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POWELL'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

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Powell's Domestic Magazine.

THE MODEL WIFE.—CHAPTER I.

By J. H. POWELL.

> She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
> Or, if she rules him, never shows the rules;
> Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
> Yet has her Humour most, when she obeys.
>
> POPE.

It were comparatively an easy task for the true artist to delineate on canvass the portraiture of a model woman—one whose exterior formation should bespeak perfectability. He would only need to make a study of the most perfect types in life, and by a combination of outward excellencies infuse his art with the visible beauties of the many beautiful figures present to his eye. Here his study halts. Here he is bounded. He succeeds in painting a model of beauty whose life-likeness and harmonious pencil-touchings together strike the gazer with admiration. But the inner, inestimable faculties of the soul are beyond his reach. The painted model, unlike an actual living one, is simply a combination of colours thrown into light and shade. It belongs only to the realm of Art, having no connection, save in its chemical affinities, with the world of Fact. The painted model may be an acquisition to the student and a treasure to the museum, invaluable in its apparent perfectability; but it is, after all, only a type of high imitative Art—useful to a few and absolutely useless to many.

Man's true study is human nature; he should watch it under all its peculiar phases of strife and peace, discord and concord, temptation and triumph. If he would elevate his kind, he must place up models, not sculptured or painted ones merely, but living, acting, suffering ones. We are all imitative beings—our vices and virtues alike develope in our souls from *imitation*. Hence the necessity of surrounding mankind with virtuous models, that character may be grafted in right principles.

The influence of women, in the home and in the world, is so vast that it is impossible to conceive its limit. Women give us birth—nurture us in childhood—tend us with affectionate regard in youth—associate with us in manhood—unite with and become part of us, elevate or degrade us through life. Civilization grows out of woman's influence. All we feel of the Divine harmonies of existence—the heroic actions of true greatness—the serene, Christ-like principles of Charity and Love owes much to the influence of women. We cannot recognize our own high mission without at the same time recognizing that of women. We cannot stir devotedly in the cause of righteousness, move manfully in the ways of freedom, live lovingly in the smiles of happiness, without admitting women to an equality with ourselves. If we would see humanity free in Virtue and Religion, we must direct our efforts to the freedom and culture of women. To this end we devote these pages, believing that all ameliorative measures which aim exclusively at raising the fallen, without dealing with the causes in the home, must inevitably fail to regenerate the world. To do good, men must put off antiquated prejudices, they must enter the habitations of the poor, and, if possible, discover the broken strings of the instrument which harmonises life. We would aid them to repair the domestic lyre. We would, in this our earnest work, regard with tenderness the victims of a false and unnatural theory, so that by kind, sympathising teaching we may induce reform.

Perchance, it may be more difficult to photograph the exact likeness of a model wife with the pen than it would be to the artist to delineate the personal attractiveness of a model woman with the brush, because we have to deal with the soul, the intellect, and the habits, not the external, decaying, physical beauty of the woman. We introduce our Model Wife.

She is of no particular divinity of feature, has no false, flippant passion for dress, no silly unenviable notions above her sphere, no idle, whimsical, novel-loving, maudlin, sentimental, lachrymable waywardness. She is of ordinary personal attractiveness, attired in plain, neat, and clean apparel, endowed with a strong sense of domestic propriety, loving to read, but never in the midst of washing, house cleaning, and other domestic labours. She has just entered the marriage state, she is about twenty-five years of age, has been inured to privation, and thoroughly understands the nature of hard domestic toils. She has united herself with a journeyman mechanic—her union is the result of both prudence and love. She enters on her new mode of life with confidence, and is prepared, as far as practical, to perform her duty. Her husband has been tolerably economical, and has been fortunate

in keeping work since he has served his apprenticeship. They have a small cottage and many indispensable house utensils and useful articles of furniture—and all looks sunshine. He is a man of little book-knowledge; but is, nevertheless, shrewd, temperate, and industrious. He is very happy in his new home—his own home—with his dear wife. She abominates extravagance of every kind, so their wedding day has passed in inexpensive blessedness. The Model Wife, divested of all distasteful squeamishness, studies her husband first, her home next, and herself last. He is very happy—she must endeavour to keep him so. She has discernment, and provides for the future. He begins work at six o'clock in the morning. The Model Wife rises at half-past six—never later than seven. Her first duty is to open wide the bed-room window, throw open the bed clothes, and allow the pure morning air to permeate the apartment and all within it. She then descends to the room below, lights the fire, sets the kettle on it, and finds occupation in sweeping and cleansing the rooms, emptying away all slops, dusting and arranging the furniture, washing her face and hands, and preparing breakfast. Punctuality with her is a virtue. She never allows her husband to find her behind in attention. He comes to his breakfast, and sees his coffee just smoking in the cup, his toast or bread-and-butter all prepared. He looks about him—at a glance he beholds order and comfort. He looks at his wife, sitting opposite him at the table, whereon the edibles rest on a snow-white table cloth, and he sees her clean and smiling. All the piquant vexations of shop-creation are forgotten—he enjoys his meal with satisfaction, and therefore digests it with ease. His time is short, some twenty minutes allowed for mastication. He returns to his handicraft. Now, our Model Wife has to devote herself again to house duties, idleness and dirt being foreign to her nature. She is again up in the bed-room looking over the blankets, sheets, and bed-ticking, with a view to keep them mended. Bestowing her best efforts in making the bed, thoroughly shaking and smoothing it. Bed curtains are not in her list of household necessities, her ideas favour health too much for her to use them. She washes the room, taking special care to cleanse the part under the bed. Not a cupboard, crevice, or skirting escapes the application of the flannel and water. After this she examines the walls and ceiling in order to divest them of cobwebs. Every room in the cottage is investigated, and, when practicable before dinner, thoroughly put to rights. Every window in the house is thrown open, and kept so until the atmosphere is impregnant with health-giving oxygen. She is careful to attend in time to the dinner preparations. She peels the potatoes with an

eye to economy, and is thoroughly housewifely in her mode of cooking them. She learns that the substance of the potatoe is farinaceous—that the starch, or nutrition, is nearest the skin — that the plant is a poison known as the deadly night-shade. From this knowledge she habits herself to boil the potatoes in two or three waters. She takes as much care with the greens, boiling them nice and soft to make them digestible. The meat she suspends before the fire, and is careful not to over-roast it, her object being to keep the juices in and make it waste as little as possible in cooking. If she have only a mutton chop or a half-pound of steak to cook, she never fries it, but always cooks it in the above-mentioned way. The potatoes she renders delicious by well mashing them and admixing a little butter, pepper, and salt with them. Her dinners are generally regulated by the markets—when mutton is dear and beef less in price, she chooses beef. Occasionally she purchases a little fish, a rabbit, some asparagus, spinach, and turnip-tops, to give a change; but she waits till the decline of the seasons rather than give a price for it exceeding her means. Sometimes she prepares puddings and then she reduces the supply of meat. Bread puddings yield the most nutrition; knowing this, she saves the broken pieces of bread and works them up into puddings. She is mostly guided in what she prepares by the taste of her husband, being desirous of pleasing him in this respect as well as every other. When dinner is over, and the husband has returned to his work, our Model Wife having diligently placed her "house in order," applies soap and water to her neck, face, and arms. She then invests herself in an evening dress, carefully combs and curls her hair, hunts among the calico and linen for needlework, and busies herself in looking over her husband's shirts, stockings, and other clothes, making sure that there is neither a missing button nor a failing stitch. By this plan of operation she saves much time, expense, and happiness. Her next attention is to her own wardrobe, then she fills up her time with new work—shirts, flannels, drawers, &c., for her husband, petticoats, gowns, &c., for herself, not forgetting *certain miniature articles*. Thus she finds abundant occupation for a long time to come. Such is a brief summary of our Model Wife's daily routine.

In the evening her husband, often jaded and oppressed with his day's toil, enters his cottage. His chair is ready for him in its accustomed place, his slippers are at hand, his tea is prepared, and his wife, with loving and smiling glances, gives him affectionate welcome. His daily routine has been much dissimilar from his wife's. It may be that he has been overworked, excited to bitterness by brutal companions or the snarls and oppression of an unjust foreman or master. He is

now at home. Although his feelings have been terribly galled, and he is a little peevish as a consequence, yet the order, cleanliness, and comfortableness of his home, together with the true womanly sympathy and attention of his wife, break the harsh vibrations of his mind and bring him over to full and hearty appreciation of the music of domestic life.

In this picture we see how the husband is made submissive to uncontrollable trouble, by the simple study and apparent attention to trifles of his wife. It will happen at times that the husband, in spite of his knowledge of the injustice, will address his wife in ungentle and unloving tones, owing to the fact of his mind, in the workshop or elsewhere, having been submitted to untoward influences. What, under such circumstances, does the Model Wife? She philosophically endures and patiently complains not. Thus, by her sweetness, evenness of temper and rare goodness, she soon disarms querulousness and reinstates confidence.

It is her delight, in the summer evenings, to induce her husband to take her for a walk. In this practice she gains a beneficial change for herself and affords means of keeping him genially employed. She rarely troubles him about the markets, deeming his duties at the workshop ample enough. In all her shoppings she brings the principle of economy to the test, her object always being to purchase what she hath need of as reasonably cheap as possible. She knows the value of money, and having her husband's earnings in her keeping, would deem it a vile sin to squander them thoughtlessly in small overcharges or in articles of a nature wholly unrequisite. Thus, by forethought and frugality, our Model Wife saves her home from wreck and keeps free of debt. She has influenced her husband to get initiated a member of a benefit society, and never forgets to keep the small weekly contributions regularly paid. Here is a provision for sickness, a wise preparation for adversity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Every one knows that a boy, amongst boys, who would dare to commence a tale with those ugly crotchets of manhood called dates, would be voted "a bore," and compelled to give place to the real half whispering, half laughing, half trembling lad who could recount the orthodox version of "Jack, Bill, and Tom," and begin it in the boy-orthodox manner of "once upon a time." Hence, in accordance with our wish now and then to be boyish, if our readers were all French or Irish, or anything except matter of fact "Englishers," or, perhaps, in some cases, worse than matter of fact Caledonians, we

would offer high bribes for the character of story-teller, for we would beg of our more patriarchial friends to go back with the sun of fancy, upon the dial of Ahaz, just the necessary number of degrees, and, fancying themselves once again boys and girls, allow us to introduce them to a dear old friend, in the dear old fashion, of *once upon a time*. But next to roast beef and plum-pudding, there is nothing an Englishman insists upon so strongly, as dates; and as for a Scotchman, why you know it is his pride to tell you the exact day and hour when "Jean forgot to wind the clock," or "Sandy cut his wisdom tooth." Therefore, whilst still adhering to our opinion, we desire very gracefully to yield, as in courtesy bound, to this ledger-like fancy for chronological facts and figures, still, however, holding one assertion far above it, viz.:—that men, by their passion for this mode, fall into many errors, and that boys, by neglecting it, often arrive at simple truths. They glance with rapture at the glowing deeds of departed greatness, pick out what is noble to talk of, to dream of, sometimes to live by, nay, history tells us, in some cases, even to die by, save themselves the trouble of telling you which action was done on the 1st of September, 1860, and escape the rather questionable honour of being termed wearisome babblers for their pains. However, as we have said, the custom is rooted, and we give in.

So it came to pass that on November 10th, 1728, an Irish country curate's wife presented his reverence, and more than his reverence, with a fine Irish son;—Irish in his face—for *Pat* was written on every feature, Irish in his manners—for his very squallings and kissings were all in the style of the *brogue*,—Irish in his heart—for, ere he grew big enough for his first trowsers, his reverend father's tom-cat might have borne witness—though we solemnly believe it would have been unwilling witness—against one of the most waggish, teasing, but kind-hearted lads that ever trod the turf of St. Patrick.

With all due sprinkling and crossing and ceremonial observance, followed very likely by a good "currant cake, and a drap of the cratur," in which all good neighbours might drink better luck still to this newly launched Goldsmith, they gave him a fearful historical name; they sent him into life to redeem from sternness and disloyalty the terrible name of *Oliver*.

So we have now fairly entered into our truthful little tale, respecting one whose name young Englishmen should never tire of

hearing, respecting one whose laurels form an unfading wreath in our national chaplet of fame; our childhood's teacher; our more than household word—Oliver Goldsmith.

Of course, the Rev. C. Goldsmith sent his son to school, and, equally, of course, he got him the very best master in Kilkenny or Westmeath. Never was there a tutor on earth better able to define the difference between a hobgoblin, a fairy, a banshee, a sprite, a warlock, and the other "lang nebbed things" that haunted, and *still haunt*, the nooks and waterfalls of his Shamrock Isle.

And thus a six-year-old poet had ready access to that glorious milk upon which poets have been fed in all ages. Then as to the old gentleman's book lore—

> "The village all declared how much he knew,
> 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too,
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
> In arguing too the parson own'd his skill
> For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still.
> Whilst words of learned length and thund'ring sound
> Amaz'd the gazing rustics gather'd round,
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

But such mighty subjects were not the only things that wonderful head contained. The schoolmaster was an old soldier, had served in the wars of Queen Anne, had learned how to tell a good story and very soon found that he had at least one lad who would willingly barter for a "yarn" about Flanders the glorious properties of £ s. d. from nine till twelve in the morning, and follow it up from two till four in the afternoon. These dreams, however, were soon to be broken. There were too many young Goldsmiths at the little parsonage-house for Rev. Mr. G. to attempt making "kings or priests" of them all, so he decreed that Oliver should live and die amongst Day Books,—talk about Ledgers and funds, India-House and dividends; but Nature had stamped the intended clerk a poet, in that little head and heart was the "Deserted Village," in that unmeasured soul was smiles for millions, and a loftier voice within the lad was claiming its own. So the Rev. Charles Goldsmith might decree what he pleased, calculate his son's profits of trade at cent. per cent.; but there was a book above in which all these little members were written; and as certain as an old, blind, persecuted schoolmaster's life was proof against the royalty of England until a thing called "Paradise Lost" had left his throbbing brain, so certain

was it that a destiny more exalted than the Woolsack of England was waiting for that little ugly Irish lad. That Oliver was ugly in person, his greatest admirers attempt not to deny. Nor need they, for Mother Nature, when exhausting all her skill to produce a lovely human soul, may well be excused for neglecting its temporary cloak of clay.

Oliver *was* ungraceful in person—so ungraceful indeed, that when in after years Miss Reynolds was desired to toast the ugliest man of her acquaintance, she named without hesitation Dr. Goldsmith, and it was only when her father read to her the Deserted Village that she enthusiastically exclaimed, "father, I shall never think Dr. Goldsmith ugly again." When our hero was nine years of age, a juvenile party had assembled at his uncle's to dance; a person named Cumming (may the name be ever pilloried) played the fiddle and turned the laugh upon our sensitive Oliver, called him Æsop. Oliver stopped in his hornpipe, looked the scoundrel with those clear eyes of his right in the face and said,

> "Our herald hath proclaimed this saying
> See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

This was a most fortunate affair—he was now acknowledged a wit; his mother begged hard against the balance sheets, and uncle Contarine seconding her eloquence with the shining ore, Oliver had the benefit of a Rev. Tutor, and the world of letters received a master and a slave. He could not (let the old soldiering follower of Charles Mordaunt bear witness to it) sum up the cost of 16lbs. of sugar at 10d. a lb., but he rhymed verses to all the old women around who had a goodnatured word for school-boys, and he satirised, though even in youth without rancour or bitterness, the hollow-hearted and the mean. His next step therefore, was removal from the school of "inspired" Earl of Peterborough's soldier to the care of this new tutor—the proper way to college and fame. Peterboroughism was at an end, and years of ugly unsentimental battle began.

The first great blunder we have recorded of Goldsmith is an epitome of his life—a clue to his thoughtless sanguine character. On his last return from school, some good-natured friend supplied him with a horse and presented him with a guinea. Oliver, elated beyond measure, mounted the horse and resolved, like a real Irishman, to be annoyed no longer than was absolutely necessary with that awkward encumbrance, the guinea. He rode into Ardagh—enquired

for the best house in the place, and was directed by a wag to the squire's mansion—literally the best house in the place. Up to the door he rode, ordered his horse to be stabled, marched into the parlour, called for supper—wine in abundance, and ended by inviting his host, hostess, and daughters to join him. To increase his happiness they agreed, for having found who their uninvited guest was, and being old acquaintances of his father, they had resolved to let the joke go on. And a jolly night it was. Oliver told rare stories, sang about an old woman tossed up in a blanket seventeen times higher than the moon, then, having drank as much wine as was good for him, intimated his wish to see a bed-room, stated his time for rising in the morning, ordered a hot cake for breakfast, and tumbled into bed like a true traveller, "monarch of all he surveyed." But when "reckoning time came" in the morning, he was about as near hanging himself as ever mortal was who did not get the rope round his neck. However, from this night's adventures, were drawn the materials for his exquisite comedy, "She stoops to Conquer." He was next entered at Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer or poor scholar—in which capacity he had the misfortune to quarrel with his master through an inability to learn mathematics, then gained a single prize worth thirty shillings, and resolved to spend it like one who hoped very soon to gain another. He invited a company of "boys and girls" (Oliver would be shocked at the designation) to sup with him in his room at College, disturbed old Monebam amongst his right-angled triangles, for which his friends were turned out and himself, in their presence, well caned; then out of shame left College to go, heaven, and not Oliver Goldsmith, knew where. He was brought back, however, by his brother, stayed two years, took his degree of B.A., tried physic—tired of it, set off "to improve himself" abroad, found some rare tulips in Holland, remembered that his uncle Contarine admired tulips, bought a quantity of them which he despatched to Ireland, and soon found himself a stranger "on his travels," without one farthing in his pocket. Fluted his way through France, argued it through Germany and Italy, and at last arrived in London Dr. Goldsmith of the University of Padua.

It has been well said that London is a great human wilderness, such an one as John the Baptist never dreamt of, and where a man at first entering, without a well filled purse, is less likely to find a friend than in the sandy deserts of Africa; but it is also a place

where merit, endowed with patience, will always turn uppermost some day or other, and where worth, once recognised, may proudly rank with the titled peer. So Goldsmith found it. Long and bravely did he battle for bread, deep and hopefully did he pant for fame, but at last the friend of Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke—the poet, historian, essayist and novelist, and in each as original (where they professed originality) as they were beautiful and profound—could no longer be denied his proper position; his worth was acknowledged, his future was fame. Now, there are some pseudo-philanthropists, grave, surly, and sanctimonious, who hold every wish for fame to be unjustifiable, as springing from vanity and several other evil propensities which they explain by texts. Well, Oliver was not one of these gentlemen. He desired to place his name on the immortal roll of genius, wrought for it as miser plods for paltry dross, earned it as heroes earn their cypress wreath, and deserved it—aye, deserved it—as a minstrel prophet, for a minstrel's God. So when unthinking philanthropists condemn this darling object of earth's greatest souls, let them remember that nobody supposes mere word-venders capable of such unholy thoughts. They were made to die; let them. But the immortal sons of genius shall cluster within a nation's temple, and inherit, generation after generation, a nation's meed of love.

But mere fame could never satisfy the wants of Goldsmith,—friendship even was too cold. Years of loneliness glided away; unuttered burning thoughts were stifled with the lettered page, and that noble heart began beating faintly for a kinder home. The eye that had so long twinkled with amusement for others, began to have a sickly glare; the rough sympathy of Johnson had lost its charm; Burke and philosophy were powerless now; his thoughts were all anchored with a family at Barton—his heart was there with the Jessemy Bride.

Yet nobody seemed to know it; rough men never dreamt of it; the Boswells could never have understood it; publishers would have laughed at it; and newsmongers would have paragraphed it in freezing type as "pleasing gossip" or "table talk," to wile away those God-sent moments which wealth alone can afford to lose. Nor until a lady approached, begging them to unscrew his coffin that she might bear away one sad memorial of a very dear friend, did they discover that the one thing wanting at the bedside of Oliver Gold-

smith was the well loved form of Mary Horneck. And when critics draw near this sacred period let them approach with muffled tread and silent respect those now entwining names, for an holy union in that world above has knit them in one indissoluble knot, and he who recounts the deeds of Oliver Goldsmith will speak a tale without a meaning, if he weave not with it in tangled thread the closely nestling name of this Mary of Barton, the Jessemy Bride.

The best proof of Oliver's greatness, is the very fact that so few believed him to be great. His language was so simple that it seemed only a well-known theme repeated, whereas it was often a string touched which had never sent a note before, an idea broached which hearts could feel, but which tongues or pens had not till now expressed. Men said his thoughts came hap-hazard. That was not it. He wrote great thoughts simply without believing them to be great. What electrified the club was commonplace to the producer, for how can a man look upon those things as great which cluster around him day by day, and constitute him the owner of an only too rich mine? He dashed off his beautiful thoughts as carelessly as he threw away their price in "cash;" and astonished friends said, "surely these never left the brain of that bashful, stammering Irishman, whom the Johnsonian Club has styled "Poor Poll." He could scarcely speak a coherent sentence in polite company, but amongst the harvest shearers he danced like a wild fellow; and if the Jessemy Bride had been present and stooped to conquer, she had gained the most unselfish thing on earth, in the heart of Oliver Goldsmith.

As a poet he dealt not with those fierce burning words, and grand supernal imagery, which distinguish and almost individualise, the muse of Lord Byron. Nor did he attempt those subtle depths of feeling—perhaps too intellectual feeling, which belong so peculiarly to our noble Shelley; but a graceful, rural, simplicity of diction, an English healthiness of sentiment, will in the minds of many fully atone for the want of the one, and more than compensate for the absence of the other. He had none of that stern, unwavering rigidity of purpose, which characterised his friend Johnson from his cradle to his grave; but a tender conscience, always on the side of virtue and humanity, seeking excuses for the faults of others, and forgiving even to a failing with his bitterest foes, has made the name of Goldsmith a jewel in the crown of religion for every age. His virtue was that of the "Deserted Village;" his religion may be

found in the "Vicar of Wakefield." That he was duped by many, we love him better; that he deceived in nothing, we love him more. His friendships were lasting; his friends were the choicest spirits of the age; his enemies were many, but invariably the low spirited, the envious, and the mean. He loved the laugh of a child, he hated a cloudy childish brow; his love for children emptied many a toy stand, and wove them a simple darling tale; and when many a serious, sentimental piece of humbug, the Mrs. Ellis and Co.'s plan for putting old heads upon young shoulders shall have vanished from English nurseries, children will shout and laugh as children should shout and laugh over the "Goody Two Shoes" of Oliver Goldsmith.

As an historian, he pretends not to explain motives, but he investigates with the spirit of a poet, and recounts in the most beautiful narrative the impression he has received of facts. He scarcely belongs to the same class as Macaulay, but he has formed the opinions—perhaps frequently incorrect ones—of our greatest men, and by making his heroes actors he has (as in the instance of Fabricas) made other noble souls burn to be, like Fabricas, proud and poor. His histories will stand for ages, his comedies while the English people can love our fine old drama, his essays until true taste and simplicity give way to new fangled refinements and latter day sentimentalities; but his poems and his "Vicar of Wakefield" through, "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," will live for ever.

His detractors say: Well, you must admit he was no critic. Admit it? Yes, with pleasure. Did you expect Goldsmith, with his straightforward ingenuous nature, a poet, an author of imagination, to make a critic? Never, till the end of days! You must get a man with a hooked nose, small grey eyes, a mouth twisted into one eternal sneer, a £ s. d. person, with a finger entering everybody's pie, an adroitness for extracting all the plums, and an impudence to say they have edged his teeth, and then you have a real, heaven-designed, critic. Goldsmith had none of these; and his friends laugh at the detraction, plead for their favourite no claim to this envied distinction; they hesitate not to say:—true this Oliver of ours was not a critic.

But he was better than that; he was a theme for critics, and a theme which they never yet understood. His history, from their pens, is one of carelessness mistaken for folly, of humour misunderstood for puerile earnestness, of modesty termed affectation, of

independence called vanity, of qualities the rarest and best, and truest and warmest, that ever entered into the combination of man, pronounced by the Boswells, Hawkinses, and Horace Walpoles of the day, the qualities of an inspired madman, or often still lower the characteristics of an ass. But unlike that romancing "Castle of Otranto" gentleman, he would have emptied his pockets to Chatterton, and dragged this youthful genius with boyish ardour up to fortune and fame. Unlike that club dinner "skulker," he would have paid his share of every reckoning, for if he erred at all 'twas marked to fall on virtue's side. He could have jumped off London Bridge far easier than have stooped to the sycophancy of a Boswell. Perhaps, only by Johnson, Reynolds, and the Jessemy Bride, was he ever understood. They say he was improvident. Well, agreed. They then say he would have made a poor domestic character, and have left the Jessemy Bride to "shift" for herself. No, the inference is a false one. His life stamps it as a critic's lie. He was improvident, but of what use was providence to a man wedded, irrevocably wedded, to his grey goose quill? Why should he accumulate coins whose children are a nation's property, whose brains have been tasked to produce a world of smiles, and who has nothing left on earth to call his own? Nay, he might as well let it all go, render others happy who had more to provide for, and leave his genius to defray his debts. So, although that improvidence was a fault, it is no proof that he would have neglected the comforts or forgotten the wants of Mary Horneck.

If you would picture a knight-errant, sworn to defend beauty against all odds, courting the battle and braving death for an abstract idea, assuredly you must seek it elsewhere. You could not have drawn Oliver into a quarrel as to whether John Wesley or Ignatius Loyola was the truer prophet. Not a bit of it, for Oliver didn't care a fig. In the best or worst periods of human history, he would never have sought, perhaps never have dared the martyr's death, or spoken that sweet defiance, that meek disdain which gilds the name of our noble Alice Lisle. By Cromwell he would have been accounted a trifler; John Knox would have called him a son of Belial; but generations of Englishmen have called him friend.

His principles, though not stern, were fixed; and without being able to uphold the character of a controversialist for one hour, he had, what some may perhaps love more, the spirit that all unseen by

human eye, could say "Lead us not into temptation" in simple truth. Had he been born in affluence, birthday sonnets or lines to a pet rabbit might have formed the subject of his gilded pen; but born in poverty, nursed in troubles, we have a "Deserted Village" and a tale of tales. The genius of poetry saved him from the curse of wealth. She became—

"The source of all (his) bliss and all his woe,"
She "found him poor at first and kept him so."

He never pitied suffering, because Adam was our common father. Not he! but he threw his bed clothes out of the window because somebody needed them more than himself, and why they needed them he never asked. He had a brain not easily muddled in speculations; he always tried to steer out of them.

"When folks talk'd about dogmas and such silly stuff,
He walked to the window and only took snuff."

For one rich man who can admire him, we could bring ten poor ones; for one pedant a score of clowns. Would you ask for more in your bosom friend?

Now the rest of the acts of Oliver, and all that he did—the blunders he made, the jokes he spun, the generosity he practised, the books he built, and the books he made, of his colloquial battles with Johnson, of his wondrous instinct which seemed independent of and superior to reason, of his manly avowal that old friends are better than new ones, when the new one he was addressing was a peer of England and Lord Lieutenant of Goldsmith's native Isle, how gallantly and unscrupulously he defended the name of Voltaire against even the pencil of his friend Sir J. Reynolds, who had represented an Oxford Doctor, whose name Goldsmith declared would not live ten years as triumphing over the great wit, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of our best and wisest men. Then Oliver slept with his fathers and they buried him in the Temple Church Yard, and he left not a nobler or truer heart among men.

I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colton.

Whenever you have nothing else to do—in other words, whenever you have no particular object in view, of pleasure or profit, of immediate or remote good—set yourself to do good in some shape or other: to men, to sensitive beings, rational or irrational—to one or to many; to some individual or to the whole race.—Bentham.

THE WOODMAN.—PART 1.

By J. H. POWELL.

A lowly cottage, with a single room,
Straw-thatched and moss-crown'd, in its primal pride,
Shelter'd by trees and brown'd by brush of time,
A league from Tintern's roofless cloisters rose.
The playful, winding Wye flowed at its feet,
And naiad Poets melodised the scene.
In this lone cot the woodman Felix dwelt,
With Deborah his loved and loving wife,—
A woman school'd in simple homely arts,
Whose hours came laden with the toils and joys,
Which breed domestic love and peace.
The Woodman gloried in his stalwart craft,
Felling the knotted trees with Titan arm,
And bluffly singing to his axe's stroke:—

Come to the woods—heigho—
When trees bear fallen snow,
And the nipping, crisping Cold,
Is King of the whiten'd wold.
Come to the woods—heigho.

Come to the woods—heigho—
Where wild flowers freely grow,
And the worried agile hare,
Darts forth from its ferny lair.
Come to the woods—heigho.

Come to the woods—heigho—
When summer glories glow,
And the loving, glistening sun,
Smiles down on the shadows dun.
Come to the woods—heigho.

Come to the woods—heigho—
Free from the haunts of woe;
Where the cheering thrilling song,
Of the throstle tells no wrong.
Come to the woods—heigho.

Come to the woods—heigho—
Here Freedom fears no foe,
And merrily merrily sing,
While zephyrs thro' branches ring,
Come to the woods—heigho.

Come to the woods—heigho—
With health your cheek shall glow;
Come from the sorrowful town
And Luxury's beds of down.
Come to the woods—heigho.

T'was cheering to behold him at his toil,
Making the echoes ring to far-off glens.

No thought had Felix of the care and strife,
Which frown upon the city's sickly race;
His high ambition was to please his wife,
And gaze admiring in her charming face.
He never stray'd in darkness from his cot,
Or sorrow'd in the graceless name of sot.

THE DYING CANDLE.

Flickering through the Valley of the Shadow of Death my last poor companionable candle approaches the bourne from whence all such travellers return with a new destiny to commence and close. It is Saturday evening—solemn Saturday evening, in the very closest embrace of wild December, whose bleak blustering winds dance their mad quadrilles round my lonely cottage wall. Not a human soul is present, save my own; and it, wrapped in sad reverie by the mournful spectacle just recorded, is reviewing its eventful history since the day, when like the light of this poor candle, it gave life, and usefulness, and sublimest grandeur to a piece of dull sluggish matter, lifted for noble purposes from beneath the very pavement of the universe of God. The "light from heaven" it is, and towards heaven with the tendency of all human souls it evermore inclines; nor "sorely let and hindered" though it be, can it yield, even until the last flicker of its existence, the high prerogative of a right royal birth, the instinctive claim to "an inheritance that fadeth not away." For it is an unfading thing and hence can only be satisfied with eternal duration, when finally freed from the terrestrial body which it hath lighted through long years of joy and grief—of good and ill.

Flickering, trembling, Candle-soul:—look, ere, having worn away its frail tenement, it escaped into ethereal regions, to fulfil other purposes of the Great First Cause! How loath it seems to leave its humble transitory home. Is it fearful that for the purposes of its existence an account must be rendered and itself received, on the strength of these, into the glorious sun-light of the green fields of Heaven, or banished

into the scourging flame of Hades! Perhaps such are its feelings, but we cannot tell, for the inner language of such a soul is yet unknown to man. Yet we do know that its chances of mixing in the one eternal day are greater than need be its fear of aiding to make darkness more visible in the black everlasting night, since He who in the beginning was Light and Life to all, descended, even from the Eternal Throne, that no particle of His Father's effulgent glory should ever unwillingly add to the lurid glare of the King of Night. Take courage therefore, my flickering dying friend—hold up thy sinking head, and receive a few words of comfort in a last adieu! Thine has not been a life of complicity with crime; thou hast not lighted the liar to concoct his falsehood, nor the murderer to enact his deed of doom. Thou hast not—I vouch for this, assisted the hypocrite to rear his inverted pyramid of deception, nor has licentiousness, treason, conspiracy, or fraud received the aid of thy beneficient rays. A few hours ago thy destiny might have been materially different. The dead matter to which thou gavest vitality was a commodity for sale, to be exchanged for a thing without real worth, and possessing only a conventional value, capable of being prostituted to purposes of the vilest kind. Thy fate hung in the balance; the thief, the robber, the untruthful, the tyrant, or the debauchee might have even commanded thy aid. I repeat therefore—take courage my admirable friend;—thy life has not been entirely fruitless, for thou hast, in this thy season of labour, lighted the cottage of a poor man, whose gratitude though not pretentious is real; and the recollection of this will not at all events be a drag-chain on thy upward flight. Thy ———

I was here interrupted by a significant gesture from the dying candle, which to my astonishment found powerful language, though without sound of any kind, by which it reached my very soul. It said:—"Like most of thy fellows my friend, thou wouldst seize upon all lessons except those that it is the mission of a non-human soul to teach. I have been interrogated in this fashion many times before; for know O man, that although, like thyself, I cling until the last moment to things of earthen mould, I by no means am limited to the possession of one body or quit that for the pleasures of heaven or the gloom of hell. At the outset of thy reflections on my impending and rapidly approaching demise thy thoughts were beautifully correct.—I do indeed go to a bourne from whence all such travellers return, with other destinies in the universe of Our Great High King. Nor was thy accuracy surprising for at that moment thou wast guided by common sense alone. Now, however, like all human minds which turn too much within themselves, instead of outward (to the fields

of brave action) as the rule, and only inward (to self-speculative examination) as the exception, thou hast fallen into the miserable labyrinth of metaphysical error. I am no Pantheist, although I may very correctly be termed a part of the great "universal soul," into which I shall soon be incorporated. Still, *Individuality* is the aspiration of all created vital things; and "if I were a man, as I am a candle-light, whilst ever there was a Pantheist within my sight I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never!" The poor Candle-Wick here fell into a fainting fit, and the vital light trembled on it as if wrestling for a few moments of extended life in the grand arena of its race. At last it recovered and breathed faintly into my soul the following disconnected but thrilling words:—"Listen—listen!—*My* time is short;—cling *thou* to the sublime Individuality of thy glorious human soul;—let not sage, nor poet, nor philosopher rob thee of that, or intrude in its place the base ignoble idea that the breath of the Almighty when once sent abroad for an individual destiny can ever again be absorbed, as can my frail evanescent being, into its great centre of life. Hearken!—time flies. Learn from my life and death the value of moments;—for thou too art lighted, and art burning downward to the tomb. Spend not thy time in 'self-seeking' but in sublime action—in noble deed, which is always as much superior to noble thought as is your grand national monument—St. Paul's to the poor paper on which the conception of it once lay;—the deed conceived and the deed achieved differ much in grandeur—the one glorying in an individuality—the other as yet only dry, mixed, bones. 'Be just and fear not.'—Be—be—Ah!—death;—my friend adieu—thou shalt meet me no more, for I am fast losing individuality, glorious individuality, and may next be found in the arctic or torrid zone. Ah!—I am becoming querulous.—Why, why, why, wizard man, didst thou call me with vile spells into so short an existence?—Why was I invited to inhabit this wretched body of foul tallow and unbleached wick, when my brother sparks were installed on gay chandeliers, in the homes of beauty and wealth! See the sad fate of a cottage life.. Yet—yet—yet—I wish to live—to even grovel here. Help—help, friend man, help,—another candle, wick, tallow, life!"———and it died.

Poor thing, said I, thou hast lost the glorious individuality to which thou so ardently clung; but it is not lost for ever, for thou at least shalt inhabit body after body (how strangely Pythagoras must have mis-read thy teaching), until the end of time; when, perhaps, (O that thou hadst only lived to tell me this!) thou wilt rise with the just or sink with sinners. How unlike thou art to my inner soul—my grand "*me*"—my

Individuality my *self*—no element among elements—no atom in a compound, but a glorious thing, distinct, personal, eternal, yet knitted to man, and to God, by strings of sympathy which *need* never yield.

My poor friend Candle-soul, when I am inclined to sin I will think of thee; and as from thy light I learn my grand position as a giant among pigmies, so from the glittering orbs —thy full grown brothers, I shall learn my humble station, a moth, a worm in the vast universe of God. Poor lost light—we may meet again———in heaven.

TIMOTHY TOMPKINS.—CHAPTER I.

BY SPEERS.

Timothy Tompkins came into the world on a cold winter's night, in the year of our Lord, 1800. He was the first of a numerous family. He was therefore a pet baby, necessarily subjected to a superfluity of kindness and cordial. His doting mother hugged him tenderly in her passionate embrace, pronounced him "The duck of dandies," and feared to discomfort him in the least. Should Timothy's cherub-features betray improper contortions, his devotod mother would publish her affection in kisses. Timothy was, in fact, a child who might be said to control himself. He was self-willed, peevish, and dirty. Mrs. Tompkins, his mother, could not find it in her programme of daily duties to invest her "little angel" with a clean face. To be sure she sometimes, irresistably impelled to the effort, attempted to renovate her baby's appearance; but the decided objections of the little Tompkins, expressed in unmusical shriekings, were sufficient to make even a stronger minded woman than herself quail. Mrs. Tompkins was a busy woman; she was a laundress, and worked very hard. Mrs. Tompkins, too, had little matrimonial experience, and could not reasonably be required to enter on her duties of mother with that nice tact and discrimination which distinguish matrons of *family* experience. Mrs. Tompkins, it must be known, was a most excellent laundress but a most indifferent scholar, or, to use her own phrase, "*scholard.*" Mrs. Tompkins grew into womanhood monotonously, so to speak. She never was three miles from the town she was born in. Her mother, and her mother's mother, were in the *profession*. They were ironers—No wonder that she was pronounced a first-class laundress, having so legitimately descended from the genuine stock.

There are certain circumstances dependent on a faithful description of the past career of Mrs. Tompkins, we feel it necessary for the sake of the young to veil from the reader.

We will present the mother of Timothy in her present character, leaving the "Dead past to bury its dead."

The reader will please to peep into the domicile of the laundress, and make her acquaintance. She has got safely through her trouble, and is busy with her baby and her work. She is a short, corpulent, ungainly woman, fond of porter and talk. It is a matter of surprise to see her work in her busy times. She will finish out of hand a quantity of linen in a day, which will take a Hercules to carry away. Mrs. Tompkins heartily despises pride, or "stuck up" people. She never got fairly into the mysteries of respectable life. She never condescended to glean intelligence on matters foreign to her own immediate calling. She scorned to trouble her head about books, or to indulge in simple domestic studies. She was a woman, very happy, if no one interfered with her, and she could indulge in her ordinary porter and neighbourly gossip. Not one of her neighbours could lay claim to such a spirit of industry as she. Mrs. Tompkins was not very sensitive. Scandal had little effect upon her. Her nerves were strong. She could, therefore, bear with utter apathy, occasional ungenerous remarks which floated from the lips of gossip into the ears of her husband and herself.

It must honestly be admitted that the internal arrangements of the habitation of Mrs. Tomkins were very defective. The little Timothy often lay in the cradle loading the atmosphere of the room with impressive tones of a naturally irksome character. His cries may have attracted little attention from the laundress, who prosecuted her work as though deaf to the voices of nature, allowing the baby to tire in fretfulness until sleep gave silence; but to the neighbours they were cries of annoyance, and caused much discussion Whether the baby Timothy was naturally a peevish child or not remains to be decided; but certain it is that Mrs. Tompkins neglected to nurse and soothe him as a mother should do. The neighbours, who generally know more of other people's duties than they do of their own, dealt very severe condemnation on Mrs. Tompkins, stated her to be a woman unfit for a mother, that she was killing by cruelty her own child. This kind of unjust tattle got to the ear of Mr. Tompkins. He was very wroth, told his wife, made little impression on her. For she took it as a matter of course, took it as news which did not concern *her*, took it, as she generally took gossip, of merely momentary importance.

Mr. Tompkins, the father, prosecuted the double duties of town-crier and bill-poster. He was a public man, a man in everybody's eye and in everybody's mouth. Mr. Tompkins kept in his pocket a small book in which he entered, in straggling characters, all his more important engagements. He was very attentive to his duties, never was known to neglect any of them. Mr. Tompkins exulted in the fluent manner of his *crying*; he was never at a loss for words. His bell had a long tongue and generally spoke loud. Whenever its tones struck into the ears of the natives, the remark was, "There's

Tompkins again," and they would listen eagerly to what he should say.

When the little Timothy was two years old he had a sister, when he was four years old he had a brother, when he was six years old he was the oldest of five children. His mother was now *experienced* in the motherly art of child-rearing. Her little family increased her cares without adding to her joys. Never was woman so beset with difficulties as she. Her linen was heaped in her room ready to her hand, and while she attended to it she allowed her children to amuse themselves in their own happy way. They mostly, little cherubs, delighted in picking the paper off the walls, tumbling stools about, rattling saucepans, or making toys of the most valued comeatable articles near them. The names of these very wonderful children ran thus in gradation, according to age:—Timothy (our hero), Sally, Jacob, Jem, and Moses.

We have said that Mr. Tompkins, the father, was very attentive to his duties. As time grew on, and he discovered such a prolific harvest of children to support, he felt himself burdened and worked to an extent he little dreamed of when he married Mrs. Tompkins. He had sufficient sense to discover that the older he got the poorer he became. To hoard a few pounds had long been his desire; but, alas! the lot of some mortals leads to care. Mr. Tompkins, to a certain degree, was one of these mortals. He strove until he resolved to bear what he termed the drudgery of existence without making an extra effort at improvement. When Mr. Tompkins, in the light of his own philosophy, saw the "state of Denmark," or, to drop metaphor, the state of his domicile, his naturally quiet partner toiling, like himself, exceedingly hard, his family growing into recklessness and dirt, to the discredit of their mother—when Mr. Tompkins saw all this, and philosophically considered it, he did what many more would do—he abandoned all hope of a change and took to making his own life as cheerful as circumstances would allow. He was the acknowledged bill-poster of the town, and was often employed in that capacity. He prided himself, too, on the position not a little, and it was generally admitted that his *crying* was the best of the sort heard since the days of Elizabeth. The little Tompkins's, although ill-taught and dirty in appearance, were well fed—they never could complain of spare diet. Mr. Tompkins worked hard and Mrs. Tompkins worked hard, and their united earnings always supplied food both good and plentiful. Besides, Mrs. Tompkins, in keeping with her character, when supplying her children with edibles, was generous to a fault. She never studied physiology—she only studied how to cram sufficient food into her children's stomachs. They, "bless 'em," were eating almost constantly, and Mrs. Tompkins felt self-gratified at the sight.

What a clatter of tongues was heard in the house of Mrs. Tompkins when the question as to the propriety of sending the little family to school was discussed. Mr. Tompkins and his wife sat together at nine o'clock in the evening, when Mrs. Tompkins introduced, in her most affectionate manner, the subject for his

consideration. The little family were present, for they always had a most decided objection to retire to rest without their parents being with them. There was considerable skill displayed in the way Mrs. Tompkins urged her husband's consent. Timothy, Sally, Jacob, Jem, and Moses separately pleaded in support of their mother's position. Mr. Tompkins was most willing that his industrious partner should have the proper training of the mental capacities of her children. He did not care to take much trouble to himself. So long as his wife could satisfy herself, he was satisfied. It would have been opposed to his philosophy for him to have acted otherwise. The little Tompkins's were in the world—that was an unmistakeable fact. The little urchins must be attended to in some sort of way—that was another unmistakeable fact. Mr. Tompkins never interfered, beyond a passing consideration or so, with the way in which his wife conducted the home. To be sure he sometimes sickened at the sight of his children when soap and water were in perspective; but as time fled these sights became familiar, and he gradually came to look upon them, as did his wife, as matter of little import.

Now the time had arrived when it was found necessary to send the five little cherubs to school. Questions, which had never before disturbed the naturally tranquil mind of Mrs. Tompkins, began to oppress. Mr. Tompkins gently suggested to his affectionate wife that Miss Fanny Blakeley, in whose charge the young aspirants to knowledge were to be placed, would never receive them without proper cleanly attention being daily paid to them. Mrs. Tompkins did not blush or scold as some foolish mothers would have done. She said it was a villainous shame that a decent young woman like Miss Fanny Blakeley should be so essentially finicking; but since it was likely to prove a condition in the children's reception in the school, why she would, by dint of early rising and motherly determination, bestow a due quantum of soap and water on the *visible* parts of her children's bodies. So far all was satisfactorily settled. That night the five children kept up a noise of rejoicing enough to deafen the ears of their mother and stimulate the passionate anger of their father.

Miss Fanny Blakeley was a young woman of about 23 years of age. She was an orphan, left entirely to herself to battle the difficulties of existence. Her parents, when living, resided within a few yards of the room she kept for her school. They were poor, honest, intelligent, sober folk, loved by most of the people with whom they came in contact. They both of them died within a couple of months of each other. Thus Fanny, their only child, was cruelly deprived, by the impervious mandate of Death, of her only earthly friends. She was 19 years of age when her parents died. She suffered the severe struggle with the patience of a martyr, and, after various other efforts at securing a livelihood, entered on her duties of governess. Fanny was a favourite with the good, quiet townfolk who knew her. She was a good singer and had full scope for that Divine faculty in the Parish Church, where she was a constant attendant. There was nothing connected with the observances of the church more highly prized by its members than

the choir. Miss Fanny Blakeley was the principal female singer. The leader of the choir was a young man, Walter Masson, the son of a banker. He was a magnificent singer, and prided himself, too, on his other musical qualifications.

Miss Fanny Blakeley could not have chosen a more suitable task, nor one more likely to prove a success than when she instituted her school.

A neat little circular, carefully worded, was sent round to most of the middle-class and working-class people within a mile of the school The delivery of this circular was entrusted to Mr. Tompkins, whose integrity was unimpeachable. The school was speedily in a flourishing condition, Miss Fanny Blakeley giving the best satisfaction to all her patrons. The pupils generally grew to love her, and were rarely known to cry to stay at home.

One morning Miss Fanny Blakeley was made acquainted with the fact that five more scholars awaited her presence. She was not long in attending to them. Mrs. Tompkins herself was with them, a circumstance for reflection, since she had scarcely been once out of her *calling* since her marriage. Now Miss Fanny Blakeley was a very obliging young woman, one very desirous of pleasing. She was not proud or condescending in her speech; yet it must be confessed, when she saw the small family of Tompkins's, she felt little desire to cultivate their acquaintance. What could she do? It would not accord with her notions of propriety to refuse admission to the unruly stock. Then, when her eye caught the persuasive glance of the mother, she could not but yearn towards them and admit them.

Mrs. Tompkins was a mother, and that must account for the wild joy expressed in the presence of Miss Fanny Blakeley as soon as the children were entered in Miss Fanny's *sanctum sanctorum*. There was, as one must expect, a sudden silence in the school as the new scholars were placed together on a low form. Soon, however, all went on as usual. The young schoolmistress devoted the most strenuous care in the almost fruitless effort to bring out in bold existenee the mental faculties of these five young Tompkins's. Timothy, the eldest, was by far the worst behaved. He repeatedly called down upon his unlucky back the little cane which Miss Fanny Blakely kept for all such incorrigibles. He was, in spite of all, very apt at his lessons when he could be coaxed into attention, which was not often. Sally was the quietest and the dullest, whilst the younger Moses was anything but sweet-tempered or disposed to profit from his school hours. Jacob and Jem were always playful, and gave considerable annoyance to Miss Fanny by their vulgar habit of gigling. Three months went round, and the five children still added their persons and pranks to Miss Fanny Blakeley's annoyance. She was puzzled to a serious degree to know how to act towards them. She could not feel it in her heart to send them home, so she strove heroically to incline the wills of these self-willed children.

Miss Fanny Blakely found she had undertaken a *task*. But with a strong genial spirit she persevered, gaining the encouragement of

her own conscience and a slight improvement in all the children except Timothy. Whether by dint of natural stubborness or other cause, it happened that the more she strove with Timothy the more prankish and wicked he became. The boy was never at rest—constantly in mischief. His happiest school moments were those which caused Miss Fanny Blakely the most annoyance. If she placed in his hands a small book with pictures, in order to make him conduct himself with decorum, she would be sure to be shocked by seeing the leaves in a thousand pieces scattered about the floor. If she gave him a slate and pencil, setting him to write a lesson, he would offend her by the most offensive sketches. He had a natural taste for drawing, but all his drawings were of a most ludicrous kind. For instance, he felt a wicked delight in scratching on his slate a female figure, with a very ugly head and slender body, with a book in one hand and a cane in the other. He would then cause the children to laugh loud, by making them know that it was meant for a portrait of Miss Fanny Blakely. The young schoolmistress would get very very angry and scold him; but it was all fuel to the fire of the boy's involuntary mirth. Six months had gone past since the Tompkins's family first entered Miss Fanny Blakeley's school. She had bestowed three times more care in their education than *all* the other schoolchildren needed.

A circumstance took place which thoroughly put Miss Fanny Blakely out of humour. It was drawing near Christmas. There would be a vacation for a couple of weeks. She had instructed the foremost of her scholars to write, each of them, a letter to their parents or friends. The pupils were in ecstacies at the idea, and tortured their fingers and patience in order to do their best. At length the letters were completed, carefully collected by Miss Fanny Blakeley, and placed away in her desk. She had decided that they should be placed in envelopes the next day and sent to their destination.

The meal hour came in due course. The children who lived near went home to dine; those like the Tompkins's, who lived some distance from the school, took their dinners in the school-room. On this occasion Miss Fanny Blakely inadvertently left the key in her desk. This was perceived by the boy Timothy, who thoughtlessly went to the desk, urged by curiosity, and commenced rumaging its contents. While he was thus occupied, he heard the approach of Miss Fanny, and, with all speed, endeavoured to get from the desk. He was so awkward in this endeavour, that he knocked over an inkstand full of red ink; the vermilion fluid went into the desk and completely saturated the whole of the letters which Miss Fanny Blakely had placed there, besides doing other damage.

This conduct was too vile to be forgiven. Miss Fanny boxed his ears dexterously while Timothy repaid her generosity with vigorous kicks on her legs. The little family went home that evening, carrying with them a letter bearing their dismissal from the school.

Hypocrites are never original; and affectation is the hypocrisy of morals.—*Edinburgh Literary Almanac.*

THE GRAVES OF ENGLAND IN HER OLD CHURCH YARD.

Tread not, incautious stranger-friend, those consecrated graves;—
The very mournful ash hereon drops holiest tears of dew,
In Heaven itself distilled.—Bend not one grassy blade that waves
'Neath shade of lordly sycamore or friendly yew;—
I charge thee do it not,—they deck a nation's graves!
Nor bring rash innovations, England, here, for sure in heart of thee,
Kindness, surpassing love, exists for sleepers 'neath that tree.
Old fashioned thoughts alone are welcome here;—
The kind old sympathy, the friendly tear.
Here childish freaks and merry thoughts should cease,
And all be solemn, silent, sacred—peace.

Deep knells alone should break the death-like gloom,
Of the birds' sad dirge, or the half sighed prayer—
Tributes of love ascending there,
O'er the grand ancestral tomb.
Where is that home of the trusty and brave,
Where is the line of deathless story,
Where is the old historic page—
A nation's noblest heritage—
Bespangled o'er with glory—
That points from death-field or from blood mixed wave,
To nobler dust than a Briton's grave?—
Step gently friend, and every daisy spare,
Old England's big rough heart is buried there.
Call me a bigot weak or fancy's slave;
But treat with reverent awe a nation's grave.

'Tis mould'ring dust of never yielding sires,
Whose quenchless ardour quenched old Smithfield's fires,
And sent from Smithfield, far abroad, o'er land and sea,
A signal stern, which slaves shall learn,
A watchword stern and free.—
A tameless, stubborn, hero-word, with loftiest deeds to stand,
Heir-looms through long eternal years, to cheer their much loved land.
Soldiers and statesmen, venal priests, and vilest despot kings,
Stood powerless then, while peasant men, enacted deathless things;
Mightiest of deeds by mightiest hands, sublimest hearts and brave,
Whose names and acts together found an unacknowledged grave:
For courtier flattery scorned to place those humble scrolls on high,
And here, unknown to Crowns and Courts, our hero-fathers lie.

But all the deeds were bravely done, and voices thence arose,
With majesty which none could quell, for fatherland and laws;
That what they did another age, with manly faith might name,
And fix for bright example there in everlasting fame.
Then deck with peace and sacred awe,—how rude so e'er it lay,—
The old churchyard where mighty hearts repose in kindred clay.
Still they demand and still deserve, a Briton's tribute tear,
When no unwelcome friendless laugh can ring upon the ear.—
Laugh if thou wilt, aye, loud and long; but oh, for love's reward,
Be there not heard one note of mirth, within "This Old Churchyard!"

Critique.

Crocker's Poetical Works. Chichester: Mason and Wilmshurst.

Thirty years ago, Charles Crocker modestly appeared for the first time before the public. His poetical productions were welcomed by men of mind and position as giving evidence of quiet, philosophic, and true poetic power. His poems are, with two or three exceptions, short, graceful, and unpretending. Charles Crocker, born in Chichester, in early life, knew much of struggle. He was the son of poor parents, who, having a numerous family to maintain, found it impracticable to give their children education.

It appears, however, that Charles found friends who secured him admission to the "Grey-Coat School" in his native city. Four years' application enabled our poet to master some of the rudiments of learning. He grew enamoured of books, found delight and profit in the "Bible," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." At the age of twelve he was apprenticed, and was initiated to the mysteries of the shoemaking craft. During his apprenticeship, Charles Crocker devoted his spare time to study. He found out the secret of literary success—knew that "there is no royal road to intellectual eminence." Stimulated by hope and encouraged by success, he persevered, never being too proud to acquire, or too elated to hold by his "craft." His pet ideal was poetical. He invented rhymes, and moulded into his verse the passing reflections and events of his own life.

For many years Crocker followed the "last," poetising at intervals during the time. He had little ambition other than to excel in the walks of Genius and Taste. Nor does he appear to have had the least possible idea (as so many young aspirants to fame have) of presenting his productions for public scrutiny. Crocker wisely made the works of Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, and other of the world's acknowledged minstrels, companions of his solitude. He familiarised himself with their best thoughts and most expressive images. His *taste* was cultivated, his *passion* intensified. Some of his poems were seen by gentlemen competent to pass judgement. They desired to see a collection of the poems of this gifted shoemaker in print. Subscriptions came in—the poems were published, won favour, elevated the author, and were in demand.

It must not be supposed that even this unlooked-for and most gratifying encouragement turned the brain of this humble bard. He had taken unto himself a wife, had started as a journeyman shoemaker, and was never ashamed of his *profession*. His wife was a *true* companion to him, his home yielded serenity and contentment. This was not to continue without a break. In two years after wedlock the poet of Chichester was bereft of his loved and loving partner, who left behind her as a legacy an infant daughter. The melancholy suffering of this period of the poet's life has tortured his muse into song.

When the Poems of Crocker were noised abroad, and the humble bard was receiving testimonials from admirers on all hands, he was honoured by a visit from Southey, who afterwards reviewed him in

one of the quarterlies. A clergyman, the Rev. E. Cornwall, sent the following to a local paper, which we transcribe, together with Crocker's reply, inserted in the same paper the next week :—

Crocker, if you can but repair our shoes
Half as well only as you court the muse,
Your lines may fail indeed of gaining riches,
But Penury shall flee before your stitches.

The following, from the pen of Crocker, is an admirable retort on the clergyman, as well as a humourous argument in his own defence :—

Alike our fates, kind sir, and why?
We both have wooed the muse,
And while you *cure* the souls of men—
I *mend* the soles of shoes.

Charles Crocker presents us with little of incident during a long life. He married a second time—discovered a second *good partner*. He has in all three children, two daughters and a son. His domestic relationships have been of the most loving, genial, and enviable kind. He has for years pursued an even, hopeful, and contented career. We have had the gratification of conversing with him, and we have learnt that *all* men are not in perpetual sorrow and struggle.

His life, like his poetry, is calm, unostentatious, and refined. He has chosen an humble path, and has rarely attempted to mount to ambitious heights. His aspirations and inspirations never run wild into unmeaning spasmodic rhodomontade trash. His writings are valuable as specimens of the "Literature of Labour." He has shown how the humble can become exalted and the ignorant instructed.

Charles Crocker has been for many years sexton of Chichester Cathedral; he has lately held the additional appointment of Bishop's verger. His poems have been through several editions. We doubt not were they but edited with a view to national circulation, that they would receive a welcome out of Chichester and its *locale*.

The character of Crocker's muse is pastoral. In the "Vale of Obscurity," the "Lavant," "Kingshame," and "Kingley Vale," he has stamped his genius, and we must acknowledge it. His poems are mostly free from politics; they originate in his home or in his neighbourhood. He is a local celebrity. His poems are of a local character, but they are not the less beautiful in consequence. Crocker never sighed for wider fame, nor sought other than local encouragement. His life has been fruitful, his reward is realised in a quiet, useful, loving, irksomeless existence.

In his poem of "Retrospection," he has moulded a few of the events of his past career. Referring to the period when he commenced poetic studies :—

Then Hope whispered "Sing, and thy strain shall be heard,"
And I poured forth my song like the wild woodland bird,
And the good and the gifted gave ear to my lays,
While my spirit within me rejoiced in their praise.

We welcome this new and complete edition of Crocker's Poems.

Its publication affords another satisfactory evidence that poetry is not as hypercritics assert, at a discount. The increasing minor

minstrels of the present age, give evidence of the falsity of such assertion.

Crocker fulfils his own aim—he does not mount to the eagle's nest like Byron, or comprehend like Wordsworth, the profound depths of philosophy and nature. He may be classed with Bloomfield, not Burns—with Crabbe, not Tennyson.

What he has written has been with a purpose. We honour him for his devotion, and admire him for his wisdom. His life, though calm and humble, has been *well* spent, and therefore deserves to be praised and emulated.

Our Album.

[Under this heading, we shall from time to time present our readers with choice Literary Scraps, selected with a view to amusement and mental and moral profit.—Ed.]

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you—
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey,
Yet ere we part one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

Rev. Charles Kingsley.

At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription in English on the wall:—"You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them with you*;" and this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.—*Sharpe's Letters.*

One eye on your reputation, one on the company, would never do even with the best of eyes. You would squint, and the company would see it; and few people are of Descartes's mind that squinting is pretty. It has been said that Pleasure never comes if you send a formal card of invitation,—to a *conversazione*, certainly never; whatever she might do for a dinner party. Ease cannot stay and Wit flies away—and Humour grows dull if people try for them: and though they would all strive and strain a point to oblige the company, yet the company are not obliged. Of this all well-bred, if not witty, people are perfectly convinced.—*Edinburgh Literary Almanac.*

People may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.—*Dr. Johnson.*

I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill-health and other evils of life, by mirth. I am persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—*Sterne.*

THE DAWNING DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day—
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did—
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

[illegible]

[We have heard it whispered that Mr. Thomas Carlyle has [illegible] Poetry until you find something which you cannot express in Prose." We [illegible] believe, the distinguished Scotchman has himself found, in the above, a theme *out* of the bounds of staid prose.—ED.]

If you have two topics to talk to a man about, one of which interests him the most, while the other interests you the most, begin with that which interests him the most. It will put him in good humour; it will confer pleasure.—*Bentham.*

Knowledge communicated by benevolence has the united charm of intellect and virtue. Intellect engaged in clearing the ground of evil, and Virtue engaged in covering it with good.—*Ibid.*

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

SHAKESPEARE.

I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind, as the servile imitation of others.—*Greville.*

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

COWPER.

To escape hatred is to gain a triumph.—*From the Latin.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will soon become poor, and Poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.—*Johnson.*

The heart of man is like his watch, never in repose until it ceases to beat.

Prosperity may give gentleness to the heart. Out of adversity only does the soul come nobler and greater.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which it is not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—*Fuller.*

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

The coward was born a slave.

Pleasure is like the delicate flower whose odour, if you inhale too much of it, loses all its charm.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow, and if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

He who studies his body too much becomes sick. He who does the same by his mind becomes mad.

One must whip the curd if the cream won't come.—

If you take two sticks, one blue, one red, and dip them close to each other in the water, they will equally appear broken. A child knows this, and yet men are influenced by *paragraphs.*—

Fortune's Freaks.—Sir Bernard Burke presents us with the following saddening relation of the low state to which the descendants of the great Plantagenets, in the course of political and social events have fallen. He says:—"What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, and romantic adventure, our own Plantagenets—equally wise as valiant, and no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field? But let us look back only so far as the year 1637, and we shall find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire! Nor is this the only branch from the tree of royalty that has dwarfed and withered. If we were to closely investigate the fortunes of the many inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be shown that, in sober truth,

'The aspiring blood of Lancaster
Has sunk into the ground;'

Ay, and deeply, too. The princely stream flows through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; the first a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen; the latter a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Then, again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late Sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square—a strange descent, from sword and sceptre to the spade and the pickaxe!"

Erratum.—Page 14, *line* 9, *omit the comma after suffering—read, "He never pitied suffering because Adam was our common father."*

Powell's Domestic Magazine.

THE MODEL WIFE.—CHAPTER II.

By J. H. POWELL.

We have placed our Model Wife in presence of the reader, in her real wifely character. She has been married twelve months. All as yet has gone on pretty smoothly. She has now become a mother—laden with additional care and responsibility. Let us see how she performs her double duties. Her forethought has enabled her to prepare for the birth in as inexpensive a manner as her circumstances render practicable. There have been no potations of gin for nurse and gaping, officious neighbours, with which to inaugurate the natal event. No; all has gone on soberly and well as it should. Nurse performs her task, receives her just fee, and takes adieu. The mother is now free to nourish and nurture her little babe, and she does it in a true motherly way. She utterly repudiates infantile narcotics and quack nostrums of the like kind, which profess to cure all complaints incident to children, but which, in reality, dwindle away the pence of many a poor woman, as well as shorten the existence of many a sick child. She makes a practice, as soon as she can safely do it, of bathing her child all over in tepid water, intending to lower the temperature of the baths as the child gets strong. By this very simple and commendable plan, she often saves her child from sickness and keeps the doctor from it. So nicely are her daily pursuits systematised, that the extra work attendant on the care of her child in no perceptible way retards her other home duties.

Watch our Model Wife, as years roll on, and two other children increase her care and demand sustenance. With a studious attention to the known laws of health, she provides her children with food of a quality suitable to their little stomachs—never endangering their health with surfeiting

supplies. All her children every morning undergo rigid immersion. Their clothes are always kept in thorough repair. The result is seen in the children's own growing disgust for all kinds of dirt, and in their clean and tidy appearance.

Our Model Wife, full of labour, has not only to attend to her children's bodies, but to their souls as well. The children have in them a spark of the Divine essence—an immortal stream of existence. This is in the mother's custody. Hers is the high prerogative of impressing the souls of her children with virtue, inspiring them with love, moving them to the realisation of heavenly felicity.

This idea of the mother's influence leads reflection to the summit of maternal thoughtlessness to discover the cause of the depravity of mankind. It is a sad conviction which causes us to disapprove of reckless, unthinking, and improvident marriages. Young women and young men, reflect seriously on the probable consequences ere you connect, in one, the chains of your lives, which may not only cramp your own happiness, but—far worse than that—entail inevitable and cruel misery and decrepitude on your offspring. To place a young woman in the condition of mother, without she be competent to properly fulfil her mission, is highly, severely reprehensible.

Our Model Wife, pulsed with true motherly affection, regards her children as the natural heirs to love. And so she directs their young affections, makes them to despise all vice, to idolise all virtue,—teaching them that goodness and God are synonyms. She does this ere she thinks of imparting to them the elements of mere school education. Besides, she is most careful that her children do not mix at random with others in the streets, and so contract the seeds of vice.

Knowing the power of imitation in children, the good woman studies to mould hers in sweetness of temper, instead of allowing them to become perverse and fretful. To effect this most desirable end, she is always keeping watch over herself; and it is astonishing to discover how well she manages to keep her own temper even. If her children do wrong, she reproves them without storming; and if ever she punishes them for disobedience, it is done without passion. Her children, thus blessed in a true and good mother, grow up orderly and respectable, winning from all who watch them both admiration and esteem.

We have now our Model Wife a mother of three children, having been married some few years. We have seen her, by economy of money and time, industry, and true wifely and motherly fitness, bringing credit upon her husband, her children, and herself, owing to the fact that she has understood and performed her duties. Her career hitherto has been a

smooth one—her husband, of course, bringing her regularly his weekly wages.

Now comes a break in their destiny. The husband is stricken suddenly in illness. He is helplessly prostrate on the bed, groaning in pain. The doctor is in the house. The Benefit Society's twelve shillings a-week are in request. Expenses increase,—wages drop off entirely. At sight of her sick husband, the Model Wife suffers sympathetic agony. Her attention is directed from everything to him. She must tend him by night and by day, as a "ministering angel." Not a sound must disturb him. The children must cease to prattle within their father's hearing; for his sensibility is excited, and he is easily made to suffer. The doctor pronounces danger, and charges upon the wife the responsibility, by attending to his instructions, of bringing her partner back to health. He cannot eat; she buys wines and jellies to afford him nourishment. It is now that she feels pleasure in the knowledge that she has used and not abused her husband's earnings. She has kept free from debt, and by economy in management has saved a few pounds. She does not, like a miser, dread to part with them. There is nothing her poor sick husband can desire, if not of a nature injurious, and providing it is within her possible purchase, she will deny him. She watches by his bedside, with devoted attention. She studies trifles to afford him comfort and amusement. She shades him from the influence of too strong a light. She quietly brings about him all the little charms she knows he loves. There are some pictures and stuffed birds he has at different periods collected. She brings them from the little parlour below, and suspends them about the sick-chamber, taking especial care to place them so that he can see them without effort. When, after weary and dangerous sickness, the husband is safely through the crisis of his complaint, his delighted wife favours him with an occasional song, or reads to him some thrillingly interesting tale.

For many weeks the sick man is necessitated to keep within his bed-chamber. He is much wasted, "a shadow of his former self." But his wife has saved him. She has watched him devotedly, heroically, sympathetically. Her joy is great as is her reward, when he rises from his pallet a convalescent.

There has been the nicest care in the expenses of the family during father's illness. Not a semblance of waste in anything. Yet many of the few sovereigns she had saved have been expended. Her heart, however, does not fail her. She knows it will be a long time yet ere her husband will be strong enough to return to his work. She knows, too, that her circumstances will not allow her to keep the cottage. She must have a

make-shift apartment, and reduce the rent. She persuades her husband to submit to a removal for the sake of a change. She does not torture him with repinings about the sad condition of the exchequer. She gets his consent, and is very speedily at work in transposing the furniture and family into one goodly-sized room.

The good woman no sooner makes the exchange of the cottage for the room, than she begins vigorously to set things in order. Her wits are about her. She is in new circumstances, cramped for space, doomed both to regret and rejoice at the same time—to regret the exchange of a healthy four-roomed cottage for a miserable, diminutive, low-roofed, and unhealthy apartment; to rejoice in the fact of her husband's improving health, and the knowledge that her circumstances are squared within the compass of her means.

Our Model Wife is in this single room, with a convalescent husband and three healthy children. She persuades the man to walk about as much as is compatible with his condition, in the open air, knowing that he will more speedily get strong by so doing than by remaining in the necessarily unhealthy atmosphere (because it is constantly charged with the fetid exalations of the animal system) of their one room. She thanks God that her own health has been good,—that in consequence she has been enabled to minister to her dear husband's manifold necessities,—that altogether, considering the adverse change which has come over them, sweeping away the little economical savings, and leaving them poor, things, after all, are not to be despaired of. Let her get father recovered, and at work again, and all will yet be well.

The Model Wife engages herself in all cheerfulness and dexterity to change her one room into two, and to arrange her furniture with taste. She takes a curtain and divides the apartment with it, thus hiding the bed and bedroom appurtenances. She manages to keep the food in a safe outside her room door. It is a hard struggle for her; nevertheless, she perseveres, being always most studious in hiding from her lord whatever of trouble may oppress herself. For him she is ready to toil even to despair; for him she is willing to undergo privation even to death. Heroic in the midst of suffering, she lives but for him and her children. And is he not blessed in such a wife, who, by her own unaided economy, endurance, and affection, has done so much for him, raising him from a bed of sickness, and keeping him withal free of debt?

To keep a man from debt should be a woman's foremost consideration. Debt is a demon ever stalking about a man's path, ready to affright and torture him. Debt is a hindrance to true social elevation and domestic harmony. A man in

debt is a lame man walking with other men's crutches—he cannot get along at a fair pace, and is in constant fear the crutches will be taken from him. To be in debt is to be in a most false and rickety condition; it is to owe to others the ladder up which we rise. To be in debt is to be in slavery; in slavery the most abject, because self-imposed. Debt battens on self-respect, corrodes the feelings, harrows life, and roots up all self-dependence. Knowing this, our Model Wife, amidst all circumstances, has avoided debt, and has thereby secured much home comfort.

At length, after a long illness, the husband is restored to health, and is ready to commence labour again. His wife is joyful, even to tears. The children are unusually merry. The one room, curtained off into an apology for two, rises into the importance of a palace under the halo of blissfully excited vision. He starts to the workshop—proud, smiling, and happy in the very thought of again wielding his arm at his trade. He thinks of his wife: how she has nurtured him through his lingering sickness; how she has endured silently, uncomplainingly, with sad, unexpected reverses. He thinks of his children: remembers how few of late have been the luxuries, and how insufficient even the necessaries, which have fallen to their share. And his manly bosom throbs with the delight of his readiness again to garner from toil its sweets. In this state of mental intoxication he stands before his employer; when, sad fatality! he learns to his distress that there is neither room nor work for him. His bench is occupied by another workman. There is a scarcity of work, and he cannot be edged in. During his sickness, his employer has been pressed for the completion of certain contracts. He has been necessitated to supply the place of the vacant sick man by the employment of the new workman. Now, when his old worker returns ready with a fund of strength and a willing, eager heart to do duty, he does not require him.

The poor injured man returns to his family dejected, heart-stricken, irresolute. He relates, in deep, mournful accents, the distressing circumstances to his wife. The sad woman, for a time, seems transfixed between consternation and despair. She recovers from her momentary depression, rallied by her own strong sense, and she soon rallies her husband likewise, looking the while hopefully into the future.

Here is a fresh disaster; one which weighs heavily on the whole family, but mostly so upon the husband. Bowed down almost to insufferable depression, he would fain sink into the embrace of lethargy; but his wife, ever his guardian genius, rouses him to action. She wisely and encouragingly directs him to hope and perseverance; stimulating his courage and

his will. No time must be lost, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomed, Mahomed must go to the mountain.' He must seek and obtain a situation in another part of England. It would be worse than madness to remain circumscribed within the bounds of a few villages. The mechanic is by his very education a migratory being. He cannot feel secure for any considerable time in any given shop or locality. All his work-experience teaches him this. He may be in London, calculating on long prosperity, one month, whilst in the very next month his goods and family may be stowed together in a mean habitation in Manchester.

Now comes a fresh difficulty; the husband must "tramp;" and, consequently, must be provided with money. At a glance, our Model Wife perceives her duty; she has still a couple of sovereigns in her possession—the fragments of her careful savings. From these she retains ten shillings for herself, giving her husband thirty shillings. Bidding him "God speed," she takes a lingering and loving farewell of him. He is on his way to weariness and, often, failure; she is in her single room, with her children, waiting amidst gloom and struggle for the dawn of social sunshine.

While the husband is plodding for work, let us see how the Model Wife occupies her time. She knows that, having only ten shillings, she will very soon be in distress if her husband remain a tramp for many days, so she resolves to submit herself at once to labour. She goes round her neighbourhood, to the gentry, soliciting needlework, laundress-work, or any kind of work which she may perform at home. She resolves to undergo any privation sooner than "go out to work;" because, by so doing, her children must be deserted, and, as a sequence, be allowed to realise the evil results of maternal neglect. She is fortunate in obtaining needlework of a coarse character, and some little articles to wash and iron. So our Model Wife, still hoping, yet earnestly perseveringly toiling, manages to keep to her home, performing her motherly mission by cultivating the souls and nourishing the bodies of her children, patiently, praiseworthily doing her duty, even amidst overwhelming trouble and portending gloom.

Days and even weeks pass on, and yet no intelligence of a satisfactory nature reaches her from her husband. Now and again he falls across a job or two, but they are short ones, lasting only a few days. He does not send her money, because his own expenditure swallows up the entire sums he has been able to earn. The heroic woman strives against her adversities with Spartan dauntlessness. She yet hopes, still labours, clings passionately to her children, and often tries to pierce the veil of the future. Her heart has been grievously

oppressed, her energies strenuously exercised, her patience wearyingly tested. In this state of terrible uncertainty the poor, deserving, over-worked woman falls sick. In the very midst of fierce struggle and agonising suspense our Model Wife pines in illness, growing worse as the days come and go. She suffers in silence a long time ere she will discover her condition to a soul. Finding, however, that she is growing worse, and fearing the climax of her sufferings may be death, she thinks of her husband and her children, and immediately sends one of them for the same medical gentleman who attended her husband in *his* sickness. The symptoms of the woman's complaint convince the doctor at a glance that she has overwrought both her physical and mental powers, and has not obtained a sufficient supply of nutritious diet. He, as a matter of course, counsels her to take rest and nourishing food, and sends her, in due time, a bottle of medicine.

(To be continued.)

MARAVILLA; OR, A SPANIARD'S GRATITUDE.

BY EDWARD CHARLES MOGRIDGE.

(In two Chapters.)

CHAP. I.

I am an old man now, living peacefully at an English seaport, the toils and the adventures of life over, aye, and its keenest pleasures also. Sometimes in the evening I sit outside my cottage, which is not far from the beach, and enjoy my pipe on a little green where there is a flagstaff, and where the colours that have "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" are hoisted on high days and holidays. There I remain for hours, listening to the regular wash of the waves on the beach and sands, occasionally arrested by some vessel far out at sea which I scan through an old trustworthy telescope valued for its age and associations, but more often wrapped in my recollections of long-past stirring days.

In the quiet and very peaceful churchyard of the little village

near, there is a green mound with a simple cross instead of a headstone, and these words only—

MARAVILLA.

Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere,

which, being translated, gives a sentiment which may appear a marvel, nay, even a paradox, to some of my readers, that "Evil does not always come to injure." This has been a truth which many circumstances have impressed upon me, and in placing it over the grave of my dear and cherished wife I was actuated by the knowledge that no human hand could alleviate the sufferings which an incurable disease had been permitted to entail upon her, and that the sorrow and the sad loneliness which followed her loss were more merciful than the pain which would have accompanied life had she lingered on. While I think of her as beyond the inroads of disease, or the necessity for physical endurance, while I hear, or at least seem to hear her, blithe songs of old in some of the murmurs of the sea, in some tones of the wind, and recognise her form sometimes in the evening sunset mists, or amidst the rich clouds rose tinged in the early morning, gazing tenderly and pityingly upon me, and my desolate pathway here, while I await the time, ever coming nearer, when our common Father shall summon the old man to meet his dear Maravilla again beyond the great seas, the sunlit clouds, and perhaps, the sun itself, some of my neighbours, misinterpreting my quiet, silent, and retrospective life, and entirely misapprehending the inscription on the cross, and, moreover, disliking such an innovation on the ordinary stone erections in English churchyards, have spread quite a different report respecting its signification, from any which I had ever imagined it would bear. This is partly the reason why I have determined to relate an episode in a stirring life which would otherwise have remained unknown, and the knowledge of it would soon have been buried with me under the shadow of the ancient yew, whose trailing branches sweep the turf which, but two years ago, was freshly placed over the best part of my heart and life—my faithful Maravilla.

When I was strong and active, and a young man, I had the command of a fine little trading brig called the *Happy-go-lucky*, in which I made several trips to different parts of Old Spain, and amongst others, to that aged city, one of the most ancient in Europe, Cadiz.

This place is situated at the extremity of a sandy tongue of

land projecting from the northern angle of the Isla de Léon or Lion Island, and though built by the Phœnicians, six or seven hundred years before the Christian era, it possesses quite a modern appearance. On my first visit, notwithstanding the life of adventure and novelty which had for some years been mine, I was much struck with the beauty of the approaches to this port: the white houses, and towers, and turrets, clustered together at the end and edge of a long narrow neck of land extending far out into the ocean, seemed to rise, as it were, from the very waves, to grow out of the bosom of the great sea, which in fact washes the walls of the city on all sides, except where an isthmus joins its eastern portion with the coast of Spain.

My business during the visit, which bears upon the incidents I have to narrate, was at the wine vaults of Xeres, a name oddly transferred in England to "Sherries." Having arranged for my return freight to England, and left the mate in charge of the loading, I donned my gayest and best clothing in accordance with usual custom, and devoted a few days to an enjoyment of all the pleasures and festivities that could be found at Cadiz. After obtaining a permit and inspecting the admirable fortifications, then, however, not wholly finished, and lying in abeyance,—after exhausting the country and the cafés around,—the time had nearly arrived for my departure, when considerable excitement arose in the city in consequence of an expected invasion by the French. Nothing else was talked of, great preparations were made, but it was pretty well understood they would be of small avail were the place actually besieged by the powerful Gallic forces.

At this time I strayed one morning into the church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen, attracted at first by its superb façade, and afterwards by a young Señorita of distinction, who passed slowly on, attended by a servant, with that peculiarly graceful and dignified walk which characterises so many of the Spanish ladies.

Both the face and figure of this unknown fair one struck me with a feeling unknown and unfelt before. The ladies of Cadiz are commonly thought, in Old Spain, to be inferior in beauty to those of Granada, Malaga, and Seville; but never in the Islands of the Mediterranean, or in the swathed and turbaned East, or even in my own favoured Britain, had so exquisite a vision dawned upon me. An oval, delicately-turned face, with large intensely dark eyes, shaded by long-fringed eyelashes, softness and grace in every line of the splendid profile, a look lovely and yet arch and full of mirth, the overflowing of a stainless and innocent heart—

that even outshone the clearness and transparency of the complexion—all this was hers.

I followed the young lady into the church of the Virgen del Carmen, and watched her at her devotions; I marked her in the evening, walking with her father in the Plaza de San Antonio, and fell hopelessly and rapidly in love.

On inquiring minutely, I was informed that the name of my inamorata was Maravilla, and that she was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, high in power at Madrid, Don Diego Salvador, who was staying near Cadiz a few days only at his country-house.

Love is capable of anything. With much difficulty I had at last the good fortune to procure an introduction to Don Diego from some Cadiz friends, whom I had become acquainted with through the owners of my vessel, and by skilful management I obtained an hour or two with the charming Maravilla. Nay, Doña, something or other, I forget her name, the duenna, was tempted by Spanish coin not to follow us too closely and assiduously amidst the orange-trees; so that every reasonable opportunity was afforded to an enthusiastic, warm-hearted, and then tolerably handsome young English merchant captain, to declare and to reiterate his sentiments of entire devotion.

Though perhaps not absolutely the first experience of the kind, my adoration was sufficiently new and agreeable to the young girl to prepossess her in my favour, especially when joined with the *couleur de rose.*

The country-house of the grandee was situated on an eminence of the mainland, overlooking Cadiz and the sea. It is impossible to describe the witchery of those hours when we strolled amidst the rich foliage of the grounds attached; all the past, and the future, all thoughts, all pleasures, all delight centered in the present.

> "Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
> Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
> Her eyebrow's shape was like the Ariel bow;
> Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
> Mantling at times to a transparent glow
> As if her veins were lightning."

Thus can I picture her, as I rhapsodised to her willing ears; comparing her brilliant eyes alternately with one object or another; complaining of the diamond, for it sparkled not so tenderly; of crystal, for it was not so pure and translucent; of the moon, for it would wax and wane; of the stars, because clouds

eclipsed them; of the sun, for it only shined by day—preferring her lustrous orbs before all.

What a traitor was I to my own country as I contrasted the languid dames of Europe—their pallor, wanness, and weakness—with the glorious creature before me,—

> "Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
> Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

Maravilla would blush at all this praise, as may be imagined, but that only drew fresh commendations from my lips, spoken, let it be observed, in all sincerity. It was seldom we talked about my business; all that the Spanish maiden knew being that I was captain of a vessel, but, from the remarks she made at that time, I am inclined to think the duenna, who was reaping a golden harvest, must have given her the notion that my voyages were romantic ones, made to enchanted islands in search of precious stones, for she pressed me to give up such dangerous avocations, and, with the exaggeration of passion and devotion, I blamed myself for trading at all, asking of what avail were all the treasures of the earth without one, the crown and apex of them all; and declaring that Maravilla herself contained all the riches that the most covetous could desire? "Nay, Amigo mio," she would say, "I have no rubies amongst my jewels."

"Ah, Maravilla, what rubies are comparable to those lips!" She would blush and pout, and perhaps continue, "I have no pearls here in Cadiz."

"Those little teeth, are they not pearls both round and pure?"

"But silver ——."

"Those fair hands, they are silver sheen; that forehead, is it not ivory, and smooth as alabaster? and between it beam, as it were, two souls."

"Just now you called them stars."

"And if stars, they are 'morning stars of memory.'"

Another blush.

"Maravilla Mia, you overpower me with delight. Ten thousand little graces, ten thousand little loves spring up from each sweet blush, to revel amid the roses."

All these love scenes were suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the French, who besieged Cadiz, and placed the inhabitants in the greatest peril. All became excitement, hurry, and confusion.

Don Diego, by delaying his departure, had placed himself in a

very awkward position. It was important that he should at once repair to Madrid; but the assailants had surrounded and blockaded the city. Being an Englishman I, of course, was safe, and my vessel, the *Happy-go-lucky*, was waiting for me outside the harbour.

These stirring events recalled me to my senses. My passion for the daughter of a noble of Spain, one of the proudest families in that nation, world-renowned for its pride, was, of course, utterly hopeless, so long as I remained a simple merchant captain. Thoughts passed through my mind of disguising myself, assuming the character of a my Lord Inglés, and, trusting to quickness for the result. But my imagination and dramatic powers were not strong enough, and events pushed forward all my decisions with precipitation. Instead of disguising myself with considerable skill and address, I disguised the Señoreta Maravilla and her father, passing them off as English friends who were to proceed with me in my brig to England, and with bitter regrets at the necessity of doing so, landed them at another part of the Spanish coast, where they could obtain means to pursue their journey to Madrid. I left them with many protestations of obligation on their part; and, controlling my feelings, and bearing my disappointment as well as might be, made all sail for Liverpool.

It appeared an evil day when, though restoring my charmer to her birthplace, I was compelled to lose sight of her altogether. But I had cause afterwards, very satisfactorily to apply the Neapolitan sentiment to this also:—

"Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere."

Years passed away; there was little but warlike communication with Spain, and I had no news from thence, or means of visiting the country of my beloved one. At last an opportunity presented itself, of which I gladly took advantage, to proceed to Bayonne with my vessel. We had a terrible passage, and narrowly escaped shipwreck, so that on our arrival it was necessary to remain in port a considerable time to refit. So many vessels had suffered in the same manner, that we could not obtain our turn for the *Happy-go-lucky*, and not having much to occupy the time of detention, I determined on a hazardous experiment of passing over the mountains into Spain, to pursue my inquiries after the daughter of Don Diego. Fortune evidently favoured me, and I learned without very much difficulty that the old gentleman was still employed in diplomatic business, and that

his relative had entered a convent in the very city to which I had penetrated, that of Valladolid.

Had it not been for my extremely swarthy complexion and the great facility that I had acquired in speaking the language of the country, there must have been many difficulties *en route* which must have proved insurmountable in the disturbed state of the country. As it was, nothing served me but ready invention, and a capacity for changing my political opinions as many times as seemed needful.

The very night I reached Valladolid, a furious *emeute* took place, in consequence of the authorities having discovered that stores of arms had been concealed in certain monasteries, as it was conjectured, for insurrectionary purposes. The convents were examined and entered by the military, and a reaction took place on the part of the populace, which ended in a *pronunciamento* for the then popular revolutionary leader, whom I do not name, since my story has nothing to do with politics.

I sallied forth from my hotel with a soldier who had been making rather free there; an officer, of what grade I have forgotten. It so happened that I had treated him to sundry liquors and carefully agreed with him in every opinion which he broached. He believed me to have come from Catalonia, and to be a native of his own department, which made him the more friendly; but his faculties were undeniably thickened by the wine-cup, or he would have had more suspicion and caution.

It was easy for me to persuade this officer that it would be fine fun to assist at the visitation of the convents. I readily conjectured that neither the "evil" of the detention of my vessel, or the "evil" of the *emeute* had "come to injure me," and was overjoyed at the chance which circumstances had so strangely thrown in my way.

After nearly tiring out my companion, and awakening some surprise, even in his mind, at my pertinacity, we were going over the convent of the Sagrada Corazon, with the usual accompaniments of affrighted sisters, denunciations from the Madra Superior, and disappointment on the part of our companions at the revelation of so few pretty faces, when I perceived amidst a terrified group round the altar of Our Lady, in the convent chapel, one figure that I could not mistake!

My joy was the greater since an agonising fear had for some time possessed me, that I might, very probably, miss the treasure of which I was in search, after all; for of course our authority only

extended to an examination for arms, and the nuns were only seen incidentally, when, by dexterity or quickness, we reached the rooms too rapidly for them to know of our coming, and to have time to escape.

The astonishment of Maravilla may be conceived, when amidst an ignorant posse of soldiers who had invaded the sacred precints of her retreat, she perceived her former lover and admirer. I darted forward with one bound, threw a soldier's cloak around her, ordered the men forward in a sounding tone of authority, which so took them by surprise, that they obeyed me without thinking. To the nearly fainting girl I whispered some reassuring words, and her confidence in me did the rest.

As for my officer companion, with a few energetic sentences, I explained to him that it was a case of gallantry, and that I relied upon his assistance, which he so strenuously and enthusiastically gave, that in a few minutes we were back at the hotel without the fact of the sudden abduction being generally known.

Then my companion exhibited signs which seriously alarmed me, intimating that he could assist me no longer, and feared to be compromised in the affair, stating that such a thing would lose him his commission or his rank. We agreed to argue the question over some aguadiente, and when he was in the proper state to appreciate them I threw out sundry mysterious hints of high authority, important interests involved, and not only induced him to embrace me as a dear friend and brother Catalan, but to send a couple of men with me for a considerable distance, as a safe conduct for the lady! After the dismissal of these soldiers, by pushing on, and great exertions, we reached France in a very short space of time, and I breathed freely once more.

CHAPTER II.

Of course we were soon married, and my charmer accompanied me in the *Happy-go-lucky* to England, finding in the society of a merchant captain a panacea for the confinement and inconveniences of the passage, and bearing the want of all those refinements to which she had been accustomed with such sweetness, that the strength and sincerity of her affection became every day more evident and more precious to me.

I had been so unfortunate in many of my voyages, that, for a

time, I quitted the sea, and indulged myself in repose and domestic pleasures. There is nothing, therefore, to relate during several years of my wedded life, but what would turn upon mere points of personal contentment and happiness.

> "What is the world to them—
> Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all—
> Who in each other clasp whatever fair
> High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
> Or on the mind, or mind-illumined fair,
> Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
> The richest bounty of indulgent heaven?"

Sometimes my old roving disposition would urge me to undertake new voyages, but my gentle Maravilla would dissuade me, quoting in her round Spanish accents, the saying of the admiral of Castile, "That he who marries a wife, and he who goes to war, must necessarily submit to everything that may happen," and I did submit to such agreeable chains; our alliance had a double tie, for the mind, as well as the body was united.

During this time, the difficulties with the Peninsula continued with more or less violence. At last I was solicited to take charge of a voyage to the West Indies, under such favourable circumstances, and with the prospect of so much advantage accruing, that the temptation was irresistible. Maravilla resigned herself to my determination as soon as possible, and arranged to accompany me in the *Happy-go-lucky*, which vessel, for this voyage, had again come into my hands.

For a long period we had been unable to obtain any tidings of Don Diego Salvador, or any of my wife's relations. Since Great Britain was at war with Spain, many political changes had taken place in the latter country, and years before Don Diego had been compelled to leave Madrid.

Our voyage out to the West Indies was rapid and fortunate. We escaped all the dangers of hostile cruisers and of the winds and waves. After a residence in England, and the experience of her fogs and mists, rain, and the general changeableness of her climate, my Maravilla was delighted to find herself amongst tropical plants, luscious fruits, with the clear warmth of the West Indies around her, and above, the intensely blue and sunny sky, resembling that of her native land.

It so happened that I was largely interested in the success of the voyage, and therefore took special care to do everything in my power to make it a profitable one. Matters went so fortu-

nately, that the very run of good luck we experienced made me superstitiously apprehensive that it would turn; and the preparations for departure were hurried. Leaving Jamaica with a rich lading, we made all sail for the Gulf of Florida, intending to pass through it *en route* for Liverpool.

When only some few days out, I found it necessary to keep a hand-pump going, and when it blew fresh sometimes a spell at the chain-pump; but as the water did not increase, this was thought little of.

The weather, which had been particularly fine, underwent an entire change; and a storm came on, of greater violence than any my wife had before seen. The brig was, however, fully prepared for the worst weather usually occurring in such latitudes. The mainsail was reefed and set, the top-masts were struck, and, though it did not then blow very strong, I ordered the mizen-yard to be lowered down, thinking that no caution could be excessive when any danger threatened her who was so dear to me.

Towards night heavy clouds in patches covered the whole of the sky, so that neither moon nor stars were visible: and it blew a great gale of wind. Endeavouring to reassure my wife as much as possible, I left her below and remained on deck, where my presence was indispensable.

The mate came calmly up to me, with a peculiar expression of countenance, and intimated, from time to time, that the water was gaining ground. It soon became necessary to turn all hands to the pumps.

The leak still continued to increase, and the men urged me to try the ship before the sea; but I resisted this, as it would take us so far out of our course, and some hope still remained that the weather would moderate.

About four o'clock in the morning a lull did indeed take place; and the pleasurable thought that the gale was breaking inspired us with more confidence. The men worked well, and kept the pumps tolerably clear. Soon after there was much thunder and lightning from the south-east, with rain; and strong gusts of wind began to blow again, which obliged me to haul up the mainsail, the brig being then under bare poles.

I stepped aft to see how she stood the pressure, when a tremendous gust, exceeding in power anything of the kind, during my considerable experience, that I had ever witnessed or could imagine, laid the brig on her beam ends. The water forsook the hold, and appeared between decks, so as to fill the hammocks to

leeward. My poor *Happy-go-lucky* lay motionless, and to all appearance irrevocably overset.

The men behaved admirably, obeying my orders with great coolness and presence of mind. After one of the masts had been cut away and gone over the side, the brig immediately righted with great violence; and the motion was so quick, that it was extremely difficult for the men to work the pumps. The vessel, lying in the trough of the sea, laboured prodigiously.

At last the weather became more moderate. A top-gallant sail was set on the stump of the mast that had gone over the side, and the other part of the rigging looked to. I was able to take an observation, and, after a consultation, decided that we had better continue on our course.

The next day it grew hazy, and blew in strong squalls; the pumps would not act properly, and five feet of water had accumulated on the kelson; one of the winches had broken, and the spare one would not fit; also the hand-pumps were completely choked, so that it was necessary to bale with buckets in the fore hatchway, and I soon became convinced that the labour of keeping the ship afloat would be too much for my people.

After consulting all the chances, there appeared no resort but the extremely unpleasant one of running for the Havana, by far the nearest port. It was even very problematical whether we could reach Cuba in safety, so much did the vessel labour; however, by great exertions of the chain-pumps, and baling, we held on now and made some little progress in the right direction.

Poor Maravilla had suffered considerably from cold, terror, and exposure, so that it went to my very heart to break to her my resolution, as the only chance of saving our lives, of entering a hostile port, where the *Happy-go-lucky* and her cargo would be confiscated and her men taken as prisoners of war. It was with a failing heart that I quoted my oft-repeated proverb, "*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere*," and little did I anticipate that the spirit of it would be realised, in the great peril in which we were at that time placed, more strongly than ever.

According to anticipation the vessel was seized at once on entering the harbour, which we succeeded in making a few days after the conversation with my wife. The crew were so exhausted with their constant efforts to keep the brig afloat, that even the prospect of a Cuban prison seemed a relief.

The Governor happened to be absent at Matanzas, and whilst awaiting his return I carefully prepared a memorial, explaining

the circumstances of my voyage and the necessity which obliged me to put into the Havana, surrendering my vessel as a prize, and the whole of us as prisoners of war, only requesting good quarter, and that I might not be separated from my wife. This memorial was written in the Spanish language.

The next day that functionary returned, and I was summoned before him. He received me with much more ceremony than I at all anticipated in a large hall of audience in the Casa del Gobernador, where he was surrounded by many officers.

The Governor was a tall and very fine looking old man, still firm and erect. The upper part of his face was much concealed by his large cocked hat, which he had drawn down over it, as I thought, to conceal the unpleasantness which our communication might occasion.

My memorial was patiently listened to. "Capitan Bowness," replied the Governor in Spanish, and in a stern voice, "I am unable to grant your request."

Since all that I had asked was that good quarter should be allowed for myself and crew, and that I should not be separated from my wife, this appeared a particularly inauspicious commencement, and I was in doubt what kind of protest to make against it.

"The well-known honour and humanity of your nation, Señor Gobernador," I commenced, without an idea what was to follow; but the Governor saved me further trouble by continuing his own address.

"It is well, Capitan, that you give us credit for those qualities, and it is precisely for that reason that we are unable to act as you would suggest in your memorial. These gentlemen," motioning with his hand to the officers around, "are doubtless sharers with me in the opinion that such a course, though possibly justifiable by the laws of many nations, would be unworthy of the proud flag of Spain!"

A murmur went round the circle. I stood lost in amazement, incapable of understanding what the Governor could be driving at, and mechanically endeavouring to make his features out, but in vain.

"Had we taken you, Capitan Inglés, in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then have been a prize, and your people prisoners; but when, distressed and endangered by the violence of a tempest, you come into our port of La Havana for the preservation of your lives

we the enemies, being still *men*, are bound as such, by the eternal principles of humanity, to afford relief to those distressed ones who are so helpless and who so sorely need our protection."

It was difficult for me to believe the testimony of my own ears, so unexpected was this most joyful turn of affairs to me. How I appreciated and admired the calm, dignified courage of the man who spoke, surrounded as he was by a crew of vile time-and-money servers, who looked black and disappointed at the thought of any plunder escaping from their reach, and who, like too many Cuban officials, had no more notion of honour than my anchors. (This they tell me is amply true of them down to the present day.) Not for worlds would I have interrupted, by word or gesture, the speech of the Governor, who thus continued:—

"It is impossible, even against our enemies, to take advantage of an act of God. Far be such impiety from Catholic Spain. So you hear, Capitan Inglés, you have free leave to remain here, and unload your brig, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may also refit her here, and traffic, so far as may be necessary to pay your expenses. You must then depart, and I will furnish you with a pass, to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda. If after that you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize, but now you are only a stranger, and have undoubtedly and irrefragably, as these excellent gentlemen around me are fully aware, a stranger's special right to safety, kindness, and protection."

To shorten my story; on warmly thanking him for this disinterested and noble act of humanity, I begged that I might be informed to whom I was indebted for so great a service.

"To the Governor of the Havana, Capitan Bowness," remarked the old man, with a marked accentuation; "to Don Diego Salvador;"* so saying, he left the hall of audience.

With what joyful, what extraordinary news did I return to the crew, and to my wife. How she wept for joy at this unhoped-for confirmation of the proverb.

The Governor was astounded at first, when he found who was with me, and that she had become my wife. The revolutionary state of Spain had prevented his receiving intelligence from Valladolid, or possibly the superiors of the convent thought it impolitic to transmit any. Of course Don Diego was doubly rejoiced that he had given full vent to his humane feelings; and the refitting and all arrangements for our departure were pushed forward as rapidly as at all practicable, in order that no *contre-temps* might

* *Salvador* in Spanish is the equivalent of *Saviour* in English.

occur to prevent our having the full benefit of his kindness; for some murmurs had been heard at the easy escape of so valuable a prize. Maravilla and her father had of course many meetings *sub rosa*, but it was quite unsafe publicly to acknowledge the relationship, as the cry of favouritism would at once have been unjustly raised as a pretext.

To enter into the after-career of my father-in-law, would be to speak of subjects quite foreign to this present little narrative, and only to add one more testimony to those which the history of the Spanish nation unhappily so abundantly furnishes, of the power which the dishonour, cupidity, and corruption of officials may have over the destinies of even brave and good patriots.

My wife and myself arrived in perfect safety at Liverpool in the usual time after leaving the Havana, namely, about sixty days. This was my last voyage. For many years did Maravilla and I live in peace and tranquil happiness together, applying, whenever a cloud or tempest seemed about to obscure our moral or physical horizon, the old Neapolitan words,—

"Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere,"

and never in vain; for the few slight evils that did arrive, were turned into blessings.

When my dear wife died, the motto that had been hallowed by her lips, and by frequent trial during her life, was placed by my instructions over her grave; and the tears sometimes gather in an old man's eyes as he ponders on these words of One whom evil could not injure—"All things shall work together for your good."

THE WOODMAN.—PART II.

By J. H. POWELL.

The woods and Deborah to Felix seem'd
A world. He never pined to know a change.
If business press'd him to the market-town,
He linger'd not, but, glad to leave, trudg'd home,
Feeling no happiness till settled there.
The Woodman, like a bird, in freedom roam'd,
Unvex'd by knowledge of the world's events.

Temper'd as one unborn to human strife,
Loving, as one alone, the Lord of life,
Living to bless, and bless'd in living, so
He reap'd few tares, since few the seeds he'd sow.

The petty broils which hourly shake the souls
Of city moilers, doom'd to fret in frays,
Were hidden from his eye. The woods and home
Embrac'd his life's desire. He envied none,
Secure in humble state; nor troubled he
'Bout themes which woo the serried hearts of men
Whose souls are sacrificed to golden calfs—
Whose life-rewards are priced in woe and death—
The Death of Virtue—Heaven's rare gift, and man's
True friend.

The squire who own'd the woods and dwelt
In affluence and ease within the hall,
Would oft, in kind regard, bestow his mark
Of favour in the faithful woodman's lot.
His daughter Gertrude, too, unscathed by pride—
The pride that bars the rich from poor men's homes—
Would sometimes greet the woodman and his mate
With such sweet smiles and unreservèd speech
As won their deep esteem and earnest prayers.

Ah! pleasant were the hours when Gertrude came
To charm the couple with her artless ways;
Serene in pleasure, with no cause for shame,
They'd little to disturb their tranquil days.

The lady Gertrude—blush'd in maiden truth,
Dower'd with goodness and the bloom of youth,
Fondled by parents—grew to lovely mould,
Like sunflower, ridg'd with leaves of summer gold.
Her dress was plain, her wants were ever few;
The whims of Fashion never sour'd her breast;
Her mind in wiser, holier studies grew—
She lov'd her books, and in that love was bless'd.
Her sire, a man of little book desire,
Counted his gains, and loved his name of squire;
But yet he was no niggard to the poor.
He never drove the beggar from his door,

Or spoke unkindly to his toiling hinds.
And thus he ruled their grateful hearts and minds.
His daughter Gertrude was his only child;
  He loved her with a love too deep to tell.
She grew in beauty—virtue, undefil'd,
  Like modest primrose in the grassy dell.
He watch'd her with a father's anxious care,
  And with his loving lady seemed to vie
In praise of Gertrude, and to proudly share
  Affections which in life can never die.
No wish had Gertrude, since she grew to sense,
  The squire would fail to feed, if reach'd by wealth;
No boon had Gertrude fondness could dispense
  Which was oppos'd to virtue and to health.
She lived a rare and unassuming maid,
And loved to lend the poor and sick her aid.

TIMOTHY TOMPKINS.—CHAPTER II.

By SPEERS.

The usually quiet Mrs. Tompkins was naturally enough very indignant at the abrupt climax to her children's educationary career under Miss Fanny Blakeley. Mrs. Tompkins could not help thinking that the young schoolmistress was specially warped in her conduct towards the five aspiring pledges of her household. It was to be expected that Mr. Tompkins, urged on by his kind wife, would mimic some sort of anger, although, it must be confessed, the town-crier saw as plainly as sober eyes could possibly see, that the conduct of the young Timothy was altogether improper.

It was certainly heart-rending to see the torture expressed in the mother's features—to hear the rapid, definite opinions which the good-natured woman ventured in unmistaking dispraise of Miss Fanny Blakeley. "What was she, that she should set herself so high above her honest, hard-drudging neighbours? She never could be a mother, or she would have had more feeling. To be sure, little Timothy was a leetle partial to fun, but there was—there could be—no harm in that. Supposing the letters were stained with the ink, that was not

such a wonderful sin. They might be sent out all the same. What a pity that people would give themselves such finicking, stuck-up ways!" So reasoned Mrs. Tompkins, whose notions of propriety was not in any degree disturbed by the alleged conduct of her five children at Miss Fanny Blakeley's school. It must be borne in mind that little Timothy was standing by, listening to his mother, as she gave loud vent to her displeasure.

The boy suddenly rose in his own estimation. He was a hero and a martyr at once. He felt strong in his cause; and vowed in his own right to do as he would in spite of every one, for had he not a defender in the person and eloquence of his mother.

It was a long time before the injured Mrs. Tompkins could thoroughly compose herself. She was at one minute vehement in abuse of Miss Fanny Blakeley; at another she was in tears. At length, however, she went dexterously to her work, having sent one of her little cherubs for a half-pint of porter; which porter gave considerable solace to the poor, almost heart-broken mother.

No other school was sought for. The little family of Tompkins resumed their former modes of pastime; resumed their former uncleanly habits; and resumed their former vociferous shoutings and occasional shriekings.

The boy Timothy would go out when he pleased, and come home when he pleased. That was a certainty. He had invested sundry halfpence which his indulgent mother had given him in the purchase of tops and marbles. He grew to be the foremost among his compeers in the art of marble-shooting and peg in the ring. Daily disturbances resulted from this practical devotion of the young Tompkins. The boys did not always like to "be crowed over," as they termed it, but that was no care for Timothy. He was born to be a ruler and not to be ruled. He carried off the boys' marbles, not always justly, with the dexterity of a blackleg. It was never his intention to lose, he meant winning; and, to his discredit, would cheat where he could not honourably succeed. This mode of play necessarily involved young Timothy in fights. He had to stand on the defensive almost daily, and many a time is his poor mother distressed at the appearance his bruised face exhibits.

One afternoon little Timothy was out by himself looking into every conceivable hole and corner of the town, apparently in search of some unknown object of amusement. Of a sudden his eye caught a well-remembered female figure. She was slowly moving towards him. She carried a book, and was intently interested in its contents. Now, little Timothy thought of his mother, and then of his own peculiar powers of

pleasing her. So, without another consideration, he lay his entire length across the path on which the object that was visible to him was walking. Presently, in the most perfect innocence of all danger, the young lady advanced, and, stumbling against the obstruction in her way, fell on her nose with a force truly terrific. The book was at a distance in the gutter, whilst Timothy, with the agility of a cat, leaped and ran until he was far from the scene of his wanton wickedness. This sad misfortune so affected the nerves of the unfortunate victim to Timothy's displeasure, that she went straight into hysterics.

Whilst she was thus struggling, Walter Masson, the banker's son, came along. He was, of course, attracted to the spot where the young woman lay. He stooped down to render assistance, when lo! to his horror, he discovered Miss Fanny Blakeley. The young man's blood mounted feverishly to his cheek. "Who could have been so dastardly as to have done this deed!" he exclaimed, with all the fiery energy of his soul. He then with the most kindly attention assisted Miss Fanny to her feet, picked up the book from the gutter, and persisted in accompanying her to her home.

Many weeks passed before Miss Fanny Blakeley could venture upon another walk. Her nose was sadly disfigured; but time, the destroyer and restorer, soon obliterated all traces of her fall. Walter Masson often called to ascertain her progress, and rarely left her without having spent an hour or two in her company. They would delight in singing together, and conversing together on congenial literary subjects.

Miss Fanny Blakeley could never discover who it was that had placed the obstruction in her way; but she had reason to bless the day when she was made to fall. It was the circumstance of her life; it brought her into close companionship with Walter Masson. She had often spoken to him before when at church, but no further results accrued.

Walter Masson and Miss Fanny Blakeley were now often together. They went to church, came from church with each other. The people, who are never happy but when they are supplying food for gossip, pronounced them man and wife. But such was not the case.

Timothy Tompkins was nearly fourteen years of age when he was brother to ten children. Mrs. Tompkins still looking hearty, still working hard, and still pursuing her own motherly way in training up her family. There was a custom with Mrs. Tompkins which caused much discussion in the neighbourhood among the mothers. Whenever her confinements came on she always adopted it. She would rigidly abide by her doctor's instructions till the third day of the

child's birth. Then she would indulge herself with a huge mutton-chop, drink during the day five half-pints of her favourite porter, and "throw all physic to the dogs."

It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Tompkins, the town-crier, who, by the way, had kept himself rigidly sober during eleven confinements of Mrs. Tompkins, on the twelfth one, actually—quite in keeping with his philosophy—got drunk. He was in a very exalted state; quite overlooked the extra need of his earnings and the further necessity for temperance. Some of his companions, who were in his company when the news was made known that another Tompkins had just been added to the family, rejoiced with him, and received in return copious tankards of ale. When Mr. Tompkins had got about what is termed three sheets in the wind, his companions, looking out for a *lark*, indifferently suggested that Mr. Tompkins should *cry* the circumstance. At first Mr. Tompkins laughed at it for a joke; then he began to get more giddy, and, in a state bordering on uncertainty, was started, bell in hand, by his companions, who stood watching him with suppressed feelings of laughter. Mr. Tompkins, unheeding the folly of the task, made a tour of the town at midnight, ringing his bell and waking from sleep nearly the whole of the neighbours.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Tompkins, ringing his bell, "this is to give notice (hiccoughs from the crier), Mrs. Tompkins was made a mother (hiccoughs again) at ten o'clock, of a son—making a round dozen in the family." Mr. Tompkins dropped his voice suddenly, and held down his head at the word "*dozen;*" and, ringing his bell, passed unsteadily on his way, ejaculating with boisterous effort, as his hat tumbled on his neck, "God save the Queen."

The disturbed sleepers were not only surprised, but heartily amused at the strange and farcical conduct of their town-crier. Some were at their bed-chamber windows, in nightcaps, looking strangely fascinating in the sombre midnight. Laughter and witticism kept up a rivalry for some time. At last, like all novelties, the exciting charm dies. The natives shut their windows, draw the blinds, and are lost to view.

The morning found Mr. Tompkins both sober and disconsolate. He so vividly realised the picture of his folly, that he dared not, at least for some two or three days, venture in the streets by daylight.

Now Mr. Tompkins having settled in his mind that he would hide himself from public gaze, got his pipe, snugly incased his feet in slippers, and began to fancy himself sick. He was vigorously puffing out smoke, and sat with a half-

dreamy recollection that he was the bill-poster and town-crier, and the father of twelve rising young-uns.

A knock at the door. Sally opened it, and was speedily in the presence of her father, with the intelligence that he was in request. Mr. Tompkins had a decided objection to see any one, for reasons easily surmised, and sent word by the little girl, that he was unwell and could not be seen. The answer was far from satisfactory, for he distinctly heard the tones of a strange voice instruct the little Sally to inform her father that he wanted some bills posted. Mr. Tompkins, feeling assured that it was a stranger who wanted him, and not a native, was in his presence before Sally had time to return with the message. The gentleman, who stood at the door, was a foreigner—a very short, black-whiskered person, who spoke the English language defectively. He was a professor of magic, and rejoiced in the name of Professor Shelterchinesey.

"I—bills—paste—King's Arms," said the professor, with an extreme effort, as Mr. Tompkins desired his mission.

"Oh! you have engaged the King's Arms, and wish me to post bills for you?"

"De same," said Professor Shelterchinesey.

"Send me the posters and small bills, and I will attend to them to-morrow," requested Mr. Tompkins.

The foreigner shrugged his shoulders, gesticulated freely, and made Mr. Tompkins learn that he must have the bills posted at once. What could the bill-poster do otherwise than promise? and what could the professor do otherwise than send the bills as quickly as possible?

"Tim," cried Mr. Tompkins, who was perfectly at ease with his pipe.

The boy makes his appearance, with his face black and his hair straggling about his forehead, as if rising from its soil on purposes of mischief.

"Come here, Tim," said Mr. Tompkins, coaxingly.

Tim advances a step nearer his father.

"I want you to run out and post a few of *these* small bills, and deliver *these* at the shops. The posters I will put up myself to-night." Mr. Tompkins placed the bills in his son's hands, giving him necessary caution and directions. Timothy was most willing to obey for once. He ran into the yard, produced paste-pot and brush, and started on his mission.

The bills which the boy had with him were long and narrow, illustrated with a portrait of the professor and printed in various coloured inks. Timothy met some of his play-fellows, and, being rather generous, presented them with a large number of the bills which were intended for distribution in

the shops of the town. Some of the boys desired one or two of the bills he had with him to post. But Timothy refused to give one of them away. There was an effort to take them by force, but it turned out a failure, besides producing in the appearance of the delinquents an unpleasant change, for Timothy punished their greed by applications of the paste-brush. He put down his can and bills and ran after them, smothering their features and clothes with paste, and driving them far away. The evening was now rapidly advancing. The boy had been delayed and had as yet performed no part of his task. He went vigorously to work to make amends; but alas, the darkness came on and he was obliged to paste the bills without knowing where he put them or which side he stuck against the wall.

There must have been some evil spirit working his discomfort. For out of the entire lot of bills there were only two pasted properly, whilst the others were topsy-turvy or with blank sides visible. There were none delivered at the shops. Mr. Tompkins started with the large posters immediately his son returned home. He had placed them in such a way that when he should need to unroll them they would all be in position for the walls, therefore he was little likely to make a mistake. He had to pass the King's Arms. He did not dare cast a glance inside for fear he should be recognised and chaffed about his last night's *crying*. But owing to the fact that his companions had been on the look-out for him, he was, to his dismay, dragged into the King's Arms, and made to indulge in some brandy and water. Whilst Mr. Tompkins was seated listening to the jokes of the soakers about him he was called to speak with Professor Shelterchinesey who had been acquainted with the fact that the bill-poster was in the house. Mr. Tompkins excused himself to the company, and leaving his posters, paste, and brushes, went out.

One of the men who was the most diligent in causing Mr. Tompkins to take the *crying-tour* of the previous night, thought it would be advisable to have another *lark* with him. So he unrolled the large posters and rolled them the outside-in, placing them back in their former position on the table.

Mr. Tompkins was speedily back again. He took up his bundle of bills, put them under his arm, and with his paste and brushes was out in the night.

(To be continued.)

THE SIBYL OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

By J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH IT IS RELATED HOW WINNIE TALBOT DISCOVERS HIMSELF TO BE IN LOVE.

Wennie or Wentworth Talbot and his friend, Jabez Laverouse, started arm-in-arm one beautiful summer afternoon, to visit the Devil's Dyke. They were living in Brighton, each occupied in different world-duties, and realising diverse hopes and pleasures. Wennie was the son of a goldsmith; he was about twenty-seven years of age, of tall, handsome figure; his mind was full of the pleasure derived from the wild diversity of scenery before him. The companion of Wennie was deep down in the mysteries of the law; he was short, dark-whiskered, and thirty years old. Jabez was married, having a wife and three children. Talbot was in love, but as yet saw no chance of immediate or remote matrimony.

The two friends were much attached; they were never so happy as when rambling together or conversing with each other. Wennie's was a poetic temperament. He loved to gaze on the pictures of nature, felt an intense pleasure in the rugged, majestic, and even in the awfully grand features which the hand of God has pencilled in eternal prominence on the tablet of creation. Nothing could give more impassioned glory to Wennie than could the sea when raging wild at the command of the tempest. He would often travel miles to get on the top of giant rocks or mountains; the higher they were the more intense was his delight. He had a soul little operated on by fear. He had from a child ventured on danger's brink without a shudder at the consequences which might accrue.

Jabez, the friend, felt more pleasure in listening to the conversations of Wennie, hearing his descriptions of the scenery he had felt delight in, than he did in looking on the same scenes himself. The truth is, Jabez had been early put to the study of law. He had been in training under one of the most astute and popular lawyers in Brighton, a man whose soul was in his profession, who believed his calling respectable, and worthy the student and the age. In fact, the lawyer in question was a man who pursued his profession with honour to himself and the town in which he practised. Jabez Laverouse had the good fortune to be under a true man as well as a good lawyer. He therefore acquired a deep knowledge of the legal profession, without being under the necessity of descending to low chicanery and unjustifiable craft. Jabez was a man of strict probity. He prided himself on his cleverness, but was never known to delight in expressions of envy at the prosperity of others, or to chuckle pleasurably at his own successes, to

the annoyance of his unsuccessful rivals in the field of his pursuits. Jabez Laverouse, as we have said, studied the law very early in life, he was taught to devote himself to it with soul earnestness, to forget or make secondary all other pursuits, however strongly they might tempt his desire. He grew to look upon his profession as the paramount duty of existence; he gradually lost affection for *outside* pleasures; he seemed wedded, irrevocably wedded to the law. He found time to marry, nevertheless. He loved his wife, and, as children clambered on his knee to claim the parental kiss, he felt, after all, there was something in this world more important than musty *title-deeds* and lengthy *briefs*.

Wennie Talbot had been his friend for many years. He, of all the young men in Brighton, was the best adviser and most deserving *confidant*. Jabez loved Talbot as a brother. He looked upon him as a being destined to carve a name in the temple of life, which should be a beacon of joy to generations. Jabez told his friend Talbot all his secrets. He never indulged in any pursuit external to his profession without consulting the wishes of Wennie, and desiring him to join him. Wennie Talbot was equally confidential and friendly towards Jabez. They thus grew together as two trees side by side, absorbing each other's virtue.

Wennie Talbot was a student as well as a goldsmith; he prosecuted the study of art with a zest only equalled by his friend's devotion to the law. Wennie studied painting, poetry, and music, but his *forte* was painting, and he knew it, so did his friends. He was acquainted with the lives and works of many of the world's greatest painters. Raphael was his great master. It was his custom to study mostly from nature; not a spot made famous in history within the bounds of Sussex which Wennie did not sketch. Some of his paintings were exhibited, and won from the connoisseur the highest encomiums.

Wennie Talbot, some four years previously to the time we introduce him, was seated on a mound on the summit of the highest hill on the Downs; he was sketching a view embracing a chain of hills winding along in beautiful disproportion in face of the sea. His sketch was nearly complete when his eye caught the forms of two figures advancing towards him. It was evident to Wennie that the approaching strangers did not perceive him. He therefore went on with his sketch. Presently he distinctly heard the voice of a man—

"I say you are too proud, Rose. I never come down to see you and walk out with you but you persist in being as silent as a mouse. If I speak to you of love you laugh at me. If I desire to converse on the political events of the day you feel so little interest in the subject that I am compelled to stop or to grow dull in the noise of my own tongue."

The ringing pleasant laugh of a female rung upon Wennie's ear; it almost electrified him; he stopped in his sketch and listened.

"Cousin, why do you leave your London friends—those who join you in the theatre, promenade with you at Epsom, and give your soul happiness—to force your society upon me? I have told

you a thousand times I cannot be yours, unless, indeed, I am doomed to be wedded to a spendthrift and a gambler." This latter part of Rose's reply was expressed in a petulant and emphatic tone of voice.

"But, Rose," said the male in an angry yet appealing voice, "give me but leave to hope, tell me, with your sweet voice, that I shall be yours when I reform, and I swear to forsake all my companions and to live as *you* wish me, cheered by the thought that she whom, of all beings on earth, I sincerely love, will be mine."

The sweet voice of Rose was heard to reply, "Cousin Francis, I sincerely hope you will put on new habits; until you do you can never deserve even the good word of a stranger. Let me beg that you will not persecute me with expressions of love more, for I feel that were you thoroughly reformed you could not be mine, for your nature and mine could never assimilate. I would be friends with you, but cannot deceive you by vows of love which I do not feel; and unless I loved you, cousin, I would never sacrifice my happiness by placing my heart in your hand."

The cousin of Rose bit his lip vexatiously, muttered savagely the words "Spiteful vixen," and left his lovely companion to herself. Rose was within ten yards of Wennie, who sat amazed at the loveliness of the young lady, and felt irrepressible indignation at the abrupt, ungentlemanly, and ignorant conduct of her cousin. The young lady herself was not prepared for such treatment. She had often strolled about the Downs with her cousin when he came from London to visit her, and had often before been as decided in her opinions on his conduct, and her determination to give him no encouragement to expect other than friendship from her. He had never carried his temper to such a stage before. She was consequently much surprised at and very sorry for the circumstance of her cousin's displeasure.

Talbot gazed on the fair features of Rose with intense interest in his eye. He thought of the loneliness in which she was left—felt that it were unmanly to allow her to find her residence by herself; he was impulsive in his nature, and often acted without second thoughts. He rose from the mound upon which he sat, folded his sketch up, pocketed his case of pencils and his paints, and advanced respectfully towards the young sweet-featured Rose, who was still standing looking towards the way her cousin had gone.

Presently the lovely Rose turned in his direction, and, with blushes, caught sight of the intelligent, handsome, open countenance of Wennie Talbot. She suddenly turned from him, but Wennie spoke.

"Your pardon, miss. I am the son of a goldsmith in Brighton. I am one whose leisure time is absorbed in the study of painting. I have been unavoidably made conversant with the conversation which took place between yourself and your unceremonious cousin. My honour for it, this knowledge shall go no further. Your cousin has deserted you without performing the common

civilities of a gentleman. Allow me, miss, respectfully to be your guide to the place of your destination. You need not refuse me from any fear of rudeness on my part. I trust I am too well bred in the courtesies of life to offer any annoyance to a lady for which I myself would need to blush."

The lady Rose was won over without much trouble. She saw in the earnest, fiery glances of Wennie intelligence and honour; she read in the choice conversational expressions of Wennie a solid, genuine truthfulness; she felt in the presence of Wennie security.

"I desire most gratefully to express my pleasure, sir, at your generosity, and shall do myself honour by accepting your company."

Wennie was in ecstacies; he grew fluent as he conversed with her; he soon elicited the knowledge from her that she was a lady of no ordinary qualifications. She was possessed of rare genius, and accomplished in many of the arts which he pleasured in. The conversation touched upon the painters and poets of the past century, a theme which was supreme to them both.

Rose expressed a desire to look at the unfinished sketch which Wennie had in his hand. He felt little desire to show it, because he knew it would be submitted to one competent to judge its merits and demerits; he knew, likewise, that it was unfinished.

"It is scarcely fair, miss, to demand a sight of a rough, unfinished painting, since it may deteriorate the artist."

"Perfectly right," rejoined Rose; "the bud is visible before the flower, yet the sight of the bud does not mar the idea of beauty; when it blooms in maturity it only develops its *full* glory; it does not follow, therefore, that because a painting is incomplete, the artist is deteriorated."

Wennie unrolled his sketch; what more could he do? Rose took it in her hands, and stood still to look at it. She surveyed it with the eye of an art-critic. She threw her glance in the direction of the spot which the artist had chosen for his model.

"It is very beautiful," she said; "yet there is wanting a darker tint to the sea, and scarcely so much dimness in the distance; for do you not see how very clear the day is, and how powerfully the sun affects the summit of yon hills?"

"I am delighted to hear you express so correct a judgment, miss," said Wennie, in sweet, mellow tones of voice. "The same thought was in my own mind whilst I was colouring it; but at that moment I was attracted from my work by the conversation of yourself and your cousin."

"I will show you some sketches of mine taken in Italy when we arrive at Moss Villa, if you can spare the time to pass judgment on them," said Rose in a familiar tone of voice.

"Oh I shall be truly delighted to have the opportunity. Believe me I feel intense pleasure in this acquaintance. It was gratification to be allowed the high privilege of attending you home as a lady, but as an artist as well, it affords the height of happiness."

Wennie Talbot and the young Lady Rose conversed long and

ardently on the works of art which have immortalised the names of Correggio, Raphael, Vandyke, Turner, and others. At length they came to Moss Villa, not a mile from Black Rock. This villa was attached to several mansions, and looked on the sea. The Lady Rose led the way into the drawing-room, and without waiting for any ceremonial introduction of the young goldsmith, rung the bell, and desired the servant to acquaint her mother and father that she wished them to come to her. Rose then placed a number of paintings on the table, and began to display to Wennie some of the most finished and imposing ones. Whilst the young man was deep in admiration, gazing intently on specimens of Italian scenery, impressed by genuine skill on paper, the parents of Rose came in.

"Oh, this is a young gentleman, a goldsmith's son, who is an artist. I owe him gratitude for his courtesy and kindness in accompanying me home," said Rose hurriedly to her parents.

"But where is your cousin, child?" inquired the mother of Rose, whilst the father looked upon the happy Wennie with distrust and annoyance.

"Cousin has taken it into his head to vow all kinds of love to me again, and to insult me by deserting me, leaving me far away on the Downs, because, foorsooth, I could not repay his vows with promises which I know I should never redeem."

"But, child," said the mother, "you are very hasty. You know, and you must admit you are a little vexatious with your cousin. You should treat him less harshly; he has a kind heart and might be inclined to duty by your smiles. I fear we shall hear little of him, for he will scarcely care to know us now."

"I cannot help it, mother. My tastes and his are at war. If I marry I must have a man with *soul*. Cousin is not only a gambler and a spendthrift, but he has no high ideal of existence, he seems like a dull lump of humanity, moving in mere animal pleasures."

"It would be well, Rose, dear," said the father, "if you felt less bitterness for your cousin. You must not expect that in matters of affection you should have a man whose mind rises higher than the earth. A husband will need to do battle for his wife, and, therefore, should be of a practical, honest, and persevering character, rather than skilful in poetry and painting, unless those qualifications are a profession, and he is enabled thereby to harvest gold."

Much conversation passed between mother, father, and daughter; there was little opportunity for Rose to indulge her desire of displaying her various paintings to the eye of Talbot. He saw the state of affairs, and rose to depart. He felt, in the pressure of his hand, as he shook that of Rose, that the young lady experienced a tender regard for him. He courteously bade good day to the parents of Rose, and passed on to his abode, conscious of something in his heart which before had been strange.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

By J. H. POWELL.

"Ma," said Alice, a little maid, "when will pa come home?"
"My child, he's far on the ocean-waves, bound for the land of Rome.
The ship is tough, the ship is strong, and father's heart is brave;
He fears no *foe*, nor feels he *fear*, when raging billows rave."
"But tell me, ma, can pa sail forth, afar on the troubled sea,
Without a thought of you, dear ma, or any care for me?"
The mother sighed, drooped low her head, and hid her tearful eyes.
The artless Alice stood in thought and wondered at her sighs.

"You weep, dear ma; I hope that pa will not stay long away,
I pine to see him home again; do write to him, I pray.
I'm sure my pa will hasten home if you, dear ma, will write;
I long to see him so each day, I pray for him each night.
He used to take me in his arms and kiss me with such joy,
He said I was his '*fairy-charm*'—his '*tiny human toy*.'
I've lost my wonted love for play since pa has been at sea;
I wonder, ma, why he should sail so far from you and me."

"Dear child!" the mother said, her sorrowing eyes bedimmed with tears,
"Your father's on the grand old sea, and may be gone for years,
His the fate of patriot-faith—*his* the danger—*his* the strife
Which courage claims and duty gains with rifle and with knife.
Your father loves us where he is, he may not yet return,
For honour leads him forth to war where freedom's orb-lights burn.
He forfeits honour, if he fail to fight 'when duty calls;'
He may not rest in cottage homes or proud ancestral halls."

"Why, dear ma, should pa sail forth away on the troubled sea?
Could he not say he'd stay away and live with you and me?"
"Your father, child, sail'd forth afar, away on the troubled sea,
To fight for right, with arm of might, and bow to fate's decree.
Your father, child, may yet come home, but never in disgrace;
He went afar to join the war, and honour gave him grace.
Your father, child, sailed forth afar away on the eastern seas
To brave the danger of the wave, the danger of the breeze;
To bear the brand of care and dare the despot's hateful frown,
That freedom may be free in Rome and wear imperial crown."

The child looked up with puzzled gaze into her mother's eyes—
A dreamy tenderness half-wild, as summer-tinted skies
Express, was in the fair maid's glance. She whispered soft and low,
"I long to see my pa again, he'll come to me I know.
Oh, write, and bid him come, dear ma, just for a peep at me!
And then he may sail forth again, and wrong'd Italia free."

Critiques.

Autumnal Leaves. Elegiac and other Poems. By Mrs. Edward Thomas. London: W. Walker & Co., 196, Strand.

"Autumnal Leaves" are the melodious musings of a bereaved spirit,—a mother's monody wrought to intense painful beauty, by a gifted grief-depressed mind.

Mrs. Edward Thomas had an only son who died in the *thirtieth year* of his age. The sad circumstance of the lady's loss has been the impelling impulse to the production of "Autumnal Leaves." She must have loved her only child with her whole soul to have been tortured into such grievous strains as "My Son," "Once More, my Son! Once More," "My Son's Betrothed," &c.

One feels the weight of the melancholy which burdens "Autumnal Leaves."

"I strive to pray—I strive to reconcile
My shattered happiness with God's decree,
Then flashes on my soul thy glowing smile,
And all my anguish is renewed for thee.

* * * * * *

"Now all oppresses, for the heavy air
Comes loaded with the vapours of the grave;
Oh! would that I were hidden from my care
In that still darkness wounded spirits crave."

This has reference to

"The idol of so many years,
The worshipp'd of each hour,
The head, the blossom of (her) soul."

"Autumnal Leaves" are not all dead leaves, some of them are still green and fresh as the living grass upon the tomb.

We have rarely met with a book of poems so rich with melancholy pathos, and fraught with such inspired beauty as "Autumnal Leaves."

Among the Occasional Poems are, "Come Back! but Haste to Pardon me," "The Dying Husband," "My Babe," "Love's Lightest Step," "The Wasted Span," and "The French and English Alliance."

We extract part of "Caprice," regretting our want of space:—

"I've thought from thee to keep away,
Thy beauty to resist;
And then I've thought how *long* the day,
Ere came the hour of tryst.
Silence upon my soul might fall,
Unbroken as the tomb's;
And muteness wrap, as in a pall,
Each floweret there that blooms;
And darkness veil the sun, the moon,
In awful mystery;
Within that soul could still be noon
From thy refulgency.—

For I'd recall thy beaming look,
When I my love avowed;
Which sparkled in the crystal brook,
O'er which thy face was bowed;—
And softly to that soul I'd tell
The whisper then I heard;
Which from thy lips in music fell,
As if a zephyr stirred
The chords of some Æolian lyre,
Or baby fingers swept
The harp, a mother's hand did tire,
To lull it till it slept.—
And then I'd think it was a dream,
This sad reality;
As woman, driven to extreme,
Still generous must be.—
And then I'll think, thou didst but try
To make me love thee more;
Ah! dearest! let THIS satisfy:
I only can ADORE."

Our Age, 1860: *a Satire addressed to W. H., Esq.* By JAMES HOWELL. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Since Horace trod "his Sabine fields," the *Satire* has been one of the most difficult forms of literary composition. Few of our English authors excel in this peculiar study. It is one thing to satirise, another to perform the task with skill and justice.

The satirist may either be a patriot, or a pettifogger deserving the reprobation and contempt of mankind.

Satire is a weapon most useful in the hands of true genius when it is wielded in cutting down old-established abuses which grow rank in the soil of society; but when it becomes the instrument of small-brained, narrow-souled mountebanks, it is then dangerous in the extreme. The satire-form of composition should never be adopted where reason and fair speech find free force. It is better to *lead* than to *drive*. It is wiser to *teach* than to *lash*.

There exist, however, many evils which are so walled and protected by *ignorance*, *prejudice*, and *interest*, which the *ordinary* modes of expression do not affect, that the satire of necessity is the legitimate and essential agent for the task.

Where truth, in garb of reason, when associated with all the refined beauties of language, is prohibited, it *must* gain admission in some form; and if it assume the one of satire it *must* have weight.

The author of "Our Age" has chosen a theme demanding the most comprehensive knowledge of "men and things," the most perfect conception of right and wrong, and the most advanced principles of modern philosophy.

His *theme* gives evidence, to say the least, of high pretensions. His *production* does not keep pace with his theme. The "satire" is not *altogether* good, neither does it run its course with unin-

terrupted ease. Mr. Howell may *slip* in his career in the mere structure of his verse without mischief to other than the rules of art; but when the sentiment runs wild, and in his great hurry to be *strong* on acknowledged abuses, he *censures* without qualification, as in the lines,

> "Begging's the trade! Churches are begging shops;
> Priests with delight hear money as it drops
> In plates, as they the offertories read,"

he falls short of the Christian justice which he so ably describes in another part of "Our Age."

There is undeniable skill and unquestionable truth in many of the pages. Some of the couplets are gems of satiric poetry. Many of the lines are broad, forcible, and elevating. Yet there is wanting that full inspiration of poetic genius, comprehensive as full, which would stamp the production as worthy the age. We could quote paragraphs illustrative of the author's true *satirical vein;* we could weigh line with line, couplet with couplet, showing thereby our admiration of certain forms of metaphor—certain modes of thought; but, after all, we could not lay the "flattering unction" to Mr. Howell's "soul" that his effusion is *bona fide* the thing its theme and pretensions would indicate.

The author of "Our Age" need not despair. He has poetic power, true satiric force, a condensative capacity, and a store of "fiery thought," which, chastened, moulded, and made free, would prove serviceable to the interests of humanity.

TANNAHILL.

After Robert Burns, Tannahill stands second to no Scotch song writer for the sweetness and mellow pathos of his verse. We select the following as a specimen of his "gentle, melancholy" style, and we believe our readers will agree with us that it were difficult to find anything in literature of more surpassing beauty. Our friends will, perhaps, remember that Robert Tannahill was a weaver, of high poetic talent, who leaped into the great ocean of eternity, as did Chatterton, before the Almighty's *Call.* The Harper of Mull was written after the recital, in Tannahill's hearing, of the story which it conveys, and which we take the liberty of copying from an old periodical (*The Bee*) in whose columns it was first published. "In the Island of Mull there lived a harper, who was distinguished for his professional skill and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower in the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank, almost lifeless, into the harper's

arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid around her shivering frame; but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter, on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspicious of others, paced slowly along, leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round, and beheld the faithless fair one seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed with astonishment, gazed at them. Then, slowly turning his steps homewards, he, sighing, exclaimed, 'Fool that I was, to burn my harp for her!'"

THE HARPER OF MULL.

When Rosie was faithful how happy was I,
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by;
I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
My harp's mouruful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless she's no the less fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feeds my despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumbering I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
Thou wakest me to tortures unequalled before;
But death's silent slumbers my grief soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

Our Album.

We present the following from the pen of Mr. Ernest Jones. The theme is one worthy his genius. The Italian liberator, Garibaldi, must feel that which he might fail to express, should he chance to read it.

Mr. Ernest Jones is a man known to fame. He has achieved great success in the walks of art. We deal with him as poet, not as a politician. His talents are great, his energies unflagging. We can only express a sincere hope, that the man who can originate such magnificent lines as these will yet win a position worthy of his country and himself.—[Ed.]

Some men defeat makes greater—victory less :
Give me the heart that can resist success,
Knows this great truth, that victory is not all,
That peoples may not rise though kings may fall,
And learns in history's school, nor learns too late,
'Tis easier to destroy than to create.

Nations emerge but slowly from the night,
Nor leap at once from darkness into light—
Love their dear gloom, reluctantly grow wise,
And, if they slowly fall, as slowly rise.
One sword-stroke breaks the chains their bodies bind :
How many does it need to free the mind ?

Ill-fares the man who, flushed with sudden power,
Would uproot centuries in a single hour.
Gaze on those crowds—is theirs the force that saves ?
What were they yesterday ? A horde of slaves !
What are they now but slaves without their chains ?
The badge is cancelled, but the man remains.

Or dost thou still the hopes of freedom rest
On those new ardours kindled in their breast ?
Too deeply fixed the impress of their lives :—
The impulse dies, the character survives.
Before one blast a city's stones may fall—
No single trumpet builds a *Spartan* wall.

Thy daring hand, in fate's auspicious hour,
Smote to the ground a weak-souled tyrant's power :
But tempt not destiny, nor vainly seek
To rampart liberty with souls as weak ;
And let this truth thy guide and safety be—
That men unfit for freedom can't be free.

CONVENTIONAL FRIENDSHIP.

The friendship which with wealth doth last,
In false array may *cheat* each hour ;
'Tis friendship which in fortune's blast
Droops as the tempest-shattered flower.

A charm may dazzle for awhile,
And seem bewitching—fair ;
So friendship, wed to fortune's smile,
May aid but to ensnare.

Frances Harris.

DYING.

So beautiful,
Yet fading fast away,
Upon a couch of sickness long she lay.
We viewed her young life fleeting day by day
And mourned her doom.

DEAD.

So calm and peaceful,
Yet life's troubled wave
Had swept our floweret to an early grave
Nor love, nor life, our angel-child could save
From the still tomb.

Lizzie Brook.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful than those who have inherited one.—*Colton.*

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or the other.—*Tillotson.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.—*Rogers.*

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.—*Byron.*

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.—*Chinese.*

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth from error.—*Ibid.*

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.—*Ibid.*

The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do. His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.—*Ibid.*

What is Beauty? Not the Show
Of shapely Limbs and Features.—No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets—then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.—*Sir A. Hunt.*

If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—*Plutarch.*

The surest way to Health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.—*Churchill.*

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

A false friend is like a shadow on a sun-dial, which appears while the sun shines, but vanishes at the approach of a stormy cloud.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world. He that has these two has little more to wish for, and he that wants either of them will be little better for anything else. Men's happiness or misery is most part of their own making. He whose mind directs not wisely will never take the *right* way; and he whose body is crazy and feeble will never be able to advance in it.—*Locke.*

The first thing to be taken care of is, that children be not too *warmly clad or covered*, winter or summer. The face, when we are born, is no less tender than any other part of the body; it is use alone hardens it, and makes it more able to endure the cold. And, therefore, the Scythian philosopher gave a very significant answer to the Athenian, who wondered how he could go naked in frost and snow. "How," said the Scythian, "can you endure your face exposed to the sharp winter air?" "My face is used to it," said the Athenian. "Think me all face," replied the Scythian. Our bodies will endure anything that from the beginning they are accustomed to.—*Locke.*

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood;
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Festus.*

The Poetry of Earth is never dead!—*Keats.*

With most men experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which only illumine the path they have already passed over.

An hour lost in the morning of a short day is a great loss: such is the loss of youth.

He who makes light of small sins is likely soon to fall into great ones.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

He who swears tells us that his bare word is not to be credited.

Idleness is the sure pilot-fish of misery and crime.

Powell's Domestic Magazine.

THE MODEL WIFE.—Chapter III.

By J. H. POWELL.

But there is a difficulty which our Model Wife must surmount ere she can obtain the requisite rest and nourishment to restore her lagging physical and mental powers. She wants money;—what will her children do, should she remain ill? She is in a puzzle. Something must now be done, that is certain. It will not do to starve the children, neither will it do to pine in want herself. She thinks of every possible way in which money can be raised for immediate use. She decides at length to "make a virtue of necessity," and send a few articles to the pawnbroker's; it is her only chance. They are pinned up in a bundle-handkerchief, and in the arms of one of the children. At this juncture, the absent husband makes his appearance, bearing the pleasing intelligence that he is in employment, and has come to take them all near the place of occupation, some fifty or sixty miles south of London. These tidings are strength and health to his wife. The husband provides money —the little bundle is kept back. Food is purchased, eaten, digested with dispatch, and the Model Wife is speedily well again. Nor does she allow her husband even to suspect how much she has suffered. Hope is again with her—the future brightens, and she imagines adversity at a close.

Another removal and our Model Wife finds herself the tenant of a couple of rooms near the spot where her husband is employed. Several months pass, during which time she pursues her former system of house-keeping, allowing nothing to be wasted, purchasing

little that is not absolutely required; and, more than ever, taught by experience of the past the necessity of providing against the "rainy-day," does she carry out the principle of true Domestic Economy.

Not yet, however, is her cup of misery to the full. A day arrives when, for the first time, she beholds her husband drunk, and mourns shudderingly at the spectacle. He staggers to his home in a state of inebriety and disgrace; his eyes bloodshot, his features bleared, his manhood forsaken. He has curses instead of blessings for both his wife and his children. What a terrible change to come over him who had hitherto, in the presence of his family, pursued a course of conduct true alike to the husband and the father. How comes this unexpected, serious, and most lamentable debasement about? He has imbibed the thirst for intoxicating drinks during the weeks he has been on tramp searching for employment. In every village or town which he has entered, he has met with companions in sorrow—men who, like himself, were begging for "leave to toil." He has walked with them, talked politics with them, drank and slept in low public-houses with them. In his most desponding moments, free from the ever tender influence of his wife, he has lost his self-respect and his integrity, and has toppled over the precipice of intemperance. He never had large self-control, high intellectual strength. His wife's genuine womanly advice had hitherto governed his actions. The star which illumined his life was hidden by a cloud; while that cloud lowers upon him, he must inevitably sink. The star must again be visible, dazzling his soul, ere he can look upon his former self.

Here he is at home, neglecting his work, wallowing in beastliness, polluting the sacred atmosphere of his domicile with impious cursings. Our Model Wife sees in this state of affairs ruin, degradation, and domestic anarchy. She stands before him speechless and tearful. No bitter reproachful word escapes her compressed lips; her heart is lacerated, her spirit almost broken down. She could bear with misfortune, however terrific, in the guise of sickness or unsolicited poverty, but to behold her husband degraded by his own folly—to view *him* for whom her soul lives and aspires so low in humanity; to think of the impossibility of the most rigid system of domestic economics producing any permanent advantage, should he continue in drunkenness, pursuing the *ignus fatuus* of his folly,—this, this is agonising to the extreme.

In a state of mental torture bordering on despair, she reflects; and, true to her mission, resolves on a wise course of action. Now she must appear in the character of a saviour; her whole energies must be exercised to her husband's redemption. The poor, misguided, infatuated, unhappy drunkard is allowed to scold and insult his wife—that constant, affectionate, love-deserving, dutiful wife. But no incited rebuke pierces his ears; she is acting out her part, faithful to the principle of kindness. She looks into his eyes, they are glazed with scorn. She looks at his general appearance, it is debased and pitiable. But the wife's eyes kindle with tender, thrilling compassion; she is present before her husband in angelic meekness and unbending integrity of soul; ready to exchange, if need be, kindness for unkindness, forgiveness for injury. She studies to hide from him all annoyances: she hastens to get her children to bed, lest their presence should excite him to renewed anger. She prepares with speed the evening meal, taking care to brew him a good cup of tea, and by dint of much coaxing and not a little persistency, she succeeds in getting him to take some refreshment.

As the hours wear out the husband becomes sobered, and as he sobers he remembers how seriously he has wronged himself, his wife, and children. He is galled to the quick, so much is he ashamed of himself; he dares not look his wife in the face, much less speak to her; so, like a guilty, conscience-beaten man as he is, he hides himself in the bed-clothes.

His wife sees all; understands the extent of his remorse, and prays, hopes, and trusts he may reform. Alas! it is not an easy matter for men to escape from the thrall of vice, when they have become schooled under its influence, and have abandoned themselves to its allurements.

In the morning, the husband rises from his bed a saddened man; he has the head-ache, feels a repugnance for food, and a consuming thirst; he is haggard, idle, and unhappy. In this state he reflects on his folly, and vows to abstain from a repetition of it; he tries to reform, fails; tries again, still fails. His heroic, heart-bleeding wife looks on with trembling; she knows how hard is the battle he has to fight; she doubles her patience and perseverance to save him: for is not his salvation the salvation of them all?

The husband has had his "fly;" he has lost a deal of time, and finds it necessary to attend again to his work. His employer has been very patient with him, has tried in a manly way to lead him

from his senselessness; and has been compelled, out of justice to the more temperate workmen, to threaten him with dismissal. All fails; the weak man cannot stand erect, supported by the natural stimulus of his diet, without the introduction of an artificial stimulus. He trusts to a false strength; the result is, he falls; his employer gets tired of warning and threatening him; he now suspends him for a fortnight, resolving to give him a chance of improvement before discharging him altogether.

The enthralled, besotted drunkard beholds himself, as it were, in a mirror; he can now see in vivid truthfulness how by degrees he is dragging his family down to beggary and despair. The picture of his earlier years of wedded existence is in his mind; he gazes on it. There is the little cottage with its stock of useful and tidily arranged furniture; there are his children and wife happily grouped together round the little sitting-room table; and there, too, is himself as he was, free even from the *desire* for strong drinks, ever content in the bosom of his family. His mind still on the theme, he remembers the unfailing kindness and heroic perseverance and industry of his wife. It is now that he feels remorse, deep, scathing, and vital remorse. He sees that he has depended on a false support. His own neglected, despised self-respect is again with him, and is again strong. He passes a public-house on his way to his home; one of his late drinking companions hails him and presents him with a tankard of beer; with a purpose so strong that Hercules could not shake he dashes the tankard and its contents to the ground; he is laughed at and pronounced insane—no matter. The remorseful man passes on and gains his home; he does not dare to satisfy his wife's questionings, so much of a rascal does he appear to his own eye.

The poor, ill-used, undaunted woman knows from his manner that he has something of an adverse character to divulge, but she fears to vex him with importunity; so she waits in submissive suspense. Bye-and-bye he essays to open his chart and read his position to her, but he fails. Night comes; he retires to bed, but restlessness and remorse keep him awake. He can distinguish the faint sobbings of his wife, who, by his side, is almost fretting her heart's core away as she thinks of her husband's sad falling off. This is the climax; his remorse finds vent; he is touched by the silent agony of spirit of his wife, more deeply than by anything else he has experienced. He is now as a child, quite subdued; he hesitates no longer, but in repentant tones makes his wife comprehend the true state of his

heart; he then relates the particulars of his suspension from work for a fortnight.

Our Model Wife is too much elated with joy at the salvation of her husband to feel much trouble about the latter circumstance. It is much talked over by the husband and wife, and it is resolved that he return not to his former occupation. The good woman prefers rather to undergo a renewal of privation, than that he should go back to the shop where he would be in constant association with companions who have beheld his disgrace.

Thoroughly reformed and resolute in heart, it becomes a pleasure now for the husband to follow the advice of his wife. He is soon out in the wide world again in search of work; but what a different man he is now to what he was when he was last on tramp! He has suffered, and through suffering he has learnt experience. No tippling for him now; what he requires is work, and work he is determined to obtain.

In the meantime his wife earns a trifle by her needle, and by dint of pure economy manages to find herself and children a little plain food.

Her children are fast growing—two of them are forward enough for school; but owing to father's inattention and waste, money has been scarce, and education could not be purchased. The mother mourns over the fact that she has not yet had it in her power to send the two children to school. She hopes to do so, however, when father is again in full employ.

Our Model Wife has not allowed their young minds to expand in barrenness, although she has had such a terrific battle with poverty and neglect; the oldest can read a little out of the New Testament, and spell tolerably correct; the next to him in years is slowly learning, and will soon be as advanced as his brother. Her high aim has been to rear the children in sweetness of temper and kindness of disposition; to cultivate their young souls, giving them glimpses of the everlasting beauty of virtue and religion.

She has had the wisdom to foresee that the schoolmaster can impart knowledge which is distinct from home instruction; that such knowledge may make the children great in letters, but can never make them great in virtue. Virtue ripens as life expands only when the soul in its infant state has been nurtured in innocence.

This is the study for mothers; the souls of children are pliable, and can be moulded to any shape. Mothers should impress the

tender souls of their children with the seeds of affection, culturing them in taste and love; teaching them to aspire in imitation of ennobling and divine ideals. If the mother neglect this, she practically deadens her own proper influence over her child's character. She omits to exercise a power which gives nobility and virtuous stability to the child; she thus allows its soul to grow strong, trusting to fate for the issue.

Mothers are the natural and legitimate teachers of virtue. All heroism, true sublimity, and devout magnanimity of soul, mostly spring from the mother.

The husband is again in full employment, but it is one hundred miles away. He is too busy and too desirous of earning money to fetch his family. He writes to his wife, desiring her to make the best of circumstances, and bring the children; he sends her all the wages he can spare, and advises her to sell most of the furniture, as the expense of carriage will probably swallow up more than the worth of it. Our Model Wife does not much relish parting with sundry articles which she has endeavoured so long to preserve; however, her judgment teaches her it is the only wise course. She decides on taking the beds with her, and all things of a light and indispensable character; the rest she sells. By travelling the cheapest possible way, she gets to her husband with her family and beds, &c.

It is something like beginning wedding life to have to purchase fresh furniture. She finds that the money which she has received for the goods sold is very insufficient to replace them with others. She can only buy an article or two with it; she must wait until a future period for the other requisites. Gratified beyond description at the true repentance of her husband, our Model Wife resolves to "let the dead past bury its dead," and to "act in the living present" with faith in the future.

Carrying into daily practice the system of domestic management with which she commenced marriage life, after many months of arduous and persistent toil on the part of the husband, and the most affectionate and careful efforts of the wife, their home assumes something like the former respectable character of the one which was broken in upon by the ravaging hand of sickness, and eventually wrecked by the drunken habits of her now reformed husband.

We have briefly depicted the character of the woman whom we have chosen as our model. We have described her "keeping her

house in order," attending to the laws of economy and health. We have pictured her with her abhorrence of waste and her little hoard of sovereigns; her severe struggles with poverty and sickness; her heroic patience and perseverance; her character as nurse, wife, mother. All prove how deep and refreshing are the springs of a true woman's soul.

We have exemplified our Model Wife rendering patient, loving, and dutiful service to her husband and her children; shown how she has restored him from a stage of serious illness to a stage of health; how, by her kindness, forbearance, and indefatigable energies, she has redeemed her husband from drunkenness, and thereby saved her home from destruction. Not only this, we have delineated her in her higher spiritual character of teacher; shown how she has inspired her husband with self-respect and true manly honor; how she has tenderly watched over the growth of her children, enticing them in the ways of virtue and religion. What more need we exhibit? In this Woman are combined the wisdom, patience, heroism, perseverance, and virtue which, were they properly brought to bear on human serfdom and folly, would make happy a fallen world.

Had our Model Wife been deficient in any one of these qualities, where would have been her husband, her children, and her home? It is probable that the whole would have been irretrievably ruined. In her character we have an argument most powerfully opposed to the foolish notion abroad: that young married women need little other education than to know how to indite a letter, scrub a floor, mend or make a shirt, and rock the cradle. Away with such paralysing twaddle! Young married women require to know infinitely more even than young married men, because their influence for good or evil is infinitely wider. Once elevate woman to the sphere of knowledge where she shall discover the inner movements of the soul, learn how to model and direct the minds of her offspring, how to become a true companion and elevating monitor to man, and then society will soon be on the way to regeneration.

Our Model Wife commenced her career with a right conception of her mission; she schooled herself to submission and perseverance. She found her home a world, she made it subject to her dominion. She never prided herself in good dancing. She was more wise than vain, and never flirted, or impoverished her pocket for her person. She despised all gaudy and tawdry dress; being happier in cotton

than she could have been in unpaid-for silk. She had too many duties to fulfil to allow her to indulge in idle neighbourly gossip. She was always busy thinking and working. She saw the fruits of her thought and industry in her husband and her children. She realised reward for all in reciprocal affection. As wife and mother she has performed her duty, bringing her husband no regret, and her children no sorrow. She is a model for the fair sex to imitate, and the male sex to adore. She has struggled and found trouble, persevered and discovered success. All her life she has rendered service. She bears the grace and dignity of a woman, without the least appearance of a coquette; in her, her husband has a mine of wealth; in her, he has a companion worthy of true love. Her children divulge through life the traits of high virtuous principle which she has engrafted in them. Our Model Wife lives not for herself, but her husband and children; therefore she dutifully and lovingly administers to their bodily and mental wants. As a true wife, a good mother, and a wise woman, she can say with Dryden,—

A settled virtue
Makes itself a judge; and, satisfied within,
Smiles at that common enemy, the world.

DANCING.

Let the world have their *May-Games*, Wakes, Whitsinales, their Dancings and Concerts, their Puppet-Shows, Hobby-Horses, Tabors, Bagpipes, Bells, Barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion.—BURTON.

Dancing is one of our national pastimes. As a people we delight in it. It is an exciting, pleasing, and (when moderately indulged) healthy exercise. Like most good things, it gets seriously abused. People become sated with it, exchange its blessings for pains, and often, alas! through *excessive indulgence*, forfeit the sweets of Happiness for the sours of Misery.

We are apt to run after pleasure, reckless of all other considerations. An Englishman doesn't like dictation. He thinks, naturally and reasonably enough, that he should be free to choose his own

pastime as well as creed. We give him that liberty, but warn him that he is expected to respect public honor, virtue, and health.

If he choose to dance he can do so, even with profit to himself, providing he is discreet.

Dancing in narrow, illuminated, and ill-ventilated rooms at midnight, must ever be productive of mischief. The time is out of tune. Nature demands repose. The laws of health, the voices of wisdom, the penalties of experience, all declaim against the folly of midnight balls. "The witching hour of night" should never be chosen for abrupt, boisterous, indiscriminate dangling of tongue and feet. Midnight should never be profaned. It is a solemn time, a time for soul-communion with the mysterious mysteries of the stars; a time for the *solitaire* to meditate on the sublimest, grandest, best of themes; a time for man, alone with nature, to forget the turmoil, the trouble of active existence, awed to silence by the silent majesties around and above him.

In all ages Dancings have been more or less common. Like concerts, they have inspired their votaries to excess. This excess is the foe we should guard against.

There is a fascinating charm in a ball-room, when the "fairest of the fair" airily trip in fantastic numbers to the music, and beauty

"Looks as clear as morning roses newly wash'd with dew."

But the charm, like a charming serpent, has a sting.

There can be no reasonable objection to young people learning and practising dancing, with a view to health and mirth, providing the hour and place are suitable. Dancing might form part of domestic education, and, always conducted under the superintendence of the parents, might prove a source of genuine amusement and profit.

Public ball-rooms, open for all who can pay the entrance fee, are generally haunts of ignorance, and not unfrequently vice. Parents, tutors, and ministers do well by discouraging them; but should never denounce dancing itself as being useless and criminal because such places abound. As well might they pronounce reading to be wrong, because some publishers pander to a morbid taste by issuing indecent, demoralizing works.

Let the young have all innocent and hurtless amusements; nor think, because evils grow rife from abuse, that the amusements are to be put down. The young of both sexes need other attractions

than the *Rule of Three*, the *Latin delectus*, and Euclid. The *animus* of youth should be stimulated by mirth, and obedient to virtue. We cannot, if we would, hide the face of beauty and youth with the veil of gravity, which, by the way, better becomes the brow of age.

Let parents inoculate their children with "SELF-RESPECT," encouraging all proper mirth. By so doing they will do more towards keeping their sons and daughters out of public ball-rooms, and such other places of *ill-note*, which attract so many thousands of the youth of both sexes, and which often seduce them from virtue, and home, than they can ever do by simple, earnest, and occasional homilies against dancing.

By allowing dancing to form a domestic pastime, and by stimulating in youth true SELF-RESPECT, you necessarily familiarise the mind with the practice. As time speeds and growth goes on, the young entrusted to your charge, having realised daily the extreme felicity of the "innocent dance," will mix in the crowd, strong in virtue. You need have little fear that they will easily be allured into the sin of the tavern or public ball-room.

Dancing is a recreation most young people pleasure in. It is unwise to forbid them indulging in its pleasures. Dancing is an admirable mode of giving exercise to the body. It will often ward off *ennui* or idleness. It will circulate the blood and induce sweetness of temper. Young people, carefully trained and judiciously matched, may pass an occasional hour or so in the dance to their own certain profit. The animal spirits, which in youth are generously bestowed by the Creator, require scope for action. It is wicked in parents and guardians to forbid any innocent attraction, which forwards the free flow of the animal spirits.

We are favorable to dancing, but not at midnight under any circumstances, as a practice. We are desirous of seeing the national pastime less public and more private in every home.

Dancing is not a mere careless performance of bodily motions, it is an art. There is scope for the artist in a dance, as well as in a melody, a painting, a sculpture, or a poem. Good dancing, like good sense, merits praise. Good dancing exhibits graceful figures, never angular, but always in curves.

It is "visible music," "embodied harmony." Dancing, like music, demands skill, and must have attention. But who is to decide the limit to the time which the girl and boy of ten or twelve years is to

absorb in this pleasing, exciting, inspiriting pastime? Ah! here it is. We have favored dancing; by so doing we have awakened, we opine, a dormant desire in many a young bosom to indulge in a jig. But stop just a wee bit of time. Dancing is good, but Duty is better. If you have nothing calling for immediate attention of a practical life profit, and can spare an hour to trip on the "light fantastic toe" with a sister or brother, or a valued young friend, providing you dance temperately, and in due season, with the sanction of your parents and in a healthy room, or better still, on the green sward where you are retired, you can dance in freedom and purchase a pleasure by no wrong.

There is an adage, "If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourselves learn to limp." This shows the necessity of finding associates suitable in all ways to the young. If dancing be a practice in the home, and the young dancers are companioned with boys and girls whose moral nature has been deformed, they will be almost sure to assume moral deformity; which deformity will owe its origin to the companions, not to the dance,

But what have we to say to adults who are debtors to the dance? We know we shall tread on a few corns, and have philosophically determined, for the sake of truth, to be martyrs to the wrath of some few forty or fifty-year old couple, who may at the present time be writing or receiving invitation cards to a ball on the 6th, which is to come off in grandeur at *Swanson's*.

Well, with all reverent respect for antiquated customs, we make our bow, and present our opinion. Dancing we hold to be good, both for the young and the matured. But matronly dames and staid old bachelors must moderate the "passion."

"Years steal fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb." The flush of youth has waned from their cheeks, and sober-tempering age, to quote Young—

> Should fly concourse—cover in retreat
> Defects of judgment, and the will subdue.
> Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.

In youth it is desirable to give scope to reasonable mirth-yielding recreations. Dancing is one very common, yet very excellent, of the many modes on which pleasure feeds. Youth needs the sunshine; gloom and winter are in the horizon of time. Let youth, in

guileless rapture, taste the honey of life. It will soon merge into age; when stern engagements will herald care.

Not one word of condemnation shall pass our lips against adults who, having provided against a holiday, make mirth in dancing. Occasionally, a rest from toil, a forgetfulness of all social, political, and domestic strife, a whole day spent in the country with the village beaux, a pic-nic and lively country dance, will each and all compensate for the time and expense, in yielding a pleasure for remembrance, and a hearty, thorough English happiness.

We are not "strait-laced," and therefore cannot say that dancing should be prohibited, or confined solely to the young.

We would urge, by all incentive means, reform in the habit of public balls. Whilst urging such desirable reform, we would not unjustly censure those who have been educated to the pastime, without moral preparation.

There is nothing on the face of God's universe which may not be abused. Human society is made up of incongruities; scarcely any definable order or system. Class-habit, class-leaning, class-deed, class-creed, stand opposed as barricades to domestic and social progress.

"When to stop," is what society needs to know. Up to a certain point there may be good in recreation and all other practices. Beyond that point there may be error. The great work of philanthropy and wisdom, is to discover the exact altitude essential to moral and religious health to which our race must rise, above which we cannot safely go.

Whilst recognising the harmlessness and possible good of temperate dancing, we must not fail to express unmistakably our disapproval of those who are "old enough to know better," who make ball-rooms their almost constant places of resort. We would ask them in "true kindness," Is there no better way by which time can be spent? Are there no books to read? No life-work to be done? No higher ideal for existence? If not, we mourn for humanity. Better break stones on the common road-side, carry water from house to house, excavate the mine, plough the frosty glebe, buffet the storms, and track the billows of the ocean, do anything, in fact, rather than hang on to the midnight ball, flapping the tails of your coat in token of the celerity with which you exercise your feet.

To the ladies, whose rouged faces and sweet glancings we fancy

we can see stealing sighs at midnight from certain half-grown men, who never acquired the art of dancing at home, we politely say a word. Ladies, your presence, in all the witcheries of nature and art, in the midnight ball-room, gives a triumph to the ceremonial habit of midnight revelry. Be you mindful of virtue, wisdom, duty; watch you the power of your smiles, and the influence of your acts. The masculine gender would, without you, soon become *neuter*. It is your presence, ladies, which gives stamina to the practice of midnight dancing. Abandon the habit, ladies, then reform in these things will come; gentlemen will, somehow or other, desiring ever to please you, so arrange the order of their daily duties, as to enable them to trip with you in the fairy dance in the seasonable time of mirth.

By exchanging the midnight hour for the morning or evening hour, you will find less of the fatigue, disease, and premature death, which are common to the ball-room. Ladies, more delicately constituted than gentlemen, render themselves predisposed to unhealthy influences. They very often dance till the dawn of morn, and then, in a state of extreme perspiration, take cold, which not unfrequently brings on a fatal climax. If ladies would only choose to forego a habit, opposed to themselves and their partners in the scene, and would just determine to be subjected to the dictates of sober, Saxon, common sense, which will teach them to be moderate and modest, there would be little to lament from "public dances."

The ladies;—well, we had better forego ourselves (by way of example) any harsh stricture on their conduct. But to be just to truth and common sense, we must say just this—(it is a bit of our mind). Ladies with plenty of cash, and nothing to do, may occasionally grace the dance with little evil result, providing they are discreet. But those who have husbands and children, and withal (*small coin*), should leave dancing with their teens, and remember how numerous are the "things to be done" by themselves ere they can be faithful to Duty.

We do not say there should be no cessation of work for the married fair one; that she, because she hath much "to do," should never be allowed a light hour in the gay assembly, if such mode of pastime suits her. What we say is this (don't be angry, if you can help it, fair ladies),—married women are little likely to prove good companions to their husbands, and worthy mothers to their children, if they value the ball-room more than they do their homes;

if they delight in aping the steps of strange gentlemen, more than they delight in walking in the ways of domestic life.

We admire good dancing as we love good fare, but we only value either in moderation. Let dancing serve its true purpose. It is an institution of a practically beneficial character under restraint. But let not dancing monopolise our sole time, or even interrupt any true world-work. Let dancing exist as a recreative and health-yielding agent; but away for ever with the midnight public places known as ball-rooms, where all that is decent is made to blush, and virtue expires, as the taper, consumed to the wick, waning by degrees in the silent, solemn midnight.

THE WOODMAN.—Part III.

BY J. H. POWELL.

The Woodman felt, as noiseless years rolled on,
A father's love for Gertrude—for she came
Unto his cot beguiling so the hours
With tale, and song, and merry guileless joke,
That life seemed dull when Gertrude was from sight.
She had a voice by nature woo'd to song;
She read the notes arranged to words by art.
At times, when Deborah would wish and knit,
And Felix, tired, would sup his mug of ale,
Unloose his gaiters, throw his cap aside,
And sit at ease upon his huge oak chair—
Would Gertrude swell the magic sound of song,
And thrill the Woodman's heart with holy joy.

Gaily the summer bees fly,
Gaily the soaring larks sing,
Gaily the sun in the sky
Laughs at everything;
And gossamer webs float free in the air,
And beauty and love are everywhere.

Lovely the flowers that bloom,
Lovely the chrystaline stream;
Lovely the grass on the tomb,
Which gleams in the summer beam.
And lovely the hills in vesture of morn,
And the haze that parts at the huntsman's horn.

Joyous the innocent child,
Joyous the maiden in love;
Joyous the bosom beguiled
With peace of the peaceful dove;
And joyous the land illumined by light,
Whose children are school'd in Wisdom of Right.

Thus Gertrude sang. The Woodman and his mate
Admiring praised—while Gertrude blush'd her joy.
And when the maiden donn'd her cloak and hood,
The happy Felix left his oaken chair,
Resumed his coat and cap—reach'd down his gun
Which lay against the wall—and when she'd shook
His Deborah's hand, and said the sweet "Good night!"
He proudly led her to the hall.

Tranquilly
As flowed the silvery stream of Wye, so flowed
The Woodman's life, as in his household glow'd
The jewels of content and peace unbroken;
Scarce one ungentle word had yet been spoken
Since wedded ties had charm'd the souls in one
Of Deborah and himself: in love begun,
They lived to love, and loved as seasons run.

When Toil was hush'd in rest, and Night was Queen,
As wintry winds howl'd wildly terrible,
'Twas joy to Felix to inspire his wife
With sacred themes. The dusty "Book of Books,"
In time-brown'd leathern lids, was handled—read,
And words of precious joy to both were stored;
The well-remembered hymn was sung with zeal,
And nightly vespers winged their way to Heaven,
With deeper faith, and stronger pleading power,
Than when the elements delight in Peace.

The Woodman's cot is now the scene of bliss,
The Woodman's wife a mother's name can own;
A Son is born!—What news divine is this
To Felix, when its precious truth is known!
For years he hoped to feel a father's joy,
And now, thank Heaven, he clasps his baby boy
With tenderest care. While Deborah smiles
Thro' pains and tears; and holy Love beguiles
Her of despair, as weak, and thin, and pale,
She suffers from the shock of nature's gale.
New spheres are sphered from fancy; new delights
Float in the dimness of approaching nights.

In breathless ecstacy the Woodman hies
To Gertrude, with the tidings of the birth;
And Gertrude, pleased as he by the surprise,
Prays that the child may shine a star on earth.

TIMOTHY TOMPKINS.—Chapter III.

By SPEERS.

In due time the large Assembly Room at the King's Arms was illuminated, and fitted for the reception of the public, to view the wonderful magical skill of Professor Schelterchinesey. A table stood in front of the Professor, on which was placed an assortment of glasses, bottles, and coins. A red curtain, spangled with silver stars and charmed representations, was suspended from the ceiling, and gave a dazzling character to the scene. Behind this curtain the magician had stored a large box, containing the machinery of a host of tricks he did not desire his patrons to discover. The hour for commencing operations had arrived. The Professor was waiting with his watch in his hand; he was waiting with visible impatience. He was waiting—for disappointment; for the public were callous to his call, and savagely indifferent to his genius. The Professor waited exactly half an hour over the time announced to display his

wizard wonders. There were three persons in the room; only three came from the whole town.

He grew furious, stamped and swore in such an unintelligible jargon as even to frighten these three persons from his presence. His passion, like his purse, must somehow be spent; so he sat down on one of the forms, and with his two fists commenced a rapid attack on his own hard head, as if that magical compartment were the cause of the failure. Whilst he was thus spending his passion and his strength, denouncing the folly of having been persuaded by his head to come to the town, the landlord made *entrée*. Mine host of the "King's Arms" was a man of good means and good sense, and was wonder-struck at finding Professor Shelterchinesey in such a lamentable state of anger. The Professor gave his unlucky head a reprieve so soon as he discovered an interruption.

"Come, Professor Shelterchinesey," said the landlord, humorously, "be a man, and don't foolishly battle with your own head."

"Damn loss dis—peoples stop fra' room—me know not de cause," muttered, or rather gesticulated the magician.

"Come man, never mind," rejoined the landlord, "you are out of my debt; I shall take nothing for the use of the room. So cheer up, and do better elsewhere."

"De's good Ongleeshman, de's fine liberal," said the Professor, grasping the landlord by the hand.

"Are you sure the public were sufficiently acquainted with the fact of your exhibition of magic taking place to night?" inquired the landlord in perfect sincerity.

Professor Shelterchinesey seemed to experience an electric shock, for he turned suddenly round, tapped his head, and thundered, "Nay—de Bill-sticker—de's faut—de's de damn cause." It so occurred, that the Professor remembered on the night when Mr. Tompkins was in the King's Arms, that he called him from his companions, and that the Bill-sticker had strongly desired to be allowed to wait till the morning before posting the placards. He thought it very probable, nay, certain, that the Bill-sticker had failed in giving due attention to his part of the affair. Thus is accounted for the sudden change produced in the conjuror by the question of the landlord.

Professor Shelterchinesey got no sleep that night. His mind was disturbed by the circumstances of his failure. As soon as the daylight broke into his chamber, he rose from his uneasy couch, and

dressed himself with speed. He was in possession of an *idea*, an idea strong enough to move all the motions of his body and mind at once. He was soon in the open street circumnavigating the town. In his great hurry, before leaving the King's Arms bed-room, he had forgotten to take his night-cap off his head. He consequently made the tour of the town in a very peculiar head-dress, since he wore a French cap with a black tassel, which only covered a minute fragment of the long night-cap, which was as white as snow, and much too large for him. It was fortunate for Professor Shelterchinesey that he had little chance of meeting with the gaping townsfolk, it being as early as five in the morning.

The Professor never once thought of the mistake in his dress. He was driven straight forward at full speed, by the *idea* which took possession of his whole soul, and therefore exerted his will. He stopped suddenly as though under the dominion of a powerful brake. He stopped in front of an old wall which was mostly used for advertisements, and there, to his intense pain, he beheld a sight enough to make a Hercules weep. Professor Shelterchinesey was not a man to shed tears, he was of different metal; neither was he a man to treat questions of interest with the spirit of a quiet philosopher. No; the Professor betrayed other symptoms. He iterated and reiterated a host of expletives which would make the pen shudder to describe. He stamped and knocked his hardened fists against his yet harder head, and then, quite exhausted, sat on a huge stone to think. Here, over his head, he saw the large posters announcing his entertainment stuck in all directions, but all of them with their blank sides visible. He got up, walked rapidly a mile or two further to a village outskirting the town, and the same sight greeted him. He rushed back again, looked in every conceivable corner where bills were posted, and to his further distemper, discovered that even the smaller bills were, with a few exceptions, a dead letter.

No wonder the Professor had such a dull attendance. No wonder the Professor, whose blood was of an excitable temperature, should rave out all the broken English oaths he was master of. He could scarce await the hour when it was probable Mr. Tompkins would rise from his bed, so desirous was he of castigating the scoundrel who had hoaxed him.

Mr. Tompkins did rise at last, and Professor Shelterchinesey was at his door, rattling it with a frenzy. The entire family were

disturbed; Mrs Tompkins expressing her astonishment that anyone could be so rude as to kick up such a row at a respectable family woman's door at that early hour.

The town-crier went to the door, opened it, and saw the veritable professor of magic in his night-cap. He fell unintentionally into a fit of hearty laughter, which had the effect of bringing the boy Timothy, half-dressed, down stairs.

Professor Shelterchinesey, not dreaming of the cause of Mr. Tompkins's risability, grew savage, bit his lip, knuckled his head, stamped and swore. The boy Timothy was in a state of perfect joy at the sight of the disappointed professor.

"I say, old chap, why didn't you bring the bed along with you? it would have been of more value than a night-cap," bawled the young imp. The professor put his hand quickly to his head, dragged off the two caps, and called the younger Tompkins "a young Ongleesh deevil."

The boy Timothy greeted the Professor's exclamatory remark with, "go it, old chap, I likes that, its amusing to one of my taste." Mr. Tompkins commanded his son to "shut his trap," and, turning to the Professor, kindly requested him to state the object of his visit.

Professor Shelterchinesey tried to suppress his overpowering passion, but could not. Mr. Tompkins stood before him, excited by wonder and terror. He had not the slightest notion of the Professor's cause of complaint.

"You's de damn cause—de bills—de bills—de bills—de bills"—came from the livid lips of Shelterchinesey, making Mr. Tompkins to stare in blank bewilderment.

"Go it, old chap, I likes blarney, it suits me to a tee," said the younger Tompkins, to the chagrin of his father and the dismay of the Professor, who threw at him a glance that wonld have quelled the opposition of any other boy.

Mr. Tompkins was as ignorant of Professor Shelterchinesey's meaning as an ordinary common-sense man could possibly be. His face was a true index of the state of his mind. The Professor was only the more irritated from finding the bill-sticker so expressively innocent. He drew from his coat pocket a bill, an exact type of the ones the boy Timothy was instructed by his father to post. He was still in a passion, gesticulating fiercely and swearing rapidly. He placed the bill against the street door, with the reading towards

the door, and said, "de bills posted dis way; de public not see de print; de *night* a deevilish bad one. Dis your faut, de's bad Ongleeshmen; me no pay for de sticking."

"Bravo, old chap! that's a fine close to the second act; when will your play be done?" shouted Timothy, excited to speech by the deep interest he felt in what was passing.

"Silence, Tim," thundered Mr. Tompkins, who now, to his utter consternation, could see what the angry Professor was driving at. Then, turning to Shelterchinesey, he said, "you mean that the bills have been posted with the back sides foremost."

The Professor nodded "yes." "Tim," exclaimed Mr. Tompkins, "how is this? Did you not post the gentleman's bills which I gave you?"

With a sly expression in his eye, Tim came forward with reply: "To be sure I did; but you did not tell me which side was to be seen, so I put them up at guess."

Mr. Tompkins was in a passion; he never was in such an one before.

"You young imp, I'll shake your sense out of you if you dare to say as much again."

There was little fear traceable in Tim's features. "Well, father," he answered, "I put up the old fellow's bills right enough; for I looked at yours the next morning and found every one of them with the letters to the wall."

Mr. Tompkins made an effort to strike the boy to the ground, but Tim was too agile for him. Mr. Tompkins could have sworn on his death-bed that such was not the case. He remembered quite well how carefully he had rolled the posters, in order to be certain of posting them right. Mr. Tompkins looked appealingly into the eyes of Professor Shelterchinesey, but alas! those piercing eyes only confirmed the statement of the younger Tompkins.

"De deevilish bills all loss—me no pay—me take law—me no be sheated. De's damn bad Ongleeshman."

Mr. Tompkins fully realised the extent of the injury inflicted on poor Professor Shelterchinesey. His face became of a sudden like a burning fire. He could not imagine how the mistake could have occurred. Mr. Tompkins was very much afraid, too, that the Professor meant to carry his threat into execution, and bring a charge against him before the magistrates. This fear operated strongly on the susceptible nerves of the abashed bill poster. In a

glance he saw himself dragged before the bench, his conduct exposed, and his character lost. Never was Mr. Tompkins in such a state of fearful suspense before. He scarcely had courage sufficient to enable him to look at the Professor, who stood before him like some relentless avenger.

The Magician was now somewhat calm. He could perceive the awkward position Mr. Tompkins was in. Like most passionate men, he was soon disposed to forget and forgive. An idea, to him of little wonder (since his brain was a conservatory of such subtle presences), was working his visage into an expression of satisfaction.

"Me likes dat boy—me take him—me no say more o' de bills," said Professor Shelterchinesey, pointing to young Timothy, who stood, still half-dressed, presenting the foreigner with sundry grins. Mr. Tompkins felt relief, gained assurance and said, "I don't exactly see what you're striking at."

"You's Ongleeshman; de Ongleeshman no comprend. Me take de boy—learn de boy de magic."

Young Tim stood erect, ceased grinning, clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, crikey! isn't that just the thing for my taste."

Mr. Tompkins looked at the Professor, looked at his son, looked at the Professor again, looked at his son again, and stood confused. He was in a fix. He did not know what to say. Here was the Professor of Magic, a stranger, ready to take his first-born from his home. Here was the first-born himself exulting at the prospect of desertion therefrom. At last, after careful deliberation, Mr. Tompkins spoke, first to his son, then to the professor. "Tim," said Mr. Tompkins, in quite a condescending tone of voice; "I'm here," replied the boy, keeping his distance, for he was not quite sure his father would not castigate him.

"Should you like to go with the gentleman and be a conjuror?"

"It would suit me to a tee, father."

Then Mr. Tompkins, consoling his conscience with the recollection that there were eleven of the family still left behind to be disposed of, the Lord knows how, in a most fatherly, pathetic speech, informed Professor Shelterchinesey that it caused him great pain to part with young Tim; but since his taste was so inclined, he deemed it his duty.

Shelterchinesey was in raptures. He felt compensated for all his losses. He was an observer, was the Professor. He had studied

human nature to his profit. He saw in the mischievous, saucy Tim a mine of wealth. He cared little that the boy had caused him a deal of vexation during the short time he had been quarrelling with the father.

Young Tim was equally delighted. He saw in the Professor much for his amusement, and never even thought of the possibility of being thrown on his own resources in a distant country without money and friends.

The strongest motive with the boy was the desire to shine as a wizard. He had often heard tell of the wonderful tricks performed by magicians, and had often pictured himself one with a charmed life, and a world of spectators to wonder at his powers. No king, though panoplied in all the magnificence of state, with dominions stretching from pole to pole, and with subjects the most loyal and aspiring, could compete with the splendours and magical glories of the wizard. Young Tim, with such an idea, was of course likely to rejoice at the good fate which should direct his destiny into the channel of his highest hopes.

It was speedily made known in broken English, that Professor Shelterchinesey would leave the town early the next day, and should expect the young Tompkins at the "King's Arms," with every necessary preparation for his journey. The Professor returned to his lodgings in good cue for his breakfast.

Mr. Tompkins went about his duties. The boy Tim rushed up stairs to his mother, to deafen her with the intelligence of what had transpired, and to inform her that he was now independent of her, and should leave her without a regret. Mrs. Tompkins felt an involuntary heartache at her son's cruel indifference. She did not at all enter into the plan of the Professor, neither could she understand the reason Mr. Tompkins gave consent. Mrs. Tompkins rose from her bed, attended to her toilet, and was speedily down stairs with her eleven children. Mr. Tompkins had run out into the town on business, and, now returned, made his appearance before his wife. He was never so astonished in his whole married career. Here was Mrs. Tompkins, who had only been confined about forty or fifty hours back, actually sitting beside the fire making toast. Of course he expostulated very mildly with her on the impropriety of such folly. Of course Mrs. Tompkins, whose passion had been generating since she knew of the transaction made respecting Tim,

called him "a brute," a "nasty savage," a "man without proper fatherly feelings," and so on. Mr. Tompkins, to his immortal honor be it known, spoke not a word in reply.

(To be continued.)

THE SIBYL OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

By J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER II.

AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—BIG BILL, THE COAST GUARDSMAN.—THE MEETING AND PARTING OF THE LOVERS.

Wennie Talbot and Jabez Laverouse were out for the afternoon. They decided to enjoy themselves in each other's society at the Devil's Dyke. Wennie had seen the Lady Rose but twice since the day he gained her affection. He felt, as he thought of her, that she was the only being on earth whom he could be happy with. He met her by appointment the third time. The second time he loitered about Moss Villa until he saw her maid; he induced her to give the young mistress a note. Rose came out, and in conversation caused the young man to understand that her father had forbidden her to hold intercourse with the son of a petty goldsmith; she also told him that they were about leaving Brighton for Italy, and gave solemn promise to meet him at Black Rock the night previously to their departure. The young man felt an involuntary pang when he knew that so shortly seas would divide him from the presence of the lovely Rose. He spoke to her in impassioned, loving, hesitating tones, and won from her many expressions of reciprocal feeling.

It was a bleak December evening when Wennie Talbot stood near Black Rock, waiting anxiously the approach of Rose. He knew that should she fail to come, it would be the last chance of his seeing her this side of Italy, for perhaps many years. He stood near Black Rock beside the sea. The haze of the evening rose from the water, and obscured the distant ships which were rocking westwards with the waves. The wind blew with a doleful and

savage moan. He could see the sea-gulls merry in their element, and distinguish the breakers surging in white fantastic eddies to the base of the rock near which he stood. Wennie had little pleasure in these things, which at any other time would have won his enthusiasm. He was waiting with a palpitating heart, expecting Rose. He felt a strange involuntary terror as he stood, solitary and sad, peering in distance towards Moss Villa. He waited an hour, anxious and fearful, with no sight of Rose. He thought of the quickly approaching darkness, and felt that her timid heart would quail at even the bare thought of reaching Black Rock alone and at night. Wennie was in a distressing state of mind. The last chance he could hope for, for many a weary day to come, of holding converse with his love, seemed cut off. He stood depressed and cogitating. He thought he would at all hazards visit Moss Villa, and make the fact of Rose and her parents' intended sail for Italy the excuse for his presence. Then he thought of the probable consequences to Rose of such folly; for did not she herself warn him of her father's disapproval of the "son of a petty goldsmith." What could he do? He stood near Black Rock. The night was piercingly cold, yet Wennie was hot: his terror kept up the fire of his body. Why had fortune been so capricious to give wealth in profusion to the parents of his darling Rose, and to press him down to the level of toil, without freeing him from the conventional stigma. The young man felt his blood boil in his veins; he knew he deserved the laurel of love, for had he not genius, and did he not adore the being whom he was waiting for? Talbot stood beside Black Rock as these thoughts came to trouble him. The darkness was gathering fast; he could just distinguish the glistening leaden waters sweeping to and fro with irregular discord, and he felt fascinated. It was many feet to the bottom of the rock, yet, under the influence of some indescribable fascination, he forgot the object of his presence; forgot his successes in the walks of art; forgot the hopes and ambitions of his heart. By the power of the fascination he was attracted near the edge of Black Rock; a little nearer, and he was on the extreme point; another step, and no human hand could save him from a frightful death. The fascination is still upon him. He looks at the deep water gleaming noisily in his eyes, and he lifts his left foot forwards. At that instant a strong hand drags him from his dangerous position, and places him in safety.

Wennie Talbot remains some time before he can recall the past.

He puts his hand to his head, striving to recollect something he has forgotten; it is a struggle; at last he sees himself where he was before he was overcome with the fascination of the dark murmuring water swelling in wild discordance beneath the Rock. He expresses the noun "Rose," and feels relief.

"She awaits your presence near Sussex-square; if you, sir, will please to follow, I will lead the way," came from the man who had saved him from death.

"Who are you, my good friend? I would know; for I perceive I owe to you more than I can ever repay," inquired Wennie, as he followed the strange man who had saved him.

"Oh, don't let the knowledge that I saved you from 'Davy's locker' affect you in the least, sir. I am only too pleased myself not to be thankful to you for giving me the chance to be of service."

"But, my dear noble fellow, let me at least hear your name, that I may treasure it to heart among the names of the heroes which I love," desired the grateful Talbot.

"Well, well! I don't know as how it's any consequence; my name is Jones. I am coast-guardsman about here; have been in that very line seven years. The fishermen and others who know me call me 'Big Bill.'"

"But tell me," said Wennie, impatiently, "how came you to know that I was at Black Rock, and how could you manage to get here just as I was attracted towards destruction?"

"Oh, that's easy settled," answered Big Bill. "You see, sir, that the young Lady Rose, of Moss Villa, finding by reason of the night that she could not safely come to you herself, wished as how I'd jest run and tell you she was waiting for you. It always gives me pleasure to do a message for the young ladies, especially when, like the Lady Rose, they be kind, speaking to a rough fellow like me. The Lady Rose is a true, honest-hearted young lady, and Big Bill is not the boy to take money from her for a bit of work of the kind he's now on; not he, indeed. She pressed me to accept some money for the task, but I played her an obleeging trick; I ran off without saying I should not have it."

"You are an honest, deserving, noble-souled fellow," exclaimed Wennie. "My name is Wentworth Talbot; my father keeps the jeweller's shop by the cliff. If you ever want a friend, find me out, and you may assure yourself that Wentworth Talbot will never forget the saviour of his life."

"Big Bill's obleeged to Mr. Talbot; he claims no friendship for being simply human. Why, man, I would run a mile any day to save the life of a dog; and do ye suppose I don't value the life of a Christian more; and cannot I stretch a strong arm to pull him from danger, but that he's under an obleegation to pay an eternal friendship in exchange? No, no, Mr. Talbot; Big Bill has been a sailor; he has been in many wrecks, in many dangers; he has been lifted from the arms of Davy's locker twice himself, and he has lifted a score from a similar fate. He never thought much on it afterwards. Show Big Bill a vessel in a storm, a man overboard, a wreck at sea, or a house a-fire on land, and Big Bill is in his element; he will either save somebody or he will lose himself."

Wennie stretched out his hand to Big Bill. "Big Bill, I like you. You must consent to claim Wentworth Talbot, the jeweller's son, among your friends; if not because he is grateful to you for saving his life, because he recognises in you true nobility of soul, and is proud to acknowledge you as a rough but noble specimen of Saxon valor."

Big Bill took the extended hand of Talbot and shook it affectionately; then recollecting something, he inquired—

"Are you that same Wentworth Talbot the Sussexers talk about being clever as a painter?"

"I cannot say but I am devoted to painting, and that I am he."

"Then," said his companion, "I tell you how you can obleege Big Bill."

Wennie was delighted to hear the coast-guardsman express himself thus. "Only say what I can do for you, and you may rely upon my best services."

"Out at Rottingdean there lies the shattered remains of the 'Sibyl,' which you must have heard of," began Big Bill. "You know this jolly frigate sailed gaily into the very jaws of destruction about two months back. There were on board twenty souls, who, with the exception of the captain's wife and child, perished. Big Bill was there in his glory, breasting the waves, and struggling to save some of the crew. It was a fearful night; the very waters seemed to feel terror. I could only succeed in bringing to shore the nearly lifeless body of the captain's wife and her infant child. Poor woman, she no sooner recovered and found herself alone in a strange place with her little babe, than she went into a fit of grief. It was no use, you see, sir. No one could save the crew; no, nor

yet the frigate; for she toppled against the rocks and was shattered. Well, well! Big Bill would request that Mr. Talbot would jest go over to Rottingdean and paint the remnant of the 'Sibyl.' It would do nicely as a present from me to the poor sorrowing Mrs. Gale, the captain's wife."

Talbot felt renewed wonder and gratification at learning from Big Bill the particulars of the wreck of the Sibyl. It was another evidence of the genuine goodness of the coast-guardman's heart.

He promised to paint the wrecked "Sibyl" as early as possible, and shaking him lovingly by the hand, left him, to hold "converse sweet" with Rose, who was waiting in a retired part of Sussex-square, beneath the overhanging branches of a tree. The two lovers no sooner saw each other than they rushed forward to pledge affection. Wennie Talbot could perceive by the light of a lamp which diffused its radiance in the face of Rose that she had been weeping. He guessed the cause of her tears, but did not know all the trouble oppressing her. She had arranged to meet him at Black Rock at an early part of the evening, and was on the point of leaving Moss Villa as her cousin from London presented himself. He had received intelligence that the tenants of Moss Villa were starting shortly for Italy. He thought he would make one more charge upon the heart of his cousin Rose before he lost sight of her, perhaps for ever.

"My sweet coz, this is kind of you," he said, as he endeavoured to take her hand, "to meet me ere you go your long journey to the fair land of romance and historic fame."

"Indeed, cousin Francis, you must not suppose I entertained the least thought that you were on the way to Moss Villa. I thought, from the abrupt, unceremonious, and ungentlemanly manner you betrayed in deserting me on the Downs, that you had gone in search of a new country and a new cousin. However, as you have found it pleasant to return to Moss Villa, in order to look at us before we take ship, I trust we shall all be friends."

"You are still cruel, cousin Rose; why cannot you give me hope of affectionate regard, and allow me to aspire to the proud title of your husband. I have undergone much change for the better since I saw you last; and, believe me, I shall not prove unworthy your hand."

"Cousin, cousin, once for all, remember I cannot be yours. There was a *single* barrier to an union between us when we

separated on the downs—that barrier was *yourself*. There is now a *double* barrier, *yourself* and another, who holds, by royal right of love, the key which unlocks my heart. Believe me, cousin Francis, I wish to be on friendly terms with you if you will it; but I cannot sacrifice myself from love and happiness for you. No, not though all the influences of my life were marshall'd in array to work your will."

There was such an energy of expression displayed by Rose, that Francis, her cousin, saw plainly as possible that his suit was out of joint; he felt vexatious, and muttered to himself many valedictory oaths, which it was well Rose did not hear. The young lady was secretly tortured. She knew that Wennie would be waiting for her at Black Rock; she could not get away without suspicion possessing the breasts of her parents. Then another misfortune was near. Her father overheard her replies to Francis, and made the discovery from her own lips that she loved another. He had little doubt as to who the favored of Rose could be. She was delayed, without being able to form any excuse for absenting herself, by the cross-examination of her parents, and the positive expressions of annoyance which fell from the lips of her cousin, who no sooner discovered that Rose was in bad grace with her parents, than he took up the coward's cudgels and belabored her until she burst into a flood of tears. The young lady, all of a sudden, denounced her cousin Francis as a coward and a scapegrace, said she would not submit to such rough usage from him, and left the room, leaving her parents to assign her vacation to her dislike of her cousin. Thus Rose got away to seek her lover, without producing the least suspicion in her parents' mind as to her real intention.

The Lady Rose soon gained the promenade near the sea in front of Kemp Town. She felt very timid as she endeavoured to pierce the darkness, and she knew not how to act. At that instant she heard a tune whistled, and the heavy tread of Big Bill gave her assurance. Now Rose knew Big Bill because he was coast-guardsman, and was known to sight by all the inhabitants about Sussex-square. She accosted him, and soon enlisted him in her service. The good-natured Bill ran to do her bidding, while Rose retired to the spot where her lover is now with her.

The circumstances of her delay are made known to Wennie, and the conduct of Big Bill in saving Wennie's life are made known to Rose. The young lady shudders as she sees how narrowly her lover

has escaped destruction. Talbot reads her feelings in her expressions. He imprints a kiss on her forehead, and desires her to think no more of it.

"To-morrow you will leave this place and return to Italy, the land you so delight in picturing. And will you leave Brighton, dear Rose, without a regret? will you not sigh to be again here, where you are the object of my love?"

"Shall I not be the object of your love the same in Italy as in Brighton?"

"Yes, my Rose; but I cannot reconcile myself to your departure. I think of it by day and night. I fancy I see you stricken beneath a father's proud will, and doomed to wed another, without the satisfaction of having a choice in the matter."

Rose looked pale. She took the young man's hand. "Do not give way to fancy, for my sake, dear Wennie; I promise you your fears will never be realised; for I *will not* be sold to matrimony by either parents or friends. When the great ocean parts us, I will think only of you, Wennie, and you must only think of me. We both of us can paint. You have the open, irregular scenery of Sussex; I shall have the grand, abrupt, and imposing scenery of Italy. We will both of us pursue our favorite study, and think of each other. There may be some mysterious spirit, after all, watching over us, and inspiring us to emulate each other."

"I have scarcely the heart of a man, dear Rose; I feel that life will be objectless without you; and yet you will journey from me. I have little courage left me with which to brave the blank monotony of life."

"You must have faith, dear Wennie," said Rose, encouragingly; "we are both of us young, and Italy is not so far but we may meet again. Let us only prove true to ourselves, and we shall prove true to each other. The eye of the Almighty is upon us. You know that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge. If he wills it, we shall come together, whatever may betide. Be faithful, dear Wennie, as you love me; have trust in the goodness of the Supreme Ruler. You look still sorrowful; be more cheerful; reconcile yourself to necessity, and prosecute your painting. I feel we shall see each other again."

"Yes, dear Rose, but it may be in heaven. Yet I will strive to be resolute, and to nerve myself to bear, with philosophic patience, the sad destiny of disappointment before me. I shall paint, and

while I paint I shall fancy that the eyes of my loved Rose are gazing over my shoulder on the canvass. Then I shall discover the delusion, and see before me the broad, unmeasured, unpierceable ocean, and I shall feel an earnest, unsatisfying desire to come to Italy, because I shall know that Rose is there."

"Dear Wennie," murmured the sweet tearful girl, "I love you, and can never forget you. Not a day shall pass and find me remiss in affection. I know my father has decided on this hasty journey because he has learned that I am attached to Wennie Talbot, and that Wennie Talbot has no high ancestral pedigree to point to, but that he is the son of a simple goldsmith, and has to dignify his life with toil. But you, dear Wennie, shall not be forsaken, for all the schemes which may be put into operation to thwart us. Can you trust me, when I vow to be constant, and to forbid other love than thine?"

"My dearest Rose," broke forth the young man, "you are mistress of my soul; I place my hopes, my heart, my life, in your keeping. I cannot distrust your firm, holy love for me, but I fear you will be rendered unhappy by persecution, and, may be, overpowered in struggle for constancy, by the force of parental authority."

"Have no further fears on that subject, Wennie, as you love me. I have taken my stand, and, come what may, will be true to *you*. I know my father better than you; I am certain he will not persecute beyond a certain limit; for he is fond of me, and would not so forfeit my affection by desiring that I should sacrifice myself to dishonor."

"Your words, sweet Rose, cheer me," said the young artist, looking into the face of his lover. "I feel that all may yet be well; but yet how wearyingly will glide the hours when you are gone. Before I knew you I was happy in the sole pursuit of art. Now I am unhappy when I cannot converse with you. You inspire me with new delights, unfold to me stores of information which I knew not of. You are my life's instructress. In future I shall pursue my studies only with the hopes that excellence in art may please you. I shall remain free from loving intercourse with any other lady, only that I may win you. I shall glory in the beauties of creation, only that I may educate my genius to deserve a laurel which shall be placed round your brow. When thou art gone, dear Rose, remember Wentworth Talbot is in Brighton, looking out on

the waste of waters into the inexplicable distance for thee. He will look for thee through every day and season, until he either beholds thee return, finds thee himself, or passeth beneath the sod which covers the dead."

The young Lady Rose expressed her deep regard for him; they embraced; and, with sorrowful feelings, separated.

It was near midnight; the stars were lustrous, and the atmosphere cold. Wennie advanced towards the cliff; he met Big Bill, who was doing duty, with a rude telescope in his hand. They spoke together, shook hands, and separated. The coast-guardsman went to his box, Talbot to his home.

(To be continued.)

AN INVOCATION TO THE SUN.

By J. H. POWELL.

The breakers wash the shore,
The billows roar;
The rain comes whistling down;
The lazy town
Looks grave. The tradesman feels a dearth
In profit and in mirth.
Come, Sun! and cheer the day
With merry ray;
The Rain brings dullness, dullness brings dismay—
Come, Sun, and chase the weeping clouds away!

Come, Sun! and grace the earth,
Give Gladness birth.
Come, peep into the town—
Its heart is down.
The *till* is still, and Woe grows proud,
As Interest grumbles loud.
Come, Sun! and cheer the day
With merry ray;
The Rain brings dullness, dullness brings dismay—
Come, Sun, and chase the weeping clouds away!

The streets are gutter'd deep;
Pleasure's children reap
A secret pain. My Lady feels
What Want reveals;
My Lord looks sad, and sad's my lad:
They sigh—"*The weather keeps so bad!*"
Come, Sun! and cheer the day
With merry ray;
The Rain brings dullness, dullness brings dismay—
Come, Sun, and chase the weeping clouds away!

The little guileless child
Is growing wild
With sighing for the air,
And bearing care.
Its mother chides; for Patience hides
When drowsy Dullness bides.
Come, Sun! and cheer the day
With merry ray;
The Rain brings dullness, dullness brings dismay—
Come, Sun, and chase the weeping clouds away!

Come, Sun! the summer-time
Hath lived its prime;
Your dazzling presence yield
The town and field,
Ere Winter snows on earth repose,
And Nature throbs with woes.
Come, Sun! and cheer the day
With merry ray;
The rain brings dullness, dullness brings dismay—
Come, Sun! and chase the weeping clouds away!

Thou may'st be more prodigal of praise when thou writest a letter than when thou speakest in presence.—*Fuller.*

Praise not people to their faces, to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is so thin a cobweb, that it may with little difficulty be seen through: 'tis rarely strong enough to catch flies of any considerable magnitude.—*Ibid.*

A wise man poor
Is like a Sacred Book that's never read;
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
DEKKER.

NATURE VICTORIOUS.

Triumphant, ere by rock and grove
His wattled roof the savage wove;
Triumphant, since rebellious Cain
Bade Enoch rise above the plain,
  Victorious Queen! o'er cities humbled,
  As rampart sank, and turret crumbled.

How little from thy breast have won
The stones of vaunted Babylon!
Or Rome abased, or Athens rent,
Or Norman keep and battlement!
  Sweet Victress thou, awake or sleeping,
  With thy bright verdure onward creeping.

Triumphant still in sculptured stone,
Where mortals feebly hold their own;
Whose laboured toils of art the boast
Are but mean effigies at most
  Of thee, in all we fain would cherish,
  Of hues that live, and forms that perish.

From broad-ribbed peak to foamy strand
Far outward o'er the verdant land,
What gorgeous ranges bloom between
The few gray spots which dot the green!
  The nestling town, the soaring tower,
  But mark the breadth of thy vast bower.

The stateliest pile man's pride commands
But moulders in the worker's hands,
And as the humid dust is laid
Spring'st thou in fresher hues arrayed:
  A moistened grain the seed will nourish
  Which soon a stalwart tree shall flourish.

Triumphant where decay is rife,
Thy death is ransom for thy life;
For scarcely have we mourned thee dead
Ere spring'st thou living 'neath our tread.
  Thy sprays float up to heaven's portal,
  Of mortal things, dear type immortal!

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

MIRTH AND SADNESS.

Merry sings the lark as it soareth wide and high,
  Merry sings the robin on the flowering tree;
Merry hums the bee as it flitteth swiftly by,
  And, O! merry sings the child on its mother's knee.

Brightly shine the stars in the blue and moon-lit sky,
  Bright bloom the flowers o'er the meadow and the lea;
Bright the wings glisten of the swallows as they fly,
  And, O! brightly smiles the child on its mother's knee.

But bird and bee have flown, and clouds obscure the sky,
  The flowers have faded that were so fair to see;
The days grow dark and drear as winter draweth nigh,
  And our child lies cold and dead on its mother's knee.

T. S.

THE VICTORIA PRESS.

FEMALE COMPOSITORS.

One of the most difficult of social problems is that of woman's work. Philanthropists have made the endeavour to solve it their peculiar mission. Suggestions have been considered, schemes propounded, associations constituted, and an incalculable number of failures have followed—the benevolent efforts of influential and earnest missionaries in the cause. Whilst statesmen have been involved in foreign politics, a few *good* people have been discussing the questions of Social Science. It is always more meritorious to act than to talk. It is likewise better to test in practice than merely to think in theory. We have known very clever men and women most sensible in conversation, and yet most neglectful of practical life-duty. They are ever dreaming of good, which they will assure you *must* originate from certain specific operations. But it ends in words, since they don't believe in work.

Miss Emily Faithful, the proprietress of the Victoria Press, believing that woman should be elevated to the social status of man, has started the Victoria Press, Great Coram Street, London. She has proved that the female compositor can pick up type, if not with the rapidity, at least with the correctness of the male. We have had the pleasure of paying a visit to Miss Faithful's printing-office, and confess that the arrangements are of a character deserving

praise. Apart from the consideration of what the success of the Victoria Press may originate in the country, should the master printers generally encourage female labour, we are bound to admit that the young fair ones perform their tasks well. They can either sit or stand, and are subjected to no harsh treatment. The forms are imposed by men. There are fourteen female compositors employed; they vary in age. There is one little deaf and dumb girl, who is advancing in the profession. The most competent compositor is the widow of a Limerick printer. She had been initiated in the craft by her husband. In consequence of his death, having been provided with a letter of introduction from the editor of a Limerick paper, she has sought the office belonging to Miss Faithful, and has been readily employed. We think few male compositors would compose more rapidly than this Limerick printer's widow. It is a novelty in our age of novelties, this Victoria Printing Establishment. Its success cannot be doubted; the work is in every way equal to that turned out in printing-houses where men alone are employed.

But we fear there are physical and moral evils in store for future generations, should the nation adopt the scheme proved practical by Miss Faithful. It is better to make printers of females than outcasts—it is to the advantage of the female to be in a position to earn her bread by any honest occupation; but philanthropy will not follow the daughters of our children when they go into the market as competitors with our children's sons. It is a serious subject, when we consider how the introduction of women in the labor ranks, under present commercial arrangements, must inevitably deteriorate the money-value of the males. We wish to see woman elevated, but in serious truth cannot but regret the formation of this Victoria Press; not that we see any violation of benevolence or right principle in the Great Coram Street office arrangements, but that we fear the public may be deluded by it to nationalise the scheme, and thus degrade the female, by pressing her into service of a nature which keeps her from her home, and makes her a politico-economic tool to work against the male. Every man ought to be enabled to earn sufficient wages to yield support to his wife and family, without the necessity of the wife deserting her home for the workshop. The competition which will follow the accumulation of females in the printing trade must bring down wages, and, consequently, make the social difficulties of life greater than they are already. Let woman hold her legitimate position in society; aid her to gain true elevation; secure her from injustice; give her freedom, not from duty, but from oppression—then, and not till then, can you expect society to become regenerated. Take her from her home, place her in the brunt of commercial strife, make her to change her nature, to put on the robust habits of man, to lose her domesticity, what will result? Why, that the wives of the laboring classes, whose fate it may be to toil in the printing-office or the

factory, will either be oppressed with double labor, or their husbands must perform the duties of home for them.

There is not at the present time a scarcity of male compositors; if there were, the employment of females in that capacity would be a necessity and a good.

The Victoria Press has, doubtless, originated from the purest motives. The way in which it is conducted reflects credit on the lady who started it. The fair ones who perform the task of composing are not over-taxed; they commence operations at nine in the morning, and generally cease at six in the evening; if they work overtime they are paid in proportion. We believe there is the same scale of prices for the women here as exists in offices where men-compositors work. As a rule, single women only are employed. This is an important fact. Thousands of unmarried women are without the means of honest living; to open a channel by which they can rise in the social scale, and maintain a fair degree of independence, is a work worthy the efforts of philanthropy. But there is wisdom as well as philanthropy required. If by over-zealous benevolence we raise the lowly, and by the same process debase the exalted, what practical good is done to society? What, in fact, is wanted, is a field for the employment of young women, which will in no degree throw out of employment young men. The Victoria Press, if conducted in the spirit which evidently animates those who have founded it, will be a blessing to many, especially to young women who have been wrecked on the breakers of poverty. It gives a solution to the problem of women's capacity for the kind of work which has been considered only suitable to men. It presents an argument to the *wise men* of our age, who, in their great minds, have conceived the idea that woman is mentally inferior to man. The Great Coram Street novelty is undeniably a scheme worthy the attention of Social Reformers. It is not our wish to be dogmatic. We confess our belief that the idea which has given birth to it may give existence to others, which will not recognise the high principles ruling in the establishment of Miss Faithful. But, at the same time, we honor the spirit of sisterly philanthropy which has impelled the lady *to do something* for her unhappy sisters. She has gone about the work with genuine zest. If she has chosen a right way, the world will honor her; if a wrong way, it has been done in a simple misconception of the proper work for woman. We think there are great evils accruing from congregating young girls and women in workshops, without there be the strictest regard paid to their conduct. The Great Coram Street Printing-office at present gives evidence of health; we trust that it may prove in no way injurious to the true interests of humanity. We trust, also, that the example of *real womanly goodness* which has been set by Miss Faithful may be emulated by others; if not in the establishing of printing-offices for females, at least in the way of *working out* the solution of "Woman's Work."

PURE AIR.

Water, earth, fire, and air, were for a long time considered simple or elementary substances. We now know that none of them are such, and that the last consists of definite proportions of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen or azote; viz., 21 parts of oxygen and 79 of nitrogen to every 100 parts of atmospheric air. In the air, mingled more or less with it, will always be found other substances in a greater or less degree; such as carbonic acid gas, ozone, water, ammonia, &c.; and owing to the presence or absence of these, more especially the first, the air will be impure or pure. Let us see for a moment the part these three gases—oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid—play in the economy of nature. Without the first, neither life nor fire could exist. The second ALONE, not only will not support life, but will extinguish it; while the third is a destroyer of a most insidious and deadly character, as far as animal life and fire are concerned. Its presence is derived from a variety of sources, the chief being combustion; whether fire proper, or that combustion which takes place in all animal bodies; or, in other words, we inspire or breathe in atmospheric air, expire or breathe out carbonic acid gas.

If the latter accumulate in a room where human beings are, deleterious effects will be produced upon them. As a proof, take the case of the "Londonderry," a steamer plying between Liverpool and Sligo in December, 1848. On the 2nd of that month she had 200 passengers on board; stormy weather coming on, they were ordered below; where, in a cabin 18 feet long, 11 feet wide, and 7 feet high, they were crowded together; the hatches were then closed, and a tarpaulin thrown over the entrance to the cabin. The same air, by each expiration being more charged with the deleterious element above mentioned, was breathed over and over again, and soon became intolerable. The Black Hole of Calcutta was again enacted; and when the mate—informed of the condition of the passengers by one more robust than the rest, who forced his way on deck—descended, *seventy-two* were already dead, and many were dying. All this arose from the fact, that neither the captain nor mate were aware that air once breathed can only be breathed again as a poison. To this may be added the story of the two French girls who warmed their bed-room with an open charcoal stove, previously closing all apertures by which a draft might enter, and were found dead, killed by the carbonic acid gas generated by the combustion of the charcoal; or the many instances of suicide performed under similar circumstances; or the case of the French chemist who, to make known the effects, as he called it, of charcoal on man, at a quarter past ten lit his stove, and each ten minutes wrote his sensations. We give two of them: "Fifty minutes past ten. I am almost stifled; strange ideas assail me. . . . I can scarcely breathe. . . . I shall not go far. . . . There are

symptoms of madness. Sixty minutes past ten. I can scarcely write. . . . My sight is troubled. . . . My lamp is going out. . . . I did not think it would be such agony to die. . . . Ten. . . ."

A few illegible characters followed. Life was extinct. In the morning he was found on the floor, a corpse.

The disadvantage of impure, and advantage of pure air, may be inferred from these anecdotes; but the same thing takes place in a less degree in unventilated bed-rooms, in sick chambers, where too often injury is inflicted in the desire to keep out a draught, and in almost all cases where large large numbers of people are collected together, more especially where the rooms are illuminated by artificial light, and there is a rapid and enormous production of this noxious gas. In the case of concert-rooms, ball-rooms, and similar places, when the air has been rendered intolerable, relief is generally sought by opening windows, and letting in the cooler and purer air from the outside; but this coming on the surface of the heated skin, with its pores opened, is the fertile source of cold, rheumatism, &c.

How necessary is it, then, that in all places where human beings are congregated, whether the workshop, the hospital, the church, or even the bed-room, there should be proper and efficient ventilation. Of the benefits of adopting such a system one example may suffice: The deaths of new-born infants between 1 and 15 days old, amounting in four years, at the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, to 2,944 out of 7,650 births, were by an improved system of ventilation reduced to 279 deaths during the same period. In this case, upwards of 2,500 deaths were attributable to bad ventilation or impure air.

SANITAS.

Our Album.

"GOD BLESS YOU."

Give me Affection's mood when tender truth
  Prompts us to greet the dear one at our side
With love that makes no note of Age or Youth;
  Too pure for Passion, and too warm for Pride.
When soft Emotion, with its holy light,
  Shows the Great Sculptor's name upon our clay;
When the full heart is bound by its own might,
  And lips that kiss their shrine can only say
"God bless you."

Solemn is that last parting when the eye
  Dwells on our face with fix'd and dreamy gaze;
When the dread moment stifles tear and sigh,
  And our reft bosom, while despairing, prays.

When the familiar fingers clasp our hand,—
The chosen hand from all that gather round,—
And the Soul's password to the Spirit-land
Leaves but the dead beside us in the sound,
" God bless you."

Few, simple words!—amid the blurs and blots
Of erring language, ye have goodly birth;
Ye form the consecration of the spots
Which Memory kneels upon as hallow'd earth.
Feeling—too deep to sport on gossip air;
Pity—too eloquent to blame or teach;
The Joy we tremble at, the Grief we share,
The Angel tones that live in human speech,
Breathe in " God bless you."

ELIZA COOK.

The enemy of Art is the enemy of Nature; Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of Human Nature; and what Nature will he honor who honors not the Human?—*Lavater.*

In all the professions everyone affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; so that it may be said the World is made up of Appearances.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

No man is wiser for his Learning; it may administer matter to work reform; but Wit and Wisdom are born with a man.—*Seldon.*

When Levity and Cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.—*Shakespeare.*

Liberality consists less in giving profusely than in giving judiciously.
La Bruyere.

Eschew fine words, as you would rouge: love simple ones, as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be supposed to do on your estate: employ such words as have the largest families, keep clear of foundlings, and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.—*Anon.*

Slight small injuries and they'll become none at all.—*Fuller.*

Innocence and Mysteriousness never dwell long together.
From the French.

Seneca tells us of himself, Ep. 53 and 83, that he used to bathe himself in cold spring water in the midst of winter. This, if he had not thought it not only tolerable, but healthy too, he would scarce have done, in an exuberant fortune, that could well have borne the expense of a warm bath; and in an age (for he was then old) that would have excused greater indulgence. If we think his Stoical principles led him to this severity; let it be so, that his Sect reconciled Cold Water to his sufferance; what made it agreeable to his health? for that was not impaired by his hard usage. But what shall we say to Horace, who warmed not himself with the reputation of any Sect, and least of all affected Stoical

austerities? yet he assures us, he was wont, in the Winter Season, to bathe himself in Cold Water. But perhaps *Italy* will be thought much warmer than *England*, and the chillness of their waters not to come near ours in winter. If the rivers of *Italy* are warmer, those of *Germany* and *Poland* are much colder than any in this our country, and yet in these the *Jews*, both men and women, bathe all over, at all seasons of the year, without any prejudice to their Health. And every one is not apt to believe it is Miracle or any peculiar Virtue of St. Winifred's Well, that makes the cold waters of that famous spring do no harm to the tender bodies that bathe in it.—*Locke*.

THE DEW DROP AND THE FLOWER.

A dew drop glisten'd in the sun,
Upon a fading flower;
The crystal globule, in the sun,
Collaps'd within an hour.
It seemed to kiss the dying stem,
As if it knew its fate;
No queen ere wore a richer gem
In all the pomp of state.

The dew drop glisten'd in the sun,
A wee and wondrous thing.
The sands adown Time's Hour-glass run—
One short-lived hour took wing.
The flower was fading fast; but lo!
The dew drop fell to ground;
The flower survived an hour or so,
And died as night came round.

The dew drop glisten'd in the sun,
In all the bloom of life;
The dew drop fell ere noon begun,
Too weak to cope with strife.
The dew drop and the flower are dead,
And Nature sheds no tear;
Since flowers and dew drops in their stead
With the glad morn appear.

J. H. POWELL.

Youth will never live to Age, without they keep themselves in breath with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits: and oft' it falls out, that while one thinks of too much doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honor.—*Hare.*

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected, is the most inveterate.—*Tacitus.*

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

Men are born with two Eyes, but with one Tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.—*Colton.*

Powell's Domestic Magazine.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—Chapter I.

By J. H. POWELL.

"He is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man."
SHAKESPEARE.

In the field of human activity man is designed to undertake different labors and duties from those which belong essentially to woman.

He has associations and engagements of a nature foreign to the woman, which constantly claim attention.

To man belongs the high mission of revealing the hidden treasures of Science—breaking off the crust of Art, that the world may behold the magic wonders everywhere developing.

Man treads the universe like a Titan, and by the charm of his unquailing energy subjugates all beneath him. He fells the huge, knarled, kingly oak, which has stood for centuries in an attitude of defiant grandeur within the forest. This oak man transforms to a leviathan vessel, and with daring dauntlessness ploughs the ocean and holds commerce with the world. He delves the bowels of the earth, and by his talismanic skill brings to light uncounted stores of wealth. With his mighty arm and inventive mind he rears the mechanical wonders of the age.

All the hidden mysteries of knowledge are not unfathomable. Man mounts above the brute as clouds rise above the sea. He takes the rugged ore and smelts it into shape, and straight appears the majestic steam-engine. He does not stop here. He girdles the simple electric wire round the globe, and transmits thought from clime to clime on wings of fire. With the steam-engine and the

telegraph man throws back, as it were, the barriers of time and space. Nor does he stop here. That mind of his, so subtle, so divine, soars to the heavens, and all the ethereal orbs are mapped and measured.

Man's sphere of exertion is the world; woman's the home. Man's ambition extends above, below, and around him; woman's is mostly confined to the home. Man's nature and physical structure indicate his fitness for severe muscular toils; woman's more delicate nature and physical structure indicate her adaptability for the home. Therefore, man is only true to his nature when he performs his own out-door labors, and allows woman to exercise in freedom her own home-duties.

The duties of the Husband are various, and depend greatly on circumstances. Some husbands are warriors, some sailors, some missionaries, all being necessitated to leave their homes for months and even years together. Placed in unavoidable positions, these men cannot possibly render that minute attention to their wives and families which others *can* whose avocations bring them within compass of their homes. In all cases we must study the peculiar occupations of the husband, and discover, when practicable, how far he *can* attend to his own duties, without infringing upon those belonging to his home.

Many unhappy marriages are the result of the wife expecting from her husband more attention than it is either practicable or necessary for him to yield. It does not always enter the mind of the woman, that very much of the man's time will be absorbed in affairs of citizenship. Men meet together to discourse about business—to discuss questions of municipal and parliamentary significance—to weigh in the balance of reason theories which otherwise might change into facts of an obtrusive and obstructive nature. Husbands, in fact, need to play their part on the "world's stage," to protect their homes.

Considerations of this character ought to occupy the mind of the woman before she undertakes the duties of the wife, in order that she may school herself to submit with patience to an occasionally absent husband.

Thousands of husbands are rendered most unhappy through the jealousy of their wives. Often compelled to absent themselves from home in the performance of their duty to society, they are unjustly accused of infidelity, their partners being too excited to

listen to a calm and faithful account of their doings. This is neither more nor less than infatuated oppression—a kind of domestic terrorism, which will ever make discord in harmony, and not unfrequently drive men to the worst possible courses. Women should enter marriage life prepared to allow all reasonable freedom to their lords, or they will not be likely to steer the domestic barque clear of breakers and rocks.

On the other hand, men should dutifully avoid deserting their homes unnecessarily—never forgetting that as much time and attention as they *can* yield therein will be well bestowed—and in exchange they may garner a harvest of affection and bliss.

We introduce our Model Husband. He is a fine open-countenanced, good-natured young man of 23 years; by trade a journeyman carpenter. He is very industrious, and particularly careful at his work; has kind words and civil answers for all questioners. No miserable, consequential, despicable, foppish pride about him. He is willing at all times to lend a tool to a shop-mate, and to instruct him in all he knows himself. He is at the same time most grateful for an exchange of the same shop courtesies. His master values him, his mates respect him, for all perceive him to be *a man*. He would collect his tools and walk out of the shop any time sooner than he would cringe to a foreman or conspire with a workman. He is sober, punctual, and honest. He values independence of soul more than position or wealth. If he is asked for an opinion, he gives it conscientiously without reserve. He has the strength of brain to conceive a right position, and the courage of soul necessary to maintain it. He never "assumes a virtue" he does not possess. If he is excited to laughter, it is generally loud, free, and ringing, convincing the observer how truly he enjoys it. If sadness take hold of him, he locks himself in the chamber of his own melancholy, and refuses admission to others. He thinks himself in no way, save in virtue, superior to the lowliest fellow-worker. He believes with Demosthenes, "*that the beginning of virtue is consultation and deliberation, and the perfection of it constancy.*" He loves a harmless joke, but will never jeer. He has ambition, but it is chastened by wisdom. He marks the follies and vices of his order, and steers his way clear of them. His dress smacks not of vanity; when he dons his best suit, you behold him plainly respectable. No glittering expensive baubles about his person. He even scorns the use of gloves, believing them to be unnecessary and effeminate. He wears a watch

with a simple silken guard attached to it. His hair is carefully brushed. He treads the earth, as he walks, in a dignified attitude. He believes in manhood, and therefore despises foppery. All his actions are the offspring of principle. If he engage to perform a task, he makes a condition with himself for its completion, and that, too, with punctuality. If he miscalculate, and thereby cause disappointment, he makes it a rule of his life to apologise. If he assert a positive, and afterwards discovers that he was in error, he thinks it no disgrace to discover, and no shame to confess.

Such is an outline of the Model Husband. He has just taken his bride home. He loves her devotedly. She is the daughter of parents who have failed in business, and who are dead. She has been schooled in poverty, and consequently knows much sorrow.

They have a couple of rooms near his employment, which are well stocked with every necessary domestic article. He would have been ashamed to bring his bride to an impoverised home. He had toiled for years, during which he put by a portion of his earnings to form a "marriage settlement." He is elated with his prospects, and supremely delighted at presenting his wife with his weekly wages. All he requires is that she will be economical and faithful. He has plenty of work, is most frugal in his habits. He knows that "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues;" therefore temperance rules his conduct.

His evenings are mostly passed at home. He has taught himself architectural drawing, and finds amusement and profit in practice. His books are treasures—treating on history, philosophy, and physiology. Whenever he reads he *thinks*, preferring to digest a page than swallow a volume unthinkingly. Physiology is his favorite study. He loves to discourse on the functions of the human body. He can describe the circulation of the blood from the heart to the lungs, showing its various transformations, and tracing its progress until it becomes revivified by contact with the oxygen, and passes again into the heart to course through the arteries and veins, rebuilding the decaying system. He can skilfully diagram his ideas of the science on paper, and explain the action of the bowels, skin, and lungs, in throwing off the cinders, so to speak, of worn-out matter. This study affords him an influence in his home which by and by will retard the approach of the doctor.

The wife does not delight in her husband's studies, although she attentively listens to his elucidations. She is passionately fond of

entertaining and thrillingly-exciting novels, but they must be of a superior character: the language must be poetical, the plot complete, and the characters well sustained. Our Model Husband, perceiving his wife's immoderate passion for novels, adopts means to modify it. He is too much of a man to deal unkindly with her, or to assume the master. He does not wish her to abandon altogether that class of reading, but he desires that she indulge in it with moderation. He endeavours, in all kindness, to reason with his wife on the subject, to attract her attention to studies more essential to domestic life. She conceives that her rights are being molested, and desires no further interference. He finds that silence on his part will be necessary to harmony. He is silent, but sad at the same time. The study of physiology has been most serviceable to our Model Husband, not only in teaching him the necessity of temperance in diet, the use and choice of food, the way in which it becomes assimilated, through the action of the gastric juice, with the blood, but likewise in teaching him how health may be preserved by cleanliness and keeping the blood and skin in action. He rises from his bed at five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, and immediately sponges the body all over with cold water. He is most careful to restore the lost heat by means of rubbing, or friction; this he performs with a course sheet. By this practice he purifies the body through the skin and vigorously circulates the blood. He then, weather permitting, takes a rapid stroll for half-an-hour or so. He commences his work at six, feeling fresh and comfortable, with no signs of drowsiness resulting from want of sleep. He goes to his breakfast at eight, and does not always find it ready; his wife expressing astonishment at the lateness of the hour. He does not reprove, as many husbands would do, but assists in preparing it. He is always careful in mastication, knowing how much the teeth can do to save the stomach and preserve the body in health. At dinner time, owing to his wife's fear of being again late, the meal is ready in advance of the husband. He has to eat it almost cold. He sympathises with her in all this, and endeavours to stimulate her confidence. He is home at six in the evening, having faithfully performed his duty to his employer. He is tired, and feels the want of his tea, but it is not ready. His wife is busy putting the room in order. He smothers his dissatisfaction, and thinks of the novel. His wife is very fond of him, and constantly vowing to please him—constantly making resolutions relative to home-management. She

wants strength of character to fulfil them. She does not dream that the hours she sits novel-reading are hours she should be at work, and that the hours she works are hours she could read, without in any way discommoding the husband. She requires firmness, self-discipline, and thorough disposition for order; lacking these, she often fails and discovers sorrow. As yet she cannot say that she has experienced an angry word, or a denial of any request from her lord. She is no laggard, but simply deficient of forethought.

Our Model Husband thoroughly understands the weak points of his wife's character. He has given her his whole confidence—no part-trustfulness from him. He thinks deeply and painfully on the subject of the novels, and perceives the necessity of watchfulness and direction. He is inspired with an idea. He is no sooner under its dominion than he may be seen eagerly glancing down the columns of a circulating library catalogue. He is choosing a novel. He carries one home. He reads it through, scarcely speaking a word to his wife. He exchanges the book for another one, reads that through also. So he continues for nearly a fortnight, absorbing the whole of his spare time in the undertaking. His wife is much surprised at the eagerness with which her husband follows his bent. She essays to attract his attention by conversation; it is no use. The man seems so thoroughly led captive by his passion that he cannot find a moment for any other pursuit. His wife's feelings undergo severe pain. She cannot imagine what can have possessed him, that he should so neglect her. She finds mild words useless in drawing his attention from the books, so she tries harsh means. She speaks her disgust of his conduct in unmistakable epithets. She tells him he is anything but a man, and so on, to the end of the chapter. Her husband bears it all with the calmness of Epictetus, who philosophically underwent the martyrdom of having his leg broken by his savage master. The wife grows still more vexed as her husband persists in his philosophy. In a mood of insufferable agony of spirit, which subdues her to tears, she seizes the volume from his hand and throws it upon the table. Her husband looks with a smile into his wife's tearful eyes, and in the gentlest possible tones, asks her if she would submit to have her novel roughly taken from her as tamely as he has done. The wife's passionate conduct is only momentary—she acted under impulse, without heeding the voice of wisdom. She is soon calm again, and feels the effect of her husband's philosophy already. He was but acting out an idea, and

he did it admirably; his object being to turn his wife's eyes "into her soul," that she might discover her deformity. His success was complete. His wife, from that time, eschewed her old immoderate habit; became, as a consequence, more attentive to her home, and less a slave to folly. Our Model Husband realises supreme gratification when he thinks how well he has succeeded, and that, too, without an unkind word.

(To be continued.)

THE WOODMAN.—Part IV.

By J. H. POWELL.

The Woodman from his bed at woodlark's call
Uprises with a tremulous delight,
Kisses his infant boy with lips of love,
And presses to his toil with earnest will.
The matin psalms of birds arrest his ear,
And bid him think of home and baby smiles;
The waving motions of the spreading trees,
Which beat the time to music of the wind,
Have charms to woo his thought to home and child.
The wee wild buds, tipt with roseate hues,
Which ope as Autumn mellows, and which yield
Full bloom and beauty to the ageing year,
Renew his soul with love for home and child;
The morn herself, in virgin smiles serene,
Waving her sceptre to the coming day,
Enchants his heart with love of home and child.

To Felix life now orbs in richer joys;
He fells the gnarled oak and shears the bush
With sudden zest; and often visits home
To speak to Deborah, kiss again his babe,
And feel the father kindle in his soul.
So glide the months. The loving Deborah knits,
And nurses oft her boy, and feels such bliss.

No eyes are half so bright as baby's eyes;
No features half so lovely pure and rare;
No dimpled mouth so pretty or so sweet.
The boy to Deborah appears divine,
Made fit for higher, holier spheres than earth.
She rock'd him, kiss'd him, hugg'd him, loved him so,
That in her mother's heart no image dwelt
Of heavenly form more beautiful than he.
Like sapling fed with dew and sun, he thrived,
The perfect image of his doting sire;
And Deborah gaz'd upon her cherub's face,
Loving to trace the opening likeness there
Of him, her partner ever kind and true.
And while she gazed, her bosom swollen with love,
She rock'd her chair, and, hushing him to sleep,
Sang with a voice intun'd and clear and full,—

Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush;
Mother's cherub, sleep.
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Sweet one, do not weep.
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Cradled softly here;
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Sleep and do not fear.
Teazing flies shall never
Waken mother's boy;
Teazing flies shall never
End his dream of joy.
Hush! Dreamland fairies hasten,
Glory-crowned and free;
Hush! Dreamland fairies hasten
To dance in holy glee.

Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Mother's arms enfold;
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Day is growing old.
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Sun is glim'ring down;

Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Ev'ning dons her crown.
Dreamland fairies hover
Round his infant bed—
Dreamland fairies hover,
Charming baby's head.
Hush, baby; Dreamland fairies,
Only seen in sleep;
Hush, baby! Dreamland fairies
The keys of slumber keep.

Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Mother, rocking, sings;
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Slumber's bower-bell rings.
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Dream's bright seraphs call;
Hush, baby; hush, hush, hush,
Gorgeous curtains fall.
Dreamy wonders linger,
Fraught with wizard powers;
Vision's hidden finger
Mystifies the hours.
Hush, baby; Dreamland fairies,
Mystical and fair;
Hush, baby! Dreamland fairies
Melodise the air.

(To be continued.)

TIMOTHY TOMPKINS.—Chapter IV.

By SPEERS.

The precocious Timothy strutted about the house in a very ceremonious manner. He was making preparations to meet Professor Shelterchinesey, and was largely imbued with self-importance. He

had no time to be grateful to his parents for their trouble in keeping him alive; his soul was in his grand ideal of wizard greatness. His little brothers and sisters were to him so many luckless beings born to a low level. It was his destiny to rise and surprise the world with his wonders. He was dreaming, was Timothy; dreaming of Aladdin palaces and of magic spells. He fancied himself a ruler over some newly-discovered race of devoted and idolatrous slaves. All the familiar dirty faces of his brothers and sisters; all the precious sports with his street companions; all the toil of shoe-black, knife-rubbing, errand-running, and other stubborn occupations, are at an end. Timothy Tompkins the younger is about to start on his own account. He had imagined his destiny would merge into bill-posting and town-crying, his father's proud callings. Now, through the favor of the "stars"—which, by the way, he believes to be the regulators of his life—he is destined to "shine;" which, to use his own unmistakable expression, "suits him to a tee."

Mr. Tompkins, somewhat crestfallen since the onslaught upon his fatherly feelings, is at a loss what to say or do. He begins to relent having consented to allow his son to follow the fortunes of the Professor. He is desirous of abruptly frustrating the ratification of the bargain; yet he fears to suffer exposure, for the unhappy bill-poster is a most sensitive man. The veritable aspirant to magic—the boy—does not feel pleasure at the evident change in the tones of his male parent. He nevertheless resolves to go with Professor Shelterchinesey, whatever else may happen.

There is deep confusion in the domicile of Mr. Tompkins. Mrs. Tompkins is in such a distressing state of sorrow about her first-born, that she can neither rest her tongue nor her legs; she is up stairs one minute, down stairs another minute, and with her next-door neighbour the next minute. No peace for Mr. Tompkins; no comfort for the rising branches of Tompkins. The poor bill-poster and town-cryer is in a sad dilemma. He is a brute in the eyes of his wife, his children (save Timothy), and his neighbours.

He feels like a man doomed to ruin. His reputation is leaving him; all that will be his soon will be his misery and his expenses. Mr. Tompkins sees himself in the future, despised by his wife, abandoned by the growing pledges of his love, and pointed at by his acquaintances as the remnant of what was once a steady, respected, and respectable man. He cannot for any reasonable time lose sight of himself as described.

To view the martyr-like philosophy with which he listens to Mrs. Tompkins, who seems never to tire in her diatribe of abuse, would necessarily be to call forth pity. The children are all of them busy; some of them are crying for sweets, or engaged unconcernedly in dragging chairs or stools about the apartment, imagining themselves supreme in the general domestic turmoil. As for the boy Timothy, he beholds the maternal grief of Mrs. Tompkins, and the despondency of Mr. Tompkins, with no pain. He has decided on going with the Professor. He has never been taught to obey; he has either been forced or coaxed into submission. No wonder that the boy is wanting in home affection, that he is self-willed and selfish.

Mrs. Tompkins cannot even perform her ironing duties. Muslins, linens, calicoes, &c., are accumulating. When the children will pleasure in clean faces and hands is now problematical.

Amid this domestic discord, the town-cryer begins to philosophise in his own stereotyped manner. He looks at his eldest-born and perceives a waggish wicked leer in the boy's expression. He looks at Mrs. Tompkins and beholds anger and maternal affection in conflict against him. He looks at Moses, Jem, Sally, and the younger branches of his house, and feels little consolation in beholding their several pursuits. Poor Tompkins! What can he do? He feels himself lost, despite his philosophy. He takes up his pen, dips it in a little bottle of black ink, and sits down to write. He is dictating a letter—a letter to Professor Shelterchinesey. He is pouring out his soul, dreaming that the Professor will forego the bargain he has made, and allow the boy Timothy to remain at home.

Moses and Jem are under the table, teazing a little old tabby cat, which is newly initiated a member of the fireside. Mr. Tompkins, deeply straining his brain to find suitable words to enter in his epistle, wields his pen with the perseverance of a Spartan; presently, whilst he is writing, the table receives a sudden jerk—not a spiritual one; the writing materials (save the pen) fall unceremoniously to the floor. The black ink bottle is broken, the contents being divided between Moses and the grimalkin. Moses pipes a shrill unmusical strain; the domestic puss shakes its ink-dyed coat, and looks as though it would resent the insult it has received. Jem is quiet, looking stupid and frightened.

Mr. Tompkins seizes the table just in time to save it from

molesting the children on the floor"; who, in their endeavour to claim possession of the cat, together manage to discommode the father, and abruptly scatter the floor with sundries. His next effort is to secure his newly-penned, unfinished epistle; this he finds rumpled and besmeared with dirt. Mr. Tompkins has too much already to bear, without risking an extra weight of woe by eliciting another tirade of "small-talk" from his wife, which he has a slight belief would come to his annoyance, were he to correct Moses and Jem, or even kick the cat.

The poor man finds he must submit to his fate. He calls philosophy again to his aid, and decides on re-writing the letter; but he needs ink. Sally is sent for a small bottle of the black fluid. Mr. Tompkins makes another attempt at epistling Professor Shelter-chinesey. He succeeds this time without any extra annoyance. He leaves his home for the King's Arms, carrying the letter to the Professor.

It is not the intention of Mr. Tompkins to allow the Professor to read the note in his presence. He delivers it in person, and then returns to his fireside. He no sooner gets back, than he discovers young Moses mounted on his chair, drinking the ink. Mr Tompkins seizes the bottle from the boy in a state of frantic terror. He does not know but the ink may be poison. Moses cuts a comical figure, his lips and teeth are black as coal. Where is Mrs. Tompkins during this? She, good woman, believing her husband will never allow Timothy to go beyond the pale of the town, is now quite composed. She has sat for a quarter of an hour thinking, and has beheld Moses at the ink: but she could not find it in her heart to take it from him, for "the child was as good as gold."

Mrs. Tompkins, Mr. Tompkins, Timothy, and all the little Tompkins' together, are for a few moments quiet. The town-cryer is the first to speak. "Tim," began the father, in a coaxing tone, "I don't want you to go with the Professor; it will be better for you to stay and assist me in the town." Mrs. Tompkins presented her husband with as sweet and satisfied a smile as ever radiated the features of a mother. Timothy looked at both and frowned. There was a sly, ungenerous meaning lurking in his eye, which seemed to say, "Do as you please, but I shall have my way." The boy did not speak; he assumed submission, and everything looked promising.

The town-cryer, proud of having restored comfort to his home

and sweetness of temper to his wife, went again to the King's Arms to ascertain the effect of his letter.

Mrs. Tompkins took to her laundry, and the entire family, except Tim, kept up unstudied and unchecked merriment.

The bill-poster found the magician in tolerable temper, and made fatherly effort to win from him a reprieve for the boy Timothy. Of course, the conjuror was relentless for a considerable time. Of course, Mr. Tompkins was not easily to be defeated. He stood in the bar parlor of the King's Arms, looking appealingly into Professor Shelterchinesey's eyes. The worthy magician was touched; the man must have been rock not to have been touched.

"Me no take de boy; but me have Ongleesh satisfaction."

The bill-poster appealed to his love of fairness.

"Me no get fair play—de bills—loss—your faut."

Mr. Tompkins desired to know whether the Professor would strike a bargain with him, and look over the affair of the bills.

As soon as Shelterchinesey caught the sense of the town-cryer's question, he eagerly decided—"Me take two sovs, two Ongleesh sovs—me no say more 'bout de bills nor de boy."

Mr. Tompkins felt infinite relief; he could purchase pardon from the magician for two sovereigns, keep his son at home, save his reputation and his peace of mind.

The town-cryer was not long regaining his home. He made his wife acquainted with the terms of restitution, and to the chagrin of the boy-hero, was allowed to extract for the Professor a couple of sovereigns from their small stock of savings.

That night the Tompkins family went to bed, and all except Timothy went to sleep. The boy sat in his little bed—(Moses and Jem were with him but loudly snoring)—he sat reflecting on the tide of events. He knew it was vain to expect that his father or mother would consent (however he might beg) to his following the fortunes of the wizard. He felt an intense, unquenching desire to attach himself to the roving foreigner: and for some time felt lost in his cogitations.

At length the boy got up, dressed himself as quickly as possible, and collecting a little bundle of clothes, was out in the street. It was four o'clock in the morning when the boy stood in front of the King's Arms. He gave a peculiar, sharp whistle. In an instant the head of Professor Shelterchinesey was, night-cap and all, out of

the second-floor window. A rapid conversation passed between the boy and the wizard, which, for the sake of the English tongue, we omit.

Unknown to the bill-poster, his "go-a-head" son had gained an interview with the wizard the previous evening, and had made the appointment just described. So soon as the Professor draws in his head, young Tim gives rapid motion to his legs. He takes the direction of a market-town ten miles away from the King's Arms.

Mr. Tompkins rises from his couch refreshed and ready for work. He does a little domestic toil: lights the fire, sweeps the room, cleans the windows, and brushes the shoes. Presently, Mrs. Tompkins, with baby in arms, and the little family, except one, march down stairs.

Mrs. Tompkins, before she can fulfil one essential household duty, must supply her children with sundry slices of bread and butter well sugared. There would be no peace did she neglect this custom. Breakfast is prepared; but where's Tim? Mr. Tompkins goes to the foot of the stairs, bawls at the highest compass of his voice, "Tim, Tim! you young imp; if you don't come down you shall have no breakfast."

No answer greets the astounded father. He tries again, knocking the stairs with the heel of his boot: "Tim, I say, you little shaver, will you come to your breakfast?" Still no reply is heard. The father rushes up-stairs, determined to drag the unruly boy from his bed. But lo! the bed is vacant. No Tim is there to give answer, or to be dragged down stairs. Mr. Tompkins is speedily in search through the house, but finds no Timothy.

The breakfast is all prepared. Mrs. Tompkins is tasting the flavor of the souchong, feeling unusually contented with her prospects, and thinking of the bundles of linen to pass through her hands during the day.

The bill-poster abruptly stays her appetite for food, and exiles her thoughts about the linen. "Where's Tim, I say, Mrs. Tompkins? I can find him neither high nor low."

To have seen the effect of these words on poor Mrs. Tompkins would have been sufficient to have made you a friend of her's for life. She had all the mother in her nature. She left her baby in the arms of Sally, and went over the house herself, her cap-frills stiffening to the breeze of the house. She felt all the terrible weight of the truth of her suspicions, but she dared not place implicit re-

liance in the mere circumstance of Tim being out of sight. She went over the house, her eyes full of tears, and her tongue laden with upbraidings. Mr. Tompkins has to repent ever having submitted to cancel his original agreement with the Professor. His wife, impelled to utterance by the justice of her cause, tells Mr. Tompkins right to his teeth, that the dear boy would never have thought of deserting his mother, had he (Mr Tompkins) not have made his disgraceful compact with that ugly old foreigner.

The husband tries to reason, but finds reasoning out of sorts; the mother wants her son, and requests Mr. Tompkins to favor her by finding him. Of course, Mr. Tompkins philosophises with himself. This teaches him to be calm, and to be on the look-out. He leaves Mrs. Tompkins in a very natural and excited state of mind, and his children in the greatest possible confusion. It may easily be surmised where Mr. Tompkins directs his inquiries respecting the absent Tim. He, of course, immediately visits the King's Arms—finds Professor Shelterchinesey hurriedly preparing to depart from the town.

"Have you seen aught of my young-un, sir?" inquired the bill-poster, looking stedfastly in the face of the wizard.

"Me no trouble mesel 'bout de boy," was the laconic answer of the Professor.

Mr. Tompkins briefly related the fact of the boy's clandestine desertion, and affected deep sorrow. He got little commiseration from the conjuror, who was chuckling to himself on the success of his scheme.

There were a few stragglers at the bar of the King's Arms. The news that Tim had run away got to their ears; the landlord and landlady caught the gossip, and, while the Professor and the bill-poster were together, came forward to learn the particulars and to offer their consolatory advice.

Mr. Tompkins could get no word giving him any suspicion that Professor Shelterchinesey knew anything about his son. Mr. Tompkins felt his spirits get low in proportion as the landlord, landlady, and assembled guests, gave token of their sympathy. He was not a strong-minded man, although a philosopher; and fearing that he might sink beneath the load of his troubles, without a "wee drop" to support his nerves, intimated as much to the landlord. The Professor, in a fit of sudden genorosity which won the favorable opinion of the whole company, Mr. Tompkins included, said,—

"Me no mind; glasses for de company, if it be de Ongleesh custom."

There was a general acceptance of the Professor's offer. The company retired into the snug little parlor. The landlady, at the expense of the Professor, made a bowl of rum punch. Mr. Tompkins forgot the mission he was entrusted with; forgot that his wife was awaiting his return with intense motherly suspense. The punch operated so delectably on his olfactory nerves, that for a time he forgot everything but that he was the bill-poster and town-cryer, and was father to twelve children, and was sitting still indulging in punch.

Professor Shelterchinesey, leaving the little company to the punch, and perceiving that the father of Tim would be likely to be quiet for a considerable time, took abrupt leave and was soon on his journey.

Mr. Tompkins had of late become famous as a victim for a lark. The neighbours began to look upon him as a half-silly, harmless bore. He never got into the King's Arms without finding himself deluged with liquor. Many were the jokes at the poor man's expense.

The bowl of punch was "used up," another on the table. Mr. Tompkins was getting a "wee drop" too much, and therefore made an extraordinary effort to rise. At that instant there was a general demand for a song; glasses were refilled, toasts given, and songs sang. Mr. Tompkins, under the resistless influence of his own free soul and the still freer punch, decided upon staying just another half-hour. He was getting elated; his companions knew it, and persisted in having a song from him. The bill-poster was not a bad singer, but always, when sober, declined the honor of singing in public; however, he was in the proper cue, and waited for no pressing.

"There's a queer old man of low degree,
Who lives in a cot beside the sea;
This queer old man is robb'd of an eye,
He walks with a limp, and looks very shy
At all he sees, till he meets a maid:
One Dorothy Brown, of milliner trade.

"Now this queer old man has never wed,
But has courted Dorothy Brown instead;
And Dorothy Brown, as old maidens will,
Allows the queer man to court her still.
The queer man is old, and Dorothy pines,
For the grapes are pluck'd from love's rich vines;
Dorothy thinks of the fathomless brink,
Where life and its pearls will some day sink.

"The queer man lives in a cot by the sea,
An old man as queer as queer may be;
He lives alone, and has from a boy—
Sweet Dorothy Brown like a star gives joy.
He's known by his limp and squinty eye,
And Dorothy Brown by a strange drawn sigh.
The queer old man and Dorothy Brown
Will wed when Fortune shall cease to frown."

Mr. Tompkins was vociferously applauded at the close of his song. He was *encored*, and was impelled to give a second edition of it.

The time the bill-poster left the King's Arms for his home we will not shock the reader by admitting. Mr. Tompkins did get home, but he was in a very bad state. The god Bacchus swayed him with absolute potency. He answered his wife's earnest entreaties about her son with scraps of Bacchanalian ditties, and tumbled into bed the worse for liquor. He soon fell into a sound sleep; dreamt strange dreams, and woke in the evening, the victim of a fierce thirst and severe headache.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO THE STELVIO.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

Last year, in company with three others, I made a tour through Europe as far as the Stelvio Pass, which has since become famous in connection with the late war; the termination of which at once opens the continent to the tourist—who can now travel with as much freedom as ever. I use the word "freedom" advisedly, for during a journey of some 3,500 miles we never experienced the least obstruction or annoyance of any kind; an occasional demand to look at passports, and a pretended examination of luggage, constituted the only difference between travelling on the continent and England, as far as freedom is concerned. The termination of the war, as I have already remarked, opens the continent to the traveller, and I therefore propose to give him the benefit of the tour I made, as far as a short account embodied in rough notes made at the time may be of service to him.

Starting from Dover August 14, at 11 o'clock a.m., I reached Calais at one, and at once proceeded to Gand (Ghent), passing through the important town of Lille, Gand is a large manufacturing town, the Manchester of Belgium. A remarkable feature of this place is the number of bridges, 365. This is owing to the river Scheldt intersecting the town in various directions, in connection with which are artificial branches for the conveyance of goods. The cathedral of St. Bavon is very fine, and contains a great many works of art, the most striking of which is an oil painting by Van Eyck Bros, being admirable not only for its artistic merits but also as affording a specimen of one of the earliest productions in oil. The subject is the adoration of the Spotless Lamb, and is celebrated all over Europe. Here also is a master-piece of Rubens, "St. Bavon renouncing the profession of a soldier for that of a monk." In the Church of St. Michael is the celebrated picture of Van Dyke, the Crucifixion, which has been much injured by cleaning, but is still very fine. The festival of the Virgin was celebrated in the morning. An immense procession, the length of which could not be far short of half a mile, emerged from the cathedral. It consisted of a great number of young girls dressed in white, preceding the image of the Virgin. This was followed by numerous officials carrying lighted candles, banners, &c.; at intervals were choristers chaunting and musicians playing, and the pageant concluded with the Host borne by the bishop, a canopy being carried over him as he walked slowly along, and as he passed all heads were uncovered and all knees bent. The houses were gaily decorated with flowers and flags, and every window had its full complement of spectators. A Roman Catholic procession is certainly a very grand and imposing affair. In this town is a nunnery of great extent, with streets, squares, &c.,—a little town in itself, surrounded by a wall and a moat. The number of nuns is about 700, and many of them have separate residences. Altogether the town of Gand is one of great interest generally as well as historically.

The distance from Gand to Antwerp is about 18 miles, and the country lying between the two towns is considered the most highly cultivated in Europe, every piece receiving the same attention as a garden. At the termination of the railway at Antwerp passengers are conveyed across the river to the town in a steam ferry. The cathedral at once becomes a noticeable object, rearing its light and elegant spire—likened by the great Napoleon to lace work—to

a height of 403 feet, from which a splendid view of the town and surrounding country is obtained. There are 99 bells in the steeple, which are divided into two sets, in connection with one of which is an arrangement for playing them by hand, which is done on festival days. The jingling of bells is a striking feature of continental cities. Here Rubens flourished, and the churches abound with his pictures, the most celebrated of which is the Elevation of the Cross. In the Church of St. Jacques is the tomb of Rubens. Quentin Matsys also lived here, and near the steeple may be seen a canopy of wrought iron covering a pump, the work of Matsys before he relinquished the trade of a smith for the profession of a painter. In the height of its prosperity the commerce of Antwerp was very extensive; as many as 2,500 vessels were lying in the docks at the same time; even now the shipping is something extraordinary. Our Queen's yacht was at anchor in the river, and was daily visited by crowds of admiring spectators, who expressed great approval of the vessel, and admiration of the chasteness and beauty of its decorations.

Leaving Antwerp at noon, we travel two hours by rail, and then proceeded by steam-boat up the river Maas, a most dull and tedious voyage of three hours to accomplish a distance, as the crow flies, of seven miles. Reached Rotterdam in the evening; a large pleasure fair was going on at the time, which seemed to outvie Bartlemy in the zenith of its glory. The chief feature in Rotterdam, and in fact, of most of the towns of Holland, is a canal running through the middle of the streets. These are very numerous, and on either side are rows of trees, which, with the shipping, have a very picturesque effect. From the cathedral tower a good view of the surrounding country is obtained, and all the peculiarities of Dutch scenery at once become visible. These are, flat country, marshy-looking ground, abundance of water, rows of small trees, and innumerable windmills. The Frieselandish women, with their elaborate head-dresses, and the Dutch girls, with gold spiral wire sticking out each side of the face, look odd to a stranger; and the druggists' signs (figure-heads with mouths open, called gapers,) are also curious to observe. We now leave Rotterdam, and proceed by canal-boat to Delph, which is celebrated as being the place where china ware was first made in Europe. The original manufactory is still in use, but is of a very humble character. There is nothing particularly worthy of notice in Delph, except some tombs in one

of the churches, the most interesting of which are those of Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, who tied a broom to his mast to signify he had swept the seas of the British—and Luenock, the philosopher. We continue our journey by canal-boat to the Hague, a most beautiful little passage of four miles. Here we find the same characteristics of Dutch cities; but the Hague differs much from Rotterdam, the latter being a commercial town, and the former a city of pleasure and enjoyment, where everything seems to contribute to make life happy. Here is the abode of royalty, and twice a week the King's private band performs in a beautiful forest, and thousands are collected to hear one of the best bands on the continent. Here also one's early slumbers are disturbed by a fine military band parading the town, followed by some thousands of soldiers. The picture gallery contains some very fine works, the most celebrated of which is Paul Potter's Bull. There is also a very interesting Japanese collection, the best in Europe, the Dutch being the only people who have managed to keep on good terms with the Japanese. About four miles distant is the village of Schweningen, at which place there is a grand sea-bathing establishment. The drive to this place is through a beautiful avenue of trees.

Two hours by rail brings us to Amsterdam, passing Leyden and Haarlem on the way. Amsterdam is a very interesting place, chiefly remarkable for being built on piles and made ground. Canals abound here more than ever, and the number of bridges across them is about 300. A very singular effect is produced by a large proportion of the buildings being out of the upright, which is occasioned by the subsidence of the foundations. Seven miles distant is the village of Broeck, which is curious for its ultra-cleanliness. Here the best room of the house is only opened once a week for cleaning, and is only used on great occasions, such as baptisms and funerals. The palace in Amsterdam is not gorgeous, but contains some very fine marble. The chief object of attraction is the ball-room, which is 120 feet long, 57 broad, and 100 high, being the highest room in Europe. The walls are all white marble, elaborately sculptured, and from the ceiling hang several elegant candelabras. At one end is a large figure of Atlas in marble, and at either end hang various banners taken in battle. In one of the churches is an immense pulpit, most elaborately carved, the work of a burgomaster of the town, which took him forty years to accomplish. The canopy of the pulpit is about 20 feet in diameter. In the same church are

some very fine brass gates and screen. Here it is the custom for the people to keep their hats on during the service.

Leaving Amsterdam about 12 o'clock at noon, we reach Hanover about the same hour at night. There is nothing very striking in the general appearance of Hanover, if we except some fine old houses with gable ends. Attended divine service at a Protestant church, the interior of which was decorated with white and gold, and the windows resembled the patterns seen in a kaleidoscope. Here the greater part of the service consisted of singing chorales in which the people joined lustily, sitting during the time. The minister wore a large frill round his neck. A drive of a mile and a half, through a splendid avenue of trees, leads to the public gardens, in which is a fountain 130 feet high: the water is forced to this height by means of five wheels about 30 feet in diameter, which revolve by the action of the water and work pumps. The machinery is of very rude construction. It being Sunday, we could not get to see any of the exhibitions, and left at night, arriving at Berlin early the following morning. Railway travelling in Germany, I may remark, is somewhat cheaper than in England. The second-class carriages are fitted in the same style as our first, and are generally more commodious. The only difference between the first and second is that the former are coupés. The price of second-class fast trains is about three half-pence a mile. Punctuality is well observed, and restrictions respecting smoking are enforced, and the infringement of them not winked at, as at home.

The impression produced on entering Berlin is one of disappointment—a decidedly unfavourable opinion is at once formed. This may be the result of foregone conclusions; for how often do we hear Berlin spoken of as the finest city on the continent? The truth is, none of them can at all compare with Paris. A want of stability is strikingly manifest throughout the city; there are no stone buildings, hence the general lath-and-plaster appearance presented; even from the walls of the royal palace the stucco is falling off. There are a few very good specimens of brick-work, and a church built of this material, with terra cotta ornaments and metallic spire, is really beautiful. Considerable judgment is displayed in the arrangement of the streets, and there are very many good buildings, and were it not for the drawback alluded to, Berlin would certainly be a very fine city. A long treble avenue of trees intersects the town; this is the celebrated Unter den Linden, at the head of which

is the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, deservedly esteemed as a great work of art. By standing in front of this statue and turning on the heel, all the principal buildings of Berlin, including palaces, museums, picture galleries and government offices, may be seen. The royal Schloss (palace) is of great extent, and most sumptuously furnished. One of the staircases is arranged for carriages to go up and down. David's celebrated painting, "Napoleon crossing the Alps," is here. Some of the rooms are fitted up at great cost, and the chapel recently finished is very beautiful, a cross at the back of the altar containing precious stones worth half a million thalers (3s.) The anatomical museum contains many objects of interest to the medical student; in it are the bones of an antediluvian animal 70 feet in length, recently discovered. The sculpture and picture galleries are extensive, but contain few works of first-rate excellence; every school is, however, well represented, and it is a good collection for the student to study the history of the art. One part of the museum is appropriated to Herculaneum and Pompeiian relics. There is a large collection of Etruscan vases, also gems of great value, besides a variety of objects of much interest to the antiquarian. The external appearance of the building is very striking; it has a long porticoed front, which is adorned with extensive fresco paintings; on the top at each side is an equestrian statue. In front of the building stands a gigantic flat vase made of one block of granite. The royal library is extensive and well arranged, in it is Guttemburgh's Bible, the first book printed in moveable type. Here also is Luther's Hebrew Bible, from which he made his translation, and which contains marginal notes in his own writing. The opera-house is a fine building, and tastefully decorated; it is not so large as the London houses. The royal box is a large room in the centre of the dress circle. The band is very first rate, but the singing, especially the solo, only second rate. The performance begins at 6 o'clock and concludes at 10, most of the audience walking to their homes. The winter gardens are favorite places of resort; here also operas are performed in a large square room, on one side of which is a stage. Between the acts the audience promenade in the grounds, and are summoned by the ringing of a bell. After the opera is over a concert takes place in the gardens, which close at 10, the Berliners being very early people. The Tier gardens, a little way out of the town, are also much resorted to; these are very extensive and beautiful, and as

early as four in the morning in the summer the inhabitants regale themselves here with coffee, and enjoy the strains of music; at eight they go to business.

(To be continued.)

THE SIBYL OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

By J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER III.

BESSIE AND FRANK.—THE WIZARD OF THE DYKE AND HIS MYSTERIOUS TELESCOPE.—THE POOR MAN'S WALL.

Four years had gone their way; four years of painful anxiety and lingering suspense to Wennie Talbot. Rose had sailed with her parents for Italy. Wennie saw no more of his adored one since he parted from her as described in the last chapter. He had not even heard from her, and was in a serious mental state in consequence. He never for a moment doubted the sincerity of the young lady, nor did he dream of breaking the image of his Rose treasured in his soul, even though she herself might be lost to him for aye. Talbot was a true lover. He reconciled himself to his fate with heroic courage; found, as time fled, he could better brave the difficulties of existence. He pursued the study of his soul with zest, and found remarkable solace in his intercourse with the ever-changing magnificence of nature. He had frequent interviews with Big Bill, the coast-guardsman; told him his various troubles and joys; won from the sturdy, honest-souled man, sympathy and advice.

There were times when the long-loving and long-suffering young man felt his soul sicken with suppressed sorrow, until he prayed to be free from the earthly trammels of existence. His was an extremely sensitive spirit; his was a nature at variance with despair; nevertheless, at times he seemed crushed beneath such a weight of trouble that there appeared no possible chance of escape. He got safely through these desponding fits by some wonderful efforts of will. He sought the company of his friends Jabez and Big Bill, or

found consolation in solitary rambles about the downs or by the sea, studying the prominent peculiarities which chanced to attract his observant eye.

Jabez Laverouse and Wennie Talbot are together on the way to the Devil's Dyke. Wennie is in good spirits, so is Jabez. The afternoon is glorious, and the ramble gives joy to the young men.

"You should have brought your paints on such a day as this, Wennie," said Jabez. "Look how clear the atmosphere is; why, you might have taken a sketch of the whole country."

"To-day, at least, I give myself up to idleness, Jabez. I want a change, and am resolved to have it. To-day, I imagine I would rather sport in wild delight with child or man; leap, run, sing, or do anything not in opposition to virtue, sooner than study. I don't know how it is, but I feel unusually light-hearted and free; so we'll amuse ourselves when we reach the Dyke, and forget we know anything of either law or painting."

"With all my heart, Wennie, will I engage to make mirth in sunshine. It is a pleasure truly exquisite to be out here, undisturbed by the hurry and turmoils of money-making. Let's improve our pace, and the earlier find some theme for fun."

The two friends put themselves in quick time, and speedily left behind them the fields and houses midway between Brighton and the furze-studded plain leading to the Devil's Dyke.

On the way, the friends chatted jocularly; they revived a few of the legendary superstitions associated with the traditionary history of the Dyke, and merry and loud were the fits of laughter which escaped the young men, as they recounted the stories, as they went, of his Satanic Majesty's handiwork.

"Did Big Bill never relate to you the circumstances which induced the Wicked One to scoop out the Dyke which bears his name to this day?" inquired Jabez, with an assumed credulity of tone.

"I suppose I've heard the superstition from some one of my acquaintances; never, I am sure, from Big Bill. But I give it little weight, and can scarcely credit that any sane man should."

"In case you have not heard it aright, I may as well repeat it to you, since we are now upon the spot; it will serve to sharpen your palate for the marvellous," persisted Jabez; "the story runs thus:—

"Many centuries ago, an old woman, said to be a witch, met his black Majesty near this spot. She held conversation with him, and agreed to sell herself to him on condition that the devil would

shovel the earth up and open a passage for the sea. He consented to the terms, but was told that he must not only perform his task, but that he must have it finished before sunrise; this was at midnight. The old witch watched his dark Majesty at his toil; he threw an immense shovel full of earth up, forming yonder mound. The old lady felt a desire to play false with Satan; she provided herself with a lantern and a sieve, and, ascending the mound which his black Majesty had produced, she placed the lantern in the sieve, and diffused the light in his face. He had just scooped out the Dyke as you see it; and, believing that the sun had risen, he took his shovel and marched away, leaving the witch to chuckle with delight at having foiled him."

"And what became of this same wicked witch? for she must indeed be wicked to deceive so honorable a gentleman. Do you not think so, friend Laverouse?"

"That is one of the mysteries it is not given to mortals in Sussex to solve."

"Well, friend Laverouse, have you disposed of your fund of marvels? Shall we have an opportunity of looking about us, without feeling at every turn a kind of superstitious horror paralysing our limbs? What say you for a crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of Dyke ale? Let us attend to the inner man, and then we may fairly devote ourselves to whatsoever we may decide on."

Jabez Laverouse was quite agreeable to drop superstitious enigmas and legendary similes for the stomach; he felt like a man in a hungry condition, and therefore was easily swayed to the purpose of Wennie. The young friends entered the house known as the "Dyke House," a solitary repose for visitors, where man and horse alike may feed. The two friends sat at a table, in a square room with a couple of windows, one opening on the view beyond Fulking-Borstle, the other making visible the road and downs on the right of Poynings. From the window first mentioned Wennie and Jabez could see Cluctonbury ring, which rose on a distant eminence to the left of Fulking. The cluster of trees looked grand in their very isolation. There was much conversation between the two friends, relative to the various visible objects of interest, as they sat together, each satisfying the demands of his stomach. Nor did the room in which they sat escape observation. The window panes were scratched over with the names of unfamed visitors, who from time to time had rested to refresh themselves and kill time. Even the panels of the

door exhibited the hand of industry; scraps of doggerel verse, composed by some pseudo-poet in honor of his visit; hieroglyphical characters, displaying more skill than sense, together with lame caricatures, were distinguishable thereon in fading pencil marks.

When Jabez Laverouse and Wennie Talbot entered the "Dyke House" the room was unoccupied by other visitors than themselves. They had nearly finished their repast, and were still discoursing on the scenery and incidents known to the Devil's Dyke. Presently a young man and young woman took a seat, with their backs towards the window looking towards Fulking-Borstle. The bell was rung, and the new comers speedily supplied with refreshments. The young lady was a round, pleasant-faced creature. She had an eye which betokened the possession of spirit. She wore a bonnet which might originally have graced the head of a duchess: it was a little faded, and displayed some good artificial flowers. The young man who sat near her had all the authority and exterior pretensions of respectability. It was evident he belonged to a sphere in life elevated from that of his companion. He could not have been more than twenty-four years of age—she twenty-one. He had on a round dome-crowned hat, and wore in his expression a hardness which would give other than delight to a stranger who might wish to form acquaintanceship with him.

Neither the young man nor his female companion seemed to heed the presence of Talbot and Laverouse. They discoursed with perfect freedom, as they indulged in sundry glasses of wine; now and again causing the room to echo with laughter.

"Wasn't she a strange old crone, Bessie—the Gipsy? Did you ever see a woman who could so awe you by the intense energy of her eye? I declare I felt a kind of terror while I listened to her voice; not that I believe she knows more of the future than other beings, but her wild, rough, and solitary appearance, her slow, earnest, solemn and prophetic assumption, had such a power over my better judgment, that, for the time, I may be said to have lost my reason. Well, it will serve to amuse our friends, Bessie, when we get back to Hastings."

"Do you know, Frank," said the young woman in a low sweet voice, "although I don't think any person can tell what will come to pass, I do know this old gipsy woman whispered in my ear a few things which have taken place in connection with my life." Bessie dropped her voice to a whisper. "*She told me I was an*

orphan brought down from wealth to penury. How could she know, Frank; I never before saw either her or the Dyke?"

"It is all guess-work, Bessie; take no notice of it, there's a good lass. It was only a bit of fun our going to the hag. Were you to come to her next week she would not know you again, and would be certain to prophesy other things of you, quite at variance with what she has now told you."

Bessie tried to smile, but the recollection of something which the gipsy had said weighed upon her heart. She spoke, still in a whisper: "Her words, Frank, at the conclusion, were these—'You have a kind heart; there is an enemy to your happiness; he is the one who is nearest to you—be on your guard. He is rich, you are poor—trust him not. Beware! beware! beware! Remember the words of the Sibyl of the Dyke.'" Frank bit his lip and turned pale, and tried to recover his wonted coolness.

"The old crone deserves hanging or drowning, as witches used to be served; to obtain gold from me, and then endeavor to injure me in your eyes. Heed her not, Bessie, there's a good lass. We may as well be moving." The hard-featured Frank evidently felt ill at ease. He threw a glance at Jabez and Wennie, betraying certain dissatisfaction at the climax to his *tête-a-tête* with Bessie at the Dyke House. The round-faced, artless Bessie rose at the wish of Frank, and accompanied him out.

Immediately afterwards Wennie and Jabez rose. They had listened to the conversation of Frank and Bessie with true relish.

"I wonder, now, who that surly-looking Frank is," said Wennie; "he does not evidence the attention of a true lover. I'll wager a florin he has not the best purposes in view. Did you notice, friend Jabez, how he winced as his sweet-faced companion whispered the Sibyl's warning?"

"Aye, that I did, and more; I fancy I know something of this Frank. If I remember rightly, I saw him at Hastings on an occasion. He was represented to me as the son of Earl ——. I feel positive this same Frank is the veritable Earl's son. Why, he is known through the county of Sussex for his loose, spendthrift habits."

"Then there is little doubt that the Sibyl of the Dyke was in possession of the young gent's history, and in a vein of genuine kindness operated on the sweet maiden's credulity to her advantage."

"I confess, Wennie, you have thrown a light on the affair."

"At any rate, we may as well enjoy ourselves outside this old house, and not forget that we feel interest in the career of Frank and Bessie."

The two friends were soon together rambling at will, now towards Sheppard's Steps, now towards Saddlescomb. There were few people to be seen, and they were almost indistinguishable in the distant vales. The sea glistened 'neath the sun, and spread its burnished waters for miles on the left. The two friends had made themselves familiar with the scenery of the Dyke a hundred times before, yet still there was a living freshness, a diversity of form, which gave the charm of perpetual novelty. They were in raptures at the glorious gleaming scenes spread out on the carpet of nature. They lost all thoughts of sport, which induced their hurrying to the Dyke. They sat on the green turf near Sheppard's Steps, and looked on the little old-fashioned village of Poynings. It was low in the valley, and seemed reposing in slumber—not a single human form to be seen. The sky was serene and the atmosphere light; the zephyrs sported along with freedom. No trees were near to obstruct their progress. Patches of furze grew in all directions on the downs. Occasionally the feathered minstrels were seen to settle and display their bright feathers, whilst singing their ever-cheerful songs. Jabez and Wennie sat together in pleasant conversation, delighting in the scene, and listening occasionally to the warblers of the Dyke. A man, tall, sun-browned, and bearing what he termed "The Mysterious Telescope," advanced towards them from the Devil's Punch-bowl.

Jabez Laverouse, who seemed more conversant with the Dyke and its associations than his companion, exclaimed, "See, Wennie, we have the Wizard of the Dyke here. Let us listen to his harangue; we may glean amusement, if not profit, from him."

"Be careful, friend Jabez, and do not question him too closely. These wizards have the talent for deception. There is no necessity to call down upon them the extreme weight of sin. I would not that we sought amusement by injury to any human being."

"Don't fear any wrong, Talbot; wizards must live as well as goldsmiths and lawyers. The age is now advanced beyond the belief that they perform their tricks by special necromancy. The wizards themselves make no such pretence now. Talk to this one, and he will admit that all his sleight-of-hand tricks, and other magical performances, are the result of acquired skill and mechanical and chemical agencies."

Wennie was about to speak, but he saw that the Wizard was standing by, ready to introduce his mysterious telescope, which consisted of a skeleton frame of woodwork, mounted with the remarkable instrument—the mysterious telescope.

"Will you allow me, young gentlemen, to introduce this wonderful instrument to your notice? It is my own invention, and I can assure you well worth your attention," began the Wizard.

"What is its object, friend Wizard," inquired Jabez.

"You see, sir," said the Wizard, producing a brick, "I place this brick, a solid mass, in the centre of these tubes. If you please to look through this lens you will be able to read yon sign, or see any object right through the substance of the brick."

"Nonsense," said Wennie, laughing. "Scarcely to be swallowed," said Jabez, equally amused at the absurdity of the statement.

"Try it, gentlemen; you cannot certainly deny the evidence of your own eyes. If you do not read yon sign with this brick placed between the two oblong tubes, say the Wizard of the Dyke is a fool, and give him nothing for his pains. Lots of gentlemen, and ladies too, come to the Devil's Dyke, and go away again wondering at the mysterious telescope."

"Well, at all events, there can be no harm in just having a peep," said Laverouse, mounting on his feet, whilst his companion sat still watching for the result of his friend's investigation.

The Wizard placed the pedestal in the direction of the sign-board swinging in its frame left of the house. Jabez placed his eye to the tube, and read aloud, with an expression of surprise, "THE DYKE HOUSE." Wennie jumped from his seat almost electrified. "I say, Jabez, friend, you are not hoaxing us?"

"On the honor of a lawyer, I can read the sign as well with the brick between the tubes as I can without it."

"Let me look at the brick, Wizard," demanded Talbot. "You have enchanted it; but stay, I may as well have a glance through it first." The young man took a quick view of the reading on the sign-board, then took the brick suspiciously from its resting-place between the two tubes of the mysterious telescope. He examined it most scrutinisingly; sounded it all over with a flint which he picked up from the ground; but he could discover no clue to the mystery of the telescope.

"You are convinced, gentlemen, now, I suppose," said the Wizard, "that the mysterious telescope is a wonder, deserving praise."

"I am convinced," said Wennie, "that we do not actually see through the brick. You have managed the contrivance, whatever it may be, most cleverly, and deserve well for your skill. Here is my acknowledgment." "And here mine," said Jabez. They placed a small coin each in the hand of the Wizard.

"Gentlemen, I thank you. If I can be of service in any way, I shall be glad."

"You may give us a few facts connected with the Dyke, if you can spare time; I know my friend will be pleased to listen. But mind, no fibs; let us have nothing but straightforward honesty; it will go better with us than all the wild, improbable stories you can create," desired Laverouse.

"Ah! let us have a few incidents about the general scenery, friend Wizard," added Wennie; "I never heard a full authentic account of the distances and names of the various spots visible about us."

"Well, gentlemen, I will, in a few words, relate all I know without giving any color to the statement. With the aid of a telescope you may see, on a clear day, from this spot, no less than six counties: Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Hampshire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire, embracing a circumference of about 125 miles. Beachy Head—the Isle of Wight—Windsor Castle—the Knockholt Beeches—Nettlebed, and Leith Hill Tower. There is a legend handed down to us in connection with Leith Hill Tower I may as well relate. Many years ago a gentleman of eccentric habits left behind him a request that when he died he should be buried with his head downwards; he had an idea that the world would some day be turned upside down, and then he would be placed on his feet again. This singular wish was fulfilled; and the tower on Leith Hill was erected in honor of him."

"What a singular circumstance; and do you think it is true or only legendary?" interrupted Wennie. "I have reasons," replied the Wizard, "to think it correct in every particular; there are strange things taking place every day in this strange-featured world. We cannot account for peculiar eccentricities of character, any more than we can account for the Devil's hoof-prints in the 'Poor Man's Wall' over there."

"What! something new in the way of the marvellous? Let us by all means have knowledge of it," said Jabez eagerly.

"Have you never seen those deep prints in the sod? they are

above forty in number," said the Wizard of the Dyke, pleased at the chance of touching upon the theme.

"Never; have you Wennie?" "As ignorant as yourself, friend Jabez, upon that topic at least." The Wizard went on to relate how his sable Majesty entered into compact to let in the sea by means of the Dyke, and added: "when the wicked one had performed part of his work, and was deceived by the old witch's lantern, he mounted the Poor Man's Wall, and on his way to the lower regions left the marks of his hoofs in the sod, which, strange to say, remain to this day; and, stranger still, no grass will ever grow over them. They look the same now as they did when I was a boy."

The two friends laughed heartily at the Wizard's tale of the hoof-prints, and, bidding him farewell, went in the direction of the Poor Man's Wall, to walk, for the fun of it, in the legendary hoof-marks.

(To be continued.)

MY MOTHERLAND.

By the Rev. WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

My own dear Motherland,
Famed island of the sea;
Fain would I strike the harp and wake
A tribute song to thee.
Unworthy were the heart,
And dead to honest shame
And noble fame, and false the lyre,
That throbbed not at thy name!

Through many a distant scene
My steps have wandered wide,
But in all regions thou hast been
My passion and my pride;
And when my day is done,
My life-star wanes on high,
I crave no other boon than this,—
'Neath English turf to lie.

Let other minstrels sing
Of realms beyond the wave,
I deem their glory light, they hold
The tyrant and the slave;
Their wonders may be rare,
Their beauty fair to see,
But, England dear! this heart of mine
Shall beat aye true to thee.

Let other minstrel lays
Tell of the rushing Rhine,
Her winding wave, her ruined shrines,
Her hills of corn and vine;
Let others sing of Alp,
And pine-clad Appenine;
But thine, dear land, shall be my song,
Even as my heart is thine.

Not thine, perchance, are scenes
Wild, picturesque, and grand;
No boundless prairies stretch their length
Along my native land;
Above thy fertile fields
No fierce tornado sweeps,
Nor thine to hide amid the clouds,
Thy snow-crowned mountain steeps.

With Himalayan peaks,
Where tempests nurse their brood,
Skiddaw and Snowdon both compared,
Were little hillocks rude.
Nor thine from inland dells
To pour thy torrents wide;
No Mississippi rolls through thee
Her wild and endless tide.

Yet lovely are thy streams,
And dearer far to me
Thy Duddon rippling o'er the rocks,
And thy smooth silvery Lea;
I better love thy downs,
Thy dales and hermit woods,
Than all their grandest forests dark,
Hoar summits, foaming floods.

My own dear native land,
  Why do I love thee so;
And whence the power that gives thy name
  To set my heart aglow;
My every pulse to stir,
  My every thought to fan
To patriot flame, and make me proud
  To be an Englishman?

Thou art the royal home
  Of Virgin Liberty;
The slave sets foot upon thy shore,
  And feels that he is free;
The exile turns to thee,
  With tyrant wrongs opprest:
No caitiff crowned can tear him from
  This Ararat of rest.

Why do I love thee so?
  Here Hampden fighting fell;
'Twas here that martyred Sydney died,
  And Cromwell ruled so well.
Shades of the good and great,
  They hover o'er thee still;
The glorious men of mailéd heart,
  Stern soul, and iron will.

Why do I love thee so?
  'Twas here that Milton strung
His harp of deathless melody;
  Here holy Herbert sung;
Here Wordsworth did unfold
  The wealth of minstrel-mind;
And universal Shakespeare probed
  The heart of human kind.

Why do I love thee so?
  Oh! let thy homes of prayer,
Scattered all up and down the land,
  The answer well declare;
Upon thine altar burns
  Devotion's hallowed flame,
Religion, pure and undefiled,
  Sends lustre to thy name.

Therefore I love thee well,
My own dear Motherland;
Freedom, and song, and piety,
Through thee walk hand in hand.
I love thee! More than this
No boon on earth I crave,—
To dwell 'mong honest English hearts,
And rest in English grave.

MESMERISM.

Some fifteen years ago the writer was attending a patient in a very intelligent family, and on one of his visits his opinion was asked of Mesmerism. He said that he had no opinion to offer, as he had not had an opportunity of seeing a case of it; all that he had heard of it seemed scarcely credible; but he was prepared to think, from the adhesion to it of Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others eminent in the profession, that there was something in it. "I think so too," was the reply of the father of my patient; "and if what has been reported to me is correct, there must be a great deal in it. I have a friend whose daughter is under the treatment of Dr. Elliotson, and I am invited to witness for myself some of the extraordinary phenomena, and shall be glad if you will accompany me."

Glad of so favorable an opportunity of forming a correct opinion, I agreed, and at a time appointed went in company with him. On arriving at the house—Mr. Melhuish's, Bedford-street, Bedford-row—we found that the doctor had not yet arrived. In the interim, the patient's mother, at my request, was kind enough to communicate the history of the case. The main points were these:—Her daughter, sixteen years of age, had always been delicate and nervous. In the month of November preceding—this was in April—she had been seized with severe pains in the head, for which the medical attendant of the family was called in. The treatment which he directed was ineffectual, for after a short time she became epileptic: the fits were of a distressing character, and of progressively increasing frequency. In the short intervals between the epileptic fits she was in a state of delirium. Three

eminent physicians were successively consulted, and prescribed in vain ; and, finally, one of them, Dr. Spurgin, certified, with the family medical man, to her laboring under "some sort of mania," to use the mother's words, in order to her being placed under restraint. The idea, however, of treating the unhappy patient as a maniac was revolting to the parents, and while endeavouring to reconcile themselves to it the father heard of a case of epilepsy in the neighbourhood—Mr. Salmon's son, in Red Lion-street—which was being successfully treated by Dr. Elliotson—(and which case, by the bye, recovered). Mr. Melhuish ascertained the facts of the case of Mr. Salmon's son, and it was decided that, before the certificate was made use of, their daughter should have the chance of recovery by Mesmerism. So far the facts of the case before Dr. E. was consulted. The mother continued :—

It was in February, three months after the commencement of her daughter's illness, that Dr. E. was requested to undertake the case. The doctor attempted two successive days in vain to induce the magnetic or mesmeric sleep: he succeeded on the third. He mesmerised her daily, but without any encouraging effect, until nearly a week, when the fits began to diminish in force and frequency. At the beginning of the fourth week they had lessened to such an amount, that hopes were entertained that they would soon entirely disappear; when, during one of her attacks of delirium, through being startled by a violent and unusual noise at the back of the house, the epileptic fits reappeared, with all their former force and frequency. Dr. E., having induced again the magnetic coma, now decided upon keeping her in it continuously for three weeks. [Mrs. Melhuish's account here ceased.] Whether Dr. E. deliberated with the patient on this point I did not ask the mother. In this state some patients have what is called *Introvision*, and are able to speak intuitively of what concerns their health.

It was on the occasion of Dr. E. coming to restore the patient to the ordinary state that I was present. Thus prepared with preliminary particulars, we went upstairs, and were shortly joined by Mr. White, of Lamb's Conduit-street, the family medical attendant, who did not oppose Mesmerism, because ordinary treatment had been of no avail. Presently also, apparently as literary friends interested in the subject as well as in the welfare of an amiable young lady, came the late Mr. Simpson, the advocate, of

Edinburgh, and Mr. Grattan, author of "Highways and Byeways." The latter gentleman told me that he had watched the case from the early part of Dr. E.'s attendance. Mrs. Trollope, and other literary ladies, he said, were frequent and much interested visitors. Mr. Melhuish, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Simpson, severally talked with the patient. To make themselves audible to her in this state, they had to grasp her wrist with pressure. Her answers were clear, and had reference to her recovery, the time of which she foretold.

Dr. E. arrived in due time, and while conversing, in the manner just mentioned, with the patient, one of the much-talked of phenomena of the state under notice struck our astonished eyes. Dr. E. called it an *extatic fit*. The painter or poet could scarcely represent adequately the subject in this state. To attempt it in poor prose—After a moment's agitation, the patient rose from the recumbent to the sitting posture, as if suddenly awakened, and apparently without muscular effort; gazing upwards, her countenance exhibited a rapt expression, like that of the celebrated picture of St. Cecilia and other religious paintings and sculptures. Her rapt attention seemed drawn to objects, scenes, and sounds beyond the veil of sense. Her attitude, gesture, and expression, successively represented the highest feelings of our nature, transcending the finest executions of sculptor, painter, or dramatist. The manifestation of each feeling occupied nearly a minute, and the change from one to another about the same length of time: the concluding manifestation was that of profound adoration. The patient then fell back into her former supine condition.

After a little, Dr. E. proceeded to restore the patient to the ordinary waking state. Before she had passed into the state of of extasy, she had repeated to him, what I had heard her say before, that she would yet have a given number of fits, and agreed with him as to her being now awakened. Her voice had then been clear, her breathing regular, her countenance placid. Now that she was restored to the ordinary waking state—which was apparently of difficult accomplishment, seeing the long period of the induced sleep,—she spoke in whispers, her breathing was weak and hurried, her countenance anxious,—in all respects she was like one who had suffered from an exhausting illness.

I called occasionally afterwards, and had the happiness to hear

that the fits gradually diminished in number. She had the last on the day foretold by herself in the mesmeric sleep.

It was my observation of this case, and my knowledge of its happy termination after it had baffled the resources of four experienced practitioners—they were Drs. Sims, Roots, Spurgin, and Mr. White—that determined me to inquire into the subject of curative Mesmerism, and I was not long in coming to the conviction, that it offers a remedy for a class of diseases irremediable by means of medicine. In the course of my inquiries I came to a further conclusion, namely, that the study of Vital Magnetism—of which curative Mesmerism is but a department—might offer a means of reconciling the opposing camps of physiology and psychology. But upon this I shall not enlarge here.

To return to Miss Melhuish. Twelve years subsequent to her recovery from epilepsy, she required two teeth to be extracted, on two separate occasions. On both occasions Dr. Elliotson advised that they should be extracted while she was in the sleep. He met her, with her sister, at my house, and put her into the mesmeric sleep. She exhibited no more sensation during the operation than would a board under the drawing of a nail.

This lady is now in good health, is happily married, and has a family.

JACOB DIXON.

Critique.

Langley-on-the-Lea. By THOMAS MILLAR. London: Parlor Journal Office, 184, Fleet Street.

The name of Thomas Millar has long been treasured in the hearts of the readers of fiction. He has, we opine, produced no rival to "Langley-on-the-Lea." The characters in this cheap volume are well sustained; the plot is at once simple and natural. "Langley-on-the-Lea" is a tale full of homely beauty, and deserves perusal for its pure life-lessons. The publishers may be congratulated for the spirit of laudable emulation which has induced them to issue this truly admirable tale in its present Shilling form.

Health in Nature. A Practical Treatise. By a CONVALESCENT. Lewes: T. & J. B. Davey.

For Sixpence the public can purchase this admirable, concise,

and practical treatise. We humbly think that if the advice of these pages be heeded, there will be little occasion for the use of drugs in cases of *Dyspepsia* and many other forms of disease. The writer is one who has *suffered*, and therefore he is adapted to teach. The work is so cheap, the matter so good, that we feel sure "HEALTH IN NATURE" *must* command success, if it be only properly brought under the eye of the public.

The Poetic Magazine. London: Wilks & Co., Holywell Street.

This is a new venture, and claims for its proprietor and editor J. B. Leno, one of the bards of labor. It is cheap, and deserving of success. Among the contributors are the names of the Rev. George Gilfillan, J. A. Langford, Peter Livingstone, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sawyer, Edward Charles Mogridge, J. B. Leno, the Rev. Wm. Tidd Matson, and others. "In the Meadows," by the Rev. Wm. Tidd Matson, has special beauties of its own, which, to our taste, give a character to the "Poetic Magazine." We see no reason why the minor poetry of England should not have an organ through which it may sing. The "Poetic Magazine" promises well.

Our Album.

But a prince, a king; what can he learn from a woman? That which St. Louis learnt from Blanche; Louis XII. from Marie de Cleves; Henry IV. from Jeanne D'Albret. Out of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the crown of France, only three have loved the people; and, remarkable circumstance, all three were brought up by their mothers.—*Aimé Martin.*

Women govern us. Let us try to render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. *It is by women that nature writes on the heart of man.—Sheridan.*

With few cravings of the heart the health is flourishing.
With many anxious thoughts the constitution decays.
Unsullied poverty is always happy.
Impure wealth brings many sorrows.
Persecuting virtue is like ascending a steep; pursuing vice, like rushing down a precipice.

CHINESE.

The time of Life is short.
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If Life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

SHAKESPEARE.

Unless your cask is perfectly clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.—*Horace.*

Life's cares are comforts: such by Heaven designed.
He that has none must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

YOUNG.

Employment, which Galen calls "Nature's Physician," is so essential to human happiness, that Indolence is justly considered as the mother of Misery.—*Burton.*

LABOR AND THE MUSE.

How sweetly pass the solitary hours,
When prison'd here with Toil I sit and muse,
My fancy roving 'mong poetic flowers,
Delighted with their beauteous forms and hues.
Supremely blest if I some simple lay
May frame, the silent moments to beguile;
For Poesy can charm the lovely day,
And teach e'en Labor's rugged face to smile.
Sure 'tis a blameless occupation, this—
Would any censure?—would not some applaud?
But let me still enjoy my quiet bliss,
By smiles uncheered, by chilling frowns unawed;
Enough for me the sterling joys that spring
In hearts that glow with rapture while they sing.

CHARLES CROCKER.

Wit is brushwood, Judgment, timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Prescribe no positive laws to thy will, for thou may'st be forced to-morrow to drink the same Water thou despisest to-day.—*Fuller.*

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

COWPER.

Narrow breasts, short and stinking breath, ill lungs, and crookedness, are the natural and almost constant effects of *hard bodice* and *clothes* that *pinch.* That way of making slender waists and fine shapes, serves but the more effectually to destroy them. Nor can there indeed but be disproportion in the parts, when the nourishment prepared in the several offices of the body cannot be distributed as nature designs; and therefore, what wonder is it, if it laid, where it can, on some part not so *braced;* it often makes a Shoulder or a Hip higher or bigger than its just proportion. 'Tis generally known that the women of China (imagining

I know not what kind of beauty in it), by bracing and binding them hard from their infancy, have very little feet. I saw lately a pair of *China* shoes, which I was told were for a grown woman; they were so exceedingly disproportioned to the feet of one of the same age amongst us, that they would scarce have been big enough for one of our little girls. Besides this, 'tis observed that their women are also very little, and short-lived, whereas the men are of the ordinary stature of other men, and live to a proportionable age. These defects in the female sex in that country are, by some, imputed to the unreasonable binding of their feet, whereby the free circulation of the blood is hindered, and the growth and health of the whole body suffers. And how often do we see, that some small part of the foot being injured by a wrench or a blow, the whole leg and thigh thereby lose their strength and nourishment, and dwindle away? How much greater inconveniences may we not expect, when the *Thorax*, wherein is placed the heart and seat of Life, is unnaturally *compressed*, and hindered from its due expansion?—*Locke.*

MOTHER! WATCH.

Mother! watch the little feet
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed, and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother! while you may.

Mother! guide the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this heavy task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
  Prating eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
  By the happy, joyous child;
Catch the word while yet unspoken
Stop the vow while yet unbroken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch that little heart
  Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
  Keep, oh! keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

Miner's (Pottsville) Journal.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—Chapter II.

By J. H. POWELL.

There is a little girl, a sister of the wife. She is an orphan, and has no one to watch over and protect her save her sister and brother-in-law. This little girl becomes the *protégé* of the Model Husband. He would despise himself did he allow her to battle, in her tender years, with an unkind world. He has not experienced the want of employment for a long time, and, being frugal, he can, as a matter of course, lay claim to a few pounds. So he does not hesitate to charge himself with the responsibility of rearing the little sister. In very truth he feels an exquisite pleasure in so doing.

Our Model Husband has initiated himself into a few of the religious, social, and political theories of the age: deeming it an especial duty he owes to himself and society to become conversant with the "interests of mankind."

His broad knowledge of "men and things" impels him to self-preservation. He secures himself against absolute starvation by contributing a nominal weekly sum to a benevolent and trade fund. By so doing he feels that he is making his own prop to support himself in weakness.

Self-dependence to him is man's truest and best friend. By self-dependence men learn to overleap mountains of error. By self-dependence man frees himself from established thraldom and walks erect in freedom. Difficulties so stupendous and intricate in their nature that combinations of *weak* men quail even to behold, may often be surmounted by a single self-reliant, resolute and wise man.

In self-dependence nations rise to power. All true worth and right knowledge, all free law and just rule, alike grow strong in self-dependence.

Our Model Husband is experienced enough in daily life to see the fallacy of trusting to others to do that which alone belongs to himself to do. Things, to be well done, must be well attended to. The general prevailing selfishness of mankind too strongly operates in human activity to allow others to work as vigorously and as profitably for us as we would work for ourselves. This truth is prominent in every department of toil.

Besides the provision already secured for possible sickness or want of work, the Model Husband has taken shares in a building society. He is not content to remain through life the tenant of a couple of rooms, or even a rented cottage. He wants a habitation of his own; a building which shall present in itself a model of comfortable and healthy construction. He has studied too closely the laws regulating health to be satisfied with the miserable, ill-ventilated disease-engendering apologies which landlords too often construct for dwelling-houses.

His notions may be considered fastidious, rather above the mark, nevertheless he determines, should health and work permit, to provide a cottage for himself and family, a cottage, by the way, which shall admit of the most advanced principles of sanitary science. It will probably take years for him to be in a position to commence its erection. He has closely studied every modern style of cottage-architecture, and has prepared a drawing the exact type of the cottage he has in prospective. There are to be four good-sized, lofty-ceilinged, well-ventilated rooms, large windows to admit light and air; there is to be a wash-house, provided with sink, copper, oven, and a plentiful supply of good water, which by a simple contrivance shall pass through a filter.

All drainage is to be performed in the speediest possible manner by means of large under-ground pipes. The back-yard and garden are to be roomy, and all chances of fetid generations to be destroyed; then the passage, the front garden, and little pleasing decorations, are in view.

During the years our Model Husband is toiling to win the prospective cot, his wife, as wives are expected to do at allotted periods, presents him with four children, three boys and one girl, who bring with them pleasure and anxiety, trouble and expense. The family now consists, with himself, wife, and sister-in-law, of seven. He has to rent a small house, and desert the two rooms, for ill-crowded apartments will be sure to generate fever, and of necessity

retard the progress of health. His wife finds her hands full, and does not know how she should manage were there no little sister to nurse baby and assist in domestic utilities. She does not always find her temper even, nor is she ever economical in dress. As her family increases, demanding extra expense, she does not appear to comprehend the nature of eking out her husband's earnings as she ought.

There is a certain tally-man who, unknown to her husband, provides her with stuffs rather high in price. She is most careful in paying the weekly instalments, but then she is not honest with her husband, since she leads him to believe that there is a greater weekly consumption of food, fuel, and other home necessaries, than is actually the case. This conduct is most serious. She did not foresee the consequences when she was first prevailed upon to admit the tally-man; now she feels them, and trembles. As reflection brings her to sorrow, she sheds many bitter penitential tears.

Our Model Husband has practised economy with the rigid perseverance of a Franklin. He has neither lost time nor money in unnecessary indulgences. His ideal cottage is in view. He knows it will recede altogether if he fail to keep good his shares in the building society, he is therefore doubly watchful and diligent. He is utterly ignorant of his wife's falling off, yet wonders at the difficulty she seems to have in making the money last out.

Full of work, free of soul, and genially disposed, he occasionally, when the state of the exchequer will allow, takes his wife and family for a day's excursion to the Crystal Palace, or some other instructive and interesting place. This gives them all a change, and breaks the monotony of toil and anxiety. Since marriage he has not once thought of a pleasure for himself without desiring his wife to participate in it. She has had no cause to consider herself slighted. Of course he has been from home at times, on a mission essentially his own; perhaps a public meeting, on sanitary, political, social, or religious reform, has invited his attendance. He has large sympathies, and is ready to assist in revolving the wheel of progress. He lives not to himself—if he did he could scarcely rise into the importance of a Model. He has not only advice, but a small coin, for those whom he perceives to be either the victims of oppression or semi-civilization. He was never yet known to deny his mite to a shop-collector in aid of a disabled companion, or the wife of a deceased one, whose circumstances favored pauperism. He could

not give much, but the little he could give was given good-naturedly. Sympathy and kindness are strong in his soul, and are only checked by necessity.

Bye and bye he discovers that his wife has rarely any money in her possession; that in fact she is a little behind in her rent, and owes the grocer a few shillings. He sees at once that unless this is stopped things will rapidly grow worse. He desires his thriftless wife to inform him the exact amount she will require to settle these arrears. She thinks of the tally-man, but fears to speak of him. The good man learning, to his dismay, that altogether there is owing about thirty shillings, he has now to puzzle his brains about the way to get this paid without abruptly obstructing the building fund. He talks earnestly and kindly to his wife upon the subject of domestic expenditure, convinced that unless it be brought below *par*, he cannot long keep a free man. She feels much hurt, and expresses indignation at her husband's meddling interference. Still he persists, in as kind language as possible under the circumstances, in making clear to her the direction things are going. *She*, poor thing, sees little "before her nose," and intimates that he had better sell his shares and think no more of the cottage, since the cottage ought not grow on family distress. The husband is pierced to the quick. In the hope of securing himself a cottage, he has persevered and toiled for years; yet the loss of the cottage ideal does not sting him so much as the thoughtless and unfeeling remarks of his wife. He does not scold or say one unkind word to her; he stifles his sufferings in his own bosom, and allows the matter to rest in order to gain time for reflection.

In the mean time the wife suffers more from his kindness than she could possibly suffer from harsher treatment. She has still a long bill unsettled with the tally-man, and knows no way of cancelling it, save by her ordinary weekly payments. It would afford her the greatest luxury in the world to be able to say to her kind good husband that she *could* save a couple or three shillings weekly to aid him in his laudable purpose of self-dependence. But no; the tally-man is before her, like a dreaded spectre. He is in her dreams, her wakeful thinkings, and in her way to happiness.

A thousand times she has been on the point of confessing to her husband her dealings with the tally-man, but something had always made it impossible even while the words were shaping on her tongue.

So deep, however, is the anguish of her mind, that she is now

thoroughly resolved to divulge her disgrace and throw herself on her husband's indulgence: she will do so the moment he returns from his work. He comes home. His wife looks painfully into his face, and reads trouble there. She can now utter no word, as though paralysed in speech. He speaks—his utterances almost choking him, but his words are impelled by misfortune. He is discharged from his employment, and at a time, too, when he feels the most need of capital. Thus is added a fresh and sharp pang to the wife's already tortured breast. She dare not speak of her own folly, lest the double trouble should "drive him mad."

Here we have our Model Husband in the midst of social and domestic trouble. He thinks on all his ardent plans for the future. He thinks on his present position shrouded in gloom. He thinks on the injustice which has brought it about, and he is very sad.

The foreman, who was a man not a little given to petty tyrannies, had for some time past made the situation of our Model Husband extremely uncomfortable. He had descended to the most trivial fault-finding with his workmanship; had taken every occasion to operate against him with the employer. There were two motive causes to this. In the first place, he was desirous of getting a nephew of his own in the works; in the next place, he thoroughly disliked the Model Husband, from a consciousness of his own inferiority, either as a moralist, workman, or man. Where there is true manhood there will also be found courage. Our journeyman carpenter, pulsed with a strict sense of justice, could not but manfully resent the petty oppressions of his foreman. To have borne submissively with the tyranny, would have been to have deserved it. He has watched the conduct of the foreman towards the men under his control, and has long felt indignant, although he has carefully avoided an argument on the subject. He has now been subjected to renewed and more brutal domineering from the foreman. He cannot help it: but he exercises his power of defence, his tongue. There is a quarrel between foreman and man, which ends in the man gaining the victory in the discussion, simply because he is subservient to truth and impelled to utterance by the justice of his cause. The foreman cannot give one weighty argument against the man's conduct; yet he persists in persecuting him out of the shop. He goes directly to the employer and pins a charge of insubordination to him; stating, that unless he be discharged there can be no peace in the shop. Hence the sequel.

The ill-used man is out of employment, surrounded with trouble. It will not do for him, however, to waste time repining at adversity. He must make the best of circumstances. The donation from the trade society, providing there is economy in everything, from the rent down to the fuel, will keep the wolf from the door. He struggles hard, very hard, to obtain another situation, but fails. He discovers at length that the prospective cottage is "built in air." He has been dreaming, calculating in unrealities, and has found at last the difficulty of "discovering the philosopher's stone."

The bitter will sometimes pall the taste, causing the palate to distrust the sweet. So is it with life. Experience often robs the soul of half its happiness. Our Model Husband begins to learn the lessons of such experience. He sells his shares in the building society, and makes preparations to remove his family and furniture to London. In the midst of box-packing, he is surprised by a visit from the tally-man, who has learnt the particulars of the man's dismissal from the works. He has come to demand payment of *three pounds*, the balance due for articles received by the wife. He laughs at the tally-man, believing him to have come by way of a hoax. Poor man! his laughter will be soon transformed to tears. His wife approaches, and in the presence of the visitor acknowledges the debt, and confesses her sin.

For several minutes the husband does not speak; his feelings being over-oppressed by the discovery of his wife's fresh dishonesty. He subtracts the *three sovereigns* from the money he has exchanged his building shares for, and immediately dismisses the tally-man. Now no one can say they are in arrears for anything. He looks at his wife, who stands before him pale and nervously trembling. He perceives that she is lashed by her own sense of propriety. He resolves to say no word to add to her suffering. When he speaks to her, it is upon other matters. His utterances are deeply sympathising in tone. His wife is in tears, and sensitively pained by his kindness.

It is a sad contrast to his former habitation, for him to behold himself and family huddled together in one room on a second floor in a mean street in London. He feels repugnance at the whole street, and deep disgust at the low-roofed, badly-ventilated, and insufficient room which, for some time to come, he must needs tenant. To a man like him, who has been years in the country, and who has studied the laws regulating health, such a state of things must necessarily give torture.

He has been out of employment many weeks; and, owing to the tally-man, the high price of provisions, and the expenses attendant on the removal of his family and effects to London, his money for the building society shares has been sadly encroached on.

He endeavours to obtain a situation, but has hitherto failed. In the midst of his disconsolation, his wife and three of the children fall sick with fever, generated from the unhealthy atmosphere of the room. He discovers that some of the neighbours are sick likewise. There is much consternation; an inquiry among medical men, and a general effort at removal. The fact is, that the whole street is under a ban. The drainage and cesspools are in a state of putrefaction, originated from neglect of money-grasping builders and the inattention of parochial councilmen. The Model Husband no sooner discovers the dangerous position of his family, than he thinks of an immediate exchange of habitation. But unfortunately he is too late in deciding. The doctor pronounces danger; decides that the four sufferers cannot at present be disturbed under any possible circumstances without endangering life.

The poor man feels his brain in a whirl. He does not know how to act. He cannot even leave his family to search for occupation. He cannot afford to pay for the assistance of a nurse. In this predicament he brings philosophy to his aid. He disciplines his energies in the commonest house-wife drudgeries. He attends upon his sick wife and children with the most delicate and studious care; losing no opportunity in the endeavour to disarm the ravaging, consuming fever of its fierce potency. In this diminutive, fever-polluted apartment, our Model Husband toils and hopes until the remains of his sold building shares are absorbed. He now requires money to purchase the little delicacies and plain necessaries for the family and himself. He can hesitate but little. Some of the less useful of the articles of furniture must be sold. This is done, and the money soon in the hands of the grocer and baker. Bye-and-bye, the littlest of the sick children, a girl, dies. The father feels that he is receiving the fiercest possible experience in the school of domestic adversity. This little dead one was his only daughter; she had such dear, winning, merry ways, was so loveable and so loved by both parents, that to see her cut off like a blighted rose-bud, was to the father despair. The suffering mother does not know of the death, and is allowed to remain in ignorance.

The poor man, distressed beyond endurance, waits the march of moments in sleepless suspense. He essays to hope, doubts, trusts,

with no apparent change in the state of the sick, or no seeming gleam of sunlight in his doom. The remaining two sick children and his wife appear to grow worse. The man feels his strong heart quail, his eyes heavy, his whole physical and mental powers quiescent. He is exhausted, requiring rest, and discovers that he must at once have some assistance, or the consequences may be fearful. He sends the little girl, his *protégé*, to call the landlady of the house up stairs. She arrives: a middle-aged, sympathising widow. She no sooner perceives the sad condition of the family, than she proffers friendly assistance. Our Model Husband stretches himself at full length on the bare boards in the corner of the room, and is asleep. His sleep lasts six hours. When he awakes he is just in time to see the eyes of another of his children close in death, the while the good, kind-natured landlady is leaning over it. The man receives a fresh shock, which seems to have nearly broken his heart. Involuntarily he directs his eyes to his suffering wife and the other fever-stricken child, and perceives that they are improving. Hope now brightens full upon him again. He feels stronger, more courageous, and more free. He keeps vigil by the bed-side with eager expectancy and increasing delight, as the patients escape the scourging fever, and are able to rise from the couch.

There is hurry and expense in consigning the dead children to the dust. The husband impoverishes his home to pay. Immediately after the sad funeral ceremony is past, our Model Husband, with his family, vacates the room which has lately caused him so much wretchedness. He shifts into a more respectable street, in a larger and healthier apartment. But how is he too meet the extra rent? He has hitherto received a weekly donation of ten shillings from the club; but now that ten shillings will be reduced to five shillings, in consequence of the man having run through the allotted number of weeks which the society rules limit for full pay. He is thus in a less prosperous condition, and less able to pay even the rent of the cheaper room he has deserted. He resolves to place the little girl, his wife's sister, in service; and, as a last resource, to dispose of his drawing instruments and books. His ideal cottage has vanished in air. His drawing instruments are sold. His Sunday apparel is in pawn. In truth, he is in a most socially wretched condition. Yet, amidst all, his integrity is still firm. He has the same high principles of honor and virtue. He gazes on his slow-recovering wife and child. He thinks on the two dear ones

buried, and he realises an involuntary pang. Nevertheless, his *hope* is enlarging, his *energy* is strong.

His wife never loved him with half the fervour she loves him now. He has been so affectionate, so soothingly kind to her during her illness. She has watched him in her moments of feebleness; seen how persevering and self-denying he has been for her sake and that of his children; and she cannot but rejoice in the possession of one of the best of husbands and truest of men.

Through all his adversity, our Model Husband has the pleasing satisfaction of his own conscience. He knows that what he has parted with was won by his own skill and energy; he knows that he has hitherto kept free of debt, and from the necessity of accepting pauper-charity. He trusts he shall yet be enabled to do so. With these thoughts he feels a stimulus, and is urged to fresh and ever more vigorous applications for work.

He tramps many weary miles through the streets of London seeking employment. He oftens feels faint for the want of food, and desponding for the want of work. Nevertheless, he still perseveres, knowing perseverance to be his only dependence. He does persevere, until his heroic industry gains its reward. He starts again at his trade, and courageously endeavours to win back his former domestic prosperity.

Taught suffering by experience, he can realise sympathetically the suffering of others, when wrecked, as he has been, on the waves of social adversity. He studies with all his power to give satisfaction to his employer; and, with the most rigorous observance of economy, in the course of time his home begins to assume something like its former respectability and comfort.

(To be continued.)

THE DOCTOR'S TALE

OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. FOUNDED ON FACT.

It was at the time that I lived in Cheshire, at the little village of Scaur (said the Doctor), that this remarkable event happened. I had been to see Mrs. Jenkins, who was very unwell with bronchitis. She was the landlady of the Golden Eagle, the only inn of any consequence at Scaur. Having nothing particular to do, I stopped

chatting with the host more than an hour, and had some brandy and water, for it was dark and rainy. I remember after that we stood in the porch for some time looking out into the night, and my lad coming to say I was wanted at Market-Sloughboro, I told him to bring my horse round there for me. John, the ostler, was talking to some people who were in the kitchen. One man, who had just come in and was having a cup of beer, sat far back in the chimney corner, and was silent. Being in the shade, his figure was not very discernible, but it looked heavy and dark. He reminded me somehow of the soot and coal-begrimed folks one meets with in what is called the black country out Stafford way. There were also several labourers and a pedlar, who contrived to do a good stroke of business, to my amusement, amongst one or other of them. However, most of them shortly dropped off, excepting an old customer who had evidently been at the Golden Eagle all the afternoon, and was much too far gone to notice that it was getting late. Poor Tom Rawlins! drink he could not withstand. Every now and then, when the times happened to be fortunate, he would insist upon having a regular carouse; and here he was, left by his companions, who only laughed at him and were too wise to follow his example, bragging in his cups, thick in his utterance, stuttering at every second word.

Of course the ostler was advising him to go home at once to his mother's. It was not very far. Mrs. Rawlins kept a small grocery store at the other end of the village, and lived with her son, who would sometimes attend to his business, that of a carpenter, as well as any man could desire; in other instances he was just as neglectful, and caused her sad trouble and annoyance. All the neighbours agreed it was a sad pity a young fellow like Tom (only just one-and-twenty) should have so little command over himself. The parson took the trouble to remonstrate with him. I also used to cut him up sharp whenever an opportunity occurred; but his mother would have it he would improve as he grew older; and, the fact is, she excused him and spoiled him. Well, poor old woman, she was truly unfortunate, and came to a sad end. So no more about her over-fondness for Tom.

While I was waiting for my horse, the unlucky young man kept making a great noise, vapouring, as well as his condition would allow, about his capabilities and the estimation in which he was held by the Squire, who could never do without him when any alterations were wanted; bragging about the money he could make, and of that which his mother already possessed, and of a curious watch which some lady whom she had nursed had left her.

"Worth," said he, interrupting himself by drunken hesitation and hiccups, "a matter of twenty pounds at least; the gold case would weigh ten sovereigns, I'll be bound, not to speak of the diamonds on which the wheels turn."

Here John, the ostler, burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Aye, you may laugh, old boy; but the proverb is true (as old

Joe Davis is always saying since he got damages), 'let those laugh who win;' wait a bit, and you shall see one of these days."

"Do you think we shall ever see you sober a month at a stretch, old fellow?"

"Never was in better spirits: steady's the word. Now I'm going home to speak a word for myself to the old woman. John, you're a good fellow; John, you always was a friend of mine; treated me many a time when I hadn't got a brown. I'll put you up to a thing or two for old acquaintance-sake; for auld lang syne, as the Scotch pedlar sang the other night, after a drop o' whiskey."

Here Tom gave a friendly lurch round in his affection, and had to be supported by his comrade.

"Yes, I'll go to London and make my fortune. The old woman's got money enough to set me up any day, only she's so precious fond of it; sleeps with the watch over her head and" (this in a husky whisper) "the sovereigns in a long bag under the mattrass. I found them out the other day when she was gone to market. I wouldn't tell anybody but a friend like you. I'll go to London. Hurray, hurray!"

"Be quiet, you tipsy rascal," shouted the landlord. "If he makes that disturbance, John, you must turn him out; we shall have that commercial in the coffee room wanting to know what's the matter."

"Now, Mr. Jenkins, I'm surprised at a man like you."

"Don't talk to me, Tom Rawlins. I can't have such goings on in a respectable house like mine. Go home; you have no more sense left than a log."

"Not even that," muttered the ostler; "I'll be bound he couldn't pitch us a *stave*."

"Shan't stop to be insulted," began Tom, rearing himself up with a grand air, then, squaring his fists, he reeled over in the direction of mine host, shouting that he had some *sap at his heart* yet, and he'd show them some *box wood*.

"Rather *hard wood*, that," sententiously observed Jenkins, as we heard the thump of Tom's head upon the floor.

"He's pretty well cut up this time," said the ostler, "but won't take a *deal* to mend him."

"Take him home across the line, John," laughed the landlord, "or he'll stumble and stop there all night. He isn't the kind of *sleeper* the company want. Here's your horse, Doctor."

After making my way along the miry roads to market-Sloughboro, a ride of five miles, and fulfilling my professional duties, which delayed me till towards four o'clock, I returned very glad to see some prospect of getting out of the rain and gloom into my comfortable bedroom. When about a mile and a half on the Sloughboro side of Scaur I almost ran into another horseman, who came rapidly round a sharp turn of the road. Seeing by my white horse who I was, he turned and came up to me, holloaing, "Doctor, doctor, you're wanted immediately. So glad I've met you. We were so afraid you were staying at Sloughboro all night."

It was John, the ostler at the Golden Eagle, as I at once perceived, not only by his voice, but his appearance, as the morning was fast growing lighter.

"Why, John, what's the matter?"

"Horrible, sir—shocking, sir! 'Fraid you'll be too late. Poor Mrs. Rawlins is badly hurt."

"What! has the gunpowder tea exploded, or has she got stuck fast in her molasses, or poisoned herself with her catsup?"

"No laughing matter, sir; excuse me, sir, I'm all of a tremble now. The devil himself must have got into Tom Rawlins. Sure 'twasn't master's good ale. Never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

"Tom Rawlins; why, what of him? He was too far gone to do any mischief to any one except himself. Might have astonished the pigeons that roost over his head with snoring."

"He's gone and done it, he has, sir. Who'd a' thought he was serious about the money, and going to London, and all that?"

"Why you don't mean to say——"

"Yes, I do; true as that's Scaur pike gate. Suppose him and Mrs. Rawlins must have had a quarrel; at all events the poor old woman lies for dead."

I was horrified at this, little anticipating such an announcement, and only imagining, at the worst, that in some inexplicable manner Tom had managed to get off in his drunken state to London. But upon further enquiry I learned from the terrified ostler that the neighbours had been alarmed by the shouts and roarings of the carpenter, as the partitions between one house and the other were extremely thin. They had decided on bursting open the back door, which was fastened within. Then they found that these strange sounds, instead of diminishing, increased in violence; and on their entering, the fearful sight presented to their view made the boldest hold his breath for a time in dismay.

The cottage was a very small one, the end house in a row which terminated the little village. It consisted only of four rooms and a long carpenter's shed, which sloped on the left hand side into the garden. On entering at the front door you come into the shop, well stocked with all the articles needed to supply what in a village is termed a general shop. From this you passed into the chamber in the rear, which served as kitchen and living room, and was neatly, though plainly, furnished. Above were only two bed rooms, that to the front being occupied by Mrs. Rawlins, and that to the back by her son. The latter was very small, and the only window was a very small round one, on the side over the shed before mentioned. Tom had been making some alterations in this window and had taken it out, a coarse sheet serving the temporary purpose of keeping out the wind. On measuring this hole it did not, however, appear large enough to admit the passage of any human body, had a thief endeavoured to gain entrance by this means. It appeared that, after much trouble, Rawlins had been conveyed home by his friend

John, who only waited to perform this kind office till after the cross mail had changed horses at twelve o'clock, and Tom was stretched in a tolerably helpless condition on his own bed. After receiving the thanks of his mother, and hearing her deliver sundry bitter reproaches for the benefit of her son, who received them very coolly, the ostler took his departure, as the night was very far advanced.

He was awakened, just as the grey dawn was breaking, by a shoemaker who lived next door to the Rawlinses, and who had come in all haste to him at the stables, which were not far off, and where he slept. Hastily dressing, John accompanied the old man to the general shop, round which several neighbours had collected.

The cries seemed to proceed from the front bedroom, but no light appeared to be burning in any part of the house. John then made his way up to the back and front doors, and hailed the old woman several times in vain, and then her son, but produced no other than incoherent replies, all apparently from the son, and in which there was a strange mixture of names seldom mentioned to ears polite.

It was soon acknowledged that this state of things would not do; and, assisted by the shoemaker, John broke open the back door, since it was thought that would be the easiest to force. All at first was darkness and silence, the cries of Tom Rawlins ceasing; but on a light being procured and a search being made, the unhappy young man was found stretched upon the floor in the front bedroom in a strange state of half delirious excitement, his eyes wild and rolling, his hands clenched, his shirt torn and spotted over with blood. Near him, and dragged half out of the bed, which had been much pulled about, was his mother, lying in a dreadful state, her throat frightfully cut, in fact, so deeply, that death must very soon have ensued; the bed was saturated with blood, and Tom's large clasp knife was lying open on the floor with one round spot of blood upon it. Portions of the bed clothes were wound together, and it appeared as if it had been the intention of the murderer at first to strangle the old lady with them.

Tom was raving like a maniac when I came in, and though I tried him all ways, I was unable to get at the true state of the case; neither coaxing nor sternness seemed to have the requisite effect. The unfortunate fellow had got one idea firmly fixed in his mind, with which all others blended and made part, namely, that the Evil One, *in propria personâ*, had attacked him, and murdered his mother. When I came to consider all the circumstances, and when, in conjunction with a police officer, I minutely examined all the traces left of this mysterious and frightful deed, I was unable to form or to accept any other hypothesis than one: that Tom's brain, excited by liquor, became deranged, and temporary insanity supervening, he had committed this horrible crime, with some vague notion of possessing himself of the little money his mother had hoarded, and which she had often wisely refused to place in his hands.

The doors, both back and front, had evidently been locked and bolted inside. The front door was still secured, and to obtain

admission, it had been necessary to split the thin panels of the back door. The window-shutters of the shop were undisturbed and still barred; the window in the front bed-room was fastened inside.

On further scrutiny, fragments of glass were found scattered about the floor, which had evidently belonged to Mrs. Rawlins's celebrated gold watch; strange to say, the watch itself was nowhere to be found; though, on examining the bed, a canvass bag was discovered with all the poor woman's store untouched—some twenty sovereigns and a little silver.

The wind had changed, and the rain had turned to snow, so that we were unable to search for footsteps in the garden, but it would have been merely a matter of form to do so; as the conclusion seemed irresistible, that no one could have been within the house that night except Tom and his mother.

On carefully looking at the wound, and examining the clasp knife, the haft only of which was stained at all, I was somewhat puzzled, and it appeared to me that the gash must have been made in the most determined and ferocious manner, to have had such a result, for the blade did not seem very sharp.

Thoroughly tired out, I got back, to endeavour to snatch a few hours' sleep before making my professional calls, which then happened to be numerous and lie wide apart. Of course Tom Rawlins was arrested and taken off by the police. The circumstance stirred up the whole village and all the country for miles round. Many were the discussions on the subject at the Golden Eagle, and many were the conversations in which I took part, endeavouring by every means in my power to arrive at the real truth of the matter.

On riding over to the jail where Tom was confined, some days after, with a view to examine him, I was surprised to find the same symptoms of aberration of intellect. There was a feverish excitement, parched lips and throat, quick pulse, and constant evidence of fear. The jailors told me there had been much difficulty with him at nights, and he begged and prayed so earnestly for a light, and became so much excited in the darkness, that they had indulged him with one. I talked about him to the chaplain and surgeon. The latter had no doubt of his insanity, but was quite as much at a loss as myself to account for such a sudden loss of reason. No event that we could hear of had occurred which could induce such a revulsion.

The chaplain, who was an old man and one of great experience, without forming any particular theory, yet strongly adverted to the strange circumstance of the gold watch being still missing, in spite of all the efforts of the officers to discover it, and to the fact that Tom appeared at most to be laboring under monomania, or one strange delusion; for he had strictly adhered to something like one tale, though his manner of telling it differed at certain times, owing to the greater or lesser excitement under which he happened to be laboring. Still it appeared to all of us that he faithfully adhered to the main facts in all his relations, whether to the chaplain, surgeon, police-officers, or myself.

I again interrogated him, coming at the time when he was usually calmest, and striving to make an impression by a kind and gentle manner, and expressions showing those who were with me that I had known him for years.

"Now, Tom, just tell your tale over again; let us know exactly what occurred. We're all very sorry for you, my poor fellow, and shall do what we can; but we must get at the truth, and then we shall know how to act. Don't you recollect, I was talking to you the same night, when you were at the Golden Lion with John the ostler? Try to remember everything that passed afterwards."

"Indeed I will, sir, many thanks for all your kindness; but I've only one story to tell. You know I was drunk, sir, more's the pity. Poor mother often said it would be the ruin of me; but to think that I should do such a thing—kill my own mother! Nothing but the devil himself could have put me in such a net. I would die ten times over rather than be guilty of such a thing. You know me, doctor, well enough to believe that I am innocent. I may have been lazy now and then, and fond of drink, but kill my mother for the sake of her money! it can't be believed of me nohow."

"Well, what are the first circumstances you can recollect?"

"Why, sir, perhaps before I begin, especially since the parson is here, I may say that this is not the only time the devil has tempted me. Often, when comfortable in other respects, has he put into my throat and mouth such a craving for drink, quite sudden like, that there was no standing against it. Once, indeed, when I was working up at the Hall, and had been steady for a long time—for the job was a good one, and I liked it—the thought came suddenly into my mind how I should enjoy an afternoon of it with several old topers. The fact of my having been quiet for so long was only another reason why I should enjoy myself, and all that stopped me was the want of money. Would you believe it, within a quarter of an hour after this desire had taken possession of me, I found half a sovereign in an old cabinet I was repairing for the Squire."

"Take care, my good fellow," said one of the officers of the jail who was in the room, "what you say may possibly be used in evidence."

"There is nothing to fear, sir; I was just holding the coin in my hand, thinking how I could treat my friends, when the Squire himself came into the room. I made a great effort, and told him about it. What makes me certain it was all along nothing but a temptation of the devil, was that, no sooner did the Squire get the gold into his hand, than I felt as if a great weight had been taken off my shoulders. Before I was hot and puzzled like."

"I don't mean to say that it was not a temptation of the devil, Tom," began the chaplain, "for strong promptings to do evil usually are; but what has this story got to do with the one we are questioning you about?"

"Excuse me," said the surgeon; "but were you quite satisfied, Tom, after you had given up the money, to go without your drink?"

"Ah! that was rather up-hill work, sir; the want of the drink

had got such a hold upon my mind. But the Squire told me he should put the half-sovereign into the savings' bank for me, to be added to the few pounds I had there at the time; and after his kindness I wasn't going to make a beast of myself, and maybe spoil work for him."

"You didn't see the devil then, Tom," observed the chaplain, "as you say you did in the cottage?"

"Perhaps he felt the devil the first time, and saw him the second," said the surgeon.

"Saw and felt him both, sir," continued Tom, doggedly, and yet with an unmistakable look of horror which convinced me (since our villager was not in the least addicted to or capable of stage tricks) that, however obscured his story in reality might be, he himself at least believed it.

"First thing I recollect," he continued, "was being awoke out of a sound sleep as ever was, by some shrill sound that made my ears tingle. It was very dark. I hardly knew where I was; sat up in bed half wakened, feeling very dizzy in my head; then there was a noise in the next room, a dreadful shriek. Even then my brain would hardly let me understand what was going on, from the effects of that cursed——."

"Go on, Tom; go on."

"My name was shrieked out: the voice was that of my mother, I thought, though it sounded somewhat different, very skeared and hoarse. Letting myself out of bed, and steadying for half a minute, I made towards the scuffle. Mother, I cried, hallo! what's the matter; why don't you come to me? But instead of the answer I thought of getting there was a half-choked cry of murder! mur—! Would you believe it, sir, I grew as cold as if I was half-frozen, and cleared up like all in a moment—made a rush to the door, and slipping in something which I afterwards found to have been blood, went down all of a run."

Here Tom stopped, half hesitatingly, and with a strange look of apprehension on his countenance.

"You certainly adhere to one story," said the chaplain, "just the same as ever. Well, let the doctor hear the rest of it."

"There isn't much more to tell, sir," continued Tom, fixing his eyes upon me with a wildness and glare which increased as he proceeded. "If you don't believe me it can't be helped, I must tell the truth. Something seized me by the collar and grappled with me; a monster of great strength that first I took to be a man. The Lord save us! I shouted and fought with all my power, scrambled up at last and half throttled him; but his turns and grips, like nothing I ever felt before, got him clear, and I had to make a dash after him, catching the flesh of his leg. If he had been a man I should have said he was naked—no mistake about that."

"After struggling and wrestling—for my bleod was up, and I was thoroughly determined not to let him escape—it seemed as if I should get the advantage over the fellow, who was panting and blowing hard. But the morning was just breaking, every minute

it got lighter, and in one of our rolls we got near enough to the window for me to see—mercy on us all!—that it was *no man* with whom I was wrestling, no flesh and blood, although it felt like it, but the very devil himself!"

There was a silence of a moment, for we all stood round incredulous, but puzzled.

"The sight seemed to freeze me up again—a frightful black mass, eyes that glared out upon me; then, too, for the first time, the creature spoke, yelled something in the language of the demon, and threw me with such violence, weakened as I was by my horror, against the bed-post, that for a few seconds it half stunned me, and when I recovered myself he was gone!"

"And then—."

"Then the worst came. In the fight and grapple with the monster there had been no time to think. Then the light grew stronger every moment, and I lifted up my mother on the bed, for she had been dragged out on the floor. I cried to her, raved—all in vain. Then I think for a time I must have been mad."

This is all we could get out of Tom. In fact, it was the most reasonable variation of his story, and, as before stated, his variations were but very slight.

On minute inquiry, made at the Golden Lion, at the residence of the ostler, and elsewhere, nothing of importance was elicited. Over one fact there was some little talk for a time, but it died away, namely, that the ostler declared when he accompanied Tom Rawlins home in his state of intoxication, the latter was not in possession of his clasp-knife. His reason for this assertion was, that he, the ostler, wanted to borrow it, and even took the trouble to search his companion's pockets for it, in vain.

The question, however, under such circumstances, how that very knife could make its appearance at the scene of the murder, baffled the ingenuity of theorists. Tom himself did not, or would not, recollect seeing it all, until discovered by John and the shoemaker in such a suspicious position on the floor.

For some time the ostler had to contend against vague opinions, which, however, could not be maintained, nor could the slightest proof be brought forward of his complicity in the matter.

To shorten a somewhat long account as much as possible, Tom was tried at the next assizes, and found guilty; but in consequence of the evidence being entirely circumstantial, of some little doubt which was thrown by the medical testimony on the capability of such a drunken subject entertaining and putting into practice ideas which would have the result before us, and of the extraordinary pertinacity and perspicuity with which the culprit adhered to his one strange and incomprehensible narration, and of the difficulty of accounting for the disappearance of the watch, he was recommended to mercy, and the sentence of death, considered by some to be most deservedly recorded against him, was commuted to that of transportation to a penal settlement.

I saw him again before he left. He complained bitterly, even then, of the incredulity of judge and jury, but persisted in his previous statement, declaring, in his way, that whatever faults he had committed it was useless to add to them by any false statements; that people might believe as they liked that there was a devil or not, but for him, the testimony of his own senses had on that fatal night been too convincing to allow of any doubt.

Certainly Tom seemed to have been altered by some cause. His behaviour, while in the jail, was very satisfactory, after he had once got over the effect produced by the trial and the sentence. As for malt liquor, or spirits, so far from any craving after them, I do not believe, had it been possible for him to obtain any quantity, that he would have touched them; and his own assertion just before departure was, that under no circumstance would he again suffer a drop of those liquids, which had served as such a deadly poison to his welfare, to pass his lips.

Very fortunately for the real fact of the case (not for the writer or the reader, who would otherwise have had a much more interesting and pathetic narration), there was no *chère amie*, no betrothed in the matter to petition the authorities, throw herself at the feet of the judge, move heaven and earth in the behalf of her beloved one. The magnates of Scaur, who had experienced little notoriety before, and certainly none in such an affair as this, felt themselves somewhat awkwardly placed, even after the verdict and sentence at the assizes had, in a legal point of view, concluded affairs. As the Squire observed to me, the fact still remained to be accounted for, medically or philosophically, how a man who had till that fatal night borne, with the exception of one vice, a very satisfactory character could be suddenly so worked upon as to commit one of the most frightful crimes conceivable to obtain so inconsiderable an advantage, which without any crime would in the natural course of events have ultimately been his.

The jail surgeon, on the other hand, refused to believe fully in the guilt of Tom Rawlins, until the inexplicable mystery of the loss of the watch was cleared up. It was however advertised entirely in vain.

As for myself and the chaplain, the impregnable way in which Tom adhered to his one story (scoffed at as absurd and incredible by the jurymen), had produced an impression on us which it required considerable time to efface; and a feeling lingered in my own mind, for which it was difficult to assign any definite cause, that there was a mystery which would one day be cleared up.

And so it turned out. I was one of those excitable people who are always on the look out for fields of fresh enterprise. Being a rolling-stone in my profession, but little moss or gold dust had stuck to me; and when the news of the great gold discoveries in Australia arrived, I became seriously dissatisfied with my small and tiresome Cheshire practice; and, disposing of the medical guardianship of the good folks of Scaur and the villages round to a neighbouring

practitioner who had long had his eye in that direction, I set out from Liverpool for the *terra incognita*. Success smiled upon me from the very first. I was fortunate enough to get appointed as ship surgeon on arrival in Liverpool, through the interest of a friend there. No sooner did I land at the antipodes, than I found more medical work to do than I could get through; and, what had been very scarce at Scaur, handsome and liberal fees were common enough there.

Years passed quickly by, one after the other. As usual, I grew tired of the sameness of my occupation, and made a few trips to the various "diggins," more out of curiosity than from any other cause, for I had little advantage in any searches for the precious metal except through my profession; and there I was eminently successful and had nothing to complain of. Then a less favorable time came, and having realized a few thousands, being heartily tired of the colony, and yearning to behold my English friends and Cheshire once more, I decided on leaving Australia by the first good vessel.

After inspecting my berth in the "Flying Dolphin," to sail for Liverpool in twenty-one days, I was walking towards the hotel, when the attitude of rather a good-looking, middle-aged man struck me. His face was partly hidden from me, but I could see that some cause had strangely affected him. He was poorly dressed, and had been carrying some planks as if engaged in carpentering; but these planks had fallen from his hands, and he stood for the moment as if transfixed: staring with a wild, inexplicable look of terror at a particularly ugly Lascar, who belonged to a vessel lately arrived. After somewhat recovering himself, he seemed inclined to make off and leave his planks, in the extremity of his dismay; but as I approached nearer, much interested, a vindictive expression took the place of the horror at first so perceptible on his countenance, and he dashed up to the Lascar with a loud shout and savage gesture, swearing that, devil or no devil, he should not this time escape him.

In another second the combatants were rolling on the ground, amidst a cloud of sand and dust. The voice of the carpenter had awakened recollections which soon brought the nearly forgotten circumstances of the Scaur tragedy to my memory; and it flashed across my mind that this must be Tom Rawlins, the convict.

I addressed him by name, procured assistance, and with much difficulty got him into the hotel, holding as he was all the time to the Lascar, from whom nothing could induce him to take his eyes for a single instant: feeling did not seem to be enough. "Either I will lodge this wretch in prison," said Tom, "or he shall kill me; he won't escape a second time, though he is the very devil himself." As for the Lascar—who certainly was not to be commended for his appearance, being frightfully ugly and very black, with a ferocious look about him—he struggled and fought with amazing energy and pertinacity at first, bruising Tom very much, screeching like a

wild cat with excessive rage, and nearly disabling one of the seamen who came running up to assist in the capture; but when fairly beaten, he grew silent and dogged.

It appeared that after a number of years' penal servitude, Tom's sentence had been again commuted in consequence of his almost unexceptionable behaviour, and he had obtained employment as a carpenter only a few days before I saw him.

The Lascar had arrived in a vessel from the East Indies, and persisted in denying all knowledge whatever of Tom; who, on his side, as strongly asserted that, whether man or not, he was the hero of the Cheshire murder, and his was the bloodthirsty, scarce human visage which the first light of morning had shown to him while struggling in the bedroom at Scaur!

Questions, threats, and inquiries proved useless; and had it not been for what, under any other circumstances, would have seemed a very childish device, it would, to my thinking, have been very long before the truth of the matter would have been arrived at.

The Lascar had been remanded for a time, and occupied a cell in the town jail. He was known to be very superstitious: a fact ascertained from the English and other sailors who had been his mates, and who gave him anything but a good character, declaring that he was brutal and revengeful to a dangerous degree, and had quarrelled constantly on the passage out, where he dared. It was mentioned, amongst other things, that he professed to have visions of a visit from some of the Indian deities with inexplicable names, and had been found, under that impression, almost in a state of coma.

The cell in which he was placed was formed of white stone, cemented. His bed lay to the right hand side in a recess, above which was an air hole of about the same size as the speculum of a very small camera obscura. During his sleep one night, by means of the air hole, into which the lens of a magic lantern was introduced, a spectrum was cleverly thrown upon the other side of the cell, of a very alarming kind, being neither more nor less than a horrible moving idol of the Juggernaut species, with hands, arms, and grinning heads, *ad libitum;* means were taken quietly to awaken the Lascar, and subject him to this phantom, which, of course, was a real appearance to him—since, as we imagined, he was totally ignorant of the appliances which could cause such a vision.

The horrible monster calling himself now Vishnu, now Shiva, commanded the unhappy Lascar, who was prostrated with terror, to confess.

This was repeated twice without producing the desired effect, and the surgeon in authority refused to allow any more tricks of the kind, stigmatising them as cruel and unnecessary. With some difficulty, only a few days before the "Flying Dolphin" sailed, I obtained permission to direct myself one more experiment of the kind; and in this instance, in addition to a longer and much more terrifying exordium than before, by a little management it was contrived that a large clasp knife, thrown into the cell, should

appear to be directed against the Lascar by one of the moving arms of the horrible apparition, who bade him recognize it; assuring him that if instant confession was not made, he should be cut to pieces with it the next night, without fail. Of course the knife had been bought out of stock in the colony, but it was precisely similar to the one formerly possessed by Tom Rawlins, and was carefully spotted with red marks over the blade and handle. I only introduced this as a last chance, and determined in my own mind, should it prove unsuccessful, that the only conclusion we could come to was, that Tom had been quite mistaken, and that the Lascar was in reality illegally detained, through an error and misapprehension.

Most fortunately, however, the "material guarantee" of the clasp knife left in the cell, after Vishnu had for the third time vanished into thin air, entirely broke down the remaining endurance and fortitude of the wretched criminal, for criminal the Lascar confessed himself to be.

He had actually been at the Golden Eagle on the memorable night when I was visiting Mrs. Jenkins, and Tom was so gloriously drunk. In the shades of evening he had slipped in and ordered a pint of ale, drinking it in a seat so far back in the chimney corner, and so quietly, that amidst the noise and confusion Rawlins created, he was hardly noticed at all by any one.

Tom's drunken revelations about the watch and the money, and his clear description where both the one and the other were to be found, had so worked upon the Lascar's mind—the latter happening to be completely out of cash and employment, and ready for anything—that he at once decided on endeavouring to possess himself of the poor woman's little wealth, especially as so little risk was to be run. In one of Tom's drunken lurches, his clasp-knife had fallen out of his pocket, and it rolled unobserved into the corner where the Lascar was sitting, so he appropriated it, and again lost it in his turn during the scuffle with Rawlins in the bed-room.

As soon as he could do so unperceived, the Lascar slunk off away from the Golden Eagle, and made himself scarce until he considered the time arrived for his robbery. Hiding in the vicinity of the widow's cottage, he had examined the entrance and observed the condition in which Tom was brought home by the ostler.

With little fear of discovery, he finally climbed to the top of the carpenter's shed previously described, and listened for a time at the small round window. Tom was snoring heavily, and everything seemed safe. He then tried to introduce himself into the house by this aperture. Much vexed at being unsuccessful, and determined not to give up so easy a way of enriching himself, he stripped entirely, and with some little management at last effected an entrance.

Stepping lightly over the drunken son, he proceeded to the widow's room, possessed himself of the watch, and, in the endeavour to discover the sovereigns in the long bag under the mattrass, awakened the old woman, who immediately screamed. The first

thought of the Lascar was to smother her, but she escaped, and began to make so much noise, that in spite of his knowledge of her son's condition, he was alarmed, and, drawing a sharp knife, which he had always in his possession, he felt for her throat, and in a moment the deed was done.

Tom then appeared, only just recovering from his stupor, never having before seen a black man, and the murderer being unusually swarthy, and naked too, the brain of the poor fellow, at no time particularly strong, conceived the idea, when the early morning discovered to him the frightful visage of the Lascar, that he was struggling with the Evil One himself! At this sight he lost confidence and strength for the moment, which gave the East Indian an advantage, which he used in the manner already detailed, and made his exit afterwards as speedily and noiselessly as possible, having only obtained the watch for booty; and this watch he shortly afterwards managed to dispose of for a portion of its value in another part of the world.

When I left the port (concluded the doctor), it had, of course, been decided that the Lascar should suffer the extreme penalty of the law. As for Tom, he obtained plenty of employment, and sympathy for the suffering he had so unjustly gone through, and is, doubtless, now a most thriving man in the colony, and a staunch supporter of the principles of the Teetotallers.

E. C. Mogridge.

THE SIBYL OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

By J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIBYL'S PROPHECIES.

Wennie and Jabez had mounted the oblong, irregular hill on the right of the Dyke, known as the Poor Man's Wall. They could now see Brighton, Hove, and other familiar places. The evening had come on, the breezes from the sea had got power, and they felt their influence.

"Very civil for a wizard, that; do you not think so, Wennie?" began Jabez.

"I must admit he is a civil fellow; but I rather disapprove of his mode of getting his livelihood. You see, friend Jabez, the man makes deception his study. With that mysterious telescope of his

he plays upon one's credulity; nor does he care to divest one's mind of the supposition that one actually, in looking through the telescope, sees through the brick. Now, we all know that the thing is an absurdity. Who supposes the wizard does not play upon the common faculty for the marvellous, in some way or other?"

"I must beg respectfully, whilst admitting the general truth of your remarks, to claim a word in defence of this Dyke wizard. You know, as well as I do, that human nature is in perpetual search after the excitement of novelty. Well, now, the wizard, knowing this, is perfectly justified in scheming amusements of a harmless nature, by which he can attract others, and by such wise live. You ought to take a twelvemonth's residence with one of our strict, worldly lawyers, Wennie. You want schooling in the study of human life. I tell you it were simply opposed to the interest of thousands to discover all the secrets of professions. Suppose, for instance, the chemist made known the various minute particles of mineral which go to make up the medicine which his patient has to swallow; do you think the patient would be likely to swallow it? Suppose, again, that the lawyer discovered to his client all the technicalities of law; do you think the client would be likely to give a fee? Why, even the actor, the professional statesman, and the established and independent ministers of all denominations, keep certain bosom secrets from the public; and may not a simple, harmless wizard do the same?"

"You are growing eloquent, friend Jabez, in defence of wrong. You know two blacks will not make one white. I am quite willing to allow that, if there be a right in the matter, this wizard has as much right to deceive the public as either the chemist, the lawyer, the actor, the statesman, or the minister; but I hold, however strongly you may differ from me, that professional deception is wicked, and that the world would advance in true goodness much easier did every man act without chicanery and intentional reserve."

"You are now for moralising, master Talbot," said Jabez, hastily. "Even suppose, for argument's sake, we admit your opinion, there can be little or no harm resulting from such simple practices as we see the Wizard of the Dyke perform. It is known to all sane people that the very profession of a wizard is one of deception; therefore, when they pay him to deceive them, know he does deceive them, like him to deceive them, is the sin—if sin—to be laid at the feet of the wizard? I tell you, Wennie, if you

moralise till doomsday, it will not alter the broad, indisputable Fact, that the wizard must live."

"Let him live by other honest means, friend Jabez," was the laconic reply of Wennie Talbot.

"Verily, but that is a query, Talbot. Do you suppose, were the Wizard of the Dyke to unravel all his secrets, the public would reward him for his pains, or that he would easily obtain profitable, honest occupation? I doubt not but his father, were he living as well as himself, could testify that honesty was out of time in matters of profession, and that absolute want was in her track. Besides, Wennie, you must make allowances for education. You cannot expect this wizard to display—more than many *respectable* deceivers in society—any very superior heroism of morals. The public will have the marvellous; they like to be gulled, and whilst such is the case, wizards and all kinds of quacks, both in law, physic, and in science, will be sure to appear, and even themselves deem it no violation of honor to live by orthodox deception."

"Your logic, friend Jabez, makes me in disgust with the world. I imagine I would prefer a life in the very recesses of solitude, where all I know is truth, beauty, and wonder. To live in perpetual knowledge that my neighbour acquired in every life-school the lessons of deceit, and that those who became the sharpest wits and could discover the most tremendous hoax, were secure in the smiles of fortune. Oh! it is sickening to think of it. To know that virtue must feel the scorn, whilst vice battens in the praise of art."

"Well, well; as you will," said Jabez, coaxingly. "We will not pull the subject to shreds. See, here are the veritable hoof-prints of the Gentleman of the Dyke." Jabez walked in them, followed by Wennie, who made the remark,—"You see, friend Jabez, we have suddenly become very wicked; we are walking in the footsteps of the Evil One."

"But we need not be in them long. We must not forget to shake the dust from our feet; at least, you must not, Jabez. The consequences of carrying to Brighton any of the dust which the devil has trodden on might be ruinous to many interests; only imagine it mixing with the dust which covers some of the title-deeds and schedules which are treasured in musty security in your office."

Jabez Laverouse laughed freely at the remark, and answered,—

"It might prove equally dangerous to you, Wennie. Fancy it getting mixed with your father's gold-dust. What an alloy! to mix gold-dust and devil-dust. Why, it might cause a revolution in the trade; ruin your father, and disturb the state."

"Well, friend Jabez, suppose we both shake the dust thoroughly off our feet, and escape as quickly as convenient from the locality where his Satanic Chieftain is supposed to have walked," rejoined Wennie.

"It would perhaps be as well," said Laverouse, with a grin, "or we may probably meet the spirit of the murdered lady who is said to haunt this spot."

"What! some new horrible superstition uppermost in your imaginative brain already? One would need to have a stout heart and a mind invulnerable to fear to follow you into lonely places. Absolutely, you never seem so pleased as when you are allowed free speech about legends."

"You have the tongue of a flatterer, Wennie. You do not, I suppose, think that I create the stories for the occasion. I beg to inform you that I have it on the authority of one of the oldest inhabitants of Poynings, that a woman was murdered somewhere about this spot, and that every night she perambulates this wall."

Wennie Talbot felt the blood curdle in his heart. He had an abhorrence of ghost stories, and never allowed Laverouse to indulge in conversation upon them.

"I tell you what it is, friend Jabez; we had better converse about the profitable things of life. For instance, let us take up the subject of 'How to make money by honesty;' or the one of 'Which is the best artistic study?' or the one of 'When shall we return to Brighton?' but, as you would let me have comfort in my journey, keep your inexhaustible fund of ghost absurdities to yourself, for I must confess I have little relish for such themes."

"As you will, Wennie. Ah! we are to have company. Here comes the Sibyl of the Dyke." Talbot threw a hasty glance in the direction of the Dyke House, and saw that she was fast gaining upon them. The two friends exchanged whispers, and stood waiting for the Sibyl. They had not long to wait, for she no sooner caught sight of the two companions, than she perceived that they were willing for her to approach. She mended her pace to a run and was speedily beside them on the Poor Man's Wall. She had on a worn red cloak, she had her head covered with a bundle-

handkerchief, she held in her hand a box of matches and a short pipe. She might have seen forty summers, not more. Her hair was glossy raven-colored, and smoothly parted in English fashion. Her features were expressive, eyes dark and searching, her face of light copper-color, her gait slightly inclined forwards. The Sibyl of the Dyke might be pronounced good-looking. She had all the appearance peculiar to the gipsy race. She spoke fair English, her utterances were soft-measured and pointed.

"The old gipsy hasn't had a pipe the blessed day long," she began, striking a match and lighting her pipe; whilst Wennie and Jabez looked at her with interest.

"The stars favor you, gentlemen," she continued; "give the gipsy leave to reveal your fates;" and she curtsied to them.

"Go on with your pipe first, old lady," said Jabez; "we are in no serious hurry."

"Thankee, gentlemen," and she curtsied again.

Now Wennie would have emphatically declined having any conversation with the Sibyl, but he remembered the incident which took place in the Dyke House refreshment room, which made him acquainted with Frank and Bessie's intercourse with the prophetess. And as for Jabez, he was for a joke with the enchantress, and resolved to hear what she should say. "Tell me, mother, are you really a gipsy now, or have you assumed the name, favored by your color, to dupe green-horns like ourselves?"

The Sibyl of the Dyke ceased smoking, put her finger into her pipe to extinguish it, and, looking steadily into the young lawyer's eyes, replied,—

"Trust the old gipsy; she is a true descendant from the king of the tribe which settled in these parts nearly a hundred years ago. If you doubt her word, look at this ring." The Sibyl took from the fourth finger of her left hand a rough gold ring, and handed it to Jabez. Jabez handed it to Wennie, saying, "You had better examine it, Talbot, it is more in your line than mine. If it had been an agreement on parchment, or a will, I should have claimed the privilege of professionally deciphering it."

Wennie scrutinized the ring, and read aloud:

"FINÉ. 24th JULY, 1772. *Æt.* 58."

He passed it into the hands of the Sibyl again, remarking, "Your ancestor's name was Finé; he was crowned king of the gipsies on the 24th of July, 1772, and he died aged 58."

"Even so," replied the Sibyl.

"Would you part with that ring, mother? Suppose I purchase it," said Jabez, by way of testing the truth of her ring.

The Sibyl's features changed as suddenly as the lightning-flash.

"Know, young man, that the old gipsy would part with life ere she would allow this ring to go from her. It is a sacred legacy, passed from generation to generation, and can never be sold or lost without the curse of Heaven following her.

"But is there any charm peculiar to this ring, which you set so much value on? Does it aid you in any way to read character, or does it give protection to yourself, by preserving you from sickness or danger?" inquired Jabez, with considerable zest, for he felt perfectly satisfied that the Sibyl was a true descendant of Finé.

"We are forbidden to hold intercourse on the means we adopt to get at human character. Know that I would not, on any condition, part with my ring. May the old gipsy read you fates, young gentlemen? The night is darkening upon us, and she has to go down the Devil's Punchbowl to Poynings to rest; for the gipsy must sleep as well as other people."

"Did Finé, the king of the tribe, have a house to dwell in, and indulge in the luxurious habits of English domesticity?" inquired Wennie, wondering why the Sibyl did not sleep and live in the wild fashion of the original gipsies.

"My people were hardier than is the old gipsy," said the Sibyl; "neither my mother and father nor theirs would have rested their bones in the fashion I do."

"Come, tell me, good woman," said Talbot, "by what curious freak of fortune you have been led to innovate the habits of your forefathers?"

"The old gipsy lived about this Dyke for nearly 30 years; never going into the villages but to purchase food and do a little trade. She was then happy with her parents, who were living. She never had any other consideration than what pleased her people. But sad trouble came upon her; her mother and father died." Here the Sibyl of the Dyke wiped her eyes with her red cloak. "The old gipsy was alone wandering about without a friend or even companion. The white-faced children of the hamlets looked upon her with fear and disgust; they grew up to believe she had power with the Evil One, and avoided her as they would a viper. Well, gentlemen, what could the gipsy do? She

felt she had a heart both human and free. She knew that solitude was slow death; for it is terrible to be by one's self, and hold no intercourse with fellow-mortals. She sought companionship, and found a husband. He was a labourer employed at the little farm. It was then she gave up her wild nature and became tame. She went into an ordinary human hut and indulged the habits of the Christian."

"Your path, my good woman, has not been free of thorns; trouble has woven a veil for your face. But say, does your husband still live?" came from Wennie, who felt sympathetic.

"In the little graveyard of Poynings repose the remains of poor Charlie. He died five years back, leaving the gipsy solitary and sad."

"And do you still inhabit the hut or cot where you resided with your husband, mother?" demanded Jabez, who had sat down during the conversation, whilst Wennie and the Sibyl remained standing.

"Even so, gentle sir. The old gipsy may never go back to her original migratory life; she would fain live and die near these parts, and trusts she shall merit the esteem of her neighbours. The stars favour you, gentlemen; let the old gipsy read your fates."

Laverouse rose to his feet. "I don't mind consenting for myself; but let us have no abuse of your skill, good mother."

"Will the young gentleman leave us alone for a few minutes," said the Sibyl, good-naturedly smiling at Wennie, who soon obeyed.

"Let me look into your hand, young gentleman." Jabez placed his hand in that of the gipsy. "The veins run irregular. You have seen less trouble than you will do; yet you need have little fear for the future. Jupiter and Mars look upon you. Cross the old gipsy's hand with silver." Jabez placed a fourpenny-bit in the Sibyl's hand; she gave it back to him. "You must afford a larger bit, young gentleman; the old gipsy has more to unravel." Jabez gave her sixpence. "You will taste the gall; bye-and-bye will come the sweet. There is a plot forming by near relatives to change the order of the stars; in plain words, to turn a small annuity which a distant relative will bequeath to you, to themselves."

"Who are those foes, and what is the name of the relative who will bequeath money to *me*?"

"You must not yet know. The old gipsy can read the hand-

writing on the stars. Your fate is known to her; wait in expectation; watch your assumed friends. Be careful to sign no papers until you are certain what you do."

"But, mother, can you say about the time I may expect to fall into good fortune, for I can assure you I am impatient for the event."

"In five years you will overcome the worst struggles of your life, and then you will realise the truth of the Sibyl's Prophecy."

"Have you no more to unravel?"

"You have a true heart, and love dearly the fair-haired woman whom you have wed."

"How know you, good mother, that I am married, and that my wife is fair-haired?" inquired Jabez impatiently; for he began to wonder more than ever at the strange prophecies of the gipsy.

"I read your destiny in a language hidden from you; you could not decipher it could you see it. The Gipsy of the Dyke has told you truly. Seek not to search out her secrets, but remember! Foes, who profess friendship, are about your path; trust them little—watch them much. The stars favor you."

Jabez Laverouse did not believe the Sibyl of the Dyke had other knowledge of human character than himself; and as for unfolding the future, why, to him it seemed presumptuous even to talk about it. But gradually, as the Sibyl gave expression to her thoughts, he felt a mysterious influence stealing upon him. He strove to skake it off—it was in vain. At length, when the old gipsy told him his wife had fair hair, he was completely won over. Where could she get this knowledge? How could she, living about this solitary Dyke, know anything of him? There was a mystery in the very manner of the Sibyl. Jabez Laverouse was puzzled; and while he was busying his brain with the solution, Wennie Talbot approached, resolving to test the ability of the gipsy, more from a desire to assist her than from either a faith in her skill, or a curiosity to know what she would predicate of him.

"The stars favor you, young gentleman," began the Sibyl, curtseying; "we must be alone." Jabez followed the example which had been set by Wennie when his interview took place, and retired to meditate on the gipsy's prophecies.

The Sibyl of the Dyke took Wennie's hand in hers. She looked searchingly into his eyes, and then cast her eyes in direction of the sky.

"You have a generous, unselfish heart, young gentleman. You are sunk deep in love. There is a fond-hearted being in a distant country pining for you. She is rich—she is very unhappy—she is much oppressed."

Wennie's heart palpitated with sudden pain. The Sibyl had touched his secret at once. This was a marvel. He now began to be eager. "Cross the old gipsy's hand." Wennie Talbot gave her a florin. "The stars compassionate you. There is a long shadow crosses your path, you will long fear to tread; it will be drawn back, and then you will see your way."

The Sibyl ceased speaking, yet still retained the hand of Talbot.

"Have you no more to tell me, good woman? I am involved in mystery. I cannot even now see my way."

"You have won some honor and some fame."

"How?"

"By your talents. I read it by the transparent course of the veins in this hand. Your touch is most delicate. Your love for nature is intense. You are as yet little versed in the wicked plottings of the human world. You judge mankind by yourself: this is a mistake. You are free from the contamination of craft; yet craft battens right royally in life."

"But what of the future, good woman; have you no word of hope for me?"

"You have a shadow before you—it is fixed in terror over your path—it will be drawn back. The stars keep vigil over you. The lady whom you love is true, and will be true to you. I can read your fate no further; the hieroglyphics on the stars are growing indistinct."

The Sibyl of the Dyke withdrew her hand from Talbot's. Jabez Laverouse joined his friend again. The gipsy struck a light, re-lit her pipe, and curtseying said "Good night to you, gentlemen; the old gipsy must run down the Devil's Punchbowl."

"But stay," said Jabez; "I shall want to find you when I obtain my fortune; where can I be certain of seeing you?"

"The Sibyl of the Devil's Dyke can be found within a mile of this spot at any time," replied the gipsy, improving her pace.

Wennie felt an irresistible desire, and made an effort to follow her, but Jabez held him back. He thought of the mysterious shadow which was to blacken his destiny, and he remembered that the Sibyl had expressed herself unable to decipher his ultimate fate from the

hierogliphics which she assumed were written in the stars. He felt desirous of questioning her further, but he could not, for Jabez would not admit of his pursuing her; and Wennie, as a last despairing effort, called out at the compass of his voice for her to return. But the Sibyl of the Dyke was soon lost from view in the cover of the Devil's Punchbowl.

The shadows of night began to blacken; the friends were still standing on the Poor Man's Wall, each wondering at the strange prophecies of the Sibyl of the Dyke. Of a sudden, Jabez, in common with his wonted love for the superstitious, remarked, "Had we not better get home, Wennie? You know we are on the Poor Man's Wall, and possibly if we don't move fast we may meet the spirit of the murdered woman, who makes this place her nightly haunt."

Talbot shuddered. "Friend Jabez, you deserve to be left here by yourself, and associated with all the evil genii ever known, to act upon one's nerves thus. Come;" and he fairly dragged Laverouse after him down the rugged and steep embankment.

The night closed upon the scene; the two friends kept together in close companionship as they cautiously threaded their path through furze and over dykes on their route back to Brighton.

(To be continued.)

TOM WELLADAY'S SUCCESS.

The laziest fellow I know—I will not give his name, for he would take it as a compliment, so conscientiously lazy is he—expressed his surprise to me at the success in life of our mutual friend, Tom Welladay.

"It is evident," said Lazy—this is the best name I can give him—"that fortune's rewards do not go by deserving. What merit, now, has Welladay? He has done one or two passable things, to be sure, and has been immensely overpraised in consequence; but as for talent"—and Lazy stretched himself back on the sofa, and ran his hand over his forehead through his hair—"he has scarcely any compared with some people I could mention, who have not succeeded half so well."

I nodded assent in a sympathetic way.

"It is'nt fair," fretted Lazy, sliding down on his back. "It's a sort of hocus-pocus, I think; but I should like to know the dodge."

"Suppose we write to Tom," I suggested, "and ask him?"

"Not a bad idea," replied Lazy, with his feet on the table. "Suppose *you* write."

I did write accordingly, and this is the answer I received:—

"You ask me the cause of my success. Listen. I am a failure. I always was a failure, from the time when my golden locks of childhood deepened into a common red as I grew into youth; and my eyes, which at the same early period were considered especially clear and bright by my parents, were discovered in due course to be stupidly near-sighted. But, as to dye my hair would have been an unworthy, perhaps an unsuccessful thing, I submitted to the world's prejudices on that head; and as for my half-blindness —it is thus that Doctor Johnson coarsely explains the condition of a meope—I met that difficulty by mounting a pair of spectacles.

"My youthful studies were a failure, for I commenced them aristocratically in an 'academy,' and 'finished my education' in the parish National School: a perversion of things not unlike commencing a Parisian dinner with the dessert, and concluding the meal with the *boulli*. Somehow, if I was ever chosen to do any particular thing, I was sure to make a blunder at the outset. Selected for examination, on various occasions, as a smart boy who might do honor to his class, when the whole school was drawn up before its patrons, and the anticipated interrogatories came, the whole amount of strength, physical and moral, in my little body seemed to slide into my shoes, or evaporate through the ends of my hair, leaving me speechless and inanimate, and no more capable of resolving the simplest question in arithmetic than of squaring the circle. It was of no use that my school-fellows poked me with their elbows, pinched me from behind, or even whispered the required answer in my ear; I was deaf and dumb, and stood with open eyes and a parched tongue glaring on the master.

"Was I therefore a dunce, and was I never to succeed? No! I have scrambled over Cæsar's bridge on the Rhine—the second *Pons asinorum*—in the original Latin since then; and have wasted—not the midnight oil—but many a long six, in the pursuit of knowledge; poring in my latticed garret in the city, over ragged, stall-purchased volumes, deep into the night, and again at break of day,

"I was chosen in this same school, by a monitor who evidently did not know of the fatality which hung over me, as a singing boy. We used to learn our notes from a black board, up by the organ in Ely Chapel, in the week days, and our whole school attended the service twice every Sunday; the scholars, boys and girls, walking morning and evening, two and two, from Baldwin's Gardens to Ely Place—from the filthiest slough of poverty to the railed and iron-gated snuggery of wealth. And I was to sing in Ely Chapel—preposterous failure! After delighting them in the few first lessons with my clear tenor voice, I suddenly dropped down, at least two octaves, with an abruptness and a want of harmony which astonished me as much as it grated on the ears of my listeners. From that moment I was not to be trusted; my voice would hop and skip along the scale, from bass to treble, and back again, with a suddenness and a ludicrous caprice that was incontrolable.

"Having thus ignominiously failed as a singer, I sought for comfort in dramatic recitation. I failed, of course. As if it were in spite, my front teeth crumbled away in my mouth, and left me at the age of sixteen without even the means of biting a sound apple. What then,—did I give up eating apples? No,—I roasted them; and in revenge for the loss which put the beauties of elocution beyond my reach, I threw my whole soul into the art and mystery of singing comic songs. Finally, when I could afford it, I went to the dentist.

"My first literary effort was a miserable failure. I wrote a melodrama—in three acts, of course—the chief personages in which were an over-sensitive heroine, perpetually in trouble, and in her extremity ejaculating, 'Alas! Oh, my father!' and an equally nervous hero, who responded in exclamations of 'Heavens! Miranda! Ah, my mother!' There was a gnome in it, too, a sort of cyclops with one eye, a comic servant, and a wicked magician. I had made a fair copy of my production which was accessible to the family, and on returning home one night was arrested at the door of our especial sanctum by a sudden outburst of laughter from within. I peeped in,—they were reading my play! Another, and another peal of incontrollable mirth followed, in which my father's hearty voice sustained the principal part. What scene were they reading? Was it the dialogue with the comic servant and the interesting confidante of Miranda in the

second scene? Was it that witty soliloquy in the third act? Away, miserable guesser! it was the pathetic appeal of the distressed heroine to the wicked magician, and the finest passage in the whole play! I dashed into the street.

"But I had my revenge. With what calm resolution; with what a stern, implacable spirit, did I stand, on the following night, by our kitchen fire, rending my abused melo-drama into strips, and dropping them, one by one, among the hot coals, till the blaze alarmed my poor mother from her evening occupation of mending the family stockings. I vowed a deep, though silent vow, never to write another play; but was not foolish enough to keep it. On the contrary, I commenced a five act tragedy the following week, which tragedy, to the best of my belief, was swept out along with the other rubbish in the emptying of that 'dust-hole' in one of our great national theatres, so facetiously alluded to by a celebrated manager at the commencement of a late season. All I know is that I sent it—not to the dust-hole, but to the manager, although it turned out to be the same thing—and that it never came back. Did I therefore cry craven and yield? Never! I dabbled deeper in the ink than before. You know with what result.

"My first love-making was an excruciating failure. As I was poor and romantic, I very properly fell in love with a young lady who was in a superior position in life to myself. Heavens! how in my day-dreams, strolling about the back streets of Islington, I have made my vows to her; how I have prostrated myself before her (always in imagination), and poured out poetry by the yard. Now I have rescued her from a watery grave—(by the bye, I could not swim); now I have delivered her from fire; now fought for her in the field. What marvels have I not executed on her behalf? What rivers forded, what marches made, what incredible exploits performed! Alas! vain bubbling of a fervid imagination—I never had a word to say in her presence! I could talk of the weather, indeed, but not of my love. I could expatiate upon a balloon, or a pump, but not a word could I utter of my devotion. In fact, beyond hovering about the house and neighbourhood in a mysterious way, like a shadow, or a 'man in possession' who had been craftily ejected from his charge, and looking exceedingly sheepish upon uncalled-for occasions—beyond such demonstrations as these,

'I never told my love.'

"To be frank, I laboured under especial disadvantages. My hat was shabby, my gloves were shabby, and, worse than all, I had a treacherous crack in the upper leather of one boot, which no ingenuity of mine could hide. At length, after having been once warned off, so to say, when I stayed away in dudgeon during three months; after bribing a male member of the family with a threepenny cigar, which I could ill afford, I was definitely informed that 'it was of no use thinking of our Ann.' Imagine my state of mind! But to renounce the sex would have been folly; to commit suicide would have been madness; so, being almost as poor as Lazarus, and as proud as Jupiter, I, in the first place, set earnestly about improving my fortune; and when, after years of hard work, I began to feel the ground beneath my feet—then (taking care to have a sound coat and a whole pair of boots) I sought, and

'Found another Ann,
Whose Christian name was —.'

No! I am treading on sacred ground. Enough that I swear by the eternal stars, *that* was NOT A FAILURE!

"My first attempt at public speaking was an execrable failure. The place was Blackwall, the occasion a feast of whitebait. It is a curious fact that Blackwall, with its slime and its pitch, should of all places be associated with delicate viands, glowing wines, and after-dinner speeches. I will not dwell upon how the Worshipful Company of Muffin Makers had picked their way through the salmon and the soles; had swollen visibly amid the shoals of white-bait and banks of brown bread and butter; had panted through the poultry; had gasped painfully among the 'sweets,' and sat at length, flushed and exhausted, languidly cooling themselves down with fruit, ices, and rose-water. Fancy the scene: A little rosy-headed gentleman is on his legs, and in the happiest of phrases, and the mellowest of voices, proposes the health of the 'Gentlemen Visitors—who grace our festive board!' A lank gentleman in a lavender, pasteboard cravat, responds from our side; and then a sanguine friend of mine, who from some cause or other imagines I have a talent that way, 'nudges' me with his elbow, and in a strong whisper urges me to 'go it.' I spring to my feet, bolt upright, and with one hand extended, I appear mentally to swim in a sea of eloquence.

"'Gentlemen, if there is one moment in our lives more than another, when the feelings of gratitude rise in our bosoms, which —struggling—unable—when—where—how—'

"I am already aground. The tide of eloquence has swept from me in one huge flood, and left me high and dry. I drop into my chair with a groan.

"I did not, like Demosthenes, harangue the sea with pebbles in my mouth, nor howl against the wind, in consequence of this failure; but having, after due deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that I was not likely to become either a Cicero or a Burke, I thought I might content myself with being something less. You know that I have since spoken, and even lectured, in public with some success. Whether or not this is the true philosophy to be derived from want of success, I will not positively affirm, but think it not an unreasonable conclusion to arrive at, that, having been unable to attain the full extent of our wishes, we ought to rest satisfied with the next best thing we can get.

"And, indeed, if it were possible to probe into the souls of the great men of the world—it is always right and good to compare ourselves with them in any honorable way—if we could know the wild dreams, the soaring idealization of men who have won honor in our time, and compare the actual achievement with the splendid vision, the undefined lustre of which had led them on, we might perhaps arrive at the conclusion that even they had failed, or but half attained the glory they had anticipated.

"For my own part, I think the most practical lesson to be learned from mishap is this: the next thing to do after suffering a defeat, is (supposing always that you are in the right) to make another attempt; for no man can say how often failure, when confronted with unflinching perseverance, may be but the foreshadowing of success."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said I, as I laid Tom Welladay's letter on the table.

"I think it's all twaddle," said Lazy, who was this time, for a wonder, on his legs, but leaning against the mantle-piece. "You see Tom has no talent in him; and as for hunting after good fortune in that way, I believe it is the greatest mistake a man can make. I shall wait till it comes."

And the lazy fellow has been waiting ever since.

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

A TRIP TO THE STELVIO.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

Potsdam, the Windsor of Berlin, is about 15 miles from Berlin. It contains 40,000 inhabitants, and has several palaces, among which is the celebrated one Sans Souci, where everything is contrived to convey ideas of happiness. In this palace is shown the chair in which Frederick the Great died, and the clock that stopt at the moment of his death, and which still points to the time. Here also are to be seen the rooms occupied by Voltaire, and a likeness of him drawn by the king. The gardens and grounds are very beautiful, and communicate with other palaces; and communication can also be made by water, which traverses these glorious grounds in all directions. In front of Sans Souci is a high fountain, similar to the one at Hanover, 130 feet high; belvideres are here and there built, from which splendid views are obtained. The new palace contains some very fine rooms, the most striking of which is one fitted all over with shells and precious stones. The Pompeiian palace is also a beautiful little place; in this are the rooms occupied by the late Humboldt, in one of which the Cosmos was written. This palace, we are imformed, is a favorite one with our young princess. Here are two very noticeable pieces of sculpture, one Paul and Virginia, and the other a lay figure of Queen Louisa, mother of the present king. In Potsdam in a Russian colony and Greek church. Charlottenburgh is a small town about three miles from Berlin, lying beyond the tier gardens; here is another palace, but it contains no object of particular interest, if we except a mausoleum in the grounds in which Queen Louisa and a few others are buried. There is a remarkable clock here that plays like a military band. It is said on one occasion to have disturbed the slumbers of Napoleon, who took it for the arrival of the enemy.

A journey by rail of 110 miles brings us to Dresden, the principal town in Saxony. Hitherto our travels have been through flat and uninteresting country, only occasionally diversified by large forests of fir wood, but now the monotony is at an end, the surface of the land is uneven, and the scenery becomes romantic and picturesque. Dresden is a fine old town, with high substantial-looking houses;

the river Elbe, which is about the width of the Thames at London Bridge, intersects it. In the streets at every few yards are large wooden trap doors, communicating with the sewers. The museum is the lion of this town, and contains perhaps the finest collection of pictures in the world, certainly the finest out of Italy. The gem of the collection is Raphael's Madonna, which is in a room by itself. It is useless to attempt to describe this painting, it requires not only to be seen but to be studied to be appreciated. In this collection Correggios abound. At the church the music is a great attraction; the performers are from the opera, which is close by. The inside of the church is very plain and unpresuming, but the exterior has a very imposing appearance. On the promenade is a concert room where very good music is nightly performed, and is listened to in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, the abomination of continental countries. The collection of porcelain, pottery, &c., is considered the finest in the world, and the gallery of plaister casts contains some very good subjects. The green vaults are very celebrated, and contain a collection of *vertu*, bronzes, ivory carvings, ancient works of art, and precious stones. Here is kept the royal regalia. It is difficult to conceive of the worth of this wonderful collection, one diamond alone being worth £40,000. The armoury is a very good collection of arms and ancient war implements, and there is also a museum of natural history and mineralogy. Here the opera is very good and well supported; the pieces are got up in the same style as at the Princess's. Truly there is plenty to interest the visitor at Dresden.

About 12 miles from the town up the river Elbe is Saxon Switzerland, a place of singular and romantic beauty. It derives its name from the similarity of its scenery to Switzerland. Here is a fortress called Conigstein, built on a rock 900 feet high, and overlooking the river. This fortress is considered impregnable, and has never been attempted. The distance round the walls is a mile. In one of the buildings is a very fine well, 600 feet deep and 12 in diameter. The view from this eminence is extensive and good, and the mountains of Bohemia can be discerned in the distance. About 12 miles from Dresden down the river is Meissen. This town is celebrated as being the place where the manufacture of porcelain was carried on, after the discovery of the process by Bötcher. A royal palace was appropriated to the purpose, which is used to this day, and is still, as it was then, a government enterprise.

The railway to Prague follows the course of the Elbe, running at times at the foot of perpendicular cliffs of considerable height, and frequently through very picturesque places. The journey is six hours. Prague is a very fine old town and very interesting, at every turn some striking objects meet the view. It is intersected by the river Moldau, and is remarkable for its spires, about 60 in number: of these 40 are Roman Catholic churches. A general view of the town from the height is exceedingly good, and forms a beautiful panorama. In this town there are but few things worth seeing, except from the interest attached to them by historic associations. The Cathedral or Dom is a most interesting building, a perfect museum of curiosities. It is old and in a dilapidated state, the result of injuries inflicted by Frederick the Great in the seven years' war. It is said to have received as many as 1,500 balls, 215 of which passed through the roof. In the south aisle is the chapel and shrine of St. John Nepomuk, very costly, 37 cwt. of silver being absorbed in the construction of it. The body is contained in a crystal coffin. His tongue is preserved separately, and is regarded as a most precious relic. In this church are shown a piece of the original cross, thorns, and nail, a piece of rope, a fragment of sponge, and other things connected with the Crucifixion of Christ, also the cloth used at the last supper; which, if one could feel assured of their genuineness, would indeed be interesting objects. The stone bridge across the river is adorned with statues on each side; at one point is a crucifix, before which the faithful take off their hats on passing; and there is a statue of the before-named John Nepomuk, at the place where he was thrown into the river by order of the king for refusing to betray the secrets of the Queen communicated in confession. Saint John Nepomuk, I may observe, is the great patron saint of the Austrians. Near the Dom is the Loretto Chapel, an exact copy, within and without, of the famous wandering house of Loretto. The cabinet of treasures connected with this place is very costly, one crown contains 6666 diamonds. In the library is shown the autographs of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton as visitors to it. There are two small islands in the river. These are laid out as small gardens, and are much frequented, good military bands being in attendance in the evening. In the Josephstadt or Jews' Town are located 7,000 Jews. Here is a very old and singular synagogue, built in the twelfth century. Nothing is ever done in the way of cleaning it, so that the accumulated dust and smoke of ages remain undisturbed on its walls. During the service it is lit with a great many tapers, and the Jews pursue their devotions very zealously in a way which to a stranger appears very extraordinary. The burial ground in connection

with this synagogue is a very curious place and well worth inspection; some of the tombs are of great antiquity. Prince Wallenstein's palace was evidently originally a very splendid affair, but is now scarcely worth looking at; there is a very curious bath room in it. In some of the buildings windows are pointed out from which persons have been thrown, which appears to have been a favorite Bohemian method of disposing of offenders. The museum contains a great many interesting antiquities, among which are weapons used at the battle of Prague, and a sword of Columbus. The library contains a manuscript of John Huss. The earliest book of Bohemian printing is 1468. The natural history department is principally national. The fossils are numerous, and there are a great many meteoric stones, some of considerable size, which fell in the country where such occurrences are frequent. We now take leave of this singular old city, with its quaint looking buildings, its unmethodical streets, its shops under archways, and its teeming white-coated and blue-pantalooned soldiery, and a 17 hours' ride by rail brings us to Vienna.

Wien (Vienna) we found to be a much more animated town than any we had previously visited. Hitherto the hirable vehicles were rattletrap affairs, with horses that could scarcely drag themselves, much less their loads; but now we find smart-looking carriages drawn by dashing steeds; and the Jehus, driving along in a go-a-head manner, pay no regard to the pedestrians; and as the streets in the old town are narrow and unprovided with curb stones, a sharp look-out to ensure safety is highly essential.

Vienna is a curiously-arranged town, or rather there is a total absence of anything like arrangements in it. It has been likened to a cob-web, of which the old town is the nucleus. This is composed of a mass of high houses, and a labyrinth of narrow streets, encircled by the glacis, and beyond this extend the suburbs, which are by far the most considerable part of the town. The Cathedral church of St. Stephen, standing in the heart of the city, is a very large gothic old building, with steeple 440 feet high. Both the inside and outside of the building are very elaborate, but dark and dingy. At all times may be seen numbers of worshippers kneeling before pictures and other objects; and outside is a trumpery representation of the Crucifixion, adorned with artificial flowers, before which people may be frequently seen praying. Underneath some of the altars in the church are the skeletons of saints, partially clothed, enclosed in glass cases, forming spectacles by no means pleasing to look upon. In the Church of St. Augustin is a large and elaborate piece of sculpture by Canova, considered his masterpiece. Here also are to be seen the urns containing the hearts of the Austrian royal family, and in the vaults of the Capuchin Church are their tombs, about 70 in number, all in metal, some of which are very massive and ornamental.

(To be continued.)