée. "You always speak of other people. When you were young, did nothing ever come to you?"

"Husht, I say," cried the old woman, pushing Zaidée aside, as she rose in great haste, and threw down her work. "You will be talking—you will be talking. Come and see those papers now?"

With her curiosity so much roused by this, that she had almost forgotten the prior interest that brought her here, Zaidée watched the old woman open one of the drawers in her table. There were a great many bundles of letters and papers in it, tied up in a very primitive way, and at the back one or two books, rich with tarnished gilding. Jane lifted a few of these yellow parcels out, and cleared a space for them upon the ornament-encumbered table.

"Was it the old Squire's name? You child,

you keep your fingers off my shells and my birds. If you don't do no harm, you shall come back again, and see them again. I'm not good at reading—my eyesight fails; but I don't mind you looking at them, if you are a good child. Hark, now, there is Miss Mary. You're not to meddle nothing but the letters, and stay till I come back, and don't let nobody in but me. Hark, now, how she calls me! It's nothing but Jane, Jane, from one day to another. Now I'm going—mind the fire, and don't meddle with nothing, and you can look at my papers till I come back."

So saying, Jane disappeared, shutting the door carefully behind her, and Zaidée was left in full possession of this sacred apartment, and all its treasures. A bird stirred in the elm before her, and the burning wood sank down with a little stir within the stove. These sounds as they broke the stillness, oppressed Zaidée with returning awe. She drew the first pile towards her with a thrill of fear, expecting to see Grandfather Vivian's well-known handwriting at her first glance. But this faded handwriting is a woman's, and all these letters are about Rhys Llewellyn, and Evelyn Powis, and others of the house of Powisland. In other circumstances, these papers, full of family story, would have been very interesting to Zaidée, who had an unlimited appetite for story-telling; but her eagerness after the sole object of her search was quickened into excitement by terror and a superstitious awe. That bird in the elm-tree branches fascinated poor Zaidée, as her trembling fingers undid these fastenings: and the crackle of the wood, and the strange hushed sounds she seemed to hear about her, wound her up to nervous resolution, and oppressed her with imaginative fear. "God will not let you harm them any more," said Zaidée aloud. She thought Grandfather Vivian was watching while she examined this pile to which he had conducted her, to find the instrument of evil he had hidden there.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—GRANDFATHER VIVIAN.

BUT pile after pile brought nothing to the nervous search of Zaidée. Household bills and memoranda of housekeeping, scribbled receipts of Welsh tradesmen, and rural recipes for cooking and for physic, were mingled with the letters of the house of Powis in an indiscriminate heap. The worthless and the valuable, family secrets and housekeeping instructions, preserved with equal fidelity, would have formed a strange medley to an eye less interested. Zaidée, who went over them at lightning speed, found no time for amusement. She threw down, one by one, these old correspondences—threw down some uncouth letters, signed Evan and Mary Williams, which were among the heap, and with eager curiosity searched further; but, amid all, there was nothing for her. Her anxiety gave way to disappointment. Grandfather Vivian, after all, had not been the old Squire of Evan Williams. Grandfather Vivian had not guided her to this strange hiding place—there was no spiritual influence mysteriously using her for its agent; but in her high strain of excitement, Zaidée shed tears over

her failure—she was disappointed—her expectations had been so sure.

While these tears fell against her will, on the papers where other tears had fallen before, Zaidée drew out the old book within the drawer. It was a quarto volume, in binding which had once been handsome; and though the gilding was blackened and the boards defaced, it still had the air of a book worn with use and not with neglect. She opened it and found it Greek, an occult language which always inspired Zaidée with the deepest respectfulness. Somewhat languidly she turned to the first page. Some large characters, written in an uneven line across it, stumbling over the title and over a name, roused Zaidée once more. She read them with a double thrill of awe and mysterious excitement. She was not mistaken—her sense of invisible guidance seemed in a moment realized. The name, written long before this startling irregular line was "Richard Vivian," and bore a far distant date. The additional writing—large and black, and unsteady, like the writing of a man whose eyes failed him, and who wrote thus in desperation, that he might be sure he had accomplished his purpose—came to the young investigator like words from heaven. "Frank Vivian, do justice to my son Percy,"—thus spoke this voice from the dead. The dreadful helpless penitence of this last outcry of compunction was visible in every line. Stumbling across his own signature, and across the title of his favorite volume, the dying man, with eyes which could only dimly discern those black exaggerated letters, had left one record behind him, that he repented—and that was all. The son he addressed, no longer remained to do justice to the other; the other was gone from his heirship and his lands. Into the mysterious gloom of the world invisible this fierce spirit itself had passed long years ago. Not remorse for one wrong, perhaps, but repentance of all had visited his forlorn dying; but no one knew the secrets of it—nothing remained to bid the judgment of this world reverse its decision but this last cry of despairing atonement. The child whom his evil caprice had endowed so sadly, read his latest words with eyes that shone through a mist of tears. Holding the volume fast, Zaidée looked round her into the still and solemn daylight of this lonely room. "Grandfather Vivian," said the girl, firmly, "if you are here, I did you wrong; and if you guided me here, I am glad; and it was God that suffered you to do it, for I will never do them harm; and I am my father's heir, and this is what he has left to me."

She took the volume to her again, and put her innocent lips to that dark memorial of wrong and of repentance. The tears were choking at her heart, but something restrained them, and drove them back from her dry eyes. With a great effort she restored the papers to their place, put the precious book under her shawl, and went to her own room, gliding with steps as noiseless and rapid as a spirit; then she laid it under her pillow, and threw herself down upon her little bed. She was worn out with intense excitement, with terror and awe, and a superstitious sense of some invisible presence. When some one

came to seek her, late in the day, after the early twilight had begun to fall, Zaidée's brown cheeks were bright with the flush of fever. She was lying very quiet, awake, looking into the shadows with eyes only too lustrous. They could not tell what had happened to the child, who scarcely could speak to them when they questioned her. Her tumult of thought was dying into unconsciousness—her excess of emotion fading into a long trance of waking sleep. They watched by her in great terror while those open eyes of hers gazed into the darkness and into the candle-light. Mrs. Burtonshaw, with eager kindness and a little liking for the office, changed her dress immediately, and with a thick cap and a shawl, took her seat by Zaidée's bedside. Mary hung about the foot of the little bed in silent agony. All the while these bright eyes searched about through the little apartment. Even Sylvio Burtonshaw sat up down-stairs, and Mr. Cumberland fidgeted, half-dressed, about the door of his sleeping-room; and watchers were never more rejoiced at the saving calm of sleep in the crisis of disease, than were these when the fitful slumber of fever closed the eyes of Zaidée. The news was carried down stairs, and Mary was sent to bed. "She will be better to-morrow," said Aunt Burtonshaw, as she dismissed the unwilling girl. But Aunt Burtonshaw shook her head, and knew better, when she was left by the bedside of Zaidée, to watch through that long spring night.

And Zaidée had a fever, and for weeks lay on that restless couch of hers, struggling for her young life. Mary, who would not be restrained from watching by her, and Aunt Burtonshaw, the kindest nurse in the world, gave sedulous attendance to the unconscious girl, who did not rave or exhaust herself in ordinary delirium, but only searched the vacant air with her brilliant eyes, and seemed perpetually looking for some one, though she recognized neither of her nurses. They had found the book under her pillow, and put it away without further thought. No one associated this old volume with Zaidée's illness; and even old Jane's inquiries for her lost treasure were fruitless in the excitement of the time. This whole whimsical house was concerned for Zaidée. Mr. Cumberland forgot to read his last importation of theories, and took to investigations of homœopathy and hydropathy—of electricity and mesmerism. Mrs. Cumberland kept her room, and was ill by way of meeting the emergency. Sylvio, infinitely bored, set out for his college, to the relief of everybody. The house became very quiet, above stairs and below, and full of sick nurses, of whom Mr. Cumberland appropriated the lion's share. "If she should be worse—if anything should happen," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, with tears in her eyes, as she bent over the bed of her young patient. "Poor dear, we are all strangers to her—she is far from her own friends."

"Nothing will happen, Aunt Burtonshaw," cried Mary vehemently; "and she loves us—I know she does. She has no friends."

Aunt Burtonshaw shook her head, and raised her hand to silence her indiscreet assistant. "You must never get excited in a sick room. Go

and lie down, my darling," said Aunt Burtonshaw. Mary, who would have been shocked at the idea of lying down had she known that the crisis of this strange illness was approaching, was reluctantly persuaded, and went. Her good aunt sat down once more at the bedside of the young exile. "Poor dear!" said Aunt Burtonshaw. She thought this solitary child, far from all who loved her was about to die.

But Zaidée did not die. Her young elastic life, almost worn out by the struggle, was not yet conquered. The morning brought sleep to these bright open eyes, and when she woke again, it was to look with recognition and intelligence upon her watchers, and to bear the twilight and the lighted candles without any of those wistful investigations which her eyes had made in her fever. The German doctor pronounced her out of danger—it was the signal for a great increase of Mrs. Cumberland's malady; and Mr. Cumberland, down stairs, was very busy getting a hydropathic apparatus in readiness for Zaidée, and waiting for the English mail which should bring him a *multum in parvo*—a dwarf medicine chest, rich in globules, and warranted to cure all Ulm of all the diseases under heaven. A larger consignment in shape of a galvanic machine was also on its way, to aid in the recovery of the patient. It was the especial character of Mr. Cumberland's genius, that he combined into one half-a-dozen nostrums, and piled one infallibility on the top of another, making out of other people's systems, a system of his own. With all these murderous preparations in progress, it was well for Zaidée that Aunt Burtonshaw barricaded her folding doors, and held the amateur physician at bay; and that health, once returning, came at a rapid pace, and needed little assistance. "A touch of electricity will set her up again. Wait till I get her down stairs," said Mr. Cumberland, as he carried off his wet blankets from the inexorable defender of Zaidée's room. But even Mr. Cumberland, though foiled in his endeavors for her recovery, had a warm heart to the invalid, whose illness had cost him some anxiety. Mrs. Cumberland kissed her pale cheek when she was able to leave her room, and Mary rejoiced over like a recovered treasure. Poor little Zaidée, in her orphan solitude, had fallen among friends.

CHAPTER XXIX.—RECOVERY.

As Zaidée came to health—one might almost say, came to life again—the events which preceded her illness came slowly to her recollection, one by one. Making a timid and eager search through her room, she found the book, in which that solemn message was, laid carefully aside in a drawer; and Zaidée remembered how it was the tumult of desires and imaginations, occasioned by her discovery of it—the question whether, armed with this she might go home again—whether Philip and Aunt Vivian would hold it of enough authority to annul that other unhappy document, which, combined with her visionary dread and awe, had been too much for the young mind, overtaken and solitary. As she considered this momentous subject now, in the calm of her weakness, Zaidée decided that

this was not sufficient warrant; and though she longed exceedingly that they should see these last words of the old Squire, she could think of no possible way of sending the book to them without a betrayal of her secret. She was here beyond reach of their search, and their search hitherto had been unsuccessful, and she shrank within herself, even in her safe solitude, at the idea of being found and carried home the heiress of the Grange. She never would supplant Philip, and here she was as safe as if she had died. But now a great compunction for Grandfather Vivian took possession of the child. She had done him wrong—they had all done him wrong. He was no longer "that wicked old man," though Sophy still would call him so; and Zaidée was humbly repentant of her own error. All the solitary time of her convalescence—every half-hour in which her watchful attendants could be persuaded to leave her alone—her meditations were busy upon her own uncharitable judgment; and many letters, written and destroyed in a returning panic—impossible letters, which should convey this intelligence without giving a clue to her hiding-place, were written in secret. If those longing thoughts could travel to them!—if those half-articulate words, which broke from her lips in secret, could but reach the ears they were addressed to! But Zaidée recollected herself, and took her resolution again to her heart. Better that they should never hear from her, best that they thought her gone out of the world for ever; and Zaidée's simple mind supposed no changes in the home circle. She thought of the young Squire ruling his paternal acres, and all the household prosperous and happy as of old. The image in her mind had suffered no clouding out of the dim horizon of her own fate. She looked back upon them, and the sky was ever smiling. It was the comfort of her life.

When Zaidée was well again, Jane Williams came one morning with a startling knock to her chamber door. Jane came armed with law and justice—a self-appointed magistrate, legislating in her own behalf—and demanded her book back again. Zaidée was fortunately alone.

"Yes, child, you deceived me," said Jane. "I did trust you—yes, I did—and left my room and all I have to you. In my country, for sure, you might leave an open door and gold untold; but here I'd not have anybody turn over my belongings. Look you here, child, I put you in charge of it, and I went to Miss Mary. Well, then, I come back—and my door is open, and my fire be burning, and them papers, that's worth money, swept in like dust; and when I do look close, my book is gone. My father's book it was. It belonged to the old Squire. You tell me just why you runned away."

"I was ill, Jane," said Zaidée humbly. Zaidée had turned the key already in the drawer which held the stolen book.

"Was it 'cause of being ill you took the book, you child?" cried Jane. "Yes, sure, I heard you was ill; and this and another said, she'd die. If you'd have did, what would you have done then with a book was not your own?"

"Did they think I would die?" asked Zaidée.

It gave her a strange solemnity of feeling. She had been near this great event, and knew it not.

"It's waste time talking," said the peremptory Jane. "Will you let me have my book? Hush! then, I'm not hard on you, child; it isn't no pleasure to you now—it's in a heathen tongue—it may be not a good book, for aught I know. You listen to me. I have got a pretty book, all stories and tales. I'll teach you to read it—I will, if you are good—and give me back that old thing that's no pleasure to you."

"Will you let me keep it, Jane?" pleaded Zaidée. "I like to look at it, and I have pleasure in it. May I have it a little? When you ask it again I will give it you."

The little old woman looked at Zaidée's pale face with compassion. "You poor child, you want to be at home and the wind on your cheeks," said Mrs. Williams; "but if you do have a fancy in your head, as they be all fancies in this house, will I baulk you, you little one? No, sure, the Williamses was always known for tender hearts. You take good care of it, then, and when you're well you may come back again, and I'll tell you of Rhys Llewellyn and his pretty lady, and how it was Miss Evelyn runned away."

"How did she run away?" said Zaidée eagerly. She was suddenly struck with the expression, and in her innocence immediately leaped to the conclusion that the running away was like her own.

"There was a rich gentleman, and there was a poor gentleman," said the ready narrator. "Sir Watkin and my lady, they would have the one, and Miss Evelyn, poor soul, she would have the other—you don't know nothing about such things, you child—and they fell upon a plan. I don't mind telling it, you be certain, unless some one does want to hear."

Jane was clear-sighted, and saw that her young listener, finding the story not like her own, had flagged in her attention. But it was only for a moment, and Zaidée listened with great edification to the story of an elopement, in which Jane Williams herself had been art and part. But the current of her own thoughts, more interesting than any story, ran through the whole. "Frank Vivian, do justice to my son Percy"—these words rang into her heart like a trumpet; and Zaidée's mind made visionary addresses to Grandfather Vivian, telling him that she was her father's heir, and that she would never do them harm. Philip's chivalrous pride in his right as head of the house to protect her title to his own inheritance was repeated in the girlish flush of resolution with which she protested to herself that she was her father's heir, and that *this* was the inheritance Grandfather Vivian had left her. Now that she had to think of it, in spite of the disappointment in her first hope of going home, this last discovery was a great support to Zaidée. She was no longer totally alone in her exile and self-banishment. It seemed to her that now a little company had interest in her flight; that the old Squire's will had guided her unawares; that her father's honor would have been compromised had she done otherwise. She never could have found this had she remained at home.

She must have done them wrong without remedy, and never known that Grandfather Vivian wished, at last, to restore them to their right. Her young imagination, calmed as it was by her long illness, was so strong still that it elevated her into the position of representing both Frank Vivian and his father. She had done what they would have done, but were not permitted. She was the heir of this injunction, and she had obeyed it; and high within her, forlorn and generous, rose Zaidée's heart.

When she was alone she took this book and laid it with her father's bible. She read the family name in both of them with a strange pride and tenderness. She was no longer Zaidée Vivian—she had given up all right and title to be called so; yet father and grandfather seemed to give to her a hold upon her native name once more. "I have not died now," said Zaidée softly, as she held these treasured volumes together; "but some time God will send for me, and then I will send my books home and say I am Zaidée, and write down how I have always thought upon every one of them at home. I wonder why I did not die when I was so near it; but next time God will take me away."

With this conclusion Zaidée solemnly put away these her possessions—wiped from her eyes the dew which was not positive tears—and, closing her secret world, with all that belonged to it, went away to be Mary Cumberland's companion in the other world below stairs, where Mr. Cumberland was experimenting on his galvanic battery, and Mrs. Cumberland making observations on a new poem—where Mary "practised," and Aunt Burtonshaw did Berlin work—and where no one had ever heard of Grandfather Vivian, or was aware of such a place as the Grange.

CHAPTER XXX.—A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

After this a gradual change came upon Zaidée's life. Her mind began to grow, and her frame to develop. Mr. Cumberland's philosophy and his wife's æsthetics both came in to lend something to the unconscious and involuntary culture of the stranger within their gates. These pranks of science and mad theories gave what was in them of truth, exaggerated or overlaid, to the simple eye which looked upon them trustfully through the pure daylight of nature; and those romances which made Mrs. Cumberland highflown, were sweet and harmless to the fancy of Zaidée, who needed no extravagance to display her appreciation of the loftiest art. Mary Cumberland's firm standard of good sense did not answer this visionary girl, who never transgressed its laws, yet went a world beyond them; and Mary learned to understand how fudge was by no means an unfailing synonym for sentiment, and how sentimentalism was something quite distinct and separate from the tender human pathos which belongs to all things striking deep to the heart. Mrs. Cumberland still made many efforts to teach them to think, and filled her stories with "subjects," between which lay gulfs wide enough to discourage the most daring leaper, and the young ladies had no extraordinary success in thinking after this fashion; but once released from the necessity of bringing

up their thoughts to drill, a very respectable amount of meditation came to be done between them. Quite secure from interruption—with closed doors, with the womanly excuse of sewing, which Mary condescended to for sake of Zaidée's example, and with even Aunt Burtonshaw out of hearing—many grave and weighty subjects were discussed by these two girls. In Mary Cumberland's large sleeping room, with its little bed by the wall, its great closed folding-doors, and its three windows, they sat together in their private convention as the spring warmed into summer. The furniture, though not very small, looked dwarfed in the distance of those great recesses, and so large an amount of lofty white wall gave a vacancy and extent to this apartment, which was not quite consistent with our English idea of a young lady's chamber; but the trees shake out their opening leaves upon the windows, the sunshine comes in, and throws a long radiant line over the white and empty floor. Yonder is the tower of the Dom rising high towards those fleecy showery clouds which speck the serene blue overhead—the chiming of the eathedral bells strikes now and then through the air, which always tingles with the wayfaring of this swift-footed Danube passing by. And here the two girls are content to sit for hours, working at their needle, talking of every subject under heaven. The one of them, who has perceptions of a more every-day character than those of the other, piques herself a little on her experience and knowledge of the world; but the world, an undiscovered wilderness, lies far away from these budded flowers—these children who are women, yet children still. In the boldness of their innocence they stray into wonderful speculations, and plan such futures as never yet existed—then sink their young sweet voices, to talk with a hushed and reverential earnestness of matters which no one directs them to—the holy mysteries of heaven. In their fearless and unshackled communion there is nothing too deep or too great for these companions to touch upon; and the Saxon beauty of Mary Cumberland—her thick curls of fair hair, and well-developed womanly figure, and countenance, where everything is fair, and clear, and full of sunshine—does not differ more from that brown expressive face, which is already changing into what it shall be from that pliant shadowy figure, with movements as quick as those of a savage—than the mind of Mary differs from Zaidée's mind. But the same sunshine falls over them—the same sweet influence, the common dew of youth, is on the friends. There is no path so high but they will glance across it, as they sit with their woman's work between them—none too dangerous for their innocence to venture upon. When they know little of the way, they go wondering, and telling each other what their wonder is; and now and then they stop to count the chimes, and Zaidée's eye follows that noble line of building up into the sunny heavens; and they sigh when necessity, in the shape of old Jane Williams, summons them to other occupations than the sewing about which they have been so busy.

Commendable as this industry is, it comes sadly in the way of accomplishments, and Mary's "practising" grows rather tiresome to Mary. Independent of all other inducements, this young lady has a liking for talk, and bears her part in it always with spirit; and there are no hours so pleasant to these companions as the hours they spend in Mary's room.

To Mrs. Burtonshaw there is something extremely puzzling in this sudden industry. She thinks sewing a most laudable occupation, and was delighted for the first few days, but so long a persistence puts her out of her reckoning. "Not tired yet, Mary?" says Mrs. Burtonshaw. "When I was like you—though I am very fond of it now—I hated the sight of needle and thread. I think it is time for your practising, my love. See what the dear child has done, Maria Anna. All this—and this—since the beginning of the week!—and Elizabeth Francis the same. When we were young, we had a present to encourage us when we did well. They thought it a great thing to make us industrious when we were young."

"I would a great deal rather they spent their time in improving their mind," said Mrs. Cumberland. "A servant could do all that for me; but no one can make Mary a refined woman unless she chooses to apply herself—nor you either, Elizabeth, my dear: come here, and I will give you a book to read, and put that stupid sewing away."

"You are only discouraging the children, Maria Anna," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, with displeasure. "It is not stupid sewing—it is very nicely done, I assure you; and I am sure I think it a great deal more sensible employment than what you call improving their mind."

"These girls only puzzle you, sister Burtonshaw," says Mr. Cumberland, who sits at the lower end of this universal apartment, among the gilded chairs and marble side-tables, arranging his battery: "they only get together to gossip; they care no more for your sewing than I do. They are like all you women—they love to lay their heads together and discuss their neighbors. By the way, I wonder what effect the phrenological cap would have on this propensity. Young heads—fine development—a slight pressure on ideality to reduce it; another on language; and a corresponding elevation for benevolence. Not the least pain or confinement, sister Burtonshaw—not the slightest; the gentlest administration of moral discipline that ever was invented. I'll see about these caps presently. If we return to England, their minds will require to be fortified. A good idea—I am glad it occurred to me—a beautiful experiment! I'll have it in universal use before a year is out."

"Put iron caps on their heads, Mr. Cumberland!" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw with a scream of horror. "We had steel collars in my day, and they say that was barbarous, though it was only for the shoulders. My dears, I will never let it be!"

"Pooh! nonsense. Your steel collars were only physical; this is to insure a good conformation to the mind," said the philosopher, who was al-

ready making models with paper and scissors. "Suspend your judgment, sister Burtonshaw. Wait and see."

This new project was disturbed by the arrival of letters from England. Every one, then, had some news to tell. Mrs. Burtonshaw's intelligence was that her friend, and Zaidee's friend, Mrs. Lancaster, was dead; and the kind-hearted good woman retired to her own apartment to devote an hour's lamentation and a few honest tears to her old companion's memory. Mr. Cumberland returned to his machinery. Great havoc, and an infinite quantity of fright and hysterics, this startling machine had brought into the household. Almost every individual in Ulm who could be brought to consent to it, had received a "shock" from the domestic demon; and if many cures were not wrought by galvanism in the Danubian city, it was no fault of the English resident, who presided over it with ardent philanthropy, and dispensed its beneficial influences with a willing hand.

And Mr. Cumberland, who talked now of returning to England, had quite given up his prospective paradise in the South Seas. The phrenological cap was nothing to a Polynesian banishment, and Mary was gracious, and only laughed at the threatened infliction.

And thus ran on the altered life of Zaidee. She was already one of this household—a child of the family, received warmly into its heart. The world was not a cruel world to this poor little exile of love; and as the child silently gave place to the woman, the years and the hours brought grace, and tenderness, and unexpected gifts of fortune, enriching Zaidee Vivian's youthful life.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CURATE'S WIFE.

TIME, which went on slowly with the household on the banks of the Danube, did not move more rapidly under the shelter of the hill of Briarford. All the little eddies of excitement had long since passed away from the quiet waters there. Except in the Grange, people had ceased to remember Zaidee Vivian, or to talk of her strange disappearance. Instead of that, everybody was concerned and sympathetic for the failing health and woe-begone looks of poor Mrs. Green, the Curate's wife. Was her husband good to her, strangers wondered, who did not know the clumsy but genuine kindness of the perplexed Curate; and neighbors nearer at hand concluded her to be in a hopeless consumption—a "decline," which nothing could arrest. Good Mrs. Wyburgh went a toilsome journey to her own cosy kitchen, to superintend the making of good things for this poor helpless invalid, to whom and to whose unregulated servant the noble art of cookery was almost unknown; and compassionate young ladies knitted warm cuffs and jackets for the fading Angelina, to whose pale cheeks the Cheshire wind brought no roses. The cottage matrons shook their heads and said: "She'll not be long here, poor soul," as Mrs. Green took her languid walk with her book of poetry past their doors. The good Curate, who loved the helpless creature dependent on him, and who was by no means exacting in his personal requirements, was struck

to the heart with fear and anxiety for his drooping wife. His uncouth cares and attentions were pathetic in their eluminess. She was no great type of a woman, this poor Angelina; but she was his, and he cherished her. She cried weakly over his tenderness many a day when she was alone, but had never courage to unbosom herself; and Angelina was rather glad to resign herself a pensive martyr to her illness and her danger, and to feel what a sublime sacrifice she was making to her absent friend. But these lofty thoughts were only occasional. For the most part she bemoaned herself helplessly, and cried over those pages in her poetry book—and they were many—which discoursed of blighted lives and broken hearts. That she always cried at the name of Zaidee was nothing, because she cried so much. "A Niobe all tears" awaited good John Green when he came home from his labors, and a suppressed sob woke him in the morning. Many futile endeavors which he made to get at the cause of this mysterious melancholy, only closed with more pertinacious terror, the burdened heart of his wife. Every day made her disclosures more impossible. "I might have told him at the time—I dare not tell him now," sobbed the frightened Angelina; and the Curate was driven into desperate theories touching the weakness of womankind to account for the incomprehensible weakness of this one who had fallen to his especial lot.

In the spring of the year after Zaidee's disappearance, when Zaidee was safely disposed of in Ulm, and far from that dreaded pool which Angelina shuddered to pass, and which haunted her dreams, the good Curate came home in great glee one morning to tell his wife how an application he had made without her knowledge for a curacy in the south had been so much more than successful, that he was now vicar elect of a small parish in Devonshire, with an income more than doubled, and the most beautiful house in the world. "We must have no more pale faces, Lina," said the Rev. John, patting the poor cheek, washed by so many tears, with his great kind finger. "We can afford a little chaise of our own now, to drive you about in, and the sweet air of Devon will soon set you up, my dear." Poor Angelina's secret had almost burst from her at that moment. She was ready to throw herself on her knees and confess her sins to him; but she drew back again, poor fool, and was miserable a little longer; while he, good man, went about all his arrangements for removal—those arrangements which she could only cry over her uselessness in—and worked like a porter when the time came for packing, with the most innocent glee imaginable, and no thought of infringed dignity. They left Briarford in the early summer weather, when the rugged little hill was bursting into its glory of furze blossoms, and all the hedgerows were white with May. This season was full of the sweetest showery freshness, the gayest gales, and most exulting sunshine in boisterous Cheshire; and good John Green directed the tearful eyes of Angelina to the brightness here, and joyfully wondered what it would be in Devon, when even in this place of winds the radiance was so warm and sweet.

But not the vicarage, which was the most beautiful of vicarages—not the soft climate of Devonshire, the novel country—nor scarcely even another prospect she had, could suffice to lighten the burden of this devoted victim of friendship. The Rev. John was disappointed, but persevered with inexhaustible patience. Then came a time when Angelina had rather occasion to be ill without any intervention of sentimental blight or heartbreak. She was very ill, this poor young wife—so ill that she was not conscious when she became a mother, and did not hear that sweetest of all discords, the baby-cry of a new life. When she woke exhausted and feeble, and opened her dim eyes to the light, it was to see her loving clumsy husband holding her baby to her—the tenderest and most awkward of nurses. Poor Angelina! her guiltiness rushed back upon her as the little one was laid into her arms. It was a woman's heart still, though a weak one, which fluttered against her breast, where the sweet baby breath rose and fell with such a helpless security. It was no longer "Mr. Green" who knelt before her, with his face all joy and triumph: it was "baby's papa"—her child's father; and Angelina's terrors and precautions yielded to the flood of her full heart. Protected by her infant, she told him her guiltiness, and cried a little, but was bold, and bore out this dreadful ordeal. The Rev. John was much too happy to be very severe. He pitied his weak wife for all her sufferings, and though shocked and distressed, had no condemnation for her. Baby, with its small slumbering face, and tiny hand thrown out already upon its mother's breast, covered with a shield of mighty defence the feeble Angelina. Good Mr. Green, he was so reverent of the little one in its helplessness, and felt its baby state and serenity so far superior to all the nurse's expedients to amuse the unamusable infant, that Angelina herself took dignity from this little existence one day old. He wept himself when he went down stairs into his study—wept a few great tears of joy and wondering thankfulness. His wife was restored to him, and he had a child. This good heart could not keep itself articulate for joy and wonder. No—Angelina was by no means a distinguished representative of womanhood, and the baby, perhaps, was not so pretty as your baby or mine—but they were his, and they were everything to him.

After that it was astonishing to see how rapidly Angelina recovered. Having cast off her burden upon her husband, she and her baby thrive together with an equal progress. His wife in her pretty, fresh, invalid cap, with her baby in her arms, and no more tears, was something as new as it was delightful to good John Green. He said nothing about the confession for many days. He never either looked or spoke one allusion to it, indeed, till Angelina was once more established in the little drawing-room, which had never been so bright as now. Then, when he had placed her in the easiest chair, and drawn her seat towards the window that she might look out upon the autumn foliage, bright in its many-colored vestments, Mr. Green spoke.

"When you are so well now, Lina, and baby,

all right, the little rogue, I think perhaps I had better start to-morrow."

"Start to-morrow!—where?" cried Angelina, with a momentary pause. Gentle as was the tone of the Rev. John, his wife had an incipient dread that he was about to betray her.

"My dear, for Briarford," said the good man, firmly. "I do not blame you for being so long of telling me. I am sure, my poor Lina, you yourself see how wrong it was; but now, of course, I cannot lose any time in letting the Vivians know. A whole year is lost already; and, with the clue I have, I cannot be easy till I have found some trace of this poor child."

"Oh, Mr. Green!" cried Angelina, with tears, "she will destroy herself if you try to take her home."

"My dear, I am not Mr. Green," said the Rev. John, attempting to be playful. "If I find her, I will take care she does not destroy herself."

"But John, John! papa!"

"Hush, Lina," said the Vicar, gravely interrupting her entreaty, in spite of the powerful argument of this name—"I must do my duty. Take care of yourself, and be cautious till I come back. You must mind your health now, for baby's sake as well as for mine, and leave all this business in my hands. Hush, Lina, there is nothing more to say."

And the next morning Mr. Green left his wife, once more weeping, and drove away in the pony chaise. But when the chaise came back, Angelina was able to take a drive with baby and nurse; and though she blushed, and was inclined to cry again for shame when her friendly visitors asked where Mr. Green had gone, yet by-and-by she came to be quite composed; and, thankful that she had no chance of encountering the Vivians, committed the responsibility contentedly into her husband's hands. She had no longer any leisure to read books of poetry. She began to cut down her white muslin gowns and make frocks for baby—to glance at the pages of her old new cookery books—to set her house in order, as well as she knew how, to the much amazement of her spoilt housemaid. Angelina had found herself quite mistaken in one vocation. She had to begin to be the Vicar's wife and baby's mother now.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE GRANGE.

The Rev. John Green drove along the road to Briarford in his hired gig, with feelings strangely mingled. Regard for his old residence, pleasure at the kindly recognition which some of his old parishioners gave him, and the certain hope of steady happiness with which he remembered the change which had befallen him at home, were scarcely enough to neutralize the disagreeable feelings with which he looked forward to this visit. He did not like to say—he did not like to think—how silly and how weak his wife had been. He neither wished to accuse her, nor to make it appear that he himself had been an accessory to her foolishness; and he feared the natural indignation of those anxious friends from whom this intelligence had been kept so long—long enough, perhaps, to make it useless—for he

had himself made some inquiries as he passed through London. Eager to have it over, yet reluctant, he trotted along in the indifferent vehicle, which was much less agreeable to the vicar of Newton Magna, who had a pony chaise of his own, than it was to the curate of Briarford, who knew of no such luxury. The turnpike gate swung open before the well-known face of "our old curate;" and Mr. Green alighted, and climbed the hilly pathway, following close upon a slim young gentleman in black, who pushed on against the wind at a pace which proved him to have no disagreeable anticipations in his visit to the Grange. It was not Mr. Powis, who now carried his fascinations to market in quite a different quarter. Mr. Green strode on with his swinging pace, admiring the gloss of the clerical coat before him, which had no heavy divinity in its pockets to drag it out of proportion. "The new curate," he said to himself, raising his eyebrows—for Mr. Green had been a vicar for six months, and already, though quite unconscious of his weakness, looked down a little upon the lower grade of reverend brethren.

The young man went upon his way with such evident use and good pleasure, that the vicar of Newton Magna, following after, shook his head, and wondered that Mrs. Vivian did not think it dangerous, with her unmarried daughters, to have "a poor curate" familiar in her house. But the Rev. John had soon enough to do, realizing how Mrs. Vivian would look upon himself and his errand, and thinking of the agitation, and perhaps fruitless hope, which he should bring to the family. Involuntarily his steps slackened as he drew near the door. When he had reached it, he lingered, looking upon that familiar landscape. Yonder lie all those changeless Cheshire fields. Yonder is the tawny line of sea, the yellow sandbanks, the horizon, with its blue mountains of cloud. There the tower of Briarford Church, the roof of the vicarage, the smoke ascending from the village fires, the long lines of road leading seaward—leading far into the sky. Here is the old family dwelling-place, with the last water-lily floating in the moat—the lawn like velvet—the old thorn-trees heavy with their scarlet berries. Where is Zaidce? where is Philip?—the poor supplanting heiress—the natural heir and head of the house. Angelina! Angelina! be thankful that you are safe in Newton Magna, with baby and nurse, and the new frocks, which it is so hard to cut. The Rev. John has a storm in his face, and groans aloud. You might weep torrents and not melt him, if he had you here.

The drawing-room of the Grange is perhaps in better order than it used to be. There are not half so many young-lady materials. The writing-table in the corner bears no longer any trace of the litter which Percy, his mother said, always left behind him; and Philip's newspaper has not been thrown down this morning on the table. Mr. Green thinks it looks colder than it used to do—more precise—less a populated place. In the great window, looking to the front, sits Margaret, and the light falls down full and clear, but with a chilly tone, upon the pale face which you can only see in profile, and on the white hands

which hold her book. Mrs. Vivian is in her high easy-chair, with her snowy shawl of Shetland lace hanging over it, and a book of accounts upon her little table. The young clergyman has arrived before his suspicious brother, and quite realizes Mr. Green's suspicion as he appears now, seated by Sophy's side, talking in an under-tone. Sophy's pretty face varies with the conversation from gravity to laughter, and there is a running accompaniment of smiles and blushes, quite enough to justify Aunt Blundell in particular inquiries into the prospects, means, and connections of Mr. Wyburgh's curate. The library door is closed, the young ladies' room no longer throws its glimmer of warm light into the larger apartment, and there seems a great deal of space to spare in this great drawing-room, from which half of its inmates have been scattered. Mrs. Vivian, closing her account-book, rises with hospitable alertness, and holds out her hand, as she welcomes warmly the old friend of the house.

"Let me speak to you alone," says good Mr. Green, clearing his throat. He is very anxious not to be abrupt, to tell his tale gently, but is far from confident that he will be able. "I have something of importance to say to you—news. Pray let me speak to you alone."

Mrs. Vivian's face clouded over. "What is it?—Philip?—Percy?—some disaster," cried the mother of these absent sons. She grasped his great hand, and held it fast with her small nervous ones. "Tell me all at once. I had rather hear it all."

"It is no disaster," said the Rev. John with a subdued groan. "It is neither Philip nor Percy—but good news—good news. Let me speak to you alone."

With such a darting rapid motion, that the Vicar of Newton Magna became more confused than ever, poor Zaidce's fairy godmother introduced him into the vacant library. While he lumbered along in search of a seat, she drew a heavy chair to the table for him, and seated herself in another. "Now, Mr. Green," said Mrs. Vivian. She was only half satisfied that he did not come to intimate some great misfortune to her.

Poor Mr. Green! guiltless sufferer as he had been so long, he was the culprit now. He cleared his throat—grew red and confused—and at last burst into the subject over head and ears.

"My wife knows where your niece Zaidce fled to—my wife was in her confidence—there! Angelina has been very foolish, very wrong, but I cannot bear to hear her blamed. I have only waited long enough to see her health re-established before I came to tell you. I am grieved beyond measure. Had she spoken in time, she might have saved you all your anxiety, and rescued this poor child."

Mrs. Vivian, interrupting him, rising from her seat with an outcry of joy—"Zaidce! can you tell us of Zaidce? where she is? where we can find her? I will not blame your wife—I will thank you for ever. Where is my poor Zaidce? Tell me where she is."

But the Vicar shook his head despondingly. "She went to a Mrs. Disbrowe, whose daughters had been at school with Lina. She went as

nursery-governess. They had her for two or three months, and then she went away."

"She went away," said Mrs. Vivian, unconsciously repeating what he said,—“where is she now?”

But Mr. Green shook his head once more. “I made no further inquiries till I had your authority; but Mrs. Disbrowe knew nothing of her. She went abroad. Now that I have seen you, I will return to London. I will try every means. My poor wife! I feel how much she has been to blame.”

“Went abroad?” cried Mrs. Vivian. “Why did she go abroad? When?—with whom? And why did a woman who had children, suffer my orphan to stray further away?”

“Mrs. Disbrowe tells me she went with a lady to be a companion. I cannot tell where—she does not know,” said the Rev. John, who was very humble. “The lady is dead who was the means of Zaidee’s going away. No one even knows the name of the person she is with: they had no right to interfere. But I will return at once. I feel it is all Angelina’s blame.”

“And Philip is in India, and Bernard is abroad, and Percy is with his brother in law. Do not speak to me of Angelina!” exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, with a gesture of impatience, “there will be time enough to speak of the past; it is the present moment that is of importance. I will go with you myself to-night.”

“The fatigue is too much for you,” began the Rev. John.

Mrs. Vivian only answered with another impatient motion of her hand, and beckoned him to follow her into the drawing-room. In half-a-dozen words she told Margaret, and left her to inform the amazed Sophy, who by this time had been roused from her more agreeable occupation. Then the rapid old lady left the room. Uncertain and undecided, Mr. Green lingered, repeating his story to the younger ladies, who pressed upon him to hear it. As he spoke, they brought refreshments to him with their own hands, and pressed him to eat. The good Vicar was nothing loath, but he had only half begun when the door opened, and Mrs. Vivian made her appearance in a travelling-dress, and with a face so full of speed and energy, that Mr. Green paused in his impromptu meal, at the first glimpse of the fairy godmother, who seemed about to fly off at once in her aerial carriage. But Mrs. Vivian was content to substitute the hired gig for her pumpkin coach, and in less than an hour she had given her farewell directions, and was hastening fast upon the London road.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MRS. VIVIAN’S JOURNEY.

MORE speedy than it could have been without her prompt and rapid guidance, was the express journey by night which carried Mrs. Vivian and her reverend companion to London. The good Vicar looked in wonder from within the high collars of his overcoat upon that small delicate figure, enveloped in a great mantle, which filled the opposite corner of the carriage in which they dashed along through the gloom of midnight. Mr. Green had known Mrs. Vivian only as the Lady of the Manor, something fastidious

and rather dignified; and by way of making the best of Angelina, it is certain that the Rev. John had been betrayed into a little kindly contempt for the whole feminine community. But the Rev. John, with all his anxiety to recover the lost Zaidee, and so, as far as possible, exonerate his wife, was not prepared for this breathless race of inquiry. The good man felt himself seized upon by something stronger than he was—an anxiety which, very different from his own, took this matter as an affair of life and death. With curious interest he watched his companion in the unsteady light of the railway carriage. She never spoke and scarcely moved, but sat still in her corner—her entire figure muffled in her cloak, listening to the clanging, deafening strides with which their rapid journey proceeded, and travelling faster in her thoughts than even the headlong pace at which this great conveyance travelled. He could see her steady face as the faint light swung above them, and their carriage vibrated with the gigantic impulse which bore it on. She was looking out always into the darkness. He could see her mind was impatient and chafing at the tedious journey, rapid though the journey was. The Rev. John relapsed into his overcoat, and made a vain effort to go to sleep; but it was quite impossible to sleep within sight of this little lady’s wakeful eyes.

They arrived in London at an hour much too early to disturb the slumbers of Bedford Place, and Mr. Green was thankful to be permitted an hour’s rest and a hasty breakfast. The Rev. John shrugged his shoulders and sighed for Angelina. The fairy godmother hurried the good Vicar off his equilibrium; he could scarcely have been more decomposed had she invited him to an aerial drive in the pumpkin coach. When at last it was possible to proceed to their destination, they found Mrs. Disbrowe in her fresh pink ribbons and thrifty black satin gown, not expecting visitors, but quite prepared for them. Mrs. Vivian did not estimate very highly the fashion of Bedford Place. Its well-preserved carpets and expedients of thrift were new to the country lady. “My poor Zaidee!” she said to her herself, as she entered the drab drawing-room, where Minnie Disbrowe, exceedingly curious, kept mamma company. Mrs. Vivian did not know that this drab drawing-room, with its dark green trimming, was quite another sphere from the nursery and the spare bedroom in which Miss Francis spent her meditative days.

Mr. Green was already slightly known to Mrs. Disbrowe by his former visit. Mrs. Vivian, however, had no recollection of Mr. Green, and promptly took the matter into her own hands.

“Only yesterday I heard that my dear little niece had been here,” said Mrs. Vivian. “You had not observed our advertisements. We tried every means to find her.—Tell me, I beseech you, where my poor Zaidee has gone.”

“Zaidee! I said there was a Z on her handkerchiefs!” cried Minnie in an under-tone of triumph.

“The lady means Miss Francis, I have no doubt,” said Mrs. Disbrowe looking to the Vicar, who towered over little Mrs. Vivian. “I sympathize very much with your anxiety. I cannot

tell where to find her, but I will tell you all I can. The lady is"—and Mrs. Disbrowe again looked for explanation to Mr. Green.

"Mrs. Vivian of the Grange," said the good man, who felt himself entirely thrown into the background. Then he sat down with resignation behind his "principal," content to listen, since nothing else was left for him to do.

"Miss Francis came to me about a year ago—just a year ago—before my daughter was married," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "I was surprised to find her so young, but felt interested in her, and did all I could to give her authority in my nursery. The children are well-grown," said Mrs. Disbrowe, apologetically,—“and they were so much accustomed to their sister. To my great regret they would not pay attention to Miss Francis.”

"Miss Francis! Will you do me the favor to say Miss Vivian?" said Zaidee's fairy godmother, with a little impatience. "Zaidee must have taken this from her father's Christian name. Frank Vivian's daughter! I beg your pardon. The idea is so painful to me."

"I did what I could to prevent her life being painful to her while she was with us," said Mrs. Disbrowe, pointedly. "Miss Francis—pardon me, I knew her by no other name—was assured of my kind feeling and interest in her, I know. Indeed, the young lady remained with us, after it was quite apparent that she could not be my nursery governess. Then, while visiting my daughter, she saw a lady connected with us by marriage—Mrs. Lancaster, who was stepmother to Mr. Edward Lancaster, my son-in-law. Mrs. Lancaster had a friend staying in her house, who was anxious to carry abroad with her a companion for a young lady. They thought Miss Francis a suitable person, and Mrs. Lancaster came to me to make inquiries. Of course what I said was satisfactory to her, and her character was satisfactory to me. It did not occur to me to make any inquiries about her friend. I was glad to see Miss Francis provided for. I am quite certain they went abroad; but where, or who the lady was, I am extremely sorry I cannot tell."

"But surely some one knows," said Mrs. Vivian, hastily. "Some one had more curiosity—felt more interest? You do not mean that there is no clue to trace my poor Zaidee by?—absolutely none? It is impossible. I cannot tell you how important it is to us. My poor child's character and happiness may be involved. Our honor as a family is pledged to find her. I beg of you to give me some guidance—some clue. I cannot go home without accomplishing something. Can no one else tell me where she is?"

Mrs. Disbrowe drew herself up a little. Mrs. Vivian could not quite help looking the great lady, nor being dismayed to hear of Frank Vivian's daughter as a companion and nursery governess; and though she would have been glad only yesterday of so much intelligence, Mrs. Vivian could not keep herself from being almost angry with her informant now. "To let her go without an inquiry! with nothing to trace her by!" Mrs. Vivian exclaimed indignantly within herself; while Mrs. Disbrowe who was conscious

of having done a great deal for Zaidee, was naturally still more indignant with this questioning.

"I am sorry I cannot give you information which I do not possess," said Mrs. Disbrowe coldly. "My son-in-law might have been of some assistance perhaps, but he has gone to Jamaica to look after some valuable property left to him there under his father's will, in which his father's widow had a life interest. It is quite uncertain when Edward may return, and he might not be able to help you if he were here; but I am much occupied with my own large family. I was not very intimate with Mrs. Lancaster, and I really know nothing of her friends. Neither did I think, if Miss Francis was satisfied, that I had any right to interfere," continued Mrs. Disbrowe, still more on her defence. "I had no title to take upon me the duties which *her relations* did not concern themselves about."

"Her relations tried every means to find her," cried Mrs. Vivian. "She went away from us out of the purest generosity—folly—the most perfect affection for us all. To lose this unexpected hope will be like losing Zaidee once again. Can you do nothing for me? Pardon me if I do not thank you for the kindness I am sure you have shown her. I can think of nothing but Zaidee. My poor child! My poor child!"

Mrs. Disbrowe's offended dignity was appeased. She promised to write to her son-in-law forthwith, and furnished her impatient visitor, who could not be satisfied with this deputy inquiry, with his address, that she might herself write to him. She promised to set out immediately to find, if possible, one of Mrs. Lancaster's servants. She expressed her deep regret that she had not known sooner—that Mrs. Green had given her no hint of the young stranger's identity. Mr. Green sitting behind Mrs. Vivian, shrugged his shoulders, and made a wry face, but said nothing. Angelina was spared on all hands; no one awarded her her due of condemnation; but the Rev. John profited little by this forbearance, as he was perpetually on the watch for the reproach which never came, and perpetually suggesting to himself a different turn to this and that sentence. Then he was anxious about this poor wife of his, whom he himself clung to the more, because she was condemned by others. He asked what further use he could be to Mrs. Vivian; and she, glad to be left at liberty, made no claim upon his services. So the Vicar of Newton Magna washed his hands of Zaidee Vivian, hoping never to hear more of her than that she was brought home in safety, and with pleasant thoughts of baby, and much tenderness for his culprit wife, set off on his road homeward, where we leave him now and finally; and Mrs. Vivian pursued her search alone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—FAILURE.

BUT Mrs. Disbrowe cannot find Mrs. Lancaster's servant. Mrs. Vivian, tantalized with vain hope, can only make fruitless expeditions to Bedford Place, to Percy's closed up chambers, and in this sudden change of habits and lack of comforts, grows feverish with the vain endeavors which she never personally took part in before. There is nothing for it now but to wait till Mr.

Edward Lancaster is heard of, to see if he can throw any light upon this darkness. Mrs. Vivian must go home; but Margaret and Sophy write so anxiously, yet so confidently of poor Zaidée—sending messages to her even, and telling of a great parcel they have made up of wrappers and cloaks for the journey, that their mother almost fears to return to them with her disappointment. Another idea strikes the retired but not world-forgetting mistress of the Grange. Captain Bernard, Elizabeth, and Percy are surprised at their breakfast-table in Brussels, not many mornings after, by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Vivian. A very few words are enough to make them partakers of her anxiety. Zaidée is on the Continent!—Zaidée may be near them! All forgetful of how vast that Continent is, Percy dashes out like an impetuous youth—bursts from the great gates of the *Hôtel de Suède*, and loses himself in these interminable streets, looking into every face and every window. “How absurd!” he says, as with difficulty he finds his way back again. But it is strange how often this absurdity is repeated before the day is done. The most strange and feverish excitement rises among them. They are loath to leave Belgium, where there are so many towns in the beaten track of the wandering English; and Captain Bernard speaks of the Rhine, and Elizabeth of the sunny south of France. They cannot tell where to move—to their right hand or to their left. Zaidée may be almost within hearing of them, or she may be a thousand miles away. They reverse all their plans on the instant, and begin to travel once more—with an object, and with many inquiries—till winter has come only too sensibly—till Margaret and Sophy call earnestly for their mother—and till Colonel Morton has more than once written peremptory letters, summoning home his son. Percy, too, loses time in those grave and valuable studies of his. They are obliged to submit, with heavy hearts; and in November, in boisterous weather, they at last set out for home. In all their journeys they cannot pass a figure like hers, but they are struck with the hope that it may be Zaidée; and many times, flying along at railway speed, Percy, who is fanciful and quick-sighted, catches a momentary glimpse of some dark face by the wayside, and, when they reach a halting-place, would fain turn back to see. It is therefore with much dissatisfaction of mind, and with many doubts that they may have passed close by her present shelter, that they consent to return, with no further news of Zaidée. Their anxiety, which had been in a measure calmed by time and by the fruitlessness of all their exertions, has returned in tenfold strength. Renewed advertisements, renewed endeavors keep the flame alive. Angelina’s secret, in departing from herself, has come to overshadow them with a double cloud. Again they think of nothing but Zaidée—and Zaidée is nowhere to be found.

After a long delay, Mr. Edward Lancaster answers the letter of Mrs. Vivian. Mrs. Lancaster had a multitude of friends, writes Mr. Edward—half the old ladies in the kingdom, he believes, were acquainted with his stepmother—but he cannot tell, upon his honor, what particular

old lady this may be. He had seen little of Mrs. Lancaster during the last year of her life; in fact, his wife and she did not pull well together, and they had little or no intercourse. He is extremely sorry; but the fact is, he has not the remotest idea who the old lady can be whom they are looking for. In his postscript, however, Mr. Edward kindly adds a list of old ladies—a few names with addresses, but most without—which he heads, “Some of Mrs. Lancaster’s friends.” It is just possible—it may be one of these.

As these old ladies—all who have addresses—live in London, Percy must leave the Temple, and his most important and weighty studies, to seek them out,—a task which Percy sets about with exemplary earnestness. Some of the old ladies are interested—some a little affronted—many astonished: they cannot tell why *they* should be applied to, of all the people in the world. One of them thinks she has heard Mrs. Lancaster speak of Miss Francis. Is not Miss Francis that interesting creature who was so sadly deformed? Some accident in her youth, the old lady believes—she who wore spectacles, and worked cross-stitch like an angel? No?—then the old lady knows no other Miss Francis, and is quite convinced that Mrs. Lancaster knew no one whom she herself did not also know. Another is persuaded that the lady who went abroad must be Mrs. Cleaver, who settled in Florence. A young lady went with her, a pretty fair young creature—she married Antony Cleaver six months ago, and came home, and was very well settled indeed. Can that be the young lady? Percy Vivian, his face flushing with the pride of descent, says No, abruptly—it could not be Zaidée,—Zaidée was dark, and only fourteen years old, and would never marry an Antony Cleaver; whereupon the old lady makes him a courtesy, and says she cannot pretend to know.

Altogether it is a most unsuccessful business from first to last, and the little party who have been abroad are, each of them, persuaded that they have been in personal contact with the object of their search, and yet passed her by. Mrs. Vivian is certain that some one brushed past her in the very courtyard of the *Hôtel de Suède*, with the flying step of Zaidée. Elizabeth is haunted with a vision of one slight figure standing apart at that midnight examination of baggage and passports on the French frontier. Percy is confident she was one of that English party with those ugly blue shades on, who looked up at them from a very little obscure roadside station as they dashed by on the road to Calais; and Captain Bernard knows he saw her with some children and a *bonne* in the gardens of the Tuileries. When he followed them, the girl disappeared. “It was impossible to find her again,” says Captain Bernard. And as they sit in the drawing-room of the Grange, Sophy, who is something matter-of-fact, wipes the tears from her cheeks, and asks, “Could they all be Zaidée? Could she be in so many different places? Are you sure it was our Zay, mamma?” At which name Sophy is once more overpowered, and weeps again. Angelina might have kept her secret to herself, for all the good it has done; and

now that there is leisure to think of her, all these ladies fall upon Angelina with the bitterest contempt. "And *she* has a baby!" says Mrs. Vivian. You would fancy Mrs. Vivian thought it some grand mistake in Providence, by the tone in which she speaks; and they are all extremely compassionate of poor Mr. Green. The sympathy into which Angelina deluded them for her imaginary "decline," comes in now to swell their wrath; and the young Curate of Briarford, who is one of the fireside party, cannot but conclude this Vicarress of Newton Magna to be by no means a creditable representative of the Church Establishment, for the honor of which this very young gentleman is jealous above measure. And it is very well for Mrs. Green that she is no longer solicitous about the favor of the Grange. The lady of the Manor could have inflicted a due and satisfactory punishment upon the curate's wife of her own parish, but it is not easy to reach the snug retirement of Newton Magna, where Angelina dresses her baby in extraordinary frocks of her own making, and the reverend John smiles upon her with unfeeling indulgence, and thinks the said frocks astonishing works of art. It is a small consolation to be indignant—a very small consolation to express one's opinion of Mrs. Green, however terse and pithy the terms of this opinion may be; and the family heart, awakened from its resignation, longs for Zaidee, and will not be comforted concerning its lost child. In those winter nights they seem to hear footsteps climbing the hilly pathway through the storm and wind;—they seem to hear some wandering irresolute stranger coming and going about the doors and windows, as if afraid, and yet anxious to seek admittance; but when they hurry out on a hundred messages of search, there is no Zaidee—there is nothing but the falling leaves swept up in gusts, and rustling as they fly past like a flight of winter birds. Her life in Mrs. Disbrowe's is the constant theme of conversation among them, and they are all familiar with the drab-colored drawing-room—with Mrs. Disbrowe's pink ribbons and comely face. Zaidee has met with friends at least—that is a consolation. She has not been harshly treated by the world, nor east abroad altogether out of its homes. Safe and honorable shelter is a great thing to be certain of, and this she has had from the very day of her departure. If they had but known then!—if they could but have found her!—and Mrs. Vivian, and Margaret, and Sophy, end their fireside conversation with again a notice of Angelina, very true if not very flattering. For "fools are never harmless," says Mrs. Vivian bitterly. And when they go to rest, it is still with many thoughts of Zaidee, doubts and fears, and speculations of restless uncertainty; for all their inquiries have come to no result: the lost is more entirely lost than ever, and the hearts of her friends are sick with this second failing of all their hopes.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE FAMILY FORTUNES.

The family circle of the Grange is grievously broken now. Instead of the young Squire and his projected improvements, those works which were to quicken the blood in the rural veins of

Briarford, to stimulate the whole county, and double the rental of the estate, Mrs. Vivian governs these small domains, as Squire Perey's wife might be expected to govern them—though not without a trace that Squire Philip's mother is also here, not disposed to reject with utter prejudice the innovations sanctioned by her absent boy. The estate goes on very well under her careful superintendence; and now and then, with a flash of feminine daring, from which she retreats hastily in feminine cowardice, Mrs. Vivian dashes at a morsel of improvement too, and has it done before she has time to repent. There is no large young family now, uncontrolled, and without any necessity for controlling themselves, to make the Grange an expensive household; there are more rooms shut up in the family dwelling-place than it is pleasant to reckon, and a great many expenses curtailed; for the family of the Grange consists only of Margaret and Sophy, who find it very hard not to be dreary in that great drawing-room, once so well tenanted. The young ladies' room, once the brightest corner of the house, is dull now, with its fireless hearth, and with its sweet presiding genius gone; the library, cold and vacant, cries aloud for Philip; the house echoes only to those dull sounds which are lightened no longer by Perey's voice of frolic and youthful impetuous footstep; and Zaidee, whom Sermo seeks continually as he stalks about through the hall, and up and down the great staircase, aceosting every one with his wistful eyes—Zaidee, whose voice was heard but seldom in the household, is the most sadly missed of all. The servants even pine for the old life, and tell each other how dull it is now in the Grange.

And Margaret Vivian watches at those far-seeing windows, no longer looking for the approach of any one, but, with a sad indefinite wistfulness, tracing those solitary roads as they disappear far away into the stormy heaven—watching those great masses of cloud swept hither and thither before the wind, the light leaves that rustle through the air in swarms, and that stouter foliage which stiffens on the dwarf oaks in every hedgerow. No, it is not the Rector of Woodchurch with whom Margaret's thoughts are busy. They are not busy with anything; they are drooping with the meditative sadness which marks, like a mental dress of mourning, where the heartbreak has been, and how it wears away. She is much too young, too fresh and human-hearted, to flatter Mr. Powis's vanity by inconceivable disappointment. She is consoled, but she is sad. An imaginative and thoughtful melancholy wraps heaven and earth for Margaret Vivian. She has found out the discord in our mortal music—the jar among all its harmonies; and though she does not favor poetry which treats of blights and desolations, and is rather less than more sentimental, Margaret, whose young life has come to its first pause, does make a pause at it, and stays to consider. It is already well for her fanciful mind that this curb has come, and by-and-by it will be better; so she stands at the window in the twilight, and no one reproves her; the discipline of Providence is working its own way.

And Margaret works very hard at her landscapes, and makes portraits of Briarford; also, having note of a new school of painting, begins to study a bit of greensward so closely that you can count its blades, and puts in every leaf upon her dwarfed and knotted oaks. There is a morsel of ground ivy in one of her sketches, which you would say must have been studied with a microscope, or painted by some fairy whose eyes were nearer to it than the eyes of common mortals are wont to be. But in spite of this, Margaret cannot get over Zaidee's criticism. It is quite impossible to tell what sort of a day it is from that placid canvas. It is Briarford, but it is not nature; and Margaret is as far as ever from knowing how people contrive to paint those invisible realities—the air and wind.

Sophy, in the meanwhile, is busy with her own avocations. Sophy is greater than ever in Briarford school—a contriver of holidays and manager of feasts. Mrs. Wyburgh, who is always glad to share her afternoon cup of coffee with her young visitor, admires the activity which she is not able to emulate, and, with her rich Irish voice, calls Sophy "honey," and declares she must be a clergyman's wife. The young curate of Briarford, who is a Rev. Reginald Burlington, as old of blood and pure of race as Mr. Powis himself was somewhat inclined to extreme High Churchism when he came to succeed Mr. Green, and had conscientious doubts on the subject of clergymen's wives. But the young gentleman has seen cause to alter his sentiments singularly within the last few months. Nobody is known to have argued the question with him, yet his views are much ameliorated, and he too strongly coincides with Mrs. Wyburgh as to the special vocation of Sophy Vivian. But the Rev. Reginald has no prospects to speak of, and Miss Sophy is not known to admire love in a cottage; so the young curate makes the best of his time by perpetual visits, and establishes himself, as a necessity, at the fireside of the Grange, where Sophy, in spite of herself, begins to look for him, and to wonder if any chance keeps him away; and thus the youthful churchman bides his time.

And Percy is in the Temple, a law student, burning his midnight oil not unfrequently, but seldom over the mystic authorities of his profession. Percy knows an editor, and writes verses. Percy, once extremely economical, begins to unbend a little in his severity, and intends to make a brilliant *début* as an author. The youngest son is full of life, of spirit, of frolic, and affectionateness when he goes home. It is as if some one from another sphere had lighted among them, when Percy makes a flying visit to the Grange. Mrs. Vivian says it is a certain thing that he cannot be an idle student, for he is never happy without occupation; for this good mother does not know what a restless, brilliant, busy mode of idleness her son is proficient in. They wonder

at his hosts of friends; they wonder at his bright and happy animation, and the fulness of his undaunted hope. Yes, though Percy Vivian is a whole year older—though he has actually begun life—though he has known a great family reverse, and will have but a small portion of worldly goods falling to his share—Percy, still undimmed, spurns at the subject world in his proud, young, triumphant vigor, and knows no difficulty which was not made to be conquered.

And Philip is in India. The young Squire is no ascetic either; he has his pleasures, as they find, by these manly open-hearted letters of his. He tells them of his Indian Prince with a merry humor, and laughs at the habits of luxury he is acquiring, and threatens to come home a nabob; and even while he prays them to send out a Cheshire gale, or one fresh day of the climate of Briarford, the young man in his honorable labors enjoys his life. He is working to make an independence for himself. Philip, the head of the house, will not consent to have the Grange. If Zaidee is lost, his mother and sisters may remain in it, and its revenues accumulate, says the brave young man; but Percy and he have their own way to make, and must establish themselves. When he says this, Philip sends part of his first year's allowance to Percy, to enable him to prosecute his studies; and Percy sends out to him a batch of magazines, with poems in them, in return.

Elizabeth is in Morton Hall, a beautiful young matron, doing all her duties with the simplicity which gives an almost royal dignity to her beauty, and Captain Bernard's dark face glows with the sober certainty of his great happiness. The Grange looks thankfully but sadly, on its distant sons and its transplanted daughter. Life is brighter for those who have gone away than for those who remain. Nobody thinks of Zaidee, nor of the other losses of the family, as they do who are left at home; and those women, who are sometimes cast down in their wrestle, look abroad with wistfulness, and would almost envy, if they were not grateful for the lighter burden of the others. Their affection knows where to find Philip and Percy and Elizabeth—to rejoice and give thanks for their young abundant lives—but where is Zaidee, the lost child?

Zaidee is in her new home, growing as few have ever expected to see her grow—a pleasant life rising before her, a loving companion, friends who care for her. Zaidee's mind is alive and awake; she has thrown off her burden. If she longs for home, she is no longer desolate, and life rises before this voluntary exile fresh and fair as life should ever rise; for Hope has taken her hand again; she has far outgrown the pool of Briarford, and Zaidee's thoughts travel forth undaunted. There is no possibility so glad or so lofty but she is ready to accept it now.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JAMES THOMSON.*

THERE is, perhaps, no English poet of Thomson's kind of rank and reputation, about whose merits and claims to such distinction there is so little dispute. Wordsworth,† indeed, essayed to show that the general admiration expressed for the bard of the Seasons could only at the best be "blind wonderment," and to account for his popularity by, partly, the mere title of his chief poem, which seemed to "bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one,"—partly, the use of just such a "vicious style" and just such "false ornaments," as would be most likely to strike the undiscerning,—and partly, the lavish introduction of "sentimental common-places," brought forward with an imposing air of novelty, and with palpable success, proved by the fact that in any well-used copy of "The Seasons," the book generally opens of itself with the Rhapsody on Love, or with one of the episodes, Damon and Musidora, or Palemon and Lavinia. But Wordsworth's own disciples have been backward to repeat his strictures; some, on the contrary, have been forward to confute them—Wilson, for instance, who kindles into enthusiasm as he intones in that poetical prose of his (medley of the "raal fine" and "unco' coarse") the praises of his illustrious countryman, and exults in the wide acceptance of the Seasons, and their cordial enjoyment by all orders and degrees of men amongst us—telling how he had seen the book himself in the shepherd's shieling, and in the woodman's bower—"small, yellow-leaved, tattered, mean, miserable, calf-skin bound, smoked, stinking copies," yet pored over by those "humble dwellers, by the winter-ingle or on the summer-brae, perhaps with as enlightened, certainly with as imagination-overmastering a delight, as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly taught to their splendid copies,"‡ of ne plus ultra pretensions as to paper and print, breadth of margin and pomp of illustration, binding the most superb and tooling the most exquisite. We do not quarrel over Thomson as we do over other poets beside or near whom he takes his stand. His popularity is less questionable than almost any other bard's enrolled high on the list of British classics. It is more a true thing, an actual verity, real and practical; not merely a traditional pretence, not merely a hearsay renown, courteous and conventional. Possibly the tide has turned now, or is at the turning point; but for one clear century Thomson has enjoy-

ed a degree of fame, which, in quantity and quality, in extent and in intensity, deserves to be called "true fame," as Coleridge *did* call it, when he found a tattered copy of the "Seasons" lying on the window-sill of a little rustic ale-house. Possibly the next and succeeding generations may have less implicit faith in the accuracy and unbookish freshness of Thomson's descriptions of Nature, and make fewer calls upon them in their Anthologies, and Elegant Extracts, and Modern Speakers; but for a round hundred years at least he has been honored with "true fame"—read (which is more than some greater bards may boast), marked (a new access of superiority), learnt (by heart, and with heart, as an out-of-school pleasure as well as an in-school task), and inwardly digested (with more or less ease in the process, and benefit in the result, according to the *eu* or *dys*-peptic powers of the agent.) And the majority of general readers will probably scout our base insinuation that the tide, which has borne him so buoyantly, so royally, hitherto, has shown any the slightest symptom of turning, much less has already turned—and will deny that so deep and broad a stream, whose rolling waters wend on to immortality, can be subject to the check of tidal laws, or suffer a sea-change.

The truth and freshness of Thomson's transcripts from Nature drew no mean part of their effect upon the age, from the contrast they presented to the untruth and second-hand staleness of that age's poetry of description. They had, indeed, an absolute beauty and value of their own; but their relative beauty and value, as compared with contemporary verse of a similar design, heightened as well it might the fervor of the welcome they received. Now that the same contrast between him and other descriptive poets no longer exists, now that he is not alone in his glory, now that his readers are readers also of Cowper, of Wordsworth, of Tennyson,—the relative value of his verse becomes a vanishing quantity, and for his passport to immortality, or his claim to another century's lease of "true fame," it is to its absolute value, to its intrinsic vitality (*ζωὴν ἐν ἑαυτῷ*), that regard must now be paid. Few but will recognize in his descriptions an absolute beauty, ever fresh and ever fair—and hence may be predicated for them a lease of perpetuity—such perpetuity as mortals may predicate at all; his portraiture of Nature is a thing of beauty, and that, says another poet, is a joy for ever. How much this absolute beauty was seemingly magnified by relative "co-efficients," and to what extent the reputation of the "Seasons" for descriptive fidelity may be impaired, and their "glorious summer" be overshadowed by advent glooms of a "winter of discontent," it is for time to test; and time is testing it accordingly.

* Poetical works of James Thomson. Edited by Robert Bell. 2 vols. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets.) London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

† "Essay, supplementary to the Preface," etc.

‡ "Winter Rhapsody. Fytte First (1830.)"

In speaking of Thomson's truthfulness as a descriptive poet, we do not here allude to the minor details of his poem, illustrative of zoological and vegetable life. Of these illustrations, which are open to the matter-of-fact criticism of science, some are demonstrably inaccurate, the most are admirably correct. His namesake, Dr. A. T. Thomson, has furnished many interesting observations on this head; and Mr. Bell, in his careful edition of the poet, draws liberally on the Doctor's storehouse, and confronts Thomson the man of imagination and song, with Thomson the man of natural history and fact. Now and then the minstrel is a little beside the mark, in his ornithological and kindred researches; but, as a rule, his eye is a seeing eye, and peers inquiringly into the privacies of animal life, as well as rolls in a fine frenzy in vision of whirlwind and storm. If he is in error when he refers to early Spring the "clammy mildew" which does not appear till Autumn,—or when he ranks the woodlark among those birds that sing in copses, whereas it sings on the wing,—or when, in common with so many others, he makes the sunflower shut up her yellow leaves in sadness when sets her god, the sun, and, when he warm returns, "point her enamored bosom to his ray," whereas prosy science, or rather plain observation, tells us that if we examine a bed of sunflowers at any period of the day we shall find them looking in every direction, and only by poetic fiction, and to an Irish melody, turning on their god when he sets the same look that they turned when he rose,—or when he derives pestilence from a living cloud of insects, uprising from the hoary fen in putrid streams,—or when he sends the swallow to bed and sleep for the winter, whereas that judicious bird, at once epicurean in taste and eclectic in philosophy, eschews such an idea (much more such a fact) as Winter altogether, and so arranges its periodical flittings as to renew in the south what was failing it in the north,—if in a few instances of this trivial sort, Thomson is open to the demurrers of his learned friends, in how many others does he extort from them a homage of admiration for the minuteness of his observance, and the accuracy of his details. As where he sketches out the physiology of the vegetable tribes, that, wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, draw the live ether and imbibe the dew—each plant in the twining mass of tubes a thing "attractive," that sucks and swells the juicy tide—the vernal sun awakening the torpid sap from its wintry root-asylum, till it mounts in lively fermentation, and spreads "all this innumerable-colored scene of things;"—or where he pictures the nightingale in his exemplary capacity as a prospective *paterfamilias*, singing away like—like—whom or what but *himself*?—by day and night, while his mis-

tress gives ear to his ditty and eke attends to the hatching—or where he notes the white-winged plover wheeling her sounding flight, around the head of wandering swain, and skimming in long excursion the level lawn, to tempt him from her nest; or, with like pious fraud, the wild duck fluttering over the rough moss, and the heath-hen over the trackless waste, to delude and utterly confuse the hot-pursuing spaniel:—or where he reports the *august* congress of storks, and their protracted debates ere the motion is carried for their long vacation—how, having designed their route, chosen their leaders, adjusted their tribes, and cleaned their vigorous wings, they wheel round and round (like crafty logicians) in "many a circle," and (like us magazine scribblers) in "many a short essay," until "in congregation full the figured flight ascends, and riding high the ærial billows, mixes with the clouds;"—or, once again, where he registers the indications of a coming storm, from the movements of feathered fowl, "the plummy race, the tenants of the sky,"—the clamorous rooks, retiring in blackening hordes from the downs thick-urging their weary flight to the grove's closing shelter; and the cormorant on high that wheels from the deep and screams along the land, and the heron soaring aloft with loud shriek, and the circling sea-fowl that cleaves with wild wing the flaky clouds.

These graphic felicities notwithstanding, it is by here and there an exacting critic contended, that, after all, Thomson's descriptions of Nature are sometimes not quite so fresh and original, but considerably more bookish and conventional, than the bulk of his admirers ever have suspected or ever will allow.

That, indeed, he loved the face of Nature, and studied it at times with a lover's intelligence—(and we know that

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye),—

is not by the most cross-grained to be gainsaid. His boyish verses "On a Country Life," Mr. Bell commends as fresh and real, and as bringing before us the features of the country without gloss or affectation. "Dismissing the ideal shepherds and shepherdesses who formerly trailed their silks, like the ladies in the portraits of the Restoration, over imaginary plains, and rejecting altogether the machinery of the heathen mythology, Thomson addressed himself directly to Nature, and transferred the landscape to his canvas with truthfulness and simplicity."* Mrs. Southey has recorded her grateful sense of the "fresh and real" interest in Nature, excited within her by early commerce with the "Seasons"—

A sensibility to Nature's charms
That seems its living spirit to infuse

* Bell's Thomson, i. 46.

(A breathing soul) in things inanimate ;
To hold communion with the stirring air,
The breath of flowers, the ever shifting clouds,
The rustling leaves, the music of the stream
. . . But best and noblest privilege ! to feel
Pervading Nature's all-harmonious whole,
The Great Creator's Presence in his works.*

"Thomson," says Mr. Villemain, "has not the grandeur and precision of antiquity, but his heart overflows at the sight of the country. He abounds in true images—in simple emotions. He possesses that poetry of the domestic hearth, in which the English have always excelled, and he has blended it with all the beauties of Nature, which for him are only shadows of the Creator's hand."† His images are true when they are manifestly the fruit of his own observations of the varied year, his own out-door studies of the seasons as they roll ; as when, in his cheerful morn of life, as he tells us, he wandered not displeas'd through even grim Winter's rough domain, among the hills within range of his father's parish, where he trod the pure virgin snows, and heard the winds roar and the big torrents burst, and saw the deep fermenting tempest gather its forces in the gloaming, soon to come travelling in the greatness of its strength, welcome only to such as could say

—welcome, kindred glooms !

Congenial horrors hail !

In the *Dies Boreales* Buller asks North what he thinks of the thunder in Thomson's Seasons, and the reply is that, as all the world thinks, it is our very best British thunder : the poet gives the Gathering, the General Engagement, and the Retreat ; in the Gathering there are touches and strokes that make all mankind shudder—the foreboding—the ominous : and the terror, when it comes, aggrandizes the premonitory symptoms—" Follow the loosened aggravated roar" is a line of power

* The Birthday, etc. By Caroline Bowles. 1836.

† M. Villemain is here comparing Thomson with that once favorite and very French fribbler, St. Lambert, at whose expense he has the good taste to exalt the British bard, though British, and more fat than bard beseeems. Whence the difference, he asks, between the Seasons a la Lambert and the Seasons a la Thomson ? and in part-explanation answers : " It does not arise solely from the inequality of their talents [though we, who are British, would lay tolerable stress upon that, when in the one scale lies a Thomson, and in the other a St. Lambert]. But the English poet, from the midst of the luxury and the philosophy of the capital, seeks the country, . . . and though he dedicates his work to a great lady, his feelings are with the people—a people rich and proud of a free fatherland. Like them, he loves its pastures, its forests, and its fields. Thence springs his glowing manner ; thence, under a gloomy sky, and in a period of cold philosophy, is his poetry so full of freshness and color."—*Cours de Littérature française*.

to bring the voice of thunder upon your soul on the most peaceable day—and the "prevailing poet" shows, too, how he feels the grandeur of the rain when, instant on the words "convulsing heaven and earth," follow these, "down comes a deluge of sonorous hail, or prone-descending rain."* We have the same authority, in another place, for saying that nothing can be more vivid than such lines as these, on new-fallen now, which have the very nature of an ocular spectrum :—

The cherish'd fields

Put on their tender robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy current—

while there is a true poet's touch in the following epithet "brown," where all that is motionless is white :—

The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants.

When, however, to his "true images," as Villemain calls them, Thomson seeks to add something beyond "simple emotions," the same authority allows him to have overshot his mark, and ceased to be perfectly natural : striving to be strongly pathetic, he becomes suspiciously fantastical : for example :—

Drooping, the ox

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil,

—a demand highly reasonable on the ox's part, but a little eccentric may be on the bard's ; or again :—

The bleating kind

Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glittering earth
With looks of dumb despair,

where, if the second line is perfect, the third, it is agreed by two such lovers of Nature, of Scotland, and of Thomson, as John Wilson and

* "Thomson had been in the heart of thunderstorms many a time before he left Scotland ; and what always impresses me is the want of method—the confusion, I might almost say—in his description. Nothing contradictory in the proceedings of the storm ; they all go on obediently to what we know of Nature's laws. But the effects of their agency on man and nature are given—not according to any scheme—but as they happen to come before the Poet's imagination, as they happened in reality. The pine is struck first—then the cattle and the sheep below—and then the castled cliff—and then the

'Gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep recess

Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.'

No regular ascending or descending scale here ; but wherever the lightning chooses to go, there it goes—the blind agent of indiscriminating destruction.'—*Dies Boreales*, II.

James Hogg, is an exaggeration and a mistake, for sheep do not deliver themselves up to despair under any circumstances; and in fact Thomson here transfers what would have been his own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals who dreadlessly follow their instincts.* It may be questioned, nevertheless, whether Thomson's most graphic passages are not rather illustrative of tamer and smoother scenery than the rugged and sublime—whether he is not more at home on low, level soil this side the Tweed, than in his own land of brown heaths and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood. As the acute author of a once much-vexed essay "On the Theory and the Writings of Wordsworth," observed on this matter, Thomson, although born in a land of mist and mountains, seems to alternate, in his Seasons, between gorgeous but vague representations of foreign climes, and faithful transcripts of England's milder scenery; appearing more pleased

To taste the smell of dairy, and ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,

than to climb the painful steeps of a Scottish mountain. He exclaims, indeed:—"To me be Nature's volume wide displayed!"—but for what purpose?—"Some easy passage raptured to translate."† And sometimes, good easy man, full surely, he would pen a description that, in some nostrils, either very keen or very dull of scent, have more the smell of the lamp than of fresh field or forest life. Mr. Charles Knight, for instance, roundly asserts that Thomson, professedly a descriptive poet, assuredly described many things that he never saw, but looked at Nature very often with the eyes of others; and goes on to say: "To our mind his celebrated description of morning † offers not the slightest proof that he ever saw the sun rise;" for although in this description we have a variety of charming items, the meek-eyed morn, the dappled east, brown night, young day, the dripping rock, the misty mountain, the hare limping from the field, the wild deer tripping from the glade, the woodland hymns of bird choristers, the driving of the flock from the fold, the lessening cloud, the kindling azure, and the illumination with fluid gold of the mountain's brow; yet, objects our

* *Winter Rhapsody. Fytte III.* Thomson, it is added, redeems himself in what immediately succeeds,—

"Then sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

For as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so—but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully have taken to the digging—but whole flocks had perished.

† Essay on the Theory and the Writings of Wordsworth. [Blackwood. 1829.]

‡ See *Bell's Thomson*, ii., p. 57, sq.

Shakspeare's scholar, "this is conventional poetry, the reflection of books;—excellent of its kind, but still not the production of a poet-naturalist."* Otherwise thought one who, from the internal evidence alone of the "Seasons," would fearlessly affirm that Thomson was, must have been, an early riser. The lamentable fact being, that Thomson lay a-bed till noon, and got up not over briskly then.

He was constitutionally sluggish, and became habitually more and more averse from exertion. *Est qui*, says Horace, and Thomson would make a very good nominative case for the predicate—

*Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere die
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.†*

Eating apricots and apricating *himself* the while on a garden wall, his hands in his pockets,‡ he forms a pretty pendant to the Horatian picture. He had often, moralizes Doctor Johnson, felt the inconveniences of idleness; but, the Doctor adds, he never cured it. Idleness he loved to abuse—in blank verse. Lazy lubbers he could rebuke indignantly—by a poetical fiction. Among the foremost praises he bestows on Lord Chancellor Talbot is this—

Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement indolently pleased
With selfish peace; §

mais, que voulez-vous? when will precept and practice be identical? and is it not a curious fact that the most urgent remonstrant, among

* Mr. Knight contrasts Thomson's sunrise with one by Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale" (beginning "The besy larke, the messanger of day," etc.), in which he recognizes a brilliancy and freshness as true as they are beautiful—*e. g.* the sun drying the dewdrops on the leaves is no book image: of such stuff, he adds, are the natural descriptions of Shakspeare always made. *He* is as "minute and accurate as White," and "more philosophical than Davy." His carrier in the inn-yard at Rochester exclaims, "An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney." (*I. Henry IV*, II. 1.) Here is the very commonest remark of a common man; and yet the principle of ascertaining the time of the night by the position of a star in relation to a fixed object must have been the result of observation in him who dramatized the scene. But see for illustrative cases in point KNIGHT'S *Biography of Shakspeare*, p. 137.

† Horat. Carm. i. 1.

‡ "You would fancy Thomson an early riser, yet that placid poet, who rented the Castle of Indolence, and made it the House Beautiful, so that all who pass are fain to tarry, used to rise at noon, and sauntering into the garden, eat fruit from the trees with his hands in his pockets, and then and there composed sonorous apostrophes to the rising sun."—*Nile Notes*, chap. xvi.

§ "To the Memory of Lord Talbot." *Bell's Thomson*, i. 210.

all Thomson's remonstrant friends, against Thomson's idolence, was himself the most indolent,—Dr. Armstrong, to wit, the shy, sequestered, self-absorbed, yet kindly, author of the "Art of Preserving Health?" Let who will dispute our poet's competency, by right of personal scrutiny and experience, to depict the Seasons, none may deny his fitness to paint the Castle of Indolence, *con gusto* the most appreciative, *con amore* the most sincere. If it was but a Castle in the air, such a thing as dreams are made of, when the dreamer is a man of genius, to him it was dear as the actual, and dearer; and so it is to us. Irresistible is the charm of that region, too delicious the languor of that listless climate,—the sleep-soothing groves, the streamlets bickering through sunny glades with a lulling murmur, the lowing of herds along the vale, the bleating of flocks from the distant hills, the piping of shepherd dalesmen, the forest-deep plaint of the stockdove, the forest itself rustling drowsily to the sighing gale—while

— whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

Thomson would have made a prize lot-eater. His sensual temperament is traceable in most of his works. Johnson, indeed, fired up once when somebody called Thomson a very good man, and declared him to have been, on the contrary, a gross sensualist and profligate in private life. However this may have been—and let us hope the Doctor was in a passion when he said it, and irritably irrational accordingly—the poetry of Thomson is anything but ideally refined, when love is the theme. Damon's sweet confusion and dubious flutterings on the bank, in soul-distracting view of Musidora hydropathizing,—why did not Thomson live in a day when indignant seniors write letters to the *Times*, at summer-heat, from Ramsgate and Margate, to complain of the doings on the sands?—or Palemon, and the passion that through his nerves in mingled transport ran, and the blaze of his smothered flame, as he viewed (or *run*) Lavinia, ardent, o'er and o'er, and pouring out the pious rapture of his soul with the query, "And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?" (a vile phrase, an undertaker's phrase:)—how shall we hail such tender passages, but as the wag in the pit hailed the immortal apostrophe to *Sophonisba*—

Oh, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!

Probably it was some good-natured friend whose voice *de profundis* thus startled the good-natured bard—a friend who understood him, as most of his friends easily might, and who liked him, as they all seem to have done;—Hammond, whom he used to call a burnished butterfly; and Mallet, with whom he had begun life in the "tippeny cells of Edinburgh, and whom he loved *inter pocula* to nickname Moloch; and Mitchell, the parliament-man and diplomatist; and Lyttleton, with whose worldly fortunes his own were so closely linked; and the future Lords Chat-ham and Temple, who prized in him the "gentleman" as well as the poet; and that egregious tuft-hunter, Bubb Dodington, whom he flattered (as he did many others) with such fulsome and florid words, words, words; and Aaron Hill, another notable subject of his lavish panegyrics; and Parson Cromer, with whom he used to booze at the old Orange Tree, in Kew-lane; and Collins, who tenderly bewailed him in an elegy known to all; and Shenstone, who, brief as was their acquaintance, erected an urn to his memory at the Leasowes; and Quin, whom Mrs. Hobart, Thomson's housekeeper, "often wished dead, he made Thomson drink so," and who *gave* him a hundred pounds when arrested for a debt of seventy, and who, five months after his death, could scarcely speak the prologue to his posthumous tragedy ("Coriolanus") because of the *hysterica passio* at his own kind heart, and the big *larmes dans sa voix*.

Mr. Robert Bell's edition of the poet should command an extensive, not to say universal, sale; those who are without a "Thomson" on their shelves, cannot do better than supply the defect by a copy so worthy of all acceptance; while those who already possess him, even in half a dozen or more forms, will not repent the purchase of what costs so little and is worth so much. Mr. Bell has been at particular pains in illustrating certain points in the poet's history and poetics, such as his liaison with "Amanda," Miss Young—the emendations and *secundæ curæ* of his "Seasons," etc.—adding, too, an interesting collection of supplemental notes, on the subject of the lines attributed to Thomson in memory of Congreve—on the poet's connection with Savage and others—his prose dedications—the prices of his copyrights—the sale of his effects at Kewfoot-lane—and the "commemoration" at Ednam Hill, in 1791, by that whimsical, fussy, close-fisted (though would-be open-handed) *Mac-Mæcenas*,—David, Earl of Buchan.

From the Traveller.

FROM THE STONE TOWER AT NIAGARA.

THE first week in June is the best chosen time of all the year for this stupendous show place. Why should a man go steaming over the heated, dusty roads, in the fashionable season, to gaze upon one of God's great wonders with a crowd in French boots and satin slippers? Why should a traveller for pleasure be put away in a hot front bed-box, when he can have a chamber looking out on the cataract? Why not have a hundred rooms to choose from, rather than be snubbed at "the office" and glad to lie down in a den. In June it is so quiet around this "world of waters," as regards people, that one might almost have the opportunity vouchsafed to him for doing what we once heard a stray Yankee pedler, looking at the Falls, wish he might have a chance to accomplish: "I can't take 'em in at all," he said, musingly; "I don't understand 'em any how. If a fellow had time now I should like to take 'em down and look at 'em a spell, and then screw 'em up agin!"

As we came through the woods on Goat Island, this morning, we encountered various groups of Indian women sitting on the grass, weaving baskets, and other fancies, for sale. As we listened to their musical tones they sounded like bird-voices and running waters. There is a ripple in the low notes of their laughter, not unlike a rivulet's song in June, and when they hush their children to sleep it sounds like the tinkling of rain drops that one remembers to have heard when a boy, on the garret-roof, after bed-time. It is a pleasant surprise to meet these tawny children of the forest, clad in their gay garbs, for they mingle picturesquely and naturally with the sights and sounds of Niagara.

For a broad, overwhelming look at the Falls, the English edge is the better one. Where Table Rock once offered its broad resting-place, it is still wise to stand for the final grandeur of the scene. Old Mrs. Robinson, who, with her husband, has lived within sound of the roar some twenty years, says this is her opinion, and she knows. Go up into the top of her new house, by the road-side, and look at the camera. Her husband will arrange the glasses, and you will be repaid, especially if Mr. R. talks. It was his "Pagoda" that stood so many years near the American Fall.

We were speaking, half an hour ago, with a man who saw that poor, ill-fated creature go over the Falls last year. By accident he had drifted into the rapids in a boat, and could not be extricated. All day he was lingering in an agony of doubt, beating off black death by clinging to a rock in the boiling flood. The

shore, the bridges, and the houses, were densely crowded, with anxious eyes all looking down on the doomed man. Various methods to rescue him were tried, but "about six o'clock in the evening," said our informant, "he went tumbling over the Falls." As he was swept toward the verge of his horrible doom, he sprang into the air several feet, flinging his arms wildly above his head. In a moment more he was in eternity. As we listened to this sad recital the mad waters were raving as if for another victim, and huge logs and masses of ice were being swallowed up in the vortex that led to the final plunge below.

Of course, one of the grandest artificial additions to the interest of Niagara is the wire bridge, a short distance below the Falls. On a bright cheerful morning, we walked at sunrise over the wide chasm spanned so gracefully by this wonder of strength and beauty. To stand, as the early birds of song are beginning their matins in such a cathedral, and look down on the glistening waters below, is something to be remembered during a lifetime. With your face to the "awful front" of Niagara, his morning incense rising and filling this sublime temple of nature, while the thunders of his unceasing anthem peal in your ears, you feel all that Coleridge has written in his sunrise hymn at Chamouni to be a reality full of meaning of the deepest significance. Our own Brainard has painted, in thrilling numbers, the power and eternal splendor of the scene. His glorious harp was never touched to a loftier measure, than when he stood in its majestic presence, and sung of Niagara. It is a strain worthy of the bards of whom Fame has blown her loudest blast. Listen to its Miltonic sweep! The long, resounding roll of the cataract seems to swell through every line:

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my
brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to
him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering
side!

Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above the loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might!

J. MEADOWS.

From the Examiner.

Handbook for Young Painters. By C. R. Leslie, R. A. Murray.

WE expressed several weeks ago our opinion of this excellent *Handbook for Young Painters*, and now that the picture season has arrived, and we are all amateur critics, it appears to us to be worth while to remind picture-seers of a lesson-book, or book of amusement, from which they may derive timely help and much instruction. It is possible to acquire not a little of the spirit in which pictures should be looked at; and we will show that this is the case by an extract or two from Mr. Leslie, proving not only how true an eye he has for what is best in art, but teaching all men by example what to look for in our picture galleries, and what most to admire.

The following, upon the introduction of children into the works of our great painters deserves much notice:—

A fault of many painters, in their representations of childhood, is, that they make it taking an interest in what can only concern more advanced periods of life. But Raphael's children, unless the subject requires it should be otherwise, are as we see them generally in nature, wholly unconcerned with the incidents that occupy the attention of their elders. Thus the boy in the cartoon of the "Beautiful Gate" pulls the girdle of his grandfather, who is entirely absorbed in what St. Peter is saying to the cripple. The child, impatient of delay, wants the old man to move on. In the "Sacrifice at Lystra," also, the two beautiful boys placed at the altar, to officiate at the ceremony, are too young to comprehend the meaning of what is going on about them. One is engrossed with the pipes on which he is playing, and the attention of the other is attracted by a ram brought for sacrifice. The quiet simplicity of these sweet children has an indescribably charming effect in this picture, where every other figure is under the influence of an excitement they alone do not partake in. Children, in the works of inferior painters, are often nothing else than little actors; but what I have noticed of Raphael's children is true, in many instances, of the children in the pictures of Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Hogarth, and other great painters, who, like Raphael, looked to nature for their incidents.

The subject is thus continued on a later page:—

There is no surer test of a painter's feeling for Nature than the manner in which he represents childhood. In Hogarth we often find the same charm, arising from its want of sympathy with grown-up life, that I have noticed in the works of Raphael. The Boy Mourner, in the picture of the "Harlot's Funeral," winding up his top, "the only person in that assembly," as lamb remarks, "that is not a hypocrite," is an instance of this, and so is the same boy in the preceding

picture, the dying scene. The pretty little girl in the "Election Entertainment," who is examining the ring on the fine gentleman's finger, and the two little urchins creeping slowly to school, through Covent Garden Market, their very short footsteps marked in the snow, in his picture of "Morning," are also exquisite specimens of childhood.

There is a charming picture by Hogarth at Holland House, in which children are the principal personages. It represents the private performance of a play at the house of Mr. Conduit, the Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland and a few other people of rank and fashion. Three girls and a boy are on the stage, and seem to be very seriously doing their best; but the attitude and expression of one little girl, on the front seat among the audience, is matchless. She is so entirely absorbed in the performance, that she sits bolt upright, and will sit, we are sure, immovably to the end of the play, enjoying it as a child only can, and much the more because the actors are children.—The picture is beautifully colored, and is one of those early works painted from Nature the execution of which prepared the way to Hogarth's greater efforts.

Connected with his love of children, may be noticed the interest he took in the establishment of the Foundling Hospital, to the funds of which he contributed, by giving three pictures, which, with the works of other artists, formed the first public exhibition in London. His fine portrait of Captain Coram was one of these; but his choice of the "March to Finchley," a satire on the vices of the army, as a subject for a hospital of foundlings, was a touch of humorous satire.

We add some notes in which conceptions of a higher class have been seized and expressed by their critic:—

Fuseli has spoken so fully and so admirably of Michael Angelo that it would be presumptuous in me to dwell on the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and the more so as I know them only from copies and engravings.

I do not, however, recollect that the peculiar conception of the "Judith and Holofernes" has been pointed out by any commentator. The headless man turns on his couch, and the rustling of the curtains, occasioned by his upraised and moving arm, causes Judith who has just escaped from the tent to look back. Thus the terror of the scene is indescribably heightened by an attention to the fact of the continuation of muscular motion, for a short time, after decapitation.

I am not aware of any treatment like this by any other painter; and it is worthy of remark, that Michael Angelo, while he has thus made the subject in the highest degree terrific, has concealed the neck of the victim, and so avoided a display of what would be merely sickening.

The cartoon of Pisa is a work of entire invention; and varied and admirable as are its incidents, one of the finest consists, in itself, of nothing more than the tearing of a stocking. Connected, however, with the story, and expressive

of the eagerness of the veteran who forces his dripping foot through it, in his haste to obey the summons of the trumpet, it becomes heroic. Nicolo Poussin has almost exactly copied this finely conceived figure in his "Sacrament of Baptism," but there the action wants the motive that animates the old soldier of Michael Angelo, and the translation of the figure, bereft of so much of its meaning, cannot be justified.

Instances may be selected from the works of Titian, in which neither the expression nor the story could be carried further. His "Entombment of Christ" in the Louvre, is a picture of the truest and deepest pathos, and would be so even were it unaided by its solemn evening effect. Nothing was ever conceived finer than the Mother, supported by the Magdalen, and contrasted by a different though equally poignant expression of grief.

In a small picture by Titian, belonging to Mr. Rogers, of the apparition of our Lord in the garden to Mary, the treatment is scarcely below the subject, even in the principal figure,—but the conception of the Magdalen is beyond all praise. She seems to run forward towards her Master on her knees,—her streaming hair and drapery denoting the utmost rapidity of action, while her hand, extended to touch Him, is suddenly check-

ed by his words. This is to me by far the most expressive conception of the subject with which I am acquainted.

There is something worth consideration in this hint to portrait-painters suggested by one of the works of Holbein:

While speaking of this great painter, I must not omit to notice the interest given to his picture of the family of Sir Thomas More, by making the background an exact representation of an apartment in More's house. This example might effect a great improvement in portraits, and it would often be found easier to the painter (as well as far more agreeable), to copy realities, than to weary himself with ineffectual attempts to make the eternal pillar and curtain, or the conventional sky and tree, look as well as they do in the backgrounds of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

By all means, we repeat, let those who are accustomed to go to the galleries of modern art for fashion's sake carefully read Mr. Leslie's book, and get a hint of the way in which good pictures should be studied.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WOLFERT'S ROOST.*

What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!

AND the heart is still warm, and the brain still fine, in this new issue of their joint-stock composition. The warm heart and the fine brain went into partnership, and wrote in good fellowship together, in the days of the Sketch-Book and Salmagundi; and they found it answer, and continue each the other's true yoke-fellow (*συνυγος γυναικος*) to this hour. In this harmony of the feeling and thinking powers, in this concert of the shrewd with the genial, lies much of the wide popularity, the merited success, past (but not past by), and present (with a decent lease yet to run), of kindly, cheery, gossiping, twinkling-eyed, Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., is *ridivivus* here, not *idem in alio*, not by transmigration of spirit into another bodily presence, but himself *in propria persona*. He gives us what are apparently relict odds and ends which missed insertion in the original Sketch-Book. Thus we have reminiscences of Paris as it was thirty years since. The Parisian hotel—compared to a street set on end—the grand staircase being the highway and every floor or apartment a separate habitation—with its micro-

cosmic gradations of tenantry, from the aristocracy of the *premier* floor to the *attic* regions of petty tailors, clerks, and needlewomen—every odd nook and corner between these polar opposites, *de haut en bas*, being duly fitted up as a *joli petit appartement à garçon*, which Geoffrey translates, "some little dark inconvenient nestling-place for a poor devil of a bachelor." The restored émigré of the old régime: in sky-blue coat, powdered locks, and pigtail—followed at heels by a little dog, which trips sometimes on four legs, sometimes on three, and looks as if his leather small-clothes were too tight for him. The Englishman at Paris: promenading daily with a buxom daughter on each arm; they smiling on all the world, while his mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's with internal growling at everything about him; they almost overshadowing papa with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets (ah, Geoffrey! bonnets too may take up their parable and say, specially in Paris—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*), while papa adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad-brimmed hat. (*Eheu fugaces, goodman Geoffrey*,—even such sturdy conservatives as those gaiters and hats may now swell the chorus of the bonnets—or strike up, "on their own hook," a more plaintive *sic transit gloria mundi*—for a glory, worldly enough, had long gaiters and broad-brimmed hats, when George the Third was king.) Then

* Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers. By Washington Irving. Author's Edition. Edinburgh: Constable. 1855.

we have a picture of the Tuileries, as it was, and for a pendant, Windsor Castle, not as it is;—a sketch of the field of Waterloo, when the thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clangor, and the team slowly labored up the hill-side once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons, and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried;—and a tableau of Paris at the Restoration—filled with a restless, roaming population, hanging about like lowering clouds that linger after a storm, and giving a strange air of gloom to the otherwise gay metropolis. A few stories and legendary narratives, too, are given, in the vein of Tales of a Traveller; the Widow's Ordeal, a tradition of judicial trial by combat, indited in the story-teller's airiest, smoothest style; the Knight of Malta, a ghostly fragment, which, once told *vivâ voce* (and we presume *fuscâ voce*, or *raucâ*, befitting the theme), for the entertainment of a youthful circle round the Christmas fire, sent a due proportion of them quaking to their beds, and gave them very fearful dreams;—Don Juan, another spectral research—in introducing which the writer, in his olden characteristic manner, says: "Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. I myself thought so once; but "seeing is believing." I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject would be preposterous." This pleasant way of wresting logic to an impotent conclusion, is a notable repetition of the knock-down argument of Smith the Weaver in "King Henry VI."—when, Jack Cade having asserted his relationship to Mortimer's eldest son (who,

—being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can),

Dick the Butcher, in mood corroborative, adds: "Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king,"—and thereupon Smith the Weaver, in terms unanswerable, and as an ultimate clincher, exclaims: "Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not." Our traveller saw with his own eyes the convent and cemetery of St. Francisco, in Seville, where was brought about that dreadful *liaison* between the Don and the marble statue,—and henceforth became a believer, as in duty (if not by logic) bound.

The pen that wrote tales of the Alhambra, and records of Spanish and Moorish life, in times of chivalry and high emprise, also fur-

nishes us in the present volume with kindred morgeaux of legendary lore. For lovers of this class of fiction, there is the "Legend of the Engulfed Convent," a type and shadow of the woes of Spain; and there is "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities," a mystic memorial of that phantom Island of St. Brandon, stigmatised by ancient cosmographers with the name of Aprositus, or the Inaccessible, and by sceptics pronounced a mere optical illusion like the Fata Morgana, or classed with unsubstantial regions like Cape Fly-away, as known to mariners, or the coast of Cloud Land, as told to the marines. And again there is "The Abencerrage," a tale of Moslem honor and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy,—as heard by the writer from the tuneful lips of a Castilian beauty, on a sweet summer evening, spent in the hall of the Abencerrages, while the moon shone down into the Court of Lions, lighting up its sparkling fountain.

Moreover, if in these pages Geoffrey Crayon walks and talks before us, so does the veritable Diedrich Knickerbocker. The volume, indeed, takes its name from a little old-fashioned stone mansion, with more gable end by a powerful multiple than Hawthorne's grim tenement could boast, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked-hat: the cocked-hat of Peter the Headstrong (*vide* Knickerbocker's "New York") being, in fact, its supposed model, just as the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence was the model of the Escorial. It was once a fastness in the wilderness, whither one Wolfert Acker retired world-weary and war-sick, to seek *Lust in Rust*, or pleasure in quiet—whence the name Wolfert's Rust, *inde* Roost. Hither in after-days came the indefatigable Diedrich Knickerbocker—taking up his abode in the old mansion for a time, and rummaging to his old heart's content among the dusty records it contained—documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English by Wolfert Acker, and which the quaint archaeologist set to work with professional zeal to decipher—mementoes of his sojourn still being cherished at the Roost—his elbow-chair and antique writing-desk retaining their place in the room he occupied, and his old cacked-hat hanging on a peg against the wall. Of the papers in this collection more particularly Knickerbockerish, are "Broek, or the Dutch Paradise," and "Guest from Gibbet Island"—both humorous, the latter with a strong spice of the witching. There is a narrative at some length of the experiences, as hunter, trapper, and general adventurer, of "Ralph Ringwood," *alias* (*i. e.* reality) the late Governor Duval, of Florida. Another narrative, of a more imaginary cast, called "Mountjoy," which records the love-passages of a dreamy, priggish, very learned youth, has the disadvan-

tage of breaking off abruptly in the very heart of the subject. It is a compliment to the author to make this a ground of complaint. He avows himself prepared to proceed with it, if his readers wish. He is now, being confessedly liable, admonished to keep good faith; and at once, under the penalties and in the language of police, to "move on." We own to a malicious interest in seeing Harry Mountjoy palpably and effectually snubbed. Mr. and Miss Somerville, it is evident, can do it with consummate ease and politeness; and we await the result with confidence, though with some impatience as to the time when, and curiosity as to the manner how. "Mountjoy" is virtually a pledge of Mr. Washington Irving's re-

appearance with a new batch of chronicles, essays, legends, whim-whams, and sketch-book sweepings.

Wolfert's Roost," it should be added, is the fourth volume of a highly meritorious series, published by Messrs. Constable, and entitled "Miscellany of Foreign Literature," the former volumes being devoted to translations of Jokai's "Hungarian Sketches," of Hettner's "Athens and the Peloponnese," and of the celebrated Flemish novelist, Hendrick Conscience's, Tales of life in his own fatherland. The series deserves large encouragement; these initial volumes have certainly been selected with tact and discriminative taste, as they are also produced with elegance, at a price temptingly low, and at intervals of convenient distance to all concerned.

DRIED FIGS. The fig tree grows luxuriantly and yields abundantly in the soil and climate of these Southern States, and yet many thousands of dollars and annually sent out of the country for the dried fruit of Smyrna, Eleme, and other points of export. The superior quality of this, the most wholesome of all preserved fruits, always bring high prices, and the inferior sorts are generally uneatable. Figs can be cured and dried in Alabama as easily as elsewhere; and the article, if properly dried, will equal, if not surpass, the finest imported qualities. To-day a specimen was handed us, taken from a quantity of native fruit put up in this city three years ago; they were perfectly sound, and though their flavor resembled that of foreign fruit, it was infinitely superior, more delicate, and entirely without that soapy taste.

The fig tree bears most abundantly, and from a dozen of them, of ordinary size, fruit might be procured and put up for market to the value of sundry bales of cotton. There is no other expense than the small amount of brown sugar necessary to be used. We are fully enlisted in the cause of this new branch of domestic industry and profit. Imagine the sufferings of the country for lack of its supply of figs, should the allies close the gates of the Mediterranean upon our ships; but should our home resources in this regard be developed, we could laugh their fruitless efforts to scorn in exultant triumph, each one eating his own figs under his own vine and fig tree.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash,

Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain-lances dash
Over mountain and river and town:

Thick the battle-drops fall—but they drip not in blood;

The trophy of war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,

The wells they yawn empty and dry;

But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,

And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.

Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,

How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep
from the eaves!

Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws wide his own swinging pane,

The kind drops dance in on the floor;

And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain

On the step by her half-open door:

At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,

Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.

Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,

The little green mosses rejoice.

And the bud-beaded heather nods to the shower

And the hill-torrents lift up their voice:

And the pools in the hollows mimic the fight

Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light:

Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,

A single thrush pipes full and sweet,

How days of clear shining will come after rain,

Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat:

So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our fears,

Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears:

Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

June 1855.

Spectator.

From Household Words.

SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

WHEN I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor or who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which was covered with marbled-paper, "wasn't marble." Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon anybody; further, that my honored parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did impose upon anybody. Yet I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble.

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, couldn't possibly be anybody but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humored, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the

living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day, I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction. "My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more." I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated "his said dear friend and executor" to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother—whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way;—I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points,) to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his usual frank manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced—in a hushed, and I may say unearthly manner—"Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him dryly at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely until he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appeared to me,) felt

himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well indeed for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recal, nor, if I could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it, and Benting knew that I knew it. But we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John—and he went to Australia,—and he went to China—and he died somewhere in Persia—and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's, I would find him in the dining-room, already seated (as if he had just been counting the allowance on the table-cloth), and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlet parrots in the tropics; but, I never knew whether he had ever done anything wrong, or whether he had ever done anything right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I get into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people again put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his most intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality of coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great Smuggler, never fails to speak to me of one of his relations newly deceased, as though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been perpetually discoursing of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me within these six months, "she is gone—I have lost her." Never until that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distantly and generally, that he had some

relations—"my people," he called them—down in Yorkshire. "My own dear, darling Emmy," says Tom, notwithstanding, "she has left me for a better world." (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years.) I repeated, feeling my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favorite niece," said Tom, in a reproachful tone, "Emmy, you know. I was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy! Precious, blue-eyed child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the next street to us lived an acquaintance of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his father as a "poor dear good old boy," who had been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appeared that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighborhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet (to every inch of which, it is unnecessary to add she could have sworn), going along before her on somebody else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of this bonnet belonged to that fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and desried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye), she instantly recognized the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergne; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner, and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From

that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and hearing it, was delighted to remark, "The family are here, and they are hiding them!"

I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some Pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, and said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, "Don't tell! It's Pa!" and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for

him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! "Susannah!" I exclaimed, "what has happened?" She merely ejaculated, "Larver"—that being the name of the friend in question. "Susannah!" said I, "what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?" Susannah replied faintly, "Married—married before we were:" and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day had smuggled a wife! He had at the last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had "run" Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.

From The Spectator.

BEECHER'S STAR-PAPERS.*

MR. BEECHER'S collection of papers descriptive of his impressions during a month's visit to Europe, and of old-fashioned habits and natural features in remoter parts of the New-England States, is a pleasanter volume than America often furnishes. There is indeed the national tendency to much speaking, shown in descriptions pursued into over-minute details, and in too frequent recurrence of personal feelings exhibited at far too great a length. The volume, however, is pervaded by a fresh and genuine love of Nature, imparting a pastoral feeling to many portions. The "experiences" in England, among scenes with historical and poetical associations, show the effect produced by the "Old Country" upon an unprejudiced American, even when years might be supposed to have reduced the mind to staidness. Of art Mr. Beecher has no acquired knowledge, and he dwells too much upon his own impressions; but his taste is sound and his perceptions are shrewd. The pictures of American rustic life

are often overlaid by words, but they give a good idea of rustic manners in places removed from the bustle and speculation of Young America. They also indicate the external aspects of Nature, and the changes the seasons continually bring. Except in differences of climate and circumstances, New England, in the country, seems a good deal like Old England.

In Europe, everything appears to Mr. Beecher and his reader in rose-color; for he postpones controversial topics to another occasion. In England, his narratives are mainly about visits to Kennilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, and Oxford; all of which places threw him into raptures. Apparently a Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beecher was so overcome at Stratford by the service, the chanting, and the associations of the place, that for the first time in his life he joined the Episcopal communion-table. At Stratford, too, he heard what he had longed to hear—one of the poetical birds of England. The incident is slight, but the whole is a striking example of the power of the poet over educated and susceptible minds. If the effect be so great in a matter only touching the sentiments, what must it be in questions affecting the formation of character and the conduct of life?

* Star Papers; or Experiences of Art and Nature. By Henry Ward Beecher. Published by Trubner and Co., London; Derby, New York.

Among the many things which I determined to see and hear in England, were the classic birds, and especially the thrush, the night-gale, and the lark; after these, I desired to see cuckoos, starlings, and rooks. While in Birmingham, going about one of the manufactories, I was inquiring where I might see some of the first-named. The young man who escorted me pointed across the way to a cage hanging from a second-story window, and said: "There's a lark!" Sure enough, in a little cage and standing upon a handful of green grass, stood the little fellow, apparently with russet-brown wings and lighter-colored breast, ash-color, singing away to his own great comfort and mine. The song reminded me, in many of its notes, of the canary-bird. In my boyhood I had innocently supposed that the lark, of which I read when first beginning to read in English books, was our meadow-lark; and I often watched in vain to see them rise, singing, into the air! As for singing just beneath "heaven's gate," or near the sun, after diligent observation, with great simplicity, I set that down for a pure fancy of the poets. But I had, before this, learned that the English sky-lark was not our meadow-lark.

A bird in a cage is not half a bird; and I determined to hear a lark at Stratford-on-Avon, if one could be scared up. And so, early this morning I awoke, according to a predetermination, and sallied out through the fields to a beautiful range of grounds called "Welcombe." I watched for birds, and saw birds, but no larks. The reapers were already in the wheat-fields, and brought to mind the fable of the lark who had reared her young there. Far over, toward the Avon, I could see black specks of crows walking about, and picking up a morsel here and there in the grass. I listened to one very sweet song from a tree near a farm-house; but it was unfamiliar to my ear; and no one was near from whom I might inquire. Besides, the plain laboring people know little about ornithology, and would have told me that "it is some sort of a singing-bird," as if I thought it was a goose; and so I said to myself: "I've had my labor for my pains. Well, I will enjoy the clouds and the riband-strips of blue that interlace them. I must revoke my judgment of the English trees; for, as I stood looking over upon the masses of foliage and the single trees dot-

ted in here and there, I could see every shade of green, and all of them most beautiful, and as refreshing to me as old friends. After standing awhile to take a last view of Stratford-on-Avon from this high ground, and the beautiful slopes around it and of the meadows of the Avon, I began to walk homeward, when I heard such an outbreak behind me as wheeled me about quick enough:—there he flew, singing as he rose, and rising gradually, not directly up, but with gentle slope! there was the free-singing lark—not half so happy to sing as I was to hear. In a moment more he had reached the summit of his ambition, and suddenly fell back to the grass again. And now, if you laugh at my enthusiasm, I will pity you for the want of it. I have heard *one* poet's lark, if I never hear another, and am much happier if it.

The French tour may be said to be confined to visits to collections of art, and London is almost limited to the National Gallery. Personal commentary rather than criticism is the characteristic of the remarks; but there are observations displaying acumen, of which this on the statues of Venus is one:—

Contrary to my expectation, the greatest number of statues of Venus, as a divinity, are anything but voluptuous. Her freaks, in the fabulous histories, were surely wanton enough; but the ancients evidently had a conception of her which we do not at all take in—as the divinity of *new life*; of *fresh existence*; and so, of yet unstained purity. We must separate in our minds the Venus of pleasure from the more purely and poetically conceived Venus. Youth, beauty, hope, and health characterize her. If this ideal be separated from the grosser association, it is not wanting in beauty. I am greatly but agreeably disappointed in the statues of Venus.

The articles that constitute this volume were originally published in the *New-York Independent*, with the signature of a star. They were thereupon known by the name of "Star Papers," which circumstance determined the title of the book.

A new Railway break has been invented by Mr. Miles. The arresting power is distributed over the entire train, instead of being confined to one or two carriages, as it is now. It was tested on the Hereford and Shrewsbury line; a train going at the rate of forty miles an hour was stopped on 300 yards, usually requiring with the ordinary breaks, 1600 yards. A new invention for effecting a communication between the driver and the guard has been produced by Mr. Wickens, which promises success. We hail with satisfaction any inventions which diminish the liability of accidents on railways, and trust that no time may be lost in applying these means throughout the lines generally.

ANNIVERSARY OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.—The 9th July completes the one hundredth year since the defeat of General Braddock, by the French and Indians, on the Monongahela river. The defeat was total; sixty-four officers out of eighty-five, and about six hundred privates were killed. A hasty retreat ensued.

The army made no halt until it met the division under Dunbar, forty miles in the rear. There Braddock died from his wounds. The whole army continued to retreat until it reached Cumberland, (Md.,) then called Fort Cumberland, one hundred and twenty miles from the scene of the catastrophe.—*Cumberland Telegraph*.

CHAPTER VIII.—MISS BLACKBURN'S VISITERS.

A MAY morning, fresh, sweet, and bright, the soft air ringing with the songs of birds, and fragrant with flowers, that covered bank and slope, woody nooks and secret dells of the contented earth; tender clouds, islanding the blue heaven; and the gracious sunshine upon all—pure, and serene, and hopeful, as only spring sunshine ever is.

Mr. Joy lifted up his face to that same sunshine, and paused long in his occupation. It was that of planting out young geraniums in the flower-borders immediately under the windows of his mistress's favorite sitting-room. At one of these windows occasionally appeared the face of Miss Blackburn. She was pacing up and down the apartment, it seemed, and ever and anon stopped and looked out, with eyes that borrowed no light or clearness from the morning. The dark, mobile face was disturbed; and restlessness and anxiety were evident enough in her every look and movement. Presently she opened the window:—

"Joy, have you sent the flowers to Thornhill?"

"Half-an-hour ago, ma'am. Likewise the sparrer-grass and the strawberries. Little Jim took 'em."

"Has he returned yet?"

"No ma'am. He's a slow boy, is Jim, partic'ler at this time o' year. You see the primroses and such like are a temptation to him. He always comes back with a great bunch stuck in his hat. Also, he's set his mind on getting the first branch of May blossom. He does every year, and it hinders him of his errands, I don't deny. But bless you, ma'am, it's very natural."

"I shall want him to go to Thornhill again as soon as he returns," said his mistress; "he must take word that I have to stay at home to-day. I am hourly expecting the arrival of a friend who is coming from London to see me, so that I shall not be able to go to Miss Dynevor as I had arranged."

"Poor young lady, she did look bad, surely, yesterday, when I see her a-sitting at the window; just for all the world like a flower that's come out too soon, and got nipped, and blown about, and all the color dried out of it. It quite vexed me to see it, so it did. She seemed such a nice, quiet young lady, too," went on Mr. Joy, leaning on his spade, and assuming an air of meditative concern, "and took a deal of interest in the garden. And she was just beginning to know about the place. I used to meet her early in the mornings when I rode to the post—walking along the north road, or the woodland—walking at a pace. For all that, though, she didn't look special strong."

"No. But she will get stronger now. Hillington air will make her strong, Joy, depend upon it."

"If anything will, ma'am," he returned, with grave confidence. "But you see, sometimes, air don't seem to be the thing that's wanted to set people to rights. Don't you remember the young lady they brought here last April two years—her as died the evening before her wedding day? How the doctors said she'd be sure to get well in this healthy, pleasant place, and how her father and mother believed it, and even her husband that was to be got quite bright-like about it. And yet there she lies under the white stone in our churchyard, close to the wood she was so fond of. Poor young thing!"

"I remember her," said Miss Blackburn, softly, half to herself. She added, in a quick, almost peevish, tone, "I don't see what all this has to do with Miss Dynevor. You are of a terrible lugubrious turn of mind, Joy;" and she turned away, leaving him to pursue his work in happy ignorance of the meaning of the adjective she had applied to him.

Jim returned; the note was written and despatched; and Miss Blackburn sat down and began her knitting. A wonderful piece of handiwork was that knitting. Intended for a window-curtain, and wrought in a pattern specially devised for its easiness of execution and simplicity of stitch, it existed as a perpetual remembrancer and inexorable diary of its maker's "states of mind." An English day, all sunshine, would be no greater marvel than a single row of Miss Blackburn's knitting without a mistake. She was precisely of that vehement, impatient temperament, which might be not unaptly designated as anti-needle-workian. Her fingers moved swiftly but not deftly; there was no nicety in her performances, at the best and quietest of times. And when any disturbance was in progress, when any suspense tried the imperfectly regulated mind, or when there was any bitterness newly rising in the poor, tossed heart, that had not yet found its peace, then she had a habit of sitting down to her "work," and the unlucky window-curtain became a sort of practical confessional, and, at the same time, the victim of the penance. Then were stitches dropped, and twisted, and misplaced, and entangled cotton was impatiently jerked until it broke; and then did strange intricacies appear, and unthought-of variations diversified the simple "barley-corn" pattern which was the original intention of the designer and planner of the drapery.

Not long, however, did the weaving proceed this morning. Visitors were announced. Two ladies and a gentleman were ushered into the room—habited, booted, and spurred—members of one of the "county families." They had taken Hillington Place in their morning's ride, as a favorable opportunity of paying a visit to its mistress. Had they known all, they might have postponed their morning call even to an apparently less convenient occasion. However, Miss Blackburn put by her knitting, and as-

sumed as pleasant a smile as was consistent with assumption. She sat down and conversed blandly, and listened politely to the mild chit-chat of the Misses Egerton, and the interspersed remarks of their brother, a fine specimen of a young squire who could not sit still in his chair for two minutes together, but strode to the window, looked at the pictures on the walls, yawned, gesticulated with his riding whip, and seemed generally uneasy, not to say unhappy, at finding himself in feminine society. Miss Blackburn felt quite a sympathy with his discomfort; he could not wish himself away more heartily than she did—though she concealed her aspiration with something more of good breeding.

In the midst of Miss Egerton's description of a proposed archery meeting, anent which both she and her sister were warming into unusual animation, the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room, unannounced. Young Mr. Egerton had an observation on his lips, and no possible occurrence could or should prevent its utterance. So he went on to state what a capital shot Sir Charles Blackburn used to be, while Miss Blackburn rose from her chair, with a cheek flushed darkly—almost as much from annoyance as pleasure—and clasped the hand of the new comer.

"Is it possible? Mr. Avarne!" cried the Misses Egerton, in a soprano duet, *con molto allegro*, while their brother chimed in with a deep bass of "Well, I'll be hanged if ——" leaving the rest of his astonishment to the eloquent expression of his eyes and mouth.

Mr. Avarne duly responded to these testimonials of delighted surprise. Miss Blackburn envied him the calm equanimity with which he sat down and prepared to listen and reply to the Egertonian small-talk. She looked at him, meanwhile, closely, narrowly, till she could bear it no longer, and the choking in her throat warned her to turn her eyes, and as much of her thoughts as would go with them, to something else.

But her old friend, and this the son of that friend, lived too constantly at her heart to be even momentarily exiled. And he was so altered. A vision came before her, of the boy she had first seen at his mother's knee, bright-eyed and radiant with life and energy; and then the slow, wholesome growth she had watched, until he ceased to be a boy, and took his place among men. These visions slid before her eyes, for a moment blotting out the reality—a worn face, and the broad temples, over which now very thinly fell the black hair, and the eyes unnaturally large and earnest, as if with watching and much thought. A more impassive calm rested on his features than had been wont. The expression was brave, manly, kind, and good, as of old, but it seldom changed. The sudden lights and shadows never visited his face now. He listened to Miss Egerton's chatter with the same attentive, quiet air, whether she spoke of

hunts, balls, and county families, or—of friends of his own, as she was proceeding to do.

"You are not aware of the acquisition Hillington society has recently received? Literary, too. You will be sure to sympathize. Mr. Dynevor, the author, has come to live amongst us. I suppose you know him?"

"I do, and I can congratulate you feelingly on your good fortune. He is a man whose brilliant talent is but one of his claims to admiration and esteem."

"Dear me, that is truly delightful," observed Miss Egerton, while her sister, Miss Laura, added an inquiry:—

"And the family, Mr. Avarne? Do you know anything of his wife and daughters? But I suppose *they* did not mix in the same circles; I know that literary men——"

"Oh, pardon me; I never met Mr. Dynevor in any society of which ladies did not form a part," briefly inserted Mr. Avarne.

"What are you thinking of, Miss Laura?" cried her hostess, sharply. "Where did you gather such notions of literary men, and their wives and daughters? For my part, it is the literary man's daughter that I know most about. She is my *friend*."

Mr. Avarne's glance flashed on her with an instant's resumption of its ancient brightness. Miss Laura slowly struggled out of her dilemma as she best might.

"I am sure, if I had guessed —— But my ignorance must plead my excuse. How glad we shall be to make their acquaintance; shall we not, Sophia?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the young lady, graciously.

And her brother nipped in the bud a somewhat sarcastic rejoinder from Miss Blackburn, by proceeding to impart *his* sentiments on the subject:—"We want some fresh faces badly enough—that's all I know. Don't care who they are, if they're young, and agreeable, and ready to dance; and if they can ride, so much the better."

"And we have seen Miss Dynevor," added his sister; "we met her with her little brother and sister two days since on the H —— road."

"Remarkably good-looking girl, too," pronounced Mr. Egerton, emphasizing the observation with a fresh slash of the whip at his boot.

Mr. Avarne rose from his chair, and moved from the group, apparently to examine some plants on a stand at the window.

"That must have been Miss Helen Dynevor," Miss Blackburn said. "Her elder sister has been ill, and is only just slowly recovering."

"Dear me! how distressing! Laura, had you any idea it was so late? Mr. Avarne's appearance"—with a benignant smile wasted on the flower-stand—"has quite made us forget everything else. We must really be going now."

Adieux, civil and sweet, followed, with an addition to Mr. Avarne, of earnest inquiries as to when they should see him at Egerton Park. But civilities, and sweetesses, and invitations, seemed all alike lost on this invulnerable gentleman, who stood in a somewhat stiff phase of courtesy, bowing his thanks, and uttering words, few, but definitive, as to the proffered hospitality. He should be in London again the next day; and at the end of the week he left England, probably for some years.

"You don't mean it?" cried Mr. Egerton, with his favorite astonished look. "Why, we were going to ask you to come to us next September, to help kill our partridges. Couldn't you wait?"

"You are very kind. Unhappily, my plans do not admit of postponement."

A terzetto of regret, hopes, and valedictions followed, till the door closed, and the two old friends were left alone.

"Now, Walter, you needn't be *Mr. Avarne* a minute longer," cried Miss Blackburn, impatiently, but with an air of infinite relief, as she invited him to a cushioned chair on one side of the window recess. She herself took the other, and both of them looked out in silence for some minutes.

"There seems to be no change here," at length said he. "It looks just as it did that May morning, four years ago, when we came to stay a month with you. I could almost declare that is the same thrush on the lawn there, which I remember was then singing on the lower branch of the great walnut-tree. As for the bees, they *are* the same; I know their voices." He smiled; then went on in a slower and softer tone—"It is pleasant, and comforting, and restful, to come back into something that is unaltered and unalterable. Nature, like sorrow, is 'so constant and so kind;' and then—she is a visible symbol of the Eternal Constancy which is over all."

"Why do you run away from her, then?" demanded his friend, peremptorily eager, perhaps, to hide the gathering softness in her eyes. "Why in the world exile yourself from all that you most appreciate and care for? I used to glory in your love for English scenes and English things. But it is all theory, it seems: and I hate your theoretical enthusiasts, who are practical dullards. If you have an affection for *home*, show it, and live it, and prove it. Don't run away from a thing because you love it; there's no sense in that."

"Isn't there? I'm afraid there is sometimes," replied Walter Avarne. "It is a hard duty; but if it *be* a duty—"

"What have you taken into your head about 'duty?' I am afraid only of two things in the world—a mad dog, and *you*, when you get possessed with some idea of duty. If you thought it right to set this house on fire, I know you

would do it, and burn us all up without any compunction."

"And you would hand me the lucifer match with which to fire the pile, wouldn't you?"

"Not a bit of it. I'd lay an information against you at the nearest magistrate, and have you bound over in heavy recognizances to keep the peace, and not leave the country. I wish, indeed, that I could do that," she went on, gravely; "only you are not mercenary enough to care about the forfeit. You would pay the thousand pounds, and go."

"Indeed, you are greatly mistaken; I have the highest esteem and consideration for a thousand pounds."

"Really?"

She looked at him, laughing; but something in his face made her look again, seriously and inquiringly.

"Yes, it is true. At this mature age I am learning a new lesson—the value of money. More than that, I am going to learn a newer yet—to gain some for myself."

"You are? Walter Avarne, son of Colonel Avarne, formerly of Moorhead Park, in the county of —, and grandson of—of —"

"Ah, you may well stop there," he cried, laughing. "You see the family glory, according to heraldic notions, does not extend very far back. Unhappily for my pride of ancestry, most happily for every other sort of pride, my grandfather was a man of business. I am going to begin life on the patrimony I derive from him, his good name, and remembered integrity, and mercantile talents. If it had not been for that, I should probably not be received, as I now am, junior partner in the firm of Johnson, Gray, & Ryland, Jamaica Merchants, Mincing Lane, and Kingston, Jamaica. You appear overwhelmed."

"So I am; so I was, at least," said Miss Blackburn, drawing a long breath. "Oh, Walter, how comes this?"

"It is rather a long story, yet resolvable into a very simple statement. At my father's death ten years ago, I discovered involvements and embarrassments which, dealt with in the only right and practicable manner, reduced the estate of Moorhead to something merely nominal. It was possible, however, to keep my mother in happy ignorance of this; *she* never knew. But now it is necessary to work upwards; that is to say, if it is not exactly necessary, I choose to consider that it is. I am glad of an occasion for plunging into active, useful life. And it will be a good thing and a pleasant thing to reclaim Moorhead, she loved it so well."

"But—but is there no other way? Is there no other career open to you, Walter?"

"Yes; an old friend of my father's offered me a commission in his regiment. I preferred Johnson, Gray, & Ryland, and declined with thanks."

"I had no idea your predilections were so exclusively commercial," observed Miss Blackburn, laughing rather sharply.

"Nor are they. If I saw other work before me worthy the doing, and that I believed myself worthy to undertake, I would hail it gladly, pursue it steadfastly. But none such offers itself. Out of the blankness and blackness of a long time of doubt and uncertainty, surely arises at length a guiding ray of light. A way will be indicated, if we only wait; and in this case it has been so. I have utter faith in the wisdom and advantage of the course I intend to follow."

"But why choose this particular calling?" persisted Miss Blackburn. "I'm sure you are not especially fitted for that sort of work. If you want to distinguish yourself, why don't you go into Parliament, for instance?"

"Well, for one objection," Walter replied, with a certain amused gravity, "my income just falls short of the requisite £300 per annum. There are a few other reasons, but this one is cogent, you must admit."

"Very well, then. There is your friend Lord—in the ministry. He has more than once, to my knowledge, hinted at his wish that you would accept an official appointment. What could be more advantageous?"

"I choose to earn my advantages before I enjoy them," answered Mr. Avarne, flushing slightly. "I have never done anything to merit favor at the hands of government: I don't repudiate reward; but I scorn a bribe, be it never so prettily disguised."

"I am not silenced," cried Miss Blackburn, with obstinate vehemence; "I don't care for all these difficulties. There are, there must be, a thousand ways by which you, with your position, influence, talent, may plunge into active, useful life, without abandoning your class and your country, abjuring your tastes and privileges, as you seem resolved on doing."

"I assure you I have no such dire resolves in my mind," he answered, with a smile. "As for my 'class'—but, perhaps, you would define that somewhat vague term before I pledge myself to anything regarding it—I am afraid I am to be humbled by finding you place me lower than I had thought."

"Nonsense, oh, nonsense!" cried his friend, coloring. "I won't be talked down by you. Walter Avarne, I believe you are going to do a Quixotic thing; and it is my determination and my duty (there's your own word for it!) to protest against it to the very utmost, and till the last minute—"

"Of the existence of your belief?" Mr. Avarne put in. "Of course. But I assure you, that belief is presently going to die a natural death. Listen to me for only a few minutes."

"I have a great mind *not* to listen," muttered his friend; "I know you of old—you have such

a cold, quiet, reasonable way with you—you argue so logically, you convince even when you can't persuade: and I wish neither to be convinced nor persuaded."

"Honor to candor!" cried Mr. Avarne, laughing; "at least no one can complain of *you* for being too reasonable."

He went on quietly, patiently, and succinctly, to tell her his plans, entering more fully into his reasons for adopting them. His mother's West India estates, it seemed, were now the only available property he possessed, and this had determined him on embarking in the firm, and also on going to Jamaica personally, to inspect and examine into the condition of the plantations.

"And how long do you intend to remain among your sugar-canes?" inquired Miss Blackburn, still with a lowering brow.

"Two years, perhaps, not longer."

"Not longer?" she echoed; "oh you are a heartless person—so coolly resolving to leave this dear England—its blessed, wholesome climate; its myriad associations; its fair, succeeding seasons. Look out at this window, and remember what you are doing in banishing yourself from spring for two years. In your whole life you can never redeem that loss."

"Believe me, I have counted the forfeit," he answered, sadly, and paused.

"Besides," went on his companion, impetuously, "you are not so extremely youthful that you can afford to sink two years in such an uncivilized, out-of-the-world place as Jamaica. You ought to take your stand *here*—at home. You ought to make for yourself an innermost and dearer home. In a word, instead of wandering about the world, a solitary, unsettled sojourner in strange places, you should fill up your life—'give hostages to fortune.' The sole thing wanting to complete your character, Walter," concluded Miss Blackburn, with slow decision, "is, that you should fall in love."

He made no answer, but gazed fixedly out at the radiant prospect. She continued, in a lighter tone.

"I've no patience with you for being so long about it. For these last five years I've been expecting to see the ominous tokens appear; but no—there's neither more nor less sentimentality about you than ever there was. "I can't convict you of any more poetical tendencies than you have manifested ever since you were sixteen. You had a wholesome distaste for Byron, and awe of Milton, and love of Shakspeare then, as you have now; and you prefer Beethoven to Mozart, as you always did—a very bad sign. And now, there only needed this money-making concern to drive everything else out of your mind. I know how it will all end, Walter, and I am provoked, disappointed, cruelly, cruelly! You, that might have been so good—so great:—to think that I may live to see you a calculating,

speculating, hard-headed, old bachelor man of business. You will grow selfish in solitude—men always do; and *economical*, I suppose,” with unutterable scorn—“A fine, manly, expansive virtue wherewith to embellish your latter days. And all because one gap in your character has never been filled up—the sharp angles never smoothed away, as they ought to have been. And so you will harden and roughen, till the world will not know you from common clay at last.” She stopped from sheer breathlessness.

“My friend,” said Mr. Avarne, gently, after a brief pause, “you are speaking hastily, judging unjustly. I have no extreme pride, no undue confidence in myself; but your estimate falls far below even my own. I am *not* likely to sink into such a character as you describe. My mother’s son will never be either an avaricious speculator, or a cold-hearted utilitarian. As for the rest, we cannot command circumstances or influences. They are at a disposal wiser and more merciful than ours. I am content to live my life with all its gaps unfilled, if it must be so. At least they shall rather remain empty, than contain other than God fitted them for. Now,” he added, rising from his seat, “won’t you let me have one last walk with you round the shrubberies? Remember, I must start at sunset.”

Poor Miss Blackburn was infinitely disturbed. Sadness made her cross; and her vexation again reacted upon her depression. Hers was not altogether a pleasant or soothing companionship that morning. If Walter Avarne had esteemed her or understood her less entirely, he might have had occasion to regret his hasty journey of sixty miles, undertaken solely in order to pass a few farewell hours with his old friend. Undertaken *solely* for this? The statement is perfectly correct. No thought of Thornhill had entered into his desire to go to Hillington; or, if it did, it rather delayed than furthered the accomplishment of the desire.

There was no sentimentalism about him. His was a strong, though a gentle nature. He would not suffer himself to entertain one vain regret: he scorned the weakness of lamenting *the inevitable*. Difficulties, even though apparently insurmountable, aroused all the latent energy and determination of his soul. Opposition spurred him to contest. While the goal existed, and for him—were it even placed midway between earth and heaven—he would have fought his way at least *towards* it, undaunted and unwearied. But to chafe against fate was no part of his creed or his practice. He permitted to himself no luxury of retrospection—no assuaging relief of softening tenderness. In this he was perhaps right, since the bent of his character was not towards the Spartan, or heroic.

Where retrospection is not luxury, nor sadness

a relief, it may be safely assumed as wholesome discipline to indulge in both. But the gentler temperament, to which they are most natural and most grateful, is the one in which they have need to be most rigidly held in check.

Therefore, when Miss Blackburn took her guest to the rising ground at the back of the house, and pointed out Thornhill Cottage to his notice, he glanced at it only, and turned away to look on the other side of the hill, where the sea was flashing back the sunlight to the skies. The sea was glorious that morning; it heaved in the west wind, a light foam crested its waves, and the sound of the advancing tide reached their ears, in a low, brooding murmur. Mr. Avarne turned all his attention to this part of the prospect; but for once Miss Blackburn seemed willing to look in another direction.

“There is the old wood, you see, Walter, and the little church in the very midst, as it seems, from here. And there is the green lane: ah, how fond poor Anne is of that green lane. She used to walk up it every morning, till the very day she was too ill to leave her room. You know that she has been ill?”

“I heard you say so to Miss Egerton. But she is convalescent now?”

“Yes, in a poor sort, though. She looks painfully fragile.”

“She will recover her strength this summer,” said Mr. Avarne, in an unconsciously assured tone; “that is,” he added, hastily, “the change of air and scene will do their work. It cannot fail to restore her.”

“I trust so; and you know even now she repudiates the title of invalid. She lies on the sofa in their little drawing-room, working with such indefatigable fingers, most part of the day. I am glad you will see her. I know it will please her so much. She has a strong regard for you, I am sure.” There was no reply, so she continued, “You will find her much changed.”

“I—find? What do you mean?” cried Mr. Avarne, startled into an exclamation.

“Why, of course you will go and say goodbye to your friends the Dynevors and the Grants?”

“Do you so dread the idea of an afternoon’s tête-à-tête with me, then, that you are planning how it may be broken?” asked he, with a resolute smile. “You will find me contumacious on the point. My adieux to my other Hillington friends may be safely made by proxy, I think. I have no intention of visiting them to-day.”

“Oh, if *you* don’t think it necessary, I assure you I shall not complain. I had an idea that you were intimate with the Dynevors, and liked them much.”

“It is quite true. I shall hope to resume my intimacy some years hence, when I return to England. *Now*, I had rather look in front, sternly and steadily,” he said, with a momentary

abruptness, that Miss Blackburn thought she understood.

So she said no more on the subject of visits; and the sense of how much sorrow and heaviness of spirit might, nay, *must*, be hidden under his calm and even chill exterior, at length penetrated to her heart, and quieted her own disturbance. For the rest of her visitor's stay she was herself in her best mood; most thoughtful, most warmly affectionate, kind and vigorously cheerful.

Albert had discovered an eligible friend and ally in the person of Mr. Joy. A mutual attachment had sprung up between them. The boy found a never-ending interest and amusement in watching the various processes of gardening, and listening to Joy's continuous remarks, speculations, and pieces of information, the while; and the man was gratified by the eloquent flattery of his attention and constant companionship, and attracted, besides, by the way in which "the young gentleman took so kindly like, to a spade and a hoe, and were so careful and tender over the flowers, as if he loved 'em, a'most."

It was Albert's custom to make excuses for coming to Hillington Place at least once in the course of every day. Grace seldom accompanied him on these expeditions, especially since Anne's illness; for it was the little girl's delight to remain with her sister, waiting on her as much as she would permit herself to be waited on, watching her, chattering to her that frank, sweet child's talk that Anne, like most of us, felt her heart leap to sometimes, as to something more akin to its innermost self, more pure, and true, and innately holy, than all eloquence, or wisdom, or philosophy. In those long quiet afternoons Anne tasted much peace. The sharp suffering of physical prostration was past. The languor of illness was about her now, and it is an atmosphere through which all things are seen softened and subdued for the time. Pain itself falls with a dead, nerveless stroke on the body as on the spirit, which is already numbed by that which has gone before.

So, day after day, when Anne retired for rest and quiet to her own room, Grace went with her, helping, with proud officiousness, to dispose the invalid comfortably upon her pillows, and then, taking her work or her book to the window, divided her attention between them and the prospect without, too new as yet to be ignored for long together.

On this particular afternoon Albert left them thus, stopping for a moment, as he ran out at the gate, to look up at the window, where Anne's plants just shaded the little girl's face, which was smiling out at him, in greeting.

"Good-by, Grace:—shan't be long. When I come back, we'll have a run out on the heath. Wish you were coming now; it's *such* an afternoon."

And while Grace responded with happy nods and gestures, deprecatory at once of his regrets and his loud expression of them, Mrs. Dynevor appeared at the open doorway.

"Albert! where are you going? Helen and I are going to walk towards H—, you had better come with us. I don't like your running about the country by yourself in this fashion. It does not appear respectable."

The boy looked at her, half indignant, half dismayed. Mr. Dynevor's voice sounded from the parlor within:—"My dear, the vagabond instinct is too strong in him to be restrained. One of his grandfathers must have been either a gypsy or a travelling tinker, I feel sure. Let him have his way, and only be thankful that the race of highwaymen is extinct. He can't follow Captain Macheath's brilliant example, luckily, let him wish it ever so much."

"What nonsense, Edmund; why can't the boy walk out quietly and properly with his mother and sister?"

"Natural revulsion of the masculine nature at twelve years of age against quiet and propriety," came the explicatory reply, with an accompanying rustle of the newspaper.

"I'm not going to run about the country," here chimed in Albert; "I'm only going to Miss Blackburn's. Joy is planting out some young rose-trees—"

"Rose-trees!" repeated his mother, in muttered disdain; "what have you to do with planting out rose-trees?"

"I should like to know how to do it myself," maintained he. "I mean to have a rose garden in my little piece, and Grace would like one too. So I want to learn all about it."

"Oh, mamma, do let Albert go this afternoon," interposed Helen, running out, netting in hand; "Miss Blackburn promised to lend me a new novel that she has had from London. I said I would send for it. Don't forget, Albert, to bring it back with you."

"All right!" cried Albert, bounding off before any further maternal objections could be urged. It was not the first time that his impetuous temper had been chafed under similar convulsions of authority. Mrs. Dynevor had an unfortunate belief in the necessary iniquity of anything that Albert particularly wished to do, and as Helen did not always want a book fetched from the library at Hillington Place, it sometimes went hard with the boy, who had generally to purchase his pleasure beforehand, by a long lecture, or string of expostulations. As now. Not till he was fairly launched into the kind of ocean of light, and beauty, and freshness, with which the day seemed flooding the world, did Albert's rebellious spirit recover its better tone. But the green wood was loud with birds, and gay with flowers, and a rabbit ran across the path,—and he yielded at last to these softening influences. By the time he arrived

at the side of Mr. Joy, he was thoroughly attuned to gardening interests, and ready to be engrossed by considerations of rose-trees.

And the next two or three hours was a happy time. He watched the deliberate labors of Mr. Joy, and listened to his equally deliberate and measured flow of talk. His range of subjects was not wide, but then Albert found them all most interesting. They rarely went beyond the precincts of Hillington, but within those precincts the gardener's fund of information seemed inexhaustible, and his acquaintance with the details of the village history of the past twenty years was absolutely marvellous. The shadows began to lengthen, and the moderate task for the day was drawing to completion, and still Albert, unwearied, stood leaning on a superfluous spade, and turning his eager face to Joy's dark visage—the black eyes shining back upon him a look of much kindness and satisfaction.

"That was—let's see—oh, a matter of seventeen years ago. The old master was alive, and he, and my missus as is now, lived here, and young Mr. Charles, what is now the barrownet, was away with his regiment. That there shrubbery was a bed of piccotees, and them two beeches was just planted that spring—young things, with stakes to keep 'em up. It was a hard summer, and every one thought the great rose-tree over the south wall was as good as dead; it did wither off so black, like. But it came out again next year, for all that, with a finer show of blossom than ever. Now, I remember, as well as if it was only yesterday, seeing Miss Hester (as we called her then—and a fine, handsome, young lady she was, surely—such a spirit, and so active and lithesome like, though, to be sure, she's all that now)—well, I remember seeing her standing on her tiptoes to gather a great bunch of them roses, on the 10th of June—the day Captain Blackburn was expected home. And she had one on 'em in her hair when they come that evening. I never see them deep red roses without thinking of that night—Miss Hester standing at the open hall door in the moonlight, and the carriage driving up the sweep; and the two young gentlemen leaping out, so eager and joyful—I can see their faces plain, this minute."

"Two young gentlemen?" said Albert. "Has Miss Blackburn two brothers, then?"

"No," returned Joy, slowly, and stooping to pull up a vagrant bindweed that interfered with his operations. That duty performed, he resumed speaking. "No; it was a brother-officer of our Mr. Charles. They was great friends, and the Christmas before the regiment was ordered abroad Lieutenant Clive spent at Hillington. And now they both come back together again—they was such great friends," repeated Joy. "And we had a gay summer of it—a mong ourselves, though, for the most part.

Every morning the horses were ordered out, and Miss Hester, and Mr. Charles, and Lieutenant Clive, rode off—all about the country. Miss Hester rode beautifully. She was such a light, little, supple figure, you see—she scarce seemed to be heavier in the saddle than a bird. I liked to see her on her white mare—the creature tossing its head, and playing off its proud sort of pranks, as if it knowed what a pet it was; and its missus enjoying its tricks, and looking out at the others with her eyes all a-sparkling and a-shining."

"Ah!" said Albert, drawing a deep breath, in awed appreciation of these by-gone delights. There was a pause. Joy went on with his work, with a temporary accession of unaccustomed energy. "Does Miss Blackburn ride often now?" was his companion's next question.

"Bless you, no!" he replied, taking off his hat, and wiping his brows with the red cotton handkerchief he produced from the crown thereof. "Let me see—why, that very year was the last of any of it. The two young gentlemen went away in the autumn, and Sylvy, (we used to call the mare Sylvy) kept idle in her stall all that winter. Only the groom ever mounted her; Miss Hester never once rode her again. In the spring, old Mr. Blackburn died, and then Mr. Charles come home on leave; not till after the funeral, though, for the regiment was at some place in foreign parts. Poor Miss Hester had all the gloomiest time by herself. Then, after her brother come back, she was ill, and Mr. Charles exchanged into another regiment, so as to stay in England. And then they both went travelling about for a year; and while they was away, Sylvy was sold, and all the other riding horses. There's never been none kept since at the Place—only the one I ride to the post, and that we put in the phaeton some times. When Mr. Charles (that is Sir Charles now) comes down, he brings his own. But Miss Hester has given up riding for these many years."

Joy began collecting his tools together—droning a low tune to himself the while—a certain gravity overshadowing his aspect. Albert very unwillingly turned to go. It was getting late he supposed; and on the gardener consulting his great round silver watch, it proved to be past seven.

"Tea-time!" cried Albert; "I shall catch it!" And he was running off, after a hearty leave-taking of his friend, when a sudden recollection stopped him. "If I hadn't nearly forgotten. I must go into the house, Mr. Joy; I've a book to get for my sister. Do you know if Miss Blackburn's in?"

"Most like she is, sir—'cause of the visiter as came this morning."

But Albert did not wait for more. He rushed along the winding path that skirted the shrubbery with such impetuous speed, that he

very narrowly escaped a violent collision with two figures that were slowly pacing the broad walk at the end. Miss Blackburn and her visitor stopped; Albert stood transfixed, regarding the gentleman with a most boyish and unconventional stare. Then he rushed towards him, seizing his hand with a gripe thoroughly in keeping with his loud exclamation—

“Well, if I'm not glad!” And then followed a rush of questions: “When did he come? how long was he going to stay? had he been to their house? would he go with him now?” winding up with, “Well, I *am* pleased; I thought we were never going to see you any more.”

Mr. Avarne smiled down on the boy's eager face, kindly, affectionately, though with a certain trouble in his look, as he made answer. Albert's dismay at what he heard was undisguised.

“Going away this evening? directly? Is he, Miss Blackburn, really? 'Tisn't fun? And never see any of them at home? Oh, won't they be properly sorry?”

“Mr. Avarne was only able to spare me a few hours,” said Miss Blackburn, coming to the rescue; “and he must leave Hillington in half an hour, to catch the mail at the cross-roads.”

“Then you'll pass the end of our lane! Won't he, Miss Blackburn? And there's Grace sitting at Anne's window. Do you know Anne's been ill? And papa—but he's getting well now; and we have such a nice garden; and Grace and me have such nice fun! Oh, I do wish—I have such a lot to say,” cried Albert, in grief, “When will you come down again?”

“I am going to leave England next week, Albert, for two or three years.”

“Years! shant we see you again for *years*?”

“No. Little Grace will be no longer little—and you—why, you will be grown out of my remembrance,” said Mr. Avarne, smiling again the quiet smile, as he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, in his old fashion. Albert walked on beside him, in silence, his head turned towards the laurels and syringas that hedged in the path. He pulled a sprig, and began to twist it about, and tear the leaves from it in a manner unusual to him. But he was ashamed of the tears that came quickly to his eyes, and were choking in his throat.

“You must take my messages home,” went on Mr. Avarne; “you always were the most trustworthy of ambassadors, I know.”

“Very well; and I must go now,” said Albert, with an unwilling but instinctive feeling that the two friends would wish to be uninterrupted during the last half-hour of the visitor's stay. “I'll remember every word you tell me,” he added, in a low voice.—“And I'm going—directly.”

But he did not go directly. Mr. Avarne detained him, lingered over his “messages,” which after all were brief and simple enough; and

seemed to find a certain contentment in having the boy near him, asking him a few trivial, indifferent questions, and talking to him in his old way, the way that had gone straight to Albert's heart long ago.

Finally, the chaise drove up to the entrance, while they still slowly paced up and down the path. Miss Blackburn was too thoughtful and sad to be “cross,” as she might otherwise have been, at this diversion of Walter Avarne's attention. Besides, she was touched to see the subdued look and manner of Albert, in whom gravity or depression was so unaccustomed, and seemed so strange. Albert remained, therefore; leave-takings were over—last words said—and Mr. Avarne sprang into the carriage, which drove off, leaving Miss Blackburn and the boy standing together on the stone step, and hearing the noise of wheels growing faint along the road.

“How stupidly we stand, looking at that blank space *there!*” cried Miss Blackburn, indicating with a fierce, abrupt, impulsive gesture the spot where the carriage had stood.

“I wonder when he'll be back. I wish the three years were over, I know,” said Albert, with a determined last rubbing of his already reddened eyes. “Do you think he'll be back in three years, Miss Blackburn?”

“Oh, yes! I think so, of course—for he says he will. Doubt is a vile thing—mean, murderous, ghastly!”

Albert looked up, puzzled by her low, sustained voice, and the queer-sounding words; and then was no less puzzled by the strangeness of her aspect; for she was still gazing straight out before her at “the blank space—there!”

She threw back her head; her eyes dilated for an instant, then grew quiet; and the troubled interval was over.

“You must run home, Albert,” she said, holding out her hand, with her pleasantest, kindest smile; “they will wonder what has become of you. Tell Anne that I shall be with her in the morning. Good-by.”

And she reëntered the house, while Albert, at top speed, rushed home through garden, field, wood, and lane, not stopping even to look at the sunset glow shining through the trees, a sight very precious to his unaccustomed eyes.

They were all at tea when he went in, but Anne's sofa was drawn to the window, and her face was lit up rosily, by the radiance in the sky. There was an outcry upon Albert's entrance.

“Where *have* you been? It's very strange that you take such delight in worrying me out of my life, nearly,” was his mother's complaint.

“And you've never forgotten my book, surely?” cried Helen, with rising indignation.

“I didn't forget, at first; but Mr. Avarne put it all out of my head. I've seen Mr. Avarne.”

“When? where? how?” Mr. Dynevor in-

quired, with animation. "Is he here? is he coming here directly?"

And he half rose from his chair, eager to meet the expected visitor.

"No; he's gone again. He went off in a chaise from Miss Blackburn's ten minutes ago. He couldn't come to see you; he was sorry, he said. He only came to Hillington this morning."

"To be sure—Miss Blackburn said she expected a friend, in her message to us this morning," observed Mrs. Dynevor; adding, with much severity, "I must say, I think it is very bad behavior in her to keep him from coming to see his old friends, like that."

"Pshaw! if he is to be kept away," remarked her husband, in an acrimonious tone, "we may resign ourselves to the privation."

"Oh, papa, don't say anything, because, we shall never again see him, perhaps," said Albert, very beseechingly. "Only think! He is going to Jamaica, for ever so many years."

There followed enough loudness of unrestrained astonishment to smother Anne's silence, and Helen's gasping exclamation. In the midst of it all, little Grace began quietly to cry, and stole to Anne to hide her face and her tears in her lap.

"Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Dynevor; "and what in the world should make him go, passes my understanding. To Jamaica! Now, if it had been Rome, or the Rhine, or anything of that kind—"

"Avarne wishes to avoid the beaten track. It is too common to go abroad for pleasure now-a-days. He'll none of your fine scenery and agreeable climates; no, no,—the tropics for him, with mosquitoes, and pestilences, and those kinds of excitements. It's an original idea," went on Mr. Dynevor, with the spiteful enjoyment of sarcasm which men reserve for their dearest friends when they are vexed with them; "and Avarne was always a fellow with notions of his own. You will see it will be taken up, followed. People will make the grand tour of the West India Islands, and yellow will be the fashionable complexion—in a year or two. Helen, give me my tea?"

Helen obeyed, laughing hysterically. No one noticed, but Anne. No one watched her as she left the room, but Anne, who disengaged herself from Grace's clinging arms, and followed her up-stairs.

In their room, Helen had flung herself into a chair, and was lost in a passion of sobbing.

"Go away; oh, go away!" she cried, as Anne, too weak to stand, sank on the floor beside her.

"I cannot—I shall not; I will help you to bear it," said Anne, bravely and calmly. But with the words, somehow, she for the first time realized *what* had to be borne. It surrounded her, closed her in; darkened the outside world, and crushed all consciousness for a minute.

She heard her sister's frightened voice:—"Anne, oh Anne! do look up. What is the matter?"

"Nothing; dear. Don't mind; only I am not so strong as I thought."

CHAPTER IX.—IN THORNHILL COTTAGE.

The two or three days following engirdled a time which always seemed to Anne like a separate and distinct existence. The clock chimed the same hours; twilight deepened into night, and mellowed into dawn; morning, noon, and eve followed one another; the outside world went on, and she with it, as usual. But then beyond—within, what a world surged in tumult or stupified in dead calm!

The suspense was over—certainty had come. People say that there is no trial like suspense. But then, into the darkest, thickest fog of uncertainty hope *will* penetrate unawares, and though it lights up a gloomy blank enough, still it is light. Anne thought she had been infinitely wretched in doubting the love of Walter Avarne. But oh, to know that it was not her's, and never would be!—And then the terrible feeling of utter separation, no less by distance than by circumstances; that she might never see his face again, or hear his voice; that henceforth they were *utterly apart*, and he no portion of her life.

It was not right—it was not natural! Her thought cried out against it in recklessness of anguish—in very defiance of bitter fate. In the first unreflecting paroxysm, it seemed that either *wo* were enough—to lose his love, or to lose the mere possibility of his presence.

And no pride came to Anne's aid. She believed so unquestioningly in *his* goodness, his nobleness, that she had no thought of shame in her unasked love. Moreover, the one thought filled her soul to the exclusion of all others.

"He does not love me. He is going from me. I shall never see him more."

It was a crisis such as life only holds once. She might take the cold comfort of that thought to her breast—embrace it—hold it fast—for it was all she had. And there is consolation, bitter and icy, but restful, in the feeling:—"This can never be again. The wound is deep; the agony is fierce; but once suffered, it is past *for ever*."

Anne's nature was simply womanly:—it had a woman's gentleness and depth—a woman's weakness and fallibility. The faculty of constancy, sweet and precious as it is sometimes, turns into a very rack of torture often. The one idea admitted becomes so intimate a portion of woman's soul, that it cannot be torn away without such a struggle as rends its dwelling-place, and oft times leaves it a ruin. And at first it seems as if there were no help for them. Women have not the alternatives in life that so

happily exist, and cause what is conventionally termed a "disappointment" for men, to be a disease wholly and exclusively feminine. But although they have not these special alternatives, they have others, if less striking, less important in the world's view, quite as holy, and it may be, more blessed. No woman's life need be without love—love, too, begirt with all its fairest and divinest influences; love, unselfish, and beautiful, and beneficent—such as that which makes happy the angels. If the ambitions of the world do not lie within a woman's aspirations, there are dearer ones open to her, and within her reach. How much work is there to be done in the Master's vineyard by his servants, such as women alone can do, or none so well as they?

To do good to those we love, is indeed the happiest of all earth's possibilities; but simply to do good is blessed. If the first be denied, the second is a fate at the command of all. The balance is even, as it ever is, could we see aright. There is no power of good so comprehensive, so penetrating, as that of women—silent, quiet, as it is, alike unheard of and unseen, in its very silence and stillness lies much of its potency. The greatness of men rings loudly upon earth, but the goodness of women vibrates straightly up to heaven. We know little of it here, for it is not among the honored, the beloved, the eulogized, that its noblest examples are found. They whom the world think lonely, and compassionate as desolate, are oftentimes the wealthiest in these "treasures which rust not;" and again there are those in whom goodness is such a natural effluence, that it is no more affirmed or spoken of, than is the fragrance of flowers or the brightness of sunshine. The very loveliness of some lives cause them to flow on unnoticed, almost unknown, save by those whose happiness they make. The even tenor of their way is so invariably self-sacrificing, patient and benign; we recognize it only in the freshness and fairness of the growth around, even as our own little English streams glide quietly along, unseen—hidden by the very luxuriance themselves create. And thus we sing the praises of our great rivers; we will have them honored; we exult in their grandeur; we are proud of their beauty; but we love the little streams, their low ripple sinks into its own nook deep in our hearts, waking an answering music—tender, softening, and holy.

Sorrow tests our human natures as rain proves that of earth; it vitalizes the good seed and the bad; brings to fruition both sustenance and poison. Some natures it leaves a wilderness; others an ordered garden, not very gay, it may be, but planted with trees, whereof the blossoms send odorous incense into the air, and the fruits foster and bless other lives. Blessed are they on whom the chastening Hand so falls,

that the affliction of one results in the benefit of many!

But these are thoughts such as do not come at first to the soul struggling with its agony. For two days—two nights, Anne's spirit was convulsed. It seemed as though every instinct of her heart mutinied against the sudden desolation that had laid it waste. There were moments when she recoiled from herself; all was so strange, so distorted. She had known trouble very keen and hard to bear often; nay, of this very anguish that now prostrated her, she had experienced a foretaste in the pangs of only a few weeks before. But, no; that sorrow had been widely different: she had deceived herself, if she thought that incertitude, perplexity, bewilderment, were as dire to endure as any conviction of wo could be.

To the misery of this time, any physical suffering had been an alleviating, softening influence. But positive illness would not come to Anne. The gradual increase of strength only seemed retarded for awhile—nothing more. This, however, fortunately permitted to her unusual quiet and solitude. It aroused no wonder that she sat so much in her own room—alone. Alone!

And the little chamber was a safe, silent confidante. It was a pretty cheerful room; the window looked over a prospect so bright, so sunny, that Anne sometimes felt, in gazing on it, as if it were not possible that her wretchedness and nature's radiance could have existence in the same world. Through the soft morning air came the colorings of larks, and the hum of bees—or the clear voice of little Grace, as she and Albert played in the garden outside. Later in the day, Helen used to practice her music in the room immediately below. And Helen was more vigorously intent on music now, it seemed, than she had been for a long time. How horribly sounded the repeated strains of "Di piacer," and "Ah! come rapida"—with the seven or eight elaborate variations, that the ingenuity of Herz or Hüntten had attached to them. For years after, to hear those innocent cavatinas, brought back a sickening feeling to Anne's mind.

Sometimes she sat, busied with needle-work for her mother, in a kind of eager industry, her face bent over her employment—her foot restlessly beating the ground—for it was so hard to keep still! Then—she thought.

It was long before she attained any control over the turbulent thoughts. They took her prisoner—she was borne away by them, till sometimes her very identity seemed utterly lost in the general chaos. But gradually this changed; the tumult subsided, she was able to direct, arrange, reflect.

Perhaps the most acute suffering of all was when her mind began to recover its tone, and she shrank back, aghast, from the remembrance

of herself during the past two days. It was a bitter humiliation, yet it softened while it wounded. She hid her face in her hands—and a supplication, a very passion of penitence, rose from her heart to her lips. With the prayer, quieting, blessed tears came to her eyes. They were as healing waters to the sore, strained spirit. Thenceforth Anne was herself.

For the future—bravely she learned to think of it—steadily she looked it in the face.

This sorrow, she knew, was not sent to her to harden—or to crush her. She had faith in the Wisdom and Mercy which order all things; and, now the first madness of misery was over, she found refuge and support in that unquestioning trust in God which, with her, was a vital sustaining principle, and no mere surface creed.

She sealed up her past, and buried it—even as they of old inurned precious ashes, and solemnly entombed them. It would be no terrible remembrance—avoided and shrunk from—but something beautiful and beloved, with the added sacredness of *no more* encompassing it. She said this to herself quietly. For the rest—life—even *this* life, holds in itself more than happiness. Already, she did not feel desolate; already, she was at peace.

It was after sunset. Little Grace was standing in the cottage porch, looking, somewhat pensively, towards the west, where the golden and purple clouds lay restfully—every moment diminishing somewhat of their radiance and their glory.

"There! The red cloud is almost gone," cried the little girl to Albert, who was busily cutting sticks for some floricultural purpose, just within the doorway. He ran out to take his own observations, as she spoke.

"The color's gone—not the cloud, you little goose!" was his affirmation. "And don't you know what makes it all? I do. I read it the other night, in 'Dialogues on Natural Phenomena.' I like that book. I'm going to lend it to Joy."

"You are always talking about Joy, and going to him, and being with him," complained Grace; "we never have any games on the heath now. I've been alone—all this afternoon—and it was so dull."

"Well—why didn't you come, too? I went back with Miss Blackburn, when she came to see how Anne was. And then Joy was planting geraniums, so I staid to help. You might just as well have been there."

"I couldn't. Mamma gave me some work to do—and Helen forgot to show me the proper way—and I did it all wrong, and was obliged to unpick it. I had to stay in-doors all the afternoon—and mamma and Helen went to call at Egerton Park—and I was quite by myself."

"Why didn't you go to Anne?"

"Anne had gone up-stairs with a bad head-

ache. Anne is very ill, I think," she pursued, with a stifled sob, "for she looks so white, and has such bad headaches, always. And she hasn't heard me my lessons since Monday, when she began to get better. And it is dreadful not to have Anne to go to," concluded Grace, fairly bursting into tears.

"Don't—now don't cry!" peremptorily said Albert, putting his arm round her neck, with a rough, hasty, half-ashamed gesture of tenderness. "I daresay Anne will be better to-morrow. Of course, she will," he added, hacking away with renewed vigor at his bits of stick. "It's foolish of you to cry, Grace. She isn't ill, you know. There hasn't been a doctor, or anything. I heard papa say she had over-fatigued herself in the moving. Miss Blackburn says she will soon get strong."

"But she hasn't seen her since Sunday. And oh, Albert, this morning, papa said to mamma, when Anne had just gone out of the room, that—that he was very unhappy about her—she seemed so weak, he said—so unlike what she used to be."

Albert had no consolation ready for this view of the case. He looked very downcast for some minutes.

"I tell you one thing, Grace," at last he said; "I'll get up early to-morrow morning, and go and get Anne a whole lot of wild flowers out of Hillington Wood. I saw, as I came through this afternoon, there are primroses—plenty of them—still, and quantities of other flowers that I don't know the names of. And Anne does like them so—I know it will please her."

"That it will," said little Grace, looking up, brightly.

Cheerfulness was dawning. Albert resumed his labor with his shrillest whistle, till interruption came, in the form of Mrs. Dynevor, with a summons to tea.

"Children, it is time to come in! Grace—Grace—your hair is so untidy, it is perfectly dreadful to see it."

Enlargement on which theme was prevented, by the sudden discovery of one more fruitful yet. "Oh, Albert!" (And then followed the unfeeling, "You naughty, mischievous boy!") "See what a litter you have made on the ground, where it was nicely swept this morning!" etc.

Albert in disgrace—albeit, alas! it was anything but a novelty!—was sufficient to cloud his little sister's newly revived brightness. Subdued, and quite ready to cry, she went up, as usual, to tell Anne that tea was ready, and to arrange her own toilet as best she might.

But unexpected comfort met her there. Anne stood by the open window, and turned to her, as she entered, with her old smile—and in the old fashion opened her arms for the little one to come and nestle to her bosom, and be soothed.

"My poor Grace, it is true, your curls are

disordered. It is no wonder mamma was vexed. It is all my fault, though—for neglecting my own particular care of them. Don't cry, my pet. We will do better for the future."

The future—the future. There was one last sigh to the dear, dead past; there were silent tears shed on the shoulder of the innocent, unconscious child—and then—Anne turned her face, unflinchingly, and *looked forward*.

"Yes, she is much better this morning. Pray come in, Miss Blackburn. I know she will be glad to see you."

Helen stood at the door, shading her eyes from the warm sunshine; her curls gathered up and closely braided about her pale face, her dress careless and untasteful, her whole aspect worn, and dragged, and sad. Never had Miss Blackburn thought her so little beautiful—never had her heart inclined to her so much. She took her hand, and pressed it even with cordiality.

"You look like a nurse—like a good nurse, too," she said. "From *your* appearance, I shall expect to see an improvement in your patient's."

She passed into the house, encountering Mrs. Dynevor at the parlor-door. The invitation to enter that apartment, previous to proceeding up-stairs, could scarce be courteously declined. So, while Helen ran to apprise her sister of the visitor, Miss Blackburn, with much internal annoyance, seated herself opposite Mrs. Dynevor's work-table, and full in the fire of Mrs. Dynevor's talk.

For that lady had, strangely enough, chosen to take this new acquaintance for a confidante extraordinary, admitting her to all the rights, privileges, pains, and penalties to the said place belonging—more particularly in the department of domestic chit-chat and household distresses; Miss Blackburn's straightforwardness and defiance of conventional superstitions being interpreted, by the not very keen-sighted matron, as signs and tokens of peculiar fitness for that enviable post. Miss Blackburn submitted with a degree of patience especially commendable in one of her temperament. But she could not be otherwise than kind and good-humored to Anne's mother. Anne was dear and revered enough, to enable her to bear with a whole catalogue of characteristics, neither lovable nor admirable, in those belonging to her.

So she sat quietly and patiently, listening to Mrs. Dynevor's lamentations.

"As I was saying to Edmund this morning—there surely never were such unfortunate people as we are. No sooner is he recovered, able to get about as usual, and go on with his writing, than Anne falls ill. It is all nonsense talking about over-fatigue, and so forth. She is really *ill*, and what will be the end of it I don't know. When she gets better again, I see

clearly that Helen will be the next. I foresee a sick house all the summer through. And these country doctors—I have no faith in them."

"For the sake of your physical welfare and moral character, don't let that sentiment go beyond these walls, my dear Mrs. Dynevor! We Hillington folks are human—and to intimate a doubt of *our* medical man, is to stab us in our tenderest feelings!"

"Dear me—is Mr. Williamson so clever, then?"

"Of course. He is a bulwark of the Hillington constitution—an honored member of the Hillington aristocracy. He is an M. R. C. S., a churchwarden, and the author of an essay on the Nerves. He was called in at the last illness of Lord A., and when Lady Z. sprained her ankle, he was one of her ladyship's four surgical attendants. Hillington, at this moment, rings with his fame. He has just brought the baker's six children safely through the whooping-cough, and cured Mrs. Egerton's influenza, which has been so severe and unremitting during this past winter. He is a wonderful man. There isn't an old woman in the parish who will not sing his praises by the hour together."

"Is it possible? It is certainly a great comfort to have such a person within reach."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Blackburn, in a less dry tone; "but I trust there will be no occasion for you to have recourse to such sorry comfort. Anne is better this morning, her sister tells me."

"Better—yes. But, you know, last week she was better, and then she got worse again. It may be the same thing over again, now."

"We will hope not. What occasioned her relapse!"

"Goodness knows," sighed Mrs. Dynevor, smoothing her black silk apron with a piteous air; "she began to run about too soon, I believe. She is so anxious, always, over things—and she is not used to be ill and helpless. You would hardly believe how different the house is, now Anne is not about as usual."

Miss Blackburn could readily believe it—and sympathized with the mother's complaining tone and grieved face more than she had ever thought to do.

"Anne's illness is the greatest trial," resumed Mrs. Dynevor; "Edmund's was really light, in comparison. When once we were not alarmed about him, we got on very well. He was obliged to be quiet, and kept in one room, and it was quite a convenience all through the bustle of unpacking and settling. Men are so in the way on such occasions."

"Very true," agreed the visiter, curtly.

"But now—Anne is wanted in every direction. The children's lessons—what is to become of them, I don't know. And her father is continually wanting odd pages of MS. copied. And as for me—I declare the weight of anxiety and responsibility—"

It was impossible fitly to climax this apostrophe. Mrs. Dynevor paused. Miss Blackburn, with some uneasiness of manner, rose, and walked to the window, in search of a new subject of conversation.

"How well your roses look," she observed; "I have absolutely brought about my own downfall in entreating you to take up your abode at Hillington. My roses are no longer the finest in the parish. I marvel at my own magnanimity in keeping on terms with my rivals."

"Yes—Miss Egerton admired them so, the other day, when she called. What a charming family the Egertons are!"

"One of the most popular in these parts, I assure you. When the earl and countess are not at the castle, the Egertons are the leading people in all county affairs. I suppose Miss Egerton has opened the Hunt Ball every winter for these last ten years."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Dynevor grew animated, and her brow cleared perceptibly. "Then there is really some society, some gaiety, hereabouts?"

"We flatter ourselves, that, for its size, situation, and population, there is not another place in the kingdom so remarkably favored in that respect," announced Miss Blackburn, with befitting dignity. "I once heard Mrs. Egerton say she had no less than seventeen families on her dinner list; every one of which is, of course, of 'high standing in the county.'"

"You don't say so?" said Mrs. Dynevor, somewhat awed, and somewhat puzzled, but much cheered also. "If that is the case, then, Helen need not fear being dull."

"Certainly not. Had she any such fear? Pray reassure her. What injustice to Hillington! Why, this very week I purpose sending out invitations myself to some twenty-five of my most agreeable neighbors."

"Do you really? How very delightful. Helen will be so pleased—that is," stammered Mrs. Dynevor, with sudden recollection, "I am sure—"

"Yes, I am sure Helen will be quite the belle of my fête," said Miss Blackburn, kindly; "and Anne must recover her bloom, too, for the occasion. And——"

"A dinner party—is it a dinner party?" eagerly inquired the mother; her mind uneasily reverting to the feasibility of getting Helen's silk dress turned, or dyed by the time.

"No; a picnic—which I always have annually, about the second week in June, when my brother comes down to see me."

"Sir Charles is coming to Hillington, then?" Mrs. Dynevor's face brightened again. "Indeed, we shall be charmed to renew our acquaintance with him. We liked him so much that day he called upon us in town. Helen, my dear," for Helen at this moment entered the

room "do you know that Miss Blackburn is going to give a picnic; and Sir Charles is coming down?"

As Helen replied, something of her usual surliness of aspect came back to her, but it did not last. Miss Blackburn even fancied that she heard a stifled sigh, as she finished speaking; but Mrs. Dynevor was too much engrossed in the new and pleasurable ideas presented to her mind, to notice anything unusual in Helen's manner.

"I do hope the fine weather will last," she went on; "a picnic is of all entertainments the most delightful—so social—so free from disagreeable restraint—no fuss or trouble about dress—muslin frocks and straw bonnets. Helen, your pretty new dress will come in admirably. Won't it, Miss Blackburn? Helen looks so well in blue."

"Oh! the new dress by all means," replied the lady, with an air of good-natured interest in Mrs. Dynevor's anxieties, such as, to do her justice, she continually schooled herself into, and which was all the more creditable on the present occasion, because she was feverishly impatient to be with Anne.

She rose from her seat, looked out at the window again—unfailing resource of the restless or the annoyed. She turned round with great vivacity:—"Oh, I shall at once decamp. Over the hedge I can see two bonnets slowly advancing up the lane. Visitors to you. Excuse me—I will run up to Anne."

And she accordingly opened the door, and fled up-stairs, just as Mrs. Dynevor, after eagerly reconnoitring for herself, announced that the bonnets were green silk, and the wearers of them Mrs. Grant and Selina.

"Only Mrs. Grant and Selina!" she cried from the foot of the stairs; "pray don't run off, Miss Blackburn."

But Miss Blackburn had already entered the little bed-room—had already stationed herself beside Anne's sofa, and had taken Anne's hands in her own.

"And you are really better?" were the first words, uttered in a tone of more tenderness than Miss Blackburn's voice might have been deemed capable of assuming.

"Yes; I am quite well, indeed. It is only to satisfy papa that I remain in my room to-day."

Miss Blackburn regarded her somewhat closely. Anne caught the look, and her face flushed faintly. Then she turned away and busied herself with a great heap of wild flowers the children had brought to her, which lay upon her lap. There was a silence.

"How beautiful they are!" at last said Anne, touching the delicate stems of some primroses with loving, gentle fingers, and smiling down on them a quiet smile. "What a satisfying beauty, and what a sufficing contentment, seem breathed

out by these tiny things. I feel happy, only in touching them."

"Do you?"

"Are you laughing at me?—no; surely you have felt the same. All must. Is there any mood of body or of mind to which such influences do not minister their holiness, and impart their peace?"

"Anne, you are talking of what you do not understand," said her friend, hastily.

"How do you mean? I only said ——"

"Yes; you were deducing a wide moral from your own single experience. You have no right to do that. What do *you* know of other 'moods of mind' than your own. And for those same 'your own,' various, vast, numerous, indeed, must they have been. It is written on your face!" cried Miss Blackburn, with sharp, vehement irony, through which was still evident a certain softness of cadence that was peculiar to her voice when it addressed Anne—"your face—that grave, thoughtful face, into which smiles come as rarely as sunlight into the deepest heart of a June wood! And yet, which is always serene—always sweet—more sweet than other faces are, though they be dressed out in smiles, brilliant with youthful color, radiant with youthful life. Do you like your own portrait?" she concluded, her tone having gradually changed and softened, till now it was apparently quite mirthful. "Do you like it? Is your vanity satisfied?"

"I like, I dearly like that *you* should so paint my portrait," said Anne, affectionately—and paused, looking at the flowers again, with an added lustre in her eyes.

"And so," said Miss Blackburn, presently, taking one of the fragile blossoms, and contemplating it curiously, "you find a singular virtue in these? they have the gift of healing, you think? Now, I love nature well; she is a good mother, and a kind; but for these little droplets of the world-ocean, they are still, passionless, mocking things, I think. How unmoved they are in their calm, how inevitable to their season, how inexorably *the same*, year after year, spring after spring. No matter how the eyes look upon them, *they* give the look back, unalterably serene in their selfish, unmindful fairness. Oh, Anne! oh, Anne! I loved them so when I was a child! I know how I used to look at a primrose growing on a bank; how I felt that my heart sung to it in a language *it* could understand. But—but we outlive our 'kinship to the flowers,' almost as soon as we grow tall enough to reach to them. I suppose there may be exceptional cases," she added, smiling; "and yours must be one of those. But they are rare. I should like to investigate the symptoms, and the cause; but that, indeed, is self-evident. Your placid serenity of countenance belongs to the same order as themselves. You are a quiet, unmoved, unbruised, looker-on at life, safely nest-

led in the high bank, where the storms pass you by. Is it not so? Confess my fidelity of portraiture again."

Anne leaned her head upon her hand, hesitating.

"Do you think," she answered, softly, "that even the happiest of us ever recognize to ourselves that we *are* unbruised, and safe from storms? Do you think there live any human beings, with their due portion of feeling and of thought, who can say to themselves, 'I am secure from the trials of my fellows, I am exempt from the pains I see around me.' I believe there are none such in the world; I believe suffering is more equally balanced than you think. They who have not the reality of grief grow chill in its semblance. And that may be oftentimes the worst woe; for, if not the hardest to bear, it must be the bitterest to look back upon."

"Ah, you think so?" Miss Blackburn said, with her sharp laugh.

"Yes, I think so. Wasted sorrow seems to me the saddest of all life's possibilities. It is more miserable than misery to remember times when we have *suffered* for an inadequate or an ignoble cause. It is humiliating, it weakens our faith in the best part of our own natures. It is as though we had maltreated the angel who came to us, to help and to bless; chaining him to a work that was unworthy and degrading."

"You speak warmly, Anne. One would think it was out of a mightier experience than your one-and-twenty years of life."

There was no reply.

Miss Blackburn took up one of the books that lay scattered on the table near, and absently turned over the leaves.

"Who can stand sentinel at his neighbor's heart, so as to tell ariight the smallest of its beatings?" she presently went on. "Who can measure the depth of his brother's suffering? What *you* would pronounce to be an inadequate or unworthy cause of sorrow, may be the very crisis of all torture to another, and a differently constituted nature. Oh, Anne," she cried, with sudden earnestness, "remember what bitterness life contains that *your* lips have never tasted, and may never know. You, happy, beloved as you are—you *can* have no deep, no enduring sorrow. A woman is invulnerable against extraneous affliction, while that one requirement of her nature—to be loved—is satisfied."

Never before had Miss Blackburn permitted herself to make the slightest allusion to that which, however, had grown to be a thorough conviction in her own mind—that Edward Grant was Anne's betrothed lover. She colored with a sudden consciousness of her own inadvertency, and did not like either to glance at her companion, or to prolong the silence which ensued. But Anne, quite unsuspecting, was therefore quite unembarrassed. She only looked at the dark

emotional face, with a long look of wonderment and inquiry, most tender, and most compassionate.

"All this is an old story, I know," resumed Miss Blackburn, trying hard to assume a lighter and more indifferent tone; "but it is the truest of life's truths, for all that. Think, for one moment" (how soon the attempt at indifference fell, self-shattered)—"think, for one moment, of the utter depth of wo that is contained in the simple words, *loved and lost!* What is pain—what is trial—what is absence, even, compared with that dreadful, irretrievable *lost?*" She checked herself; she stooped towards the pages of the book, glad to hide her face, glad, too, to find an excuse for reading, instead of speaking from her heart, as she had an unconquerable trick of doing. "Listen, Anne," said she; "this is sorrow." And she read, slowly and softly—

"When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new."

Poor Anne! poor Anne! But she only bent her head lowly over the primroses in her lap, and carried them to her quivering lips, in a kind of instinctive and involuntary appeal for help, for comfort, for calm.

"Well, well," and Miss Blackburn impatiently closed the book, "people have to *feel* enough in themselves without having recourse to books such as this to play on that finely-stringed instrument we call the soul." She laughed. "It must be a happy world, take it for all in all, or such a thing as *poetry* would have been expunged from it long ago. Imagine Dante in the Purgatorio he describes! He would be torn limb from limb. He would ——"

But her hypotheses were interrupted. The door opened with some abruptness, and Albert and Grace entered, at a run.

"Anne, what *do* you think ——"

"Oh, Anne—only fancy!—Edward Grant—"

Miss Blackburn gave a startled glance at Anne.

"What is it?"

"Good news! good news!" cried both the children in a breath. "He will not stay in India now. He will come home directly."

"Lord Somebody has given him something," was Grace's lucid continuation.

"A government appointment," corrected Albert, with dignity.

"And a great deal of money; I heard Mrs. Grant say so."

"A salary of several hundred pounds a-year. Think of that!"

"Mrs. Grant and mamma are crying, down-stairs," volunteered Grace, with a look of awe.

"Yes, that's because they're pleased. Ladies always cry when they're pleased; that's what I *can't* understand," observed Albert, in parenthesis, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and

striding up and down the room with a speculative air.

"Oh, I am *so* glad," cried the little girl, gleefully skipping about! while Albert, who always had a strong feeling for dramatic effect, drew out a red-and-white pocket-handkerchief, and waved it vigorously as he walked.

"Gently, gently, young people!" at length interposed Miss Blackburn, who had kept her attention strictly directed towards the children all this time. "Don't be quite so vehement in your exultation. Do you know, you almost deafen me! Now, suppose you take me down-stairs, to offer my congratulations to Mrs. Grant."

"Oh, yes. And Anne, won't you come, too?"

"Your sister is already tired out with my talking. She had better remain quiet for a little while, before she goes down-stairs."

And, without leaving a pause in which Anne might insert a word, Miss Blackburn considerably made all these arrangements, gave her a brief parting nod, without even glancing at her face, and then fairly dragged the children out of the room. On the staircase she met Mrs. Grant, coming eagerly to tell Anne.

Very briefly, but very earnestly, were Miss Blackburn's congratulations offered. The poor mother, trembling, agitated, oppressed with the new joy, could only falter forth her reply.

"It is not anything else I care for, but—you see he will come home now. He will be happy *now!*"

"Yes, yes," murmured Miss Blackburn, as she escaped from the cottage, and went her way along the green lane—home, "I'll leave them to themselves. In their happiness no other can have a part. Oh, Anne! there are those who would deem it a blessed compound with Fate to give half of their lifetime for the bliss of this one hour! But she deserves it all."

CHAPTER X.—BY THE SEA-SHORE.

A PARTY to Fairheight! Words of rapture to all the young ladies and many of the young gentlemen within a five-mile radius of Hillington! For how many days previous to the momentous 10th of June, were the barometers in divers halls of divers mansions, alternately maltreated by the impatient knuckles of Hillington youth, and irritated by pettish tappings from the delicate fingers of their sisters? How many hapless ladies' maids stitched away for a week before at muslin dresses, pink, lilac, and blue, and "the prettiest patterns in the world;" while the one milliner of Hillington was cruelly robbed of her natural rest by the sudden demand for white tarlatan bonnets.

People living in or near cities and large towns, cannot understand the importance of such an event as "Miss Blackburn's annual picnic" to a little community, like that of Hillington. To many of the anticipating guests it was an

absolute yearly Hegira, from whence they dated for the remaining eleven months and twenty-nine days. The kind-hearted hostess not only invited the most attractive and agreeable of her neighbors, but those who, neglected by most party-givers, rarely enjoyed a pleasure of the kind.

There were one or two quiet old ladies, who could not walk so far as Fairheight, to whom the fresh breeze that was always there, and the sight of the sea dashing at the foot of the cliff, was almost like a revelation of their long-past youth. Then there was more than one or two "old maids," who, neither lively, nor amusing, nor rich, were scarcely ever included in any such scheme, and who prized this as their one opportunity of exhibiting their innocent fineries, and making an investigation of the finery of their neighbors. Fortunately for the success of the party, and the comfort of her guests, Miss Blackburn possessed that rare and happy tact which enabled her to arrange these various incongruous elements, and so harmoniously to group her *dramatis personæ*, that no confusions ensued. The quiet old ladies were felicitously disposed with one talkative old maid and one attentive swain, the familiar partner at whist for the last twenty-five years. While, for the gayest young ladies, with the most flounces, ringlets, and the smartest parasols, were provided an escort of the very flower of Miss Blackburn's *corps de reserve* of agreeable young men. What asked they more? save an occasional graceful attention from Sir Charles, or the unfailling *jeu d'esprit* from popular Mr. Williamson. For the rest, they would amalgamate naturally, being the coin of value among much small change. And the homely proverb applies very well to social gatherings of this kind—"take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." It is, perhaps, because the converse of this rule is usually pursued, that such leaden dreariness is the attained result of almost all large assemblies of educated and refined human beings met together for the purpose of "enjoying themselves."

Propitious was the weather, clear the sky; bright the sunshine, yet not too ardent; pleasant the breeze, yet not too intrusive, for it did not raise the dust in the road, nor shake the Miss Egertons' ringlets out of curl. And at high noon the party set forth from Hillington Place; a string of carriages, phaetons, and gallantly-mounted cavaliers, such as Joy might well stare after with his widest distention of black eyes, while Albert looked on in his sturdiest attitude of shrewd observation, and with his most decisive air of approval. And little Grace gazed wonderingly and admiringly on everything.

"I've seen a many of these parties set out like that there," remarked Joy, as the last horseman spurred his steed into a canter, and

disappeared in the bend of the road; "every year, as regular as June comes round, we have 'em. It used to be so in the squire's time. He liked it. He used to go himself, till he grew too feeble, like——, and then he used to be wheeled to the gate always, to see 'em drive off."

"What a lot of people," said Albert, reflectively; "I haven't seen a crowd, and heard so much noise of talking, since we came away from London; have we, Grace?"

"Why, bless you," cried Joy, "half the county used to come in old master's time, and Mr. Charles had ever so many of his friends besides, brother officers and that. None of these 'ere young gentlemen are anything like what they was then. Mr. Charles was as fine and handsome to look at as you'd see anywhere. Oh, and the ladies, too, were ever such a deal handsomer then, to my thinking, than they are now. I should only like you to have seen Miss Hester, with her black hair, and shining eyes, and cheeks like peaches. I liked to look at her just as one as if she'd been a flower."

Albert ruminated. "Well," at last he observed, "I think our sisters look very nice; don't you, Grace?"

The little girl nodded emphatically.

"And that's true, sir," responded the gardener, so promptly, that Albert's brotherly jealousy was at once appeased; "and, to my thinking, there's no young ladies in these parts can come up to 'em. Miss Laura Egerton used to be reckoned a beauty, but beside of Miss Helen—why, it's like a peony next to a rose."

"Yes," said Albert, satisfied; "and Anne—I do think my sister Anne's face is the prettiest in the world. Her eyes are so clear, somehow, and so soft, and such a beautiful brown color. And she always looks so good, and so gentle. Don't you think so, Joy?"

"Yes," replied he; "I like to see it." He added gravely—"She is the quietest young lady!—a deal quieter than our missus, for all she's so much younger. But then, to be sure, she's been ill."

"But she isn't ill now," the boy eagerly interposed; "don't you see how much stronger she is, and what a color she has? She is quite well now, and has been these two weeks."

"I have my lessons just as usual," asserted Grace; "and Anne does everything, and is busy about the house, just as usual."

"She is quite strong now," chimed in both the children, looking hard in Joy's face, with an odd, dubious sort of expression, which was probably quite unconscious and involuntary on their part.

"Well, that's right," said the gardener, cheerfully; "I couldn't bear to see her looking so drooping like. And for certain, she had a nice fresh color this morning, for all it wasn't no deeper than the pink in an apple-blossom. But

you see, you London folks never have any color to speak of."

Mr. Joy might have modified his assertion, however, could he have beheld the radiant countenance of Helen Dynevor as she leaned forward in the carriage, gaily talking with Sir Charles Blackburn, who rode close beside it, apparently at the imminent risk of his horse or himself coming into collision with the wheels. But he was too expert and practised an equestrian to be in any real danger of such a casualty. He conversed, he laughed, he was witty, sensible, and just so much sentimental as his perfect *savoir faire* ever permitted him to be, without his attention once being observably distracted from his fair companions to the high-bred and somewhat restive steed he rode. Anne's face flushed with quiet pleasure at seeing her sister look so blooming and so happy, while Miss Blackburn often turned from her not very interesting conversation with Miss Selina Grant, to look at the sisters, with a glance expressive of much satisfaction. Occasionally the glance wandered a little further, and took in the chivalric figure and animated face of her brother, when her mouth would relax into a smile, with the least possible *soupcçon* of sarcasm about it. But it might be observed, that Miss Blackburn, never very quiet either of motion or speech, was more than commonly restless and quick-tongued on this particular occasion. A minute's silence appeared to alarm her; her face clouded, her lips compressed themselves, and then unclosed to give vent to some new speech, often careless and almost random in its character. But she would not be silent,—she would not live beyond the present,—she would not think. She was—to all her guests save one, who cared for her too much to be deceived—the smiling busy hostess, most impartial in her attention, and unwearied in her solicitude for the universal comfort and enjoyment.

Anne only perceived that all was not right; but she rigorously guarded herself from showing that she did so. She felt that it was no time for manifesting sympathy or anxiety. It was truer kindness to rest quiet, and take her friend on her own showing. Meanwhile, therefore, she turned her attention as much as possible in other directions. There was plenty to attract it. During the drive to Fairheight, Sir Charles Blackburn's *causerie* with her sister continued, only diversified by an occasional laughing appeal to herself. Helen was looking her sunniest and fairest, and through all the joyance of her look and manner, there was a certain chastened reticence visible, which Anne fondly hailed as all that was necessary to complete the bewitching charm of her beautiful sister. Evidently the gallant equestrian by her side was charmed to the utmost. He was dismayed to find that they had reached the termination of their ride—the entrance to a narrow

lane, leading first to a glen with a waterfall (one of the "lions" of Fairheight), and thence on to the cliffs. Here the carriages and horses were to be left in charge of the servants. The company alighted, and grouped about in the shady lane, distributing about it a wealth of color that surely the demure hazels and straight-growing beeches must have marvelled at greatly.

And there was enough of sound also. Everybody was talking or laughing. Enthusiastic young ladies were running on in advance, and investigating the hedges for wild flowers. Their faithful cavaliers, as in duty bound, followed them to prick their fingers in their service, by pulling remote branches of lingering hawthorn, and striving for impossible buds of wild roses. High swelled the feminine chorus.

"Oh, the dearest, sweetest thing! Up there, Mr. Egerton—higher yet! Oh, I'd give the world to have it."

A pause of tightly-strung expectation—an adventurous effort, greatly imperilling the refined polish of his boots, on the part of the gentleman—the most grateful of smiles from the lady.

"Oh! how perfectly lovely! how sweet! how beautiful! I declare it is like wax! I adore wild flowers; don't you?" etc.

Two or three of the quiet old ladies looked on with benign smiles, at the vivacity of the "young people." They remembered the days of their own youth; and doubtless every old lady has the memory of some green lane or another dwelling deeply in her heart—a very dear and sweet thought always, to which even considerations of cribbage, and of the "odd trick," must occasionally succumb.

In fact, everybody looked beaming. Miss Blackburn and her brother were busied alternately among their guests, and among certain hampers—the formidable and very substantial-looking commissariat for this celestial and refined company. Finally, the order of march being arranged, the gay little troop carried their brilliance, and their color, and their movement, and their sound, into the deeper tranquillity of the glen.

"Hush! can't you hear the fall of the water?" some one cried; and a minute's cessation of the general hum of voices followed.

For an instant Anne lifted her eyes, and felt the influence of the place: the green, liquid light—the faint rustle of the summer leaves—and the sound of dropping water, distinct, yet mysterious, like the very heart-beat of the silence. Only for an instant. The next, the rattling confusion of voices was resumed. Almost every tongue had its interjection ready to do its part towards extinguishing what it professed to admire.

"Beautiful!"

"Oh, charming!"

"Sweet place—so quiet!"

"This is the sort of spot I *adore*."

"I could live and die here; couldn't you?"

While one gentleman, in a mild and highly-cultivated tenor voice, broke forth with—

"I said, if there's peace to be found in the world, The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

"Anne!" whispered Miss Blackburn, half-laughing, yet with an unequivocal expression of anything but mirth quivering at her mouth, "you are making acquaintance with the Dropping Well under favorable auspices, are you not? This is the true way to enjoy nature, isn't it? And it raises one's opinion of one's fellow-creatures at the same time, you perceive. Don't you wish that Heaven had made *you* such a man as Mr. Sherwood there? Sweet little singing-bird, how prettily it chirrup!"

She passed on, without waiting for any reply. Anne watched her, as she went up to two sisters, Hillington old maids of little consideration, having neither rank, wealth, nor talent to make them interesting to other people. Miss Blackburn's brow cleared as she addressed them, and offered the assistance of her arm to the younger one, who was slightly lame. Anne noticed how genial her tone became as she talked to them, how kind was her glance, how almost deferential her manner. If she had more cynicism than a woman ought to admit into her composition, it could not be denied that she reserved the gentler side of her nature for those who needed kindness the most, and received least of it from other people.

The gate was reached, which led up a somewhat steep ascent to the cliff. Now the breeze blew freshly—the kind, generous, encouraging breeze, that had travelled far from the south over the sea, and brought with it something of life and freedom from the crest of every wave that it had touched. And then presently the hill became yet more steep, till at length the heathery foreground abruptly declined, the eyes lost themselves in a chasm of blue air; and with one more step the wide sea was in view, and its rushing song could be heard far below, where the tide was coming up fast, the foam lying in a fringe of snow upon the tawny beach. So vast, so grand, and withal so loving and welcoming, it looked from the height. How natural it was to draw a deep breath, while silently gazing, with that strange sense of fulfilment and of completeness that sometimes comes on human hearts with a flash almost like revelation.

But—to the business of the day, which the general restlessness soon declared *not* to be that of standing still and looking at the sea. Nevertheless, it need not be doubted that the English language (so lamentably deficient in adjectives, as every person of common enthusiasm is too well aware) was exhausted for epithets of rapture, wherewith to express the sentiments

which bubbled from the heart to the lips of almost every lady present. But, the first transport over, it was discovered that there were exceptions to be made.

"I wish it were rough. I like to look at the sea in a storm."

"Oh, I *dote* upon it in a storm."

"So do I. I don't care so much when it's calm."

"No. It is nothing particular to-day. You see it is neither very smooth nor very rough."

"On a very clear day we can see the French coast from this point."

"What a pity it is not clearer."

"Is there a telescope anywhere?"

Sir Charles Blackburn, courtly and prompt, stepped forward to the fair inquirer with a tiny *lorgnette*, so prettily fashioned in mother-of-pearl and gold, that the French coast and the British Channel were immediately superseded in its favor.

"What an exquisite little darling! Do look, Sophia; isn't it sweet?"

There ensued a pretty scene of admiration and delight mingled with graceful *badinage* from the baronet, and light, well-regulated laughter interspersing the dialogue, and ringing clearly and pleasantly on the air.

Miss Blackburn's attention appeared just now to be energetically directed to the ordering and disposing of the scattered company. The general rendezvous being arranged, every one was free to wander at their own will till the important hour of refection should arrive, and the ponderous hampers become interesting objects in the eyes of even the most sentimental of the party. Meanwhile, there was rest for the fatigued at the Lady's Seat, and there were places to be explored by the adventurous; and, lastly, the coast-guard track led down the cliff to the sea-shore. Varied delights, all practicable for these favored mortals! Small groups soon separated themselves from the general community, and dispersed in their several directions. The bright-colored robes presently astonished quiet out-of-the-way nooks of the seldom-visited cliffs, and voices startled the air in unexpected directions. Little screams of alarm at descending steep portions of the way—eager exclamations—snatches of laughter—and, harmoniously blending with it all, the deep baritone or bass voices of the gentlemen escorting each fair fluttering flock.

"Oh, what a fearful height!"

"How awfully dangerous!"

"But isn't it exciting? Isn't it delightful?"

"Oh, I could live on this cliff! I should dearly like to be a coast-guard."

"Or a smuggler. I'd rather be a smuggler."

Anne was standing on the cliff top—alone—looking down. Her arm was seized, and another whispered communication poured into her ear.

"Let us go down to the shore—let us have a quiet half-hour out of sight and sound of these miserable, petty conventionalities. I do *hate* the whole school of modern young-ladyism," pursued Miss Blackburn, with spiteful, uncontrolled, bitterness; "I have no patience—no charity with any one of them."

"So I perceive," said Anne, gently.

But her irritated, impatient companion would not return her half-reproachful smile—would not encounter the quiet gazing of the soft brown eyes. Impetuously she walked on, down the rugged and sometimes difficult track which wound along the cliff side. Impetuously, too, she went on speaking. "Well, I maintain that all this affectation and *minauderie*, and utter want of *reality* in all they say, or think, or do, *is* hateful; and, therefore, may be, and ought to be hated. Anne, you are too latitudinarian with your mild, indulgent way of thinking. They are traitors to their sex, these girls; it is they who achieve for universal womanhood the reputation it has with three quarters of the world: trifling, silly, vain, false."

"Is that our character? Ah! it is *you* that are traitorous," cried Anne; "you are unjust, you blind yourself wilfully to the other and better portion of the nature even of modern young ladies. Think of the little halo of love that encircles every one of these girls you have been decrying. Think of the many, many acts of daily beauty that naturally, and almost inevitably, spring from the very position of daughter or sister. Think of the quiet goodness and unselfishness that we *know* goes on around us, though we do not, and may never see it; but which has been since the world began, until all these gentle, silent, but divine characteristics have grown to be summed up and expressed by the one word *womanly*."

"Yes, yes. But a 'womanly' woman is one among a thousand," resisted Miss Blackburn.

"Nay, you have no right to apportion and limit the possession of goodness, simply because *your* vision cannot perceive its existence. There is no breathing woman, I feel sure, I *know*," said Anne, earnestly, "who has not, deep in her heart, *something* of that birth-right which was given her in the beginning—and which, while it subdues her in the sight of man, links her a degree nearer to the angels in the eyes of God."

"Have done, Anne," exclaimed Miss Blackburn, sharply. "Don't talk to me about angels—don't talk to me of anything holy—I can't—I can't."

She stopped. They had reached the end of the path—they were at the foot of the cliff. The waves were rushing in upon the shore, not twenty yards from where they stood. They were both silent for some moments, and Anne could not see her friend's face. But present-

ly, she turned towards her again, with a calmer, brighter look.

"Let us sit down on this great stone, Anne. It is an old friend of mine. As a child, I have played about it using it as a kind of anvil on which to break sundry of these huge pebbles. For I was a treasure-seeker, you must know," she said, smiling quietly; "and I always instituted a keen search after agates and jasper whenever I visited the beach. Poor old stone," she went on, half dreamily, "it is dry, and hard, and cold—being just beyond the reach of the tide, except once or twice in a year. But— Well, this is pleasant—this is happy, Anne!" In a changed tone—"How clear the sea is to-day—what a pale, spiritual green, less like color, than like light! And oh, the music of these waves, Anne! it makes me good to listen to it."

And they sat, silently listening. Occasionally a snatch of voices or laughter swept by with the fresh breeze, only to bring out in fuller relief of sound that rushing, swelling tumult of the sea, which seemed to surround them like an audible atmosphere.

"This is well," Miss Blackburn said, at length. "I was in need of such a morning as this, bright, breezy, and hopeful, to relieve my mind of its last impressions of the sea-shore. Three weeks ago, Walter Avarne and I stood under the West Cliff, watching the tide rolling up; 'for the last time,' he said, before he watches it under a tropical sky. Poor Walter! at this moment he has his beloved sea to his heart's content—as men seldom have what they love. It is all of his world, except the sky (a poetical thought this, Anne, which I freely leave to be worked out by any poet within earshot), she remarked, in a laughing parenthesis. And again her voice took a regretful, musing inflection on the words, 'Poor Walter!'"

"He has sailed then?" Anne said.

"Yes, last week. He wrote to me just before he went on board. Oh, I wish I could be angry enough with him, not to be so grieved that he is gone. But I can't; in my inmost heart I feel that he is right in all he has done—in all he purposes to do."

"And is that no comfort to you?"

"Yes, when I can rise sufficiently above my ordinary self, and take rather a more celestial and ideal view of life, than, I regret to say, comes most naturally to me. But my everyday suit of thought and feeling is, I own, a shabby one, and never was very handsome when it was new. And when I wear it, I only know that it is very hard to lose one of my few friends, and that friend one whom I have loved since he was a year old. For, Anne, he was the son of my only girlish friend. I have watched him grow into manhood. I have learned to honor him as a man no less than I loved him as a child. I look down a vista of years—years about which plays

the fairest, purest light of any that my life has known—and *he* is connected with them all. To look at him, to be with him, always brought back to me something of the past that I could regain in no other way. And now, to have lost this—! Anne, it is hard."

Anne did not answer. With a new thought, Miss Blackburn suddenly turned to her, looked her in the face.

"Curious it is, we that have had so many long talks together, have said marvellously little about *him*. Yet he is a prized friend of all of you, I know. And *you*, of all women, must be able to appreciate a good, noble, true-hearted man, like Walter Avarne."

"We all of us have a strong regard for Mr. Avarne," replied Anne, the stringent necessity of the moment lending her a composure that she could never have dared to premeditate.

Miss Blackburn mused. An erratic will-o'-the-wisp-like light was playing about her brain; but it soon went out. One thought of Calcutta, and Edward Grant, soon to be installed in the — Office, under government, smothered it immediately. She resumed speaking, in her old tone.

"Yes, Walter Avarne has been a saving clause in the great indictment against humanity generally (and especially its masculine portion), which is continually being drawn up in my mind. Walter Avarne shows what a man may be—can be. He at once took the precedence of my original ideal—the elder brother in 'Comus.' Do you know that gentleman, Anne?"

Anne gave ready assent, only too grateful to find her friend's discourse naturally directing itself towards the safe and wide haven of imaginative individualism.

"To my thinking, he is the one best worth knowing and caring for in the whole range of poetic society. He ought to have married one of Shakspeare's women; I could turn match-maker for his sake. Rosalind would have made him a good wife; and he is worth fifty Orlando; or Miranda, that snowdrop of the world, ignominiously destined to be worn in the button-hole of a veritable fine gentleman like Prince Ferdinand (a young man who, I feel sure, attended the Almacks of his time, and was a connoisseur in doublets and patent leather boots). And even poor Ophelia —"

Interruption—graceful and smiling, in the person of Sir Charles Blackburn, immediately preceding Miss Egerton and Helen Dynevor. Poor Ophelia must give place. Light laughing conversation, in which Miss Blackburn joined with all apparent zest, succeeded to the more earnest talk of the two friends. And presently the clang of the bell, providently brought for the purpose, summoned the company to the improvised banquetting-hall on the top of the cliff.

"How familiar that bell sounds," cried Sir Charles; we "have heard it from about this spot

so many times; have we not, Hester? and today is just such a day as that one, years ago, do you remember? when I went with —"

"Come, let us run up the cliff path," invited Miss Blackburn, with a sudden burst of animation and vivacity. Her laughing face was turned for an instant to her friends; then she darted on, with a lithe, active rapidity, often a characteristic of her movements. Miss Egerton followed, with a little simper, and a dainty tripping progression, calculated not to impeach the perfection of her unexceptionable *chaussure*. Sir Charles Blackburn flourished his cane alarmingly, but did not attempt to increase his habitual moderate pace. Helen, to whom he was talking, of course kept beside him. Anne soon passed them, for she felt an instinctive anxiety to keep near her friend. But when she joined her, it was in the midst of the gathering throng of expectant diners. Jest, laughter, compliment, banter, were flying about like motes in the air; eager faces, smiling lips, brightened eyes, flushing cheeks—what a galaxy of gaiety and bloom was here! The pleasure-seekers had surely not failed of their quarry. To look at them, one might have thought that sorrow and heaviness of spirit had fled from the world. The atmosphere was too light, it seemed, for even a feather's weight of care to remain upon it.

Nevertheless—a sharp cry, followed by a manly voice. Sir Charles Blackburn's clear, commanding, yet suave tones, summoning assistance. These sounds penetrated even through the hum of levity and mirth. There was a general rush towards the spot whence the cries proceeded. It was a dramatic crisis. The ladies clustered about the verge of the cliff; several of the gentlemen hurried down the path; Miss Blackburn and Anne followed. Discovered—Miss Helen Dynevor prostrate in a hollow of the cliff, her face white, her eyes closed, having evidently fallen in a vain effort to reascend the little chasm. Helplessly regarding her from the level of the pathway, stood poor Sir Charles, with a face expressing all the most agonizing emotions of a gentleman's soul. A careful observer might perceive that the baronet's elegant gold-headed cane lay beside Helen in the hollow, and might, from the circumstance, have deduced the truth—namely, that it was in her good-natured effort to obtain for her companion what he was not active enough to recover for himself, that the accident had occurred.

She had twisted her foot, that was all; but the pain was great, and she appeared to be nearly fainting. Miss Blackburn and Anne were promptly beside her. A little water was chivalrously rushed for and brought in a champagne glass by an eager but agitated young man, and these aids, together with a few drops of some pungent essence, soon restored the drooping damsel; but she found it impossible to walk, and the enviable office devolved "on the

strongest," of lifting her from her present position, and then carrying her up the remaining distance of the path. The rest followed—poor Sir Charles thoroughly subdued, unable to utter a word, either of compassion, sympathy, or vexation.

Of course every picnic *ought* to have its adventure, and a party of pleasure may be said to lack its crowning completeness, if a small element of pain be not introduced into it. Helen's accident only crumpled the rose-leaves, to make them afterwards yet more fragrant than before. She was carefully bestowed among carriage-cushions, and shawls, and wraps. Sir Charles Blackburn devoted his attention to her, and a selected *corps* of cavaliers had the happiness of supplying her with the limited portion of comestibles which she could be prevailed on to touch. And the talk, and the *badinage*, and the flirting, and the laughter, went on among the others with renewed spirit.

There appeared to be absolutely no result likely to accrue from the small misadventure. Even the difference of plan which Anne suggested was set aside by Helen's entreaties—namely, that they two should at once return home, instead of going with the others to Thornhill Place, where a dance was to conclude the festivities of the day. It was true, Helen would be unable to dance, but she would like to look on, she pleaded, and the elder sister at once yielded.

And, as the western clouds began to take mystical prophetic tints, and the air grew cool, and

the plash of the retreating waves down on the shore became more clearly distinct in the growing evening silence, the party turned their faces homeward. Helen contrived to limp as far as the carriages, Sir Charles Blackburn supporting her on one side, and Anne on the other. The gay troop dispersedly followed, their merriment unconsciously chastened by the quiet of the time, with which the song of the blackbirds and thrushes in the glen, and the utterance of the constant-falling water, seemed the only fit and blending sounds.

And the sea was left behind, and the still glen; and the carriages rolled along the white chalky road, towards the gradually increasing glory of the sunset. The arch of heaven seemed raised above the daylight altitude, and flushing clouds rested in mid-air, as if, dropped from the highest height, they held themselves suspended over the strangeness of the darkening earth. Far away—far as sunset ever seems to be—burned the beauty of the dead day. Its gold, and its purple, and palest amber, and richest rose-color, were gathered together; the air was lit as with flame; and the sea, widely stretched out beneath the radiance, swayed with a solemn emotion—was troubled in a stupendous trouble.

"And see," said Anne, softly, laying her hand on Miss Blackburn's arm, "there, in the quiet grey, shining upon us, is the first star."

For, be it day with us or night, God's light is with us always.

DRINKING AFTER DINNER.—A man that cannot pass an evening without drink merits the name of a sot. Why should there be drink for the purpose of carrying on conversation? Women stand in need of no drink to stimulate them to converse; and I have a thousand times admired their patience in sitting quietly at their work while their husbands are engaged, in the same room, with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the expense and still less of the shame, which the distinction reflects upon them. We have to thank the women for many things, and particularly for their sober habits. Men drive them from the table as if they said to them—"You have had enough; food is sufficient for you; but we must remain to fill ourselves with drink, and to talk in language which your ears ought not to endure." When women are getting up to retire from the table, men rise to honor them, but they take special care not to follow their example. That which is not fit to be uttered before women is not fit to be uttered at all. The practice has been ascribed to a desire to leave them to themselves. But why should they be left to themselves? Their conversation is always the most

lively, while their persons are generally the most agreeable objects. No; the plain truth is, that it is the drink and the indecent talk, that sends women from the table; a practice which I have always abhorred.—*Cobbett*.

WAS SHAKSPEARE AN IRISHMAN?—In that exquisite little song called for by Queen Catharine, "to soothe her soul grown sad with trouble," we have the following:

Every thing that heard him *play*,
Even the billows of the *sea*, etc., etc.

RECREATIONS, provided there is nothing in them intrinsically or relatively wrong, provided they do not involve some wrong principle in themselves, or lead people into evil associations are as much a part of God's plan as work; they fit and prepare for it, and it is a part of our duty, as helpers of others, to lend ourselves to their refreshment and gratification.—*Brampton Rectory*.

From Household Words.

UNDER THE SEA.

THE town in which I am now living is much changed from that it was some sixty years since. My great aunt and her chambermaid were almost the sole inhabitants of a district that now numbers forty thousand souls. It was at the very window at which I write this, she sat (I have her letter by me), and wrote these words to her sister, dwelling inland—a shepherdess, with a satin gown without a waist, according to this picture over the mantel-piece: "The day is calm and pleasant, and the great vessel in the offing betwixt us and the fair island sways not a handsbreadth, nor can flutter a single pennant." Then, in quite another trembling hand, and yet the same, is added: "When I had written that sentence, Dorothy, I looked again, southwards, and the sea was as still as before, and the fair island sparkled in the sun; but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain was wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a horrid fear took hold of me. Moreover, from the seaport, a mile away, there came a solemn murmur, and a fleet of fishing-boats put off—too late, too late, I fear—from every creek and cove, so that we knew the glorious vessel was gone down, with all her company. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her; but at present we know nothing certain."

Even to this day this thing is interesting to us; and furniture enough to stock a hundred warehouses, not to mention snuff-boxes, card-cases, candlesticks and knife-handles by thousands, have been made out of the timber of the sunken ship. Accounts of the dreadful accident, describing how she canted over on one side, bound in boards taken from the vessel, are raffled for at all our watering-places. The very walking-stick I use was rescued from her hulk, beneath the sea,—or, at least, it has a brazen biography upon it that asserts so much. If a quarter of these things be genuine, there can be little left of her. Two ships were anchored over her for years, with diving apparatus; and fathoms deep, and miles away from shore, the divers plied their trade. It is with some of these we have to do.

The Seven Cricketers, over against this house, was kept, until a few years back, by an old diver. I often used to wonder, when I was a boy, how he managed to accommodate himself to that airy situation and dry skittle-ground after his restricted sphere of action in his great bell and helmet, under the midst of the sea. Thomas Headfurst was very communicative to me in these early days indeed, and I was very grateful. I could sit in his red-curtained back parlor for hours together, under a fusillade of

shag tobacco-smoke, to hear him tell of the wonders of the deep; and he never balked my wishes in that respect. His family, he told me, had been divers for centuries, long before science had interfered with that profession—when the poor

Ceylon Diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;

when stark, nude athletes, with sponges dipped in oil, to hold more air than lungs could carry, staid their five and ten minutes in the caves of the sea; when Sicilian Nicholas, surnamed the Fish, and webbed in hands and feet like a duck, plunged fathoms deep after a single oyster, a terribly exhausting process before even the smallest of barrels should have been completed,—who went in for pearls and coral, however, also, and lost his life in Charybdis by a cup too much, having already obtained one gold one from the whirlpool, and dipping for another to please the king of the Two Sicilies. One of Mr. Headfurst's ancestors, it may be, was of that party described by a savant of fifteen hundred, "who descended into the sea in a large tin kettle, with a burning light in it, and rose up without being wet," a feat seemingly as adventurous as that of the wise men of Gotham in their bowl. Who knows but that Thomas's great-grandfather (or even grandmother) may have dipped, in his (or her) time for the wrecks of the Armada, in "a square box bound with iron, furnished with windows, and having a stool in it?" for that is the description of a gigantic strong box given us, by which two hundred thousand pounds worth of property was fished up for the Duke of Albenarle, the son of Monk who had drawn prizes from vexed waters before him. Nay, whether our hero's family-tree had been bearing this submarine fruit so very long or not, it is certain his father followed the trade before him; and off the Irish coast, near Cork, his brother is or was a most distinguished diver. Whenever there was an adventure to be described a leetle too strong for even my infant faith, the narration was made oblique, and became a family incident instead of a personal reminiscence, as:—

"It was in the year fourteen, or, it may be, fifteen, when the Diomedé went down, off Deal, and the gov'nor and a chum of his, named Bluffy, was appointed to be under the sea; for we be captains, like, and masters and all, when a ship once goes to the bottom, and wears, by consequence, a very singular uniform. Now, there was no better water-workmen in the Channel than them two; and they would have been employed still more constantly, and been yet better to do in the world, but for being so precious fond of

their game of cribbage. All day long, in some little parlor like this present, they'd be knobbing, and heeling, and going, so that they was seldom ready when they was wanted, and went by the name of the Fifteen Two. However, the Diomedé had bars of gold in her, and it was of the utmost consequence to work at her as hard and fast as might be. So Bluffy and the gov'nor was hauled out of their snug parlor to the minute, never mind where the game was, and out they was rowed to the lugger moored above the wreck, and down they was lowered in the bell. On one of those mornings, especially, they had a great mind to throw up their commissions, and go on pegging away all their lifetimes; but they thought better of it, and went aboard. Now, they was accustomed to be below a good long time, only this day they stayed a precious deal longer, and the crew above began to be alarmed, and to think there was something wrong with the air-tube. Howsoever, as no signal had been given to draw up, they sent down a third man in a helmet, to see what had become of 'em, and a precious sight he sees: Bluffy and the gov'nor in their diving-dresses, sitting in the bell like a couple of magnified tadpoles, and cutting, and showing, and cribbing, with the cards and the board between them, just as though they were in the inn parlor, except that now and then they was nearly being suffocated, having forgotten to turn the air-cock. So the end of it was, Fifteen Two was never allowed to go down in the bell together no more."

"Dear me!" said I, "Mr. Headfurst, that seems a very extraordinary story."

"Xtrorniry, I believe you," said he, "but nothing like a fight I had once with a 'lectrical eel, in fifty fathom of water, west-by-south of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall. It was one of my earliest jobs, and I wasn't thoroughly used to the work at that time; and I hadn't a mate, either, to go down with me. It's a fright'ning thing that sinking sinking out of sight of everything, a'most, without knowing where you're going to, nor what you may find when you get there. This time the bell missed the wreck I was arter, entirely (which, as it happen'd, however, was a very fortunate circumstance), and I was lowered down to the very bottom. Half way down, Master James, what should come into the machine but an enormous 'lectrical eel. He came in, young master, and he stopped in; and the higher the water rose in the bell, the nigher I got to the 'lectrical eel. I pulled my precious legs up on the seat, I promise you, and sat tailor fashion all the rest of the way; but when we touched ground at last, I wasn't above an inch or two off the beast,—boxed up under the ocean, within a couple of inches of being shocked to death. Well, as I

said, I was new to the work, and having banged at him with a pickaxe till I was tired, and he slipped away from me just like oil, I thought it would be an easier thing to suffocate him than me; so I didn't turn no air on for ever so long, and found myself getting black in the face, while the animal was swimming and gliding like a gentleman in easy circumstances enjoying the spectacle, and every now and then a-splashing with his tail for moderate applause. So I gave up that dodge just in time, and resumed my pick. The more I picked, however, the less he chose, which was an unappreciated joke I made to myself during those trying events themselves, and I was obliged to try summut else. I laid bare the floor of the bell (which we can do within an inch or so), got him into shallow water, and very soon finished him off. The skin is in the big chest, in my bed-room, and measures a hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip. I regret to say that the key is lost, or I should have great pleasure in showing it to you."

Once upon a time I persuaded Mr. Headfurst to let me accompany him on one of his submarine visits to the great three-decker which I first spoke of as sunken opposite. I was in a flutter of fright and joy such as youths who have only been down in the bell at the Polytechnic can form no idea of. I had the perfectest confidence in the machine, and, above all, in my friend Thomas, but still I was in a greater state of "blue funk" than most boys of fifteen have ever any reason to be. The bell could hold but two, so I took the place of the other diver—though, of course, without a helmet—opposite Thomas. I had become quite accustomed by this time to his hideous apparel above-board and on land, but as we sank lower and lower, and the light grew dimmer and dimmer, that terrible shako of his, and his pipes and his paraphernalia grew frightfully unnatural to my perturbed vision, and I thought whether he might not be Davy Jones himself, and the bell his "locker." Now and then some strange and dreadful fish glided in upon us, but one glimpse of Thomas drove him out in an instant, and I didn't wonder. Nevertheless, it was far worse when I was left, in the machine alone—with the fullest instruction, of course, as to air tubes, but also in the deadliest terror of forgetting them—while my friend (the only friend I had in all the sea) went about his business over the wreck—a very wondrous experience that, and not easily forgotten. Many reflections of an original character ought to have occurred to me, without doubt, which I should have now described, but, as I said before, I was far too frightened to think of anything except air-tubes and getting up again. After the longest half-hour

anybody ever passed in their lives my merman reappeared. He had fixed his hooks and eyes round a great brass carronade, and was extremely buoyant in consequence.

"But," said he, when we were in his snug parlor again that evening, and he had been congratulating me on my prowess; "but Master James, you must come down with a helmet some day, and then you will see wonders."

"Thank you, Thomas," said I, "all the same, but enough is as good as a feast; I have had my duck, and enjoyed it, nor do I want another. I should like, however, to hear of anything interesting you may have met with under those circumstances."

"Well," said he, and turned his quid in his mouth, and brought his right eye to bear steadfastly upon me, as was his wont during compilation; "I will tell you of an occurrence that happened to my brother within the last few years; he has become an altered man since, I assure you, and generally takes religious work down in the bell with him."

"There was a friend of his, mate to a West Indiaman that was outward bound in a few days from Cork, and Bill, my brother, and he had had a difference; what the quarrel began about I don't rightly know, but the mate abused Bill's profession, and called him an amphibibrous lubber, or something like that, and Bill abused the mate and wished him under the sea, with never an air-tube; and the ship sailed without making it up. My brother was very sorry when it was too late—for amphibibrous lubbers has their feelings like other folks—and greatly shook when news was brought, next morning, that the vessel had gone down not three miles from shore, with every soul on board. Just at starting, as it might be—with all her passengers so full of hope, agoing to join their friends again—she struck upon a rock off Early Point, and settled down, as it was supposed, about midnight in a few minutes. There was a good cargo of spice, and Bill was, of course, sent for immediate; there was but few bodies floated to shore, and, knowing he would see some terrible sights, he was not over-pleased at the job; but until they could get more divers there was no choice, so down he goes to the vessel, and finds her fallen betwixt two reefs of rock, bolt upright, with masts standing and sails set, just as she settled down. She looked, he said, for all the world like any ship upon the surface, except that there was a hole broken in her side, where she had struck; her boats were slung almost uninjured, coils of

rope were lying on the main-deck, the hatches were open and the door above the chief cabin stairs; the wet, swift fishes darted in and out of it, and the crabs were going about their work already when my brother descended. There were six or seven men in the cabin, gentlemen passengers, and a card or two that floated about showed they had been playing when the vessel struck; some of them were even standing upright, just as they started from their seats when they felt the shock, and one had a dreadful look, with pale, parted lips, as though a cry of agony had just escaped them; a young man and a girl—so like as to be sworn brother and sister—were embracing for the last time; the heaving of the sea, scarce felt at such depth, swayed all the figures to and fro—without a touch of decay, and instinct with all but life, was that ship's company. The captain, in his cabin, slept his last sleep quite placidly. The sailors, for the most part, were drowned within their hammocks, only those whose duty necessitated their being on deck were washed off and driven ashore. The darkness had been so deep as to render the best look futile, the strongest swimming of no avail. All these things were sad enough, and Bill's nerves, iron as they were, were shaken sadly. Wandering about that living charnel-house, attired so unnaturally, seeking for gold in the very heart of ocean, it was terrible, and yet, Master James, though you look so shocked, it was his honest business so to do, and a far less hateful way of getting on in the world than is practised in high places daily; still, when he had found what he wanted and, laden with as many bags as he could carry, was returning to the main-deck by another way, it seemed to him the worst job he had been ever set to do—and, lo! at the foot of the companion-ladder, he met the man he knew so well, and parted with in wrath so lately, with one hand on the round, as if in the act of flight. The look upon the drowned man's face seemed to reproach him for his latest wish, so that he dared not put him aside and pass by, but turned back and went upon deck by the road he came; nor ever after that dreadful sight could brother Bill be brought to venture down into the sunk West Indiaman."

"Dear me, Mr. Headfurst," I said, "I never heard so frightful a tale in all my life."

"Nor I neither, Master James, but it's true enough, and so my brother will tell you if you ask him. I don't happen, just at present, to remember his address, but he dives a good deal still, off the east coast of Ireland."

RUSSIAN TORPEDOES.

FROM a Correspondent of The Times, dated off Cronstadt 21 June.

This morning each ship commenced sweeping for the infernal machines, and before night gathered in a capital harvest of them. The way in which the sweeping is done is this,—two boats take between them a long rope, which is sunk to the depth of 10 or 12 feet by means of weights, and held suspended at that depth by lines attached to small casks, which float on the surface at intervals of 40 or 50 yards; the boats then separate as far as the rope will allow them, and pull in parallel lines until one of the casks stops behind, which tells them, as a fishing float tells the angler, that they have caught something; the two boats then approach each other, keeping the rope taut, then haul it in carefully, and up comes the machine. The Exmouth found the first, the Nile the second, and then the catching became so numerous that in some instances two at a time were hauled up; they were first supposed to be only the buoys to the machine, but I am sorry to say Admiral Seymour proved them to be the machine itself in a most unpleasant manner. He was examining one of them on the poop of the Exmouth, and incautiously tapped a little bit of iron which projected from its side, saying, "this must be the way they are exploded," when, bang! the thing went off, and everybody round was scattered on the deck. Admiral Seymour was so injured in the eyes that for some time it was thought he would lose the sight of both, but I am very glad to say he can see a little out of both to-day, and no fear is entertained now of either. Lieutenant Lewis, R. M., was severely wounded in the knee joint, and badly burnt in the hands and arms; the signalman, who was holding the machine in his hands, was severely burnt down the front of the body and legs; and Mr. Peirce, flag lieutenant, had his whiskers burnt off and his face singed, and every one near was more or less burnt. It was a wonderful escape for them all. Each machine consists of a cone of galvanized iron, 16 inches in diameter at the base and 20 inches from base to apex, and is divided into three chambers; the one near the base being largest, and containing air, causes it to float with the base uppermost. In the center of this chamber is another, which holds a tube with a fuse in it, and an apparatus for firing it. This consists of two little iron rods, which move in guides, and are kept projected over the side of the base by springs, which press them outwards. When anything pushes either of these rods inwards it strikes against a lever, which moves like a pendulum, in the fuse-tube, and the lower end of the lever breaks or bends a small leaden tube, containing a combustible compound, which is set on fire by coming in contact with some sulphuric acid held in a capillary tube, which is broken at the same time, and so fires the fuse, which communicates with the powder contained in the chamber at the apex of the cone, and which holds about 9lb or 10lb. At the extreme apex is a brass ring, to which is attached a rope and some pieces of granite, which moors them

about nine or ten feet below the surface, so that the only vessels they could hurt, the gunboats, float quietly over them, and, now we know what they are, they have been disarmed of all their dread. But they prove dangerous playthings; the Commander-in-Chief was examining one of the fuse-tubes that was supposed to be spoilt, for it was full of mud and water, when he accidentally touched the lever, and it exploded in his hands, scattering the mud into the faces of all present, and literally throwing dirt into their eyes, but doing no hurt.

From the Transcript.

[WE should be glad to receive from any of our readers whatever they may choose to send to this good man. He thankfully acknowledged what we forwarded some years ago. ED. LIV. AGE.]

THE CASE OF THOMAS DICK, LL. D. Some months ago we published a statement that the Aberdeen Ministry of Great Britain, upon application of the friends of the distinguished Dr. Thomas Dick for aid from the Royal Literary Fund, granted that scholar the magnificent sum of ten pound sterling. One of our subscribers, upon reading this report, wrote to the venerable author and enclosed a bill of exchange for ten pounds, as a token of respect from a citizen of the United States. We have before us the reply of Dr. Dick, in which he acknowledges the reception of the remittance above named, and expresses his gratitude for the kindness and liberality evinced by his Boston correspondent. The truth of the report of the paltry pittance given by the British Government in this case, is thus confirmed by the testimony of the recipient. Many of the English papers have properly referred to this transaction in terms of indignation.

We would mention to those of our readers who have perused the works of Dr. Dick, and are somewhat interested in his personal history, that we have the highest authority for the following statement. During the past thirty years Dr. Dick has sold the copyright of his works as they were published. They have yielded him but a comparatively small sum, and while the Doctor is not in absolute needy circumstances, he has never had much money at command. During the past eight or ten years he has had five orphans to maintain, whose parents died within thirteen days of each other. One of these persons now carries on the business of dressmaking in Edinburgh. Another of the number has taught an infant school in Leith, but within a year has been compelled to abandon it on account of failing health. We mention these facts in the hope that they may meet the eye of the admirers of the author of the "Christian Philosopher," "Siderial Heavens," "Philosophy of Religion," "Essay on Covetousness," etc. It is now about twenty-eight years since an American edition of the work first named above appeared. It is too much to hope that the declining years of this noble Christian man may be cheered by the reception of other letters with funds enclosed, from his trans-atlantic friends? His post office address is "Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland."

NOTICES OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

National Intelligencer, Washington, D. C.

The work has fully sustained the plan so highly approved by Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, Professor Sparks, and others, at the commencement. Each number contains articles from many foreign periodicals of celebrity. They have been judiciously selected, and embody a great mass of information and variety of entertaining matter, adapted to the wants of literary taste and the general reader. So numerous are the books upon all subjects, whether of history, travels, science, or fiction, which are daily coming from the press, that a philomath needs the hundred eyes of Argus, and the age of Methuselah, to keep up with the railroad speed of new publications. A directory, or guide, therefore, to the intellectual market is now indispensable; for the most industrious and indefatigable scholar can only read them by selections and in parts. Even the distinguished periodicals of the day become voluminous, when assembled together; and he who will cater for the mental appetite, and choose, and point out the best articles for perusal, deserves the patronage and gratitude of the public. On this account, we can speak with some assurance, when we say, that the subscribers to this very cheap and beautifully-printed *Saturday* (to coin a new word, touching the festival of the mind), — this weekly production, so full of excellent matter, — will be richly rewarded. He will find this work to be, indeed, a *Living Age*, — a literary Gazette, — a directory to the temple of taste and learning, embellished by the hand of genius, and leading him onward and upward to those refined enjoyments, which are best suited to a thinking being in his leisure hours from business or scientific researches.

The above remarks are confirmed by the opinion of Professor Ticknor, in a letter to the publishers, who observes that he "has never seen any similar publication of equal merit."

Union, Washington, D. C.

This excellent periodical continues fully to sustain the high order of merit it at first assumed. The proprietors have endeavored to make the "Living Age desirable to all, — to statesmen, divines, lawyers and physicians, — to men of business and men of leisure, — and to make it useful and attractive to their wives and children." The editor, who is the pioneer of this class of publications, possesses such tact and discrimination in the selection of articles from the current literature of the English language as to leave all rivals and competitors in the back-ground. We do not recollect to have seen a poor or indifferent article in its pages, and most certainly not one which could minister to a depraved or vicious taste.

Washington Republic.

Littell's "Living Age" has finished its third century, the number 300 being before us. This work is conducted with consummate judgment and good taste, and there is none with which we are acquainted whose contents are more valuable for present entertainment and future reference. The numbers preserved and bound furnish a compend of matter, from foreign and domestic journals, such as has never been presented by any periodical journal within our knowledge.

Charleston (S. C.) Evening News.

We have carefully looked into this publication from its first number, and positively declare that a more generally useful and entertaining serial has never been issued from the press of the Union. We recollect, in boyhood, to have been occasionally indulged with the sight of a work of similar character, begun and continued for some years by Mr. Littell, "The Museum of Foreign Literature and Science." This may be viewed as a continuation of that, with such changes as the progress of science and a due regard to public taste have dictated. Some of our most pleasurable reminiscences, from reading, accompany our recollection of stealing a few moments from our employment, and running nearly a mile to borrow from a kind gentleman, who noticed us, a number of the Museum; and now that we have grown older, we record with great pleasure the fact, that our best reading has been from its successor, the *Living Age*.

Mr. Littell has a rare faculty for selection. His matter presents a variety suited to every taste, from the maiden who loves to read of broken vows and long-suffering affection, to the scholar who watches the progress of science. His work, indeed, is a great volume of prose and poetry; of art, metaphysics, wit, romance and literature, all regulated to a highly moral and delicate standard. We state confidently, that in all these respects it is, of its class, the very best periodical in the United States.

Journal of Commerce, New York.

Its contents manifest, for the most part, of articles extracted from the foreign periodicals of the day; but its

selections, instead of being confined exclusively to the elaborate essays of Quarterly Reviews, embrace within their range the lighter literature of the "Monthlies," and even of the most valuable weekly newspapers. Occasionally, too, we are pleased to notice extracts from the columns of leading American papers, whose editorials are frequently worthy of a more permanent existence than can be secured to them by the issues of an ephemeral press. An agreeable variety is thus given to the pages of Littell; and hence it becomes in reality what its name purports, a correct dagger reotype of the living age. It is, at once, "popular" in character, and, at the same time, well adapted "to raise the standard of public taste

Boston Journal.

We take this opportunity to bring this long-established and valuable publication more particularly to the notice of those of our readers who are not subscribers. The *Living Age* is devoted to the republication of the best articles from the foreign periodicals, including the acute and far-seeing editorials of the London press on the political affairs of Europe, the light and entertaining tales and miscellanies of Blackwood, Fraser's Magazine, and others, and the more ponderous articles of the British quarterlies. In fact, the articles in the British periodical press are sifted down, and nearly all that are of real interest and value in this country are republished in the *Living Age*, interspersed with interesting articles from the American press. The fact that this periodical is published weekly, enables the editor to give his selections in all their freshness. The weekly issues of the *Living Age* make four octavo volumes of about eight hundred pages each, yearly; and we venture to say that few volumes published in this country comprise so great an amount and variety of good reading matter of permanent value.

United States Gazette, Philadelphia.

A large variety of articles, selected with judicious care from the best European magazines and journals, and of a character to elevate the understanding, at the same time that it is instructive in what is good. It is known that a rich harvest of literary gems is to be gathered from the periodicals of England, especially; and it is a peculiar merit of this magazine that, at intervals of a week only, a rich succession of the best of what is to be found, will be given in its pages. The *Living Age* is its very appropriate title, for it presents everything while it has yet its newest gloss, and all the interest of existing circumstances. Again: The promises of the editor have not been visionary. Each succeeding week brings a substantial realization of our expectations. It is not only variety that is afforded, but there is a pervading excellence. The mine in which the editor delves sparkles with literary gems. Again: The number is crowded with excellent articles, gathered from those fruitful sources, the European periodicals. Again: At the excellent number. The leading article will be read with delight, as recalling the memory of good men. Again: The same pleasing variety which gave interest to the former numbers greets us in this. Valuable reviews, instructive essays, well-written tales. Again: The number, as usual, is full of variety, point, and spirit. Again: The subscribers to this are really subscribers to all the foreign magazines.

Courier and Enquirer, New York.

We have received this favorite selection from the best of the English periodicals. With excellent discrimination its editor does not confine his attention to the Reviews or even the Magazines, but looks carefully through the ably-conducted weekly literary, artistic and scientific journals, from which are selected the best of those clearly thought and forcibly expressed articles upon the momentous affairs of the day, which are so frequently found in the best English journals. This number, for instance, contains selections not only from the Edinburgh and British Reviews, but from the Spectator, the Gentleman's Magazine, the Times, and the Morning Chronicle. The *Living Age* merits richly the preference it has won and retained for so long a time.

Despatch, Cincinnati.

Although we have frequently recommended this periodical, it is one of those works that we always take pleasure in noticing and commending to the lovers of genuine literature, as in every respect worthy their cordial support. It gives the cream of the best articles from the best periodical publications on both sides of the Atlantic, and is a reprint of the solid and sterling portion of the current literature of the day, fully exhibiting "the form and pressure of the times." Those who prefer plain, solid literary aliment, with a sprink

THE SECOND SERIES BEGAN WITH APRIL, 1853.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 2. 1844.

I HAVE read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW YORK, 7th Mo., 1844.

I APPROVE very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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