

achieved less. The subject is beset with difficulties, and in one sense trite and exhausted. For some centuries to come it were, perhaps, best to leave it to "expressive silence." But something, if not new in idea, is very happily said; and we are more and more convinced that Wordsworth's theory, in imagining that the *low* humours and wild horse-play of Shakspeare were foisted in by some inferior person to please the audience in the twopenny gallery, augurs a lamentable deficiency in the Poet of the Lakes; an incompleteness of faculty, and the hardness of a dry "pint pot." Mr. Carlyle is referring to Shakspeare's delineations of great, suffering, heroic hearts—to those of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, when he proceeds—

And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare: yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts

of horse-play; you would say, roars and laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts, and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope that they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-Watch.—Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

The reader may now, if he possessed any previous knowledge of Mr. Carlyle's manner, have a fair idea of this new work. It is original in manner if not in thought, and out of the order of common-place books. There is fervour in its tone, which feels as if it came direct from the heart; and there is moral courage, though it requires more courage in our society to attack one social abuse than fifty doctrinal systems.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our April No.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Herberts had now for above three months been denizens of the Chelsea box; Herbert meanwhile steadily pursuing the studies connected with his intended profession for five-and-a-half days in the week, and joining the fair part of his family early on Saturdays, when the happiness of a life seemed concentrated into two bright days. The arrangement had in prospect been painful to each of the three, though none of them had openly grumbled; for this sacrifice was part of the reasonable price of future happiness; nay, in the elastic mind of Violet, regret had quickly risen to hope. "Since Mr. Gryphon says so, who is so sensible, and so friendly—" She hesitated. "And you will come so early on Saturday afternoons?—and perhaps I may tempt Mrs. Herbert to walk a short way with me to meet you."

"And perhaps I may be tempted to make a run out for a breath of pure air, and to bask myself in my mother's smiles and yours on some intermediate day of the week."

"That would be such pleasure,—if Mr. Gryphon thought it right!—or perhaps whether he did or not,—he is an old gentleman and never was married."

"And the most absolute fellow in the world,—with him no make-believe law students, no macadamized or royal road to the woolsack,—tough work—hard and long—but in my case so much to sweeten it!"

"But you may surely, when you close your books, write a little note every night, just to say you are well, and love us—and good-by till Saturday. How I shall long for that day!"

"And I more—and perhaps be miserable from idle apprehensions. Yet how gladly, a year

since, would I have compounded for this free and happy, and confiding, if limited, enjoyment of your society;" and as he pressed her to his breast, repining was converted into cheerful thankfulness.

Yet the first week appeared very long to every one, though lightened by the interchange of several notes, sometimes on pretence of business; and at length the rapturous reunions of Saturday and Sunday seemed cheaply purchased by the previous self-denial of the week; and enjoyment sweetened by toil, and sanctioned by self-approving conscience, possessed double zest.

It was, we are sorry to say, somewhat difficult for Mrs. Herbert to persuade Charles to lose, as he irreverently said, so much of his precious day in listening to some long hum-drum sermon, or suffering his wife to do so; yet he appeared at the church of his new neighbours, and found the sermon not so very hum-drum; and, as he walked home between the two ladies, whose appearance attracted no small portion of curiosity and admiration, he experienced somewhat of the first-felt emotions of a *family-man*—of one who had given hostages to society, and who thence ascribed more importance to its opinions, and became more entitled to, and tenacious of, its respect.

The history of the new family was soon understood in its outline. A lately-married couple, and a lady-like mother—probably the wife's mother—reduced in fortune, but still in respectable circumstances; lived very quietly; but were sometimes visited by carriage-people; and paid everything ready money. Birds of the air, or those who in great towns supply their place, servants, charwomen, and milkmen, carried round such matters; and none of them lessened the interest and favourable opinion created by the appearance of the

strangers. Though Mrs. Herbert had used a little gentle persuasion to make her son not "leave the parson in the lurch, and slip away with Sally," she only smiled when, *sotto voce*, over their dessert of late gooseberries, and early plums from their own garden-wall, he chanted this old ditty in Violet's ear—

"Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
O! she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

"Mother—Violet, my *sweeting*," said Herbert in the gayest spirits, "a new life opens up to us. We begin to discover in what the pleasures of the poor consist; and this of the Sunday rest is surely among the most exquisite. There is no real Sabbath for the rich and idle. This is almost my first true Sunday.—Mother, let me fill up your glass; surely you, whom the doctor used to allow two-and-a-half glasses of sherry every day at dinner, may still take two on Sunday."

"I shall do anything you please, Charles; but pray do not sing quite so loud. The new housemaid is a Scotch girl, and a very nice one, whom good Mrs. Linton has found for us."

"And therefore must have some sentiment—some poetry in her, and so will forgive my involuntary Sabbath breach."

"Thank you, in name of my ancestral country, Charles," said Violet; "but how come the Scotch by it?"

"Probably because they are not, like my countrymen, better fed than taught; because, instead of fat bacon and dough bullets, they have songs, tales, and ballads for their sole second course,—instead of the Sunday pudding, merely intellectual fare; and not troubling themselves too much about shoe-ties, close shaving, and patent blacking, have leisure for higher imaginings."

"I can scarce, however, thank you, Charles, for your reasons why England has never shown one finer sample of the brotherhood of Burns. But now that Mrs. Herbert has left us, do you not think she is looking quite charming? so much more alacrity of spirits and movement about her; and strength will come. She can now walk a mile without much fatigue. She has gone down stairs to superintend the Scotch girl—she is a *bonnie, sonsie, golden-haired lassie*, is she not?—in preparing your coffee, which she has been teaching her all the week; and so pleased Mrs. Herbert seems with every little household duty. She is quite of those women—the most charming of all—whose happy destiny is to *minister* to those they love; and it seems only now that she has discovered her true vocation."

This languid lady had, indeed, by the spiring of her more energetic youthful companion, soon discovered that she was both equal to, and fit for, more important duties than suffering herself to be dressed, tending exotic plants, and doing very small quantities of very delicate needle-work, to the injury of her soft eyes; but neither were these

pretty avocations abandoned. Mrs. Herbert was, by natural taste, and English training, a lover of order, neatness, and elegance; and her Indian habits had made her, even in her most dissipated London seasons, an early riser: a custom of incalculable advantage in a small household like what her's had become, and in which the inmates are so happy as to be able to dispense with what in England is somehow felt the bane of all domestic ease—the necessity of much adventitious *help*. Her servants consisted of the young countrywoman of Marion, too fresh from her native dales to have fathomed or measured accurately that awful gulf which separates the different orders of womanhood in city-life; and a middle-aged solitary Irish widow, who had acted as char-woman about the former establishment, of whom Mrs. Herbert might never have seen nor heard, save for the accident which gained the family, in its changed circumstance, a most loyal, faithful, and useful ally and follower. One night, this poor woman, when leaving her daily drudgery in Mrs. Herbert's basement floor, to return to her distant home in the city, had been rode over by the cabriolet of Sir George Lees, and seriously hurt. The humane attention of Herbert, who happened to come up as the reckless charioteer drove on, made an indelible impression upon her warm and grateful Irish heart. Her national acuteness and affectionate curiosity about her friends' affairs had not failed to perceive what she considered the helplessness of the family at that general breaking-up, which, as is usual, had been much more freely and fully discussed in the kitchen and scullery than in the parlour; and there were disinterestedness and true generosity in the motives which led Bridget Moran to entreat Violet, or "the young mistress, his honour's own lady," that she might be retained in any and every capacity, giving Mrs. Marion, at the same time, voluble assurance that she would be "worth her morsel of mate, and was no mighty or nice ater, and her room on the flure-head, any way." Charles Herbert soon pronounced Biddy worthy of the *cordons bleus*. It was as fortunate for him, that he had never been, even in affectation, much of a gourmand, as for the ladies of the family, that they found so faithful a domestic, to come, at first brush, between fishmongers, butchers, and green-grocers, and their ignorance or delicacy. Their successive blunders in marketing furnished so many merry jokes to be kept over for Saturday, that Herbert almost regretted when the office of purveyor was on the third week fully devolved on their "Widow Cheerly," to the manifest improvement of the family fare, and the diminution of the weekly bills.

Mrs. Marion had made them several visits; on each occasion forwarded, as far as possible, per 'bus, and freighted, like some richly laden galliot, with things useful and things desirable; and as often had she, though only on urgent entreaty, looked into the most minute details of their economy; while to the most liberal and hearty praise she generally added a few hints for farther improvement, which were intelligently caught by the anxious young house-wife. Every indication of the newly

settled family was hopeful ; for though Mrs. Herbert still secretly retained her undefined horror of omnibuses, she had become a determined pedestrian ; and, to the delight of Violet, had laughed most naturally and heartily one morning, on catching herself saying, " Mary, order the carriage ! " instead of, " Mary, get me my clogs ! " There were other hopeful signs. On the third Monday of Herbert's periodical visits home, Mr. Gryphon lost a bet of a dinner and wine to the gentleman who assisted or superintended Herbert's legal studies, taken that he would not appear before ten o'clock ; and Gryphon was pleased to lose it, when certified that the married law-student had actually appeared before nine o'clock !

" His wife must have carried him," said the shrewd, good-humoured solicitor. " These young people have sense and energy—if they have patience too, there is no fear of them. I always liked Herbert, and now I am in love with his wife."

Nor were Mrs. Herbert's mortifying anticipations of the desertion of her " dear five hundred friends " altogether realized. Adversity served to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Bulk, not value, was lost. Those whom she had liked the best came as formerly ; and of ladies of curious dispositions, and active visiting habits, with the command of a carriage, more than enough. A good many of one description of matrons—those whose hands and heads were full of disposable daughters—gave her up kindly, for it was at once. Not only had she lost her fortune, poor woman !—which for so good a creature was a sad pity—but her handsome and fashionable son had also lost his expectations, and rendered every misfortune irretrievable, by an odd, imprudent marriage with an actress or singer, or something that way, which had nigh broken his step-mother's heart. Herbert had been inveigled at the parties of those dashing Cryppes or Barkers, whose *soirées* were in such vogue with foreigners and the junior club men. The girl was said to be connected with the Tarbert family—most likely a natural daughter, as the Earl was a man of notorious gallantry, and as Herbert was now prosecuting him for a fortune promised with her. So matronhood, in its active sphere, gave up the Mesdames Herbert, younger and elder ; though the former, when seen, was generally allowed to be a pretty person—engaging, nay fascinating, like so many of those half-foreigners. Violet had, however, one warm patroness among the fashionable matronage. This was the Honourable Mrs. Brabazon, the wife of a general-officer now in India, —who, kept on very short allowance by the gambling propensities of her husband, was exerting all her skill and industry to repair the family fortune, by educating three very pretty daughters for the matrimonial bazaar of Calcutta ; unable, from want of money or connexions, to afford them, advantageously, the ordinary chances of the London market. When Professor Cryppes was at the extreme height of his musical popularity, this lady, as a measure of good policy, had incurred the expense of getting lessons from him for her second daughter, who displayed decided musical taste. And she was now not slow to perceive the advantages

which the instructions and example of his former pupil might afford to her family. After a few calls of vehement, peremptory friendship on her friend Mrs. Herbert, she managed to leave her girls three or four times a-week, " to amuse themselves with a little music " with Mrs. Charles ; while, with the appearance of the person conferring a kindness with the utmost delicacy, she drove out the elder, greatly-obliged lady for the airing, so necessary to her health, wherever her own business or inclination led. Violet felt most grateful for this considerate attention to Mrs. Herbert's comforts and tastes, which she laboured in some degree to requite, by her own anxious attention to the improvement of the young ladies, which she admired their mother for having had so much at heart. This system of lurching and instructing the Misses Brabazon, in requital for a drive, had gone on for a good many weeks, and appeared to be considered a fixed thing. Saturday was alone an inviolable day.

Mrs. Herbert, however, by some perversity, began to consider her airings a bondage, and to fancy Violet's share of the very frequent musical meetings a drudging task. Neither of the ladies were the most penetrating of women into double-minded motives ; yet some unpleasant surmises were arising in both their minds, to which the forwardness of the zealous Bridget, and the outspokenness of Mrs. Marion gave distinct shape. By character and position the Scotchwoman was a privileged person in the family ; and Bridget maintained an equal right, in virtue of her national humour. One sultry day, Marion arrived, just as Mrs. Herbert and her patroness returned from their customary airing ; and as Mrs. and the three Misses Brabazon and their loads of music disappeared, with many caressing and affectionate adieus, and an appointment for next day's exercise. Biddy the Irish cook and Marion had probably before this compared notes, and come to their own conclusions ; and now both agreed that Mrs. Charles was looking pale and exhausted, and, as Marion said *shilpit*, and that the perpetual Brabazons were smooth-faced, arrant encroachers. Marion, always welcome, had scarcely sat down with the ladies, and unloosed her bonnet strings and budget of intelligence, when Biddy, by pre-concert, entered unsummoned, to clear away the wrecks of the simple but ample luncheon of bread, butter, and homely preserves, to which the young ladies had been doing honour. She was either in a cross-humour, or else it was her cue to affect this, to her, unnatural state. She fancied her young mistress looking particularly exhausted, after the two hours' singing lessons she had been giving.

" Mrs. Brazenbones will surely be thinking of allowing the mistress a trifle board," said Biddy, winking knowingly to Marion ; " and yourself, ma'am dear, (to Violet,) something for schooling the young misses. Bless them ! but it's brave, hearty stomachs they have for the bit of white bread and butter, and lay it on handsome under the jam, as young craturs naturally will do ;—but as for the ould one, though it's not a servant's business, to be sure, to put in a word"—

"Whist, Biddy," said Violet, earnestly; afraid that Mrs. Herbert might be offended by the woman's freedom, and somewhat shocked at her zealous servitor's indelicacy, which yet had a colour of reason in it.

"Mrs. Browbazon is one of the leddies that makes their father's dochter welcome to whatever they have a mind to, come frae where it like, and at whoever's expense," said Marion humorously, but sharply withal; and Violet, lest worse might chance, glided away, to stop the tongue of Biddy, who rarely presumed to address Mrs. Herbert directly.

"So you think Mrs. Charles is looking ill, Bridget?" said Marion, leading directly to the point, and aware that she addressed the experienced "mother of seven childre, blest be their rest!" a fact of which Biddy never failed to apprise her friends and sympathizers, at least once at every interview.

"Looking ill she never did, ma'am; but looking poor she does, ma'am," replied Biddy, still apparently busy with knives and butter plates; "and small blame to her, slaving and drilling of them misses in the way she is in. Meeself would rather stand a day at the wash-tub, than be screaming at that jingle-jangle piany."

Farther explanatory information, whatever its nature might be, was conveyed in a low confidential whisper, though as much was left to the illustrative nods and becks, as to the Queen's Anglo-Irish; and whatever it was, and though it ended in a broad grin, reciprocated by a sympathetic, broader, gladdening smile from Marion, it made Mrs. Herbert change colour, and seem thoughtful.

"I have been unpardonably thoughtless and careless, I fear," she said, as she hastened to seek her daughter, on whom, for the remainder of the day, and for many days, her looks hung in constant, tender watchfulness.—Meanwhile, she had made another happy discovery, to which she was helped by indignation at her friend Mrs. Brabazon. Her "shattered nervous system," which, for many years, had required an annual bracing at Brighton or Leamington, or wherever her fashionable physician divined that her inclination pointed for the season, and anywhere between Scarborough and Clifton, was this year wonderfully improved. It might be the quiet, the gardening, the freer enjoyment of the open air, pedestrian exercise, and her delightful domestic companionship; but whatever were the cause, the happy fact was indisputable, that Mrs. Herbert, in her adversity, was in better health and spirits than in any summer since her marriage, or for fifteen years!

"I flatter myself that I shall be able to be head nurse to *our* baby," said she, when, smilingly, next morning, Violet complimented her on looking so blooming, after an hour's work in the garden before breakfast. At that meal she proposed that Violet should walk with her to a neighbouring nursery, about some horticultural business.

"You forget that Mrs. Brabazon is to take you an airing to-day."

"Not that she announced that intention; but I am otherwise engaged, and cannot accept her kind

offer. That encroaching woman!—so polite withal—make me her tool in converting you into a music-mistress without fees! I have learned that she has long since discharged Cryppes, if, indeed, a nobleman's father-in-law can now condescend to give lessons; at any rate, yesterday I took shame to myself, under the handsome, indirect reproaches of Marion and Biddy. Come, my dear, I am coward enough to wish to be out of the way ere Mrs. Brabazon and her young ladies appear. I never was good at saying *no* to any one, though quite alive to the kind of cool people, who, in all civility, will only the more encroach on one's good nature, the readier the dupe submits. Come,—I must for once and again prevent your 'musical enjoyment,' as Mrs. Brabazon terms these drudging lessons to her daughters."

"I wish any one fancied me good enough to give their daughters lessons, and to pay me for it," said Violet, half laughingly, as if feeling her way. "I should consider it no drudgery, but honourable employment; and to be able to add something to the general family stock,—that would, indeed, be happiness! If Mr. Cryppes is leaving off pupils, perhaps"——

"Do not speak of such a thing, my love," interrupted Mrs. Herbert, hastily; "my son would be more shocked than even I am by such an idea; you do not know the English world yet, my dear Violet, nor the morbid pride of many, nay, of all husbands."

Violet could not fully believe this of her own husband, who, if not always quite a philosopher in his conduct, often now spoke, and seemed to think and feel like one.

"Men make beneficial use of their talents," she replied, "without reproach or disparagement; why not women, who often so much more require to do so? A public singer I never could have been—for that nature created me unfit; but to give young girls like the Brabazons lessons in a liberal and delightful art, if, happily, I were qualified for the task:"——

"To your own girls, when we get them, my dear, and to none else, save in kindness;" and Violet, blushing in sweet consciousness, rose to get her bonnet, not ill pleased to-day to escape the fatigue of lesson-giving, while her friend continued—"I am determined that Mrs. Brabazon, at any rate, shall not swindle you out of your time so very often, and use me as the pretext. The amateurs, like you, Violet, must not injure the regular professors. If she will have her daughters highly accomplished musicians, let her pay for it; and if she cannot afford that, and maintain her present style of life, let her change it as we have done. I have sympathy with poor mothers, ambitious for the improvement of their children, but only contempt for the proud mean."

"But we speak not of them, but of honest people," said Violet, bringing the lady back to the subject at her heart. "Could it be wrong in me, for example, with some talents, and abundant leisure ——?"

"I know what you would say; I am not arguing, and do not pretend to say what is right and

what is wrong in this and many other matters, though there is more wrong in society, perhaps, than I once imagined; but I know that the woman who turns her talents to any profitable purpose, is, in some occult sense—I own I do not comprehend how it is—but she is, in our society, *degraded*. You must have observed, what I have often heard remarked, that governesses and female teachers have fewer chances of respectable marriage than idle and less-educated, or ill-educated girls of the same rank. I neither pretend to explain nor justify; I state a simple fact, notorious in England and everywhere else.”

“Yet all men labour for hire, who labour at all; the greatest lawyers; the most eminent physicians; all literary men; officers of the army; ministers of state; the highest dignitaries in the church;—all are *paid*, and the more *pay* the greater honour. No gentleman is considered degraded by hire for his work, provided the hire be large enough. Is the rule not hard against us poor women,—often so well inclined, and so capable of being useful and helpful to ourselves and others. There is Edmund Cryppes, for example, but the other day an apothecary’s *raw* apprentice, rapidly rising into a fashionable and highly-paid accoucheur. His is a profession nearly altogether wrested out of the hands of women, for which Nature has surely the best fitted them, if opinion permitted education to finish Nature’s work. But women are held in the bonds of ignorance, and then pronounced of deficient capacity, or blamed for wanting the knowledge they are sternly prevented from acquiring.”

“Well and true—but you must submit to rule, nevertheless. And now prepare for our walk, lest Mrs. Brabazon surprise and make us captive after all.”

“But I should like the young ladies to come sometimes; I hope I do them some little good, and so little in that way is in my power.”

“Indeed, Violet, you are an arrant simpleton; but make haste, pray.”

The ladies were in the hall, sallying out as Mrs. Brabazon and her fair covey alighted at the little gate, their footman bearing the usual load of music-books.

Mrs. Herbert, who was, indeed, unless when inspired by passion, indifferently gifted with the useful power of civilly saying *No*, endeavoured to look gay and disengaged, but determined.

“I have issued an imperial ukase, forbidding music in this house until after tea, any day, and then only in moderation. I am not of those ladies—frequent though they be—who monopolize all the music of the house for the inmates, and who never seem to fancy that their visitors know a note. I regard music as a social pleasure; but, in the meanwhile, my daughter must forgive me for depriving her and your young ladies of its enjoyment, since it is for her good. In the present delicate state of Violet’s health, so much difficult music is, I am convinced, too exciting; besides, it makes her neglect proper exercise. She was my trainer in pedestrianism, now I mean to be hers. My son will be home to-morrow, and I must have his wife in her best looks, as well as in her finest

voice: both demand repose. We can hardly invite you to walk in.”

Mrs. Brabazon was disconcerted, but could not well seem angry. The second Miss Brabazon was offended, and did not try to disguise her displeasure. She had intended to rehearse once more something in which she was almost perfect, and meant to sing that evening at a distinguished juvenile party.

“How cruel you are! my dear Mrs. Herbert,” said the mother. “My Emma will be so disappointed; she finds no voice so truly in accord with her own as that of Mrs. Charles,—neither her sisters nor her young friends. I must beg for the reversal of this decree; and I cannot let you off from your airing. Mrs. Charles must not be disappointed. It is too cruel to restrict her. Is it not, my dear Mrs. Charles?”

Before Violet could do more than smile in reply, the dashing equipage of Mrs. Burke Barker, which put to shame Mrs. Brabazon’s quiet Quaker-looking chariot, drove up to the little gate with the fury which bespoke the dignity and importance of those within.

“Two carriages at mi ladi’s dure at the same minit!” cried Biddy Moran, with a natural swell of exultation. “I hope the neighbour girls see them.”

“Professor Cryppes and his daughters,” faltered Violet, as the proud Professor, with a daughter on each arm, advanced smiling and courteously bending his head up the little garden-path. “Yes, it must be Emmy,” continued Violet to Mrs. Herbert; “is she not a lovely creature?”—and before the words were out, the young countess had broken loose from her papa, and bounded like a fawn into Violet’s arms, all dimpled smiles and graciousness.

“Ah, I see you don’t remember me—I remember you so well, though. I am Emmeline”—the countess did not add Cryppes—“They call me Lady St. Edward now—but I love you as much as ever.”

The whisper was not lost upon any one of the group of ladies, who now understood that they had in presence the thrice-fortunate heroine of the tale of scandal, which had lately interested the whole fashionable world. Their keen examination was quite as ardent as well-bred.

The Professor was hard at his daughter’s back, and tried to cover her breach of the dignity of her new station, by bowing courteously all round; and, kindly and graciously shaking hands with his pupil, as if they had parted yesterday, he proceeded in his blandest tones, and most courtly and careening manner:—

“This is an unceremonious accost, ladies; but we are most fortunate in finding you, and in not requiring to announce ourselves. I fear, though, we have interrupted you in going out?”

“O, indeed, papa; but Violette sha’n’t go out till I renew my acquaintance with her,” said the peremptory and half-patronising little countess, sliding her arm within that of her former friend.

The Professor, as proud as a piper, though haply vowed to a different instrument, smilingly menaced the wayward girl with his fore-finger,

and then, with alacrity, recovering his habitual sense of decorum, he cried—

“Allow me, Mrs. Charles, to introduce my daughter, the Countess of St. Edward, to you.—Mrs. Herbert, Lady St. Edward.” Mutual stiff curtsias.

“Ha, Mrs. Brabazon, I have the honour, madam, to present my daughter, the countess of St. Edward, to you.—Emmeline, my love, the Honourable Mrs. Brabazon.”

The young countess bent her head, but with a look of reserve and hauteur wonderfully well performed for one so new to her dignities. Mrs. Burke Barker had, in the meanwhile, been more in the background than suited either her tastes or opinion of her own consequence. She had an error to repair. As soon as she had paid her respects to Mrs. Herbert, she ran up to Violet, and took her hand with affected eagerness, exclaiming—

“I know not, Mrs. Charles, whether I ought to beg pardon or scold you well. Fancy, papa, that when, some time since, I had occasion to call upon Mrs. Herbert, I did not recognise, in the lady with her, my old friend Gabrielle. It must have been you I saw with Mrs. Herbert; and my stupidity and near-sight! But, indeed, I must chide you. Why not make yourself known to me? You must have been sure that I am not the person to forget an old friend. I assure you, Mr. Barker and I talk of you very often, you were so much with us at the time he was paying his addresses to me. I daresay, ma’am, (to Mrs. Herbert,) this young lady has never told you how slyly we managed our flirtations; sometimes Barker was fancied her lover, and Herbert was mistaken for mine.”

Mrs. Herbert, who fancied this a mistake indeed, had stood for a few moments in a state of vacillation. She had now no choice but to give up her walk, and to invite her visitors up stairs; for, though the Professor was profuse of apologies, no one appeared inclined to give way; and, besides, being a little womanishly curious about a future Duchess of Plantagenet, she was prepossessed both by the beauty of the girl and the natural childish fondness with which she seemed to hang about Violet. Mrs. Brabazon was included in the general invitation to walk up stairs; but as the young countess was still in disgrace, if even properly married, she drew off her forces in good order, and abandoned the field.

“Such an unbred creature for St. Edward to marry!” exclaimed the elder and sensible Miss Brabazon, as the family drove off. “He must have been bewitched—but he is a mere boy, and though an Eton boy, knows less of life, it is said, than a child.”

“She is absolutely dumpy,” said the tall second Miss Brabazon—drawing up her well-rounded shoulders.

“A gentleman’s beauty!” said the third and prettiest. “I really wish, mamma, you would take to cramming us. Sir George Lees told me, last night, that the new Brummagem Countess was as plump as a pig, and as elastic as a puff-ball, with the prettiest foot—Did you look at her foot, Anne?” continued Miss Emma, involuntarily

curving the high aristocratic instep, on which she had so often been complimented by her maid.

“The sister is a much more distinguished-looking woman,” said Mrs. Brabazon, who was balancing, in her mind, the advantages and disadvantages which might attend the acquaintance of the Barkers—not to herself, for she took pride in being a self-sacrificing mother—but to her daughters.

In the mean time the Cryppes family had ascended to Mrs. Herbert’s little drawing-room, Mrs. Burke Barker graciously praising and lavishing compliments on everything she saw; while the countess drew Violet into a corner, to pour into her confidential bosom the tale of her romantic love and high fortune—of her courtship—her elopement—her dresses—her excess of conjugal beatitude; and to exact a similar confidence, which was either tardily and partially accorded, or smilingly parried.

“You and Mr. Herbert are not half so much in love as Albert and I,” said the little countess, at the inconclusive termination of some interrogatory.

“I think myself—I am sure I am—very much attached to my husband,” said Violet, modestly blushing, and yet ashamed of the confusion into which she allowed herself to be thrown by the impetuous beauty.

“O, you are so long married now!”

“Yes, almost a year.”

“That is an age:—and have you a baby?”

“Not one, I am sorry,” replied Violet, laughing.

“That is a pity—Polly has none either; but I must have a baby. Mine will be heir to the dukedom. I assure you, Mrs. Charles, it is very important that I should have a baby; Barker and Neddy, you must know, won’t allow me now to take horse-exercise. I had such charming scampers with a set of hussar officers who live at our hôtel. Neddy is so wise, you must know, since he became a *sage femme*—and Barker is so knowing. Yet it was at the riding-school St. Edward fell in love with me. He used to help me to mount, and almost kissed my toe; and he was so modest, so bashful—I used so to laugh at him, poor soul!”

“What poor soul are you laughing at there?” cried Mrs. Barker across the room, desirous to interrupt a tête-à-tête, in which she was certain her giddy sister must commit herself, though happily there was here little danger of betrayal to enemies.

“I am telling Mrs. Charles that I will bring St. Edward to visit her—and that our husbands must be great friends like ourselves. I am sure Albert will like Mr. Herbert. I remember him well—he was very handsome, and an elegant rider. Does he still have as beautiful horses as those he had down at W——?”

This was a troublesome question, but fortunately the interrogator was too much occupied with her own thoughts to pause for a reply.

“St. Edward has no stud yet himself. The family have always been remarkable for their love of horses—and I am so fond of them too. Is it not odd?”

“I can vouch for your passion for horses,” re-

turned Violet, glad to find something to say; "for I used to be in torture and doubt whether it was to be your neck or his own that the wild boy, Tom Smith, Mrs. James Stokes' groom, was to break first in your mad gallops."

The countess coloured slightly, saying, "That is so very long since—I was a sad Tomboy then, to be sure."

The Professor had advanced and heard the latter part of the conversation, and he said, in his *grandissimo* manner, his hand laid on his heart—

"Highly honoured as my daughter no doubt is by the noble alliance she has contracted, I flatter myself that nature's nobility is not wanting, and that the princely house into which she has been received, and where she must be appreciated, will not find her deficient in that taste for true magnificence, which ought to distinguish her order!"

Violet was tempted to exclaim "Bravo!" to her old master's speech, but she suppressed the mirthful impulse; and Mrs. Barker, perhaps thinking that her father and her sister had committed absurdities enough for one day, directing the attention of Emmeline to Mrs. Herbert's pretty nick-knackeries, set her father down to the "semi-grand," and drew Violet into a window.

"I can scarce forgive your seeming coldness to us, Mrs. Charles—we must, indeed we must, be better friends;" and she clasped the passive hand of Violet between her own palms. "Barker and Mr. Herbert were so much attached—for men—so intimate. I must insist upon breaking the ice, and having you and the St Edwards' to dine with us, *en famille*, on some very early day. The carriage can come for you, or I can take you up on my drive—no fear but we manage that. Where there is a will there is a way, as my poor mother says—who, by the way, sent her kindest remembrances by us, and will wait upon you very soon."

Violet could only marvel whither all this cordiality was to lead, almost certain that it could not be without some object.

"I have been so anxious to see you of late, to unbosom myself about Emmeline, whom I know you like. Grieved and shocked as Barker and I were at the rash step she has taken, and sensible as we are of the cruel suspicion and misconception which may be put upon the affair, or upon our share in it, we cannot forget that Emmeline is my sister, nor be insensible to the many perils by which her brilliant position is surrounded. She is, though a wife, still a child, poor dear; with much, much to learn in every way. My husband's engagements and prospects now engross so very much of my time, that I am quite unable, however desirous, to devote myself directly to Emmeline's improvement. She is, as you know is flatteringly alleged of all her family, rich in natural talent—indeed a singularly gifted creature, yet behind many inferior young ladies in the most ordinary accomplishments. I am ashamed to say she cannot even spell. These deficiencies can now only be remedied by friendship. We cannot send to school or procure a governess for the Countess St. Edward; and, in brief—for I like, as you know, to come at once to the point

—it is the joint prayer and petition of Mr. Barker, my father, and myself, that our dear Mrs. Charles Herbert will take this darling of ours under her care; to no one else could we, with confidence, intrust so precious a trust."

"How do you mean, ma'am?—that I should be the instructor of the countess?"

"That you should be the preceptress, the guide, the friend, the guardian-angel, in a word, of the future Duchess of Plantagenet; and, in being so, the benefactress of her whole family: read with her, talk with her, sing with her, cultivate her mind and her manners: you are aware how important a person in society Emmeline must become, and how much, as Barker remarks, even in a public view, depends upon her being qualified to play her part with ability and distinction. Money, patronage, influence,—the Plantagenets command them all; but I know your benevolent and disinterested nature, Violet, and am come to entreat, not bribe, you to be Emmeline's friend."

"Your idea is very flattering, certainly; but, supposing I were qualified for the task you propose, my other duties—my husband"—

"Ah, I knew it would land in 'my husband,'" replied Mrs. Barker, with vivacity; "that you would be quite a pattern wife; but surely, while your husband spends nearly his whole time in chambers, you might spare a few hours at my house every, or say every alternate morning with Emmy."

"At your house?" replied Violet, taken aback.

"Yes, sure; but the carriage should be sent for you and back with you as often as you honoured us, and you would have the countess all to yourself. I am otherwise engaged in the mornings. You might have whatever masters you chose also, both for yourself and your pupil. Suffer me to call Emmeline so—you cannot refuse me."

"I must, at all events, consult my husband and Mrs. Herbert, before forming so important an engagement."

"Ungracious lady! but I will not despair of you. Conceive, too, Violet, how important such a connexion may prove to the future interests of your husband. The Plantagenets are not only in rank *crème de la crème*, but so enormously rich, with canals and mines, and all sorts of things in the earth and under it,—and with all manner of influence in Church and State,—that to be connected with their family assures fortune. The tutor of St. Edward's late father is now a Bishop, solely by the family interest. I shall doubt if St. Edward's tutor find equal luck, through the Duke's means at least; but I see papa is getting fidgety, and we have intruded most unconscionably on Mrs. Herbert:—what a charming, youthful-looking, lady-like person she is! Ah, you remember, long ago, into what tribulation I put you, when we kept possession of her carriage one day. She has no carriage now, poor lady! Well, Violette,—pardon the freedom, I cannot forget the old familiar name,—don't grieve and disappoint us all. This is Friday. I shall be back on Monday to carry you off to Emmeline, I hope."

"There is a dear creature!" cried the young

countess, kissing her friend; "you are coming to see us on Monday. Do you know, St. Edward cannot endure to see me kiss my brother Barker, nor even Polly there; so I do it the more just to tease him."

"The Plantagenets are a very undemonstrative family," said Mrs. Barker. "I believe that cake of starch—his grandam, the duchess—never kissed the poor boy in her life, nor allowed any one else; he has had a singular education."

With a profusion of cordial adieus, the party took leave, the countess kissing her hand to Violet, who stood at her window while the carriage remained in sight.

Mrs. Herbert was stunned, amused, and then meditative, over the intelligence which Violet, in all feminine haste, communicated to her.

"It gives me a better opinion of the woman's understanding that she has conceived such an idea," said Mrs. Herbert. "The countess, too, is really a sweet little creature; it were every way a pity that she should be lost."

"Could I save her? She has, indeed, many good natural points of character; but how many chances are there against her becoming either a happy or a respectable woman?"

Both ladies spent some minutes in musing, if not in thought; occupied by the same subject, though it did not precisely suggest the same reflections to each.

The silence was first broken by Mrs. Herbert. "Thank goodness, we are rid of these encroaching, almost impudent, Brabazons, any way. I could despise myself for the silliness which led me to submit to Mrs. Brabazon."

"Yet the motive is so laudable—the desire to improve her daughters."

"At the expense of your time and health. We owe justice to our neighbour, as well as affection to our children."

"Perhaps she would have paid for their lessons, had she thought I would not have been affronted," said Violet, half-laughing, again feeling her way; "which I am sure I ought not, if the reward of my labours were fairly earned."

"Why, Violet, business flows upon you. Here is the offer of another and noble pupil. What a blessing, dear Violet, you might prove to that young woman, and, through her, to a wide circle—yet the thing is impossible."

"The adjective of fools, *Maman*," replied Violet, who had, half in fondness, half in play, adopted her husband's caressing name for his step-mother; "though I fear that, in this instance, we that are *wise* must submit to it. My two hours, or four hours a-day, spent with this wayward, spoiled child, whose head is at present turned with the low flattery of her selfish family, and her mercenary servants, and with what she and they consider her amazing good fortune, could scarce even impart much greater proficiency in a showy accomplishment than she already possesses; while the only effectual teaching—"the precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little"—would indeed be impossible. How fine, by the way, are those

emphatic repetitions of the prophet, who, in one verse, expounds the true principle of thorough moral education much better than all the modern treatises."

"I can easily perceive, that although love to your neighbour—and it could be no other motive that would induce you to make the required sacrifice—the attempt, if conducted on Mrs. Barker's plan, could end only in disappointment. My old maid, Jenkins—were there no other evil influence around the hoyden, simple-cunning Countess—would, in five minutes, undo your teaching and example of a week; so we will dismiss the subject. I am not sure that Charles would, upon any consideration, have consented."

"I wish he were here, then, to not consent," sighed Violet; "and he won't till to-morrow. The truth is, I have been secretly fretting all the week, and so I am sure have you, after the observation you made on his looks when he left us on Monday morning. What a changed life to poor Charles!—poring over law-books, in those dull chambers, from morn to night—reading such stuff so many hours a-day—he who, till now, spent half his time on horseback, or in the open air. What a want it must be to a man, accustomed from childhood to riding exercise, to be without a horse!—yet it seems a trifle in itself. Let us, however, be candid with each other, and say what we think of him. We will both be the better for speaking out."

"Then I must say, that I see no immediate cause for uneasiness, much less for apprehension; though, since the sultry weather has set in, Charles certainly does not look quite his former self."

"I was sure of that—he is killing himself;" and Violet, already worn out, and weak in spirits, burst into tears; and while Mrs. Herbert gently soothed her, and yet permitted her passion of grief to exhaust itself, she strove to check her feelings, and at last spoke out what had for some time lain heavy on her heart.

"If we cannot contrive to make poor Charles's long tasks lighter and safer to him, by some home exertion, then you must join your entreaties to mine, that he will give up his present harrassing pursuits, and adopt some scheme of life which shall not be ruinous to his health and to the happiness of all of us. What signifies what it may be, if we are well and together. In my own poor little Jersey, in some of the new Australian colonies—where there are no convicts—we could even, with our small remaining wrecks of fortune, plant ourselves comfortably; ay, and take root and flourish again!"

"If I see that your fears are just—that Charles is really suffering in health from his close and long studies—my entreaties shall not be wanting; but until this law-suit, on which so much now depends, is determined, we are chained to London and the oar. If you are found an heiress, my love, which I do hope, as I well believe, whatever the law may decide, we may neither need to leave England, nor allow Charles to kill himself: that we shan't do, at all events."

Violet tried to smile, but shook her head, saying, "Sometimes I wish that suit had never been com-

rened. To think of the large sums that good, kind Marion has advanced—prodigious in her estimation, and for her circumstances, they must be—and they may never be repaid.”

“Hush, hush, my dear! You know Mrs. Marion won't let you speak of these things—that generous poor woman! Indeed, if it ease your conscience, I may inform you, that she lately told me, in confidence, she only advanced for this suit what she intended to leave you by will—a legacy of £500; so the loss will be your's and Charles's, not her's, she says, if the money is thrown away at law. But she has unbounded faith in Mr. Gryphon's judgment; and is reassured by the advances which that shrewd gentleman has himself made for what he cannot therefore consider a forlorn hope.”

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the postman, who gave Irish Bridget a foreign letter, addressed to Mrs. Herbert, after Biddy had in vain, to the great amusement of the listeners, volubly endeavoured to beat him down from what she considered the exorbitant sum of 2s. 8d. “for so small a concern of a letter.”

“Bother to him! it would need to bring good news to be worth the money,” said this faithful ally, delivering the epistle, “though a black sale is on it.”

The letter, intimating an important event, came from a humble quarter: it was written by a young woman, whom, from having the highest opinion of her character and qualifications, Mrs. Herbert had some years before recommended to Lady Laura Temple, and who now ventured to announce the sudden death of the Earl of Tarbert, and the consequent deep distress of her mistress, to the only friend that, so far as the young woman knew, Lady Laura possessed on earth. Without near relations, living much abroad, and naturally of a reserved and rather haughty disposition, which disappointed hopes had not softened, Lady Laura was an instance not rare, among the higher aristocracy, of an individual with a very numerous general or visiting acquaintance, but with few or no intimates, and scarce one friend of her own rank. She had outlived the companionships of her girlhood, and had found nothing satisfactory to her mind or heart with which to replace them. When her father, after having that morning been at the Court of the Emperor, died suddenly while engaged with her in a game of chess, and before medical assistance could be obtained, her only and passionate entreaty to the physician of the embassy, as soon as she was able to speak, was, that he should give strict orders that no one should be allowed to see her—that she should be left solely to her confidential maid, until she intimated to him that she was able to endure the ceremonial of the condolence and sympathy of her friends. The dreadful shock which her nerves had received from her father, in what seemed perfect health, suddenly expiring of what was said to be disease of the heart, for a time blunted every other feeling; nor had she manifested any concern about what gave her few English friends in Vienna considerable concern. Poverty, nay, destitution, or at least dependence, was known to be her fate. The

affairs of her father had long been embarrassed. His estates, on his death, went at once to the lineal male heir; and he was engaged in a lawsuit which, if it issued as was now apprehended, must still further increase his embarrassments. For some time, his salary as an ambassador had been his main dependence, and that of course terminated with his life. Letters of an unfavourable nature, received from his London agent on the day of his death, had, it was too probable, hastened the catastrophe.

The brief letter, in which some part of this intelligence was respectfully intimated by the humble, but the truest and most devoted friend that the high-born Laura now possessed, strongly affected Mrs. Herbert; and her emotion, in hastily perusing the note, alarmed Violet, who rose and hastily crossed to where she sat.

“Don't fancy it idle or impertinent curiosity,” she said, leaning over the agitated reader; “your friend, your *daughter*, your *sister* cannot witness your grief and agitation, and affect ignorance. Does this—O tell me!—does it affect Herbert,—for nothing, sure, less than that could so distress you?”

Mrs. Herbert had before playfully remarked, that every symptom of distress which visited any of the human race with whom Violet came into contact, was at first sight imagined to be connected with her husband; that she seemed to fancy there could be no earthly suffering nor sorrow, save from real or apprehended evil to Charles.

“Not Charles, thank God! but one—; but read for yourself. . . . Poor, poor Laura! Proud, unhappy Laura! crushed in affection, ruined in fortune.”

Tears prevented her from proceeding; and Violet read the letter put into her hand with the rapidity of thought. Her proud rival, her noble cousin, her *unfortunate* rival, her *orphan* cousin, friendless in a foreign land,—an object of compassion to her own servant, who had plainly, if delicately, stated that she knew not what her lady was to do, as she must leave the hôtel which her father had rented, and probably Vienna, as soon as the remains of the earl were sent to England; and further, that cruel-hearted people, creditors of the earl, would even prevent her from taking her own jewels and other property along with her, though they were all she now had in the world. The faithful girl was not aware that, though none of the rich and aristocratic friends of the late Earl and of Lady Laura could afford to relieve her present distress, or secure her future independence, by their own means, they were too good-hearted to abandon her without a strong effort to procure her a pension,—the only mode of provision which, as they said, would not wound her delicacy, which every other offer of pecuniary assistance must do. With streaming eyes Violet laid down the letter, and turned to Mrs. Herbert, crying—

“You will go for her—you and Charles—and bring home your friend, my cousin, to us. Is she not one of ourselves now? Poor Lady Laura! so noble in spirit she is! I am sure my endeavours shall not be wanting to make her like me; and you and Charles she loves already. Where can

she find such a refuge for sorrow, such hopes of consolation, as here with us?"

"You are, Violet, the best and dearest creature that ever breathed, even when you talk what the world calls nonsense. . . . But if, my love, this suit ends, as it seems more and more likely to do, though Lady Laura may have no legal claim upon you and Charles, how I could envy your power of acting as nobly by her, as she of herself would have done by you! But this, I need not say: your heart needs no prompting. You are aware of my old, foolish, ambitious schemes for Charles, which it pleased God in mercy to disappoint. Laura Temple was deeply attached to my son, who admired and revered her. It is needless to conceal from you what you must already know; but she has all a proud and delicate woman's passionate strength of character, as well as a reflecting woman's understanding. The dream my folly inspired is past with her and forgotten; and I prophesy that, of the two, she will like you the best as soon as she knows you, and is known to you: but to fetch her home to this—not *poor*—to this charming small residence,—this—not paltry, but what her world, and perhaps her unconscious self, must regard as this obscure, and paltry, and mean, and poverty-struck establishment——"

Mrs. Herbert emphatically shook her head.

"You take me quite aback," said Violet, with some dignity, "We can only offer what we have. If *our* home, with all that devoted sympathy can imagine to sweeten it, and render her lot as happy as circumstances admit, cannot be made agreeable——"

"Agreeable?" interrupted Mrs. Herbert. "Certainly a thousand times more so, in reality, than a pension and apartments in Hampton Court, under the leads, even if Laura were so fortunate as to obtain them; but what will her Grace of Fitzgrundy say?—for she is almost as formidable in May Fair, as is Mrs. Grundy herself in the city and suburbs."

"Pooh! 'tis little that Laura, if she be indeed the Laura I fancy her, will care for that contemptible scarecrow of the mean-spirited and cowardly. But, hark! that is Charles' ring;—I know it so well! Can he be worse? what has brought him to-night?" and, without waiting for reply, she ran down stairs before Bridget, who happened to be on duty, admitted her master, with welcome grinning from ear to ear.

Mrs. Herbert was for an instant uneasy; but the appearance of her son in apparently perfect health, and in evident high spirits, at once reassured her.

"How delightful to anticipate your time, this week especially, when Violet was foolishly making herself uneasy about you," said Mrs. Herbert, a little anxious to learn what particular cause had brought Charles to Chelsea.

"I am charged with a special commission—we are a family of high destinies! Go, Bridget, get me a prodigious draught of cider—your mistresses' favourite tippie—or say even small beer—for I am thirsty as the Great Desert; and only when refreshed shall undo my fardel:—and, by the way, Mr. Gryphon is to dine with you to-morrow, ladies, by self-invitation."

"Sorrow drop ov small beer, sir," said Bridget. "Sure, when you come so far to see the ladies, it shall be the wine and wather, or the brown stout, at the laste of it;" and Bridget bustled off.

"See what it is to be a man of consequence—the head of a household!" said Herbert, laughing. "When I was a fashionable and a supposed wealthy bachelor, no one cared what I ate or drank, or whether I were well or ill——"

"But, Herbert, what has given us this pleasure?—and to see you in so good spirits!—Mr. Gryphon has good news for us, perhaps," said Mrs. Herbert, while Violet still held his hand, and watched his eyes, rejoicing in his joy, but somewhat fearful about how he was to receive the news which Mrs. Herbert had to communicate.

"Gryphon has news, but not of the kind you anticipate. Would you like to resume your carriage again?—hey, mother?—to have a mansion and an establishment of servants—a stud—a library—a park?"

"You are raving, Charles; or, rather, fooling me. Who is to do all this for us?"

"Nor more nor other than the TALENTED FAMILY of Cryppes."

"Now you are joking, Charles;—a wicked jest, though——"

"Serious, on my honour!"

"Barker wishes you to engage in some of his dark concerns, perhaps?—Fie, Charles! to trifle with us," said Violet, who knew that to Mrs. Herbert some of the things of which he talked so lightly were no trifles.

"Not Barker, but Gryphon."

Both ladies raising their hands simultaneously, exclaimed, "Mr. Gryphon!"

"He, indeed!—the cautious, well-informed, astute Gryphon; nay, I may perhaps get into Parliament—your old dream, again, mother."

"I have—I have always had the highest opinion of the friendliness and judgment of Mr. Gryphon," replied the bewildered lady. "But dear Charles, don't tantalize us too far—if the whole is not some malicious pleasantry."

"Never was more true, if more serious, in the course of my life. But Mr. Gryphon will tell you all about it to-morrow. You will believe him, if not me, that I have the power of throwing law to the dogs, and becoming bear-leader to the grandson of that Most High and Potent Prince, Geoffrey Richard, Duke of Plantagenet! with liberal appointments and the most brilliant prospects, or at least promises, when my illustrious pupil passes from my guardian hands."

Mrs. Herbert again threw up her hands, and turned her meaning eyes on Violet.

"Nay, more, thrice-fortunate ladies!—while I am to have charge of the young Earl, you may have the management of the little Countess. It is a joint-stock affair. My mother first lady of the bed-chamber—my wife principal governess."

"You are forestalled, Charles," said Violet, laughing; "I have had that offer already, though perhaps from another quarter—from Mrs. Barker this very day."

"Another quarter, assuredly; for what seemed

to me to be considered the main, if not indeed the only, indispensable condition of my engagement, was, that no Cryppes, nor any breathing thing connected with that clever blood, should in any shape approach my noble charge, or the 'young person' connected with him. . . . Their Graces will never be able to call Emmeline Cryppes St. Edward's wife, let the church and the law say what they please."

The affair now assumed a very different aspect in the eyes of Mrs. Herbert. At a glance she perceived ten thousand advantages, present and prospective, to her family, from such an arrangement.

"And what have you done, Charles?—what is concluded?"

"Nay, mother, that either requires a very great deal of consideration, or just none at all. But Mr. Gryphon insists upon you and Violet hearing what he has to say, before I decide. I came to warn, and promised that I was not to prejudice either of you. Mr. Gryphon is negotiator on the

part of the Duke, whom I have not yet seen, and probably shall not."

"Very serious consideration, indeed, Charles, is required. This offer may change the whole complexion of your life. When I visited the splendid place the Duke has in Staffordshire, the mansion of his chamberlain was pointed out to us. He is a gentleman of estate and family himself; he lives in quite a superior style, and was in Parliament."

"O, mother, mother!" replied Herbert, laughing; "I see Gryphon will have an ally in you."

"Whoever affords you the means of honourably retrieving your fortunes, Charles, will have a most grateful friend in me."

"That is the house of Cryppes, ma'am; I assure you it is so."

"Yet that house does not command my gratitude. But, seriously, my dear son—my dearest Violet—this is a most important affair. What do you think of it?"

(To be continued.)

AN ANGLER'S LAY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

A joyous life the anglers lead,
Whom needy care ne'er vexeth,
And nought beyond a bush or weed
Whose quiet path perplexeth;
Who love to muse and angle ever
By glen or haugh, in brook or river.

The discontents and clamours high,
That stir the world around them,
Go babbling, like the water, by,
And leave them where they found them;
Still angling on, without a fear,
They hear them,—but they only hear.

Oh, let me, then, a-angling go,
All silly scorners scorning;
And hie where fitting waters flow
At earliest warmth of morning!
The genial rays around I feel,
And start with tackle, rod, and creel.

Though I no artful niceties heed,
A goodly rod I carry;
My well wrought line can run with speed,
No knot to make it tarry;
My rod a goodly reel hath on,
While Father Walton's rod had none.

My greedy creel is slung behind,
And belted on me gaily;
And look, how well within 'tis lined
With coating bright and scaly,—
Savouring of deeds of slaughter by:
There many a victim more shall lie.

If e'er, at times, the line I'm found
In streams unlikely throwing,
It is the banks or scenes around
My angle thither drawing:
I choose the spot that smiles the fairest,
Though there the fish may swim the rarest.

The sun an angler's sport may spoil,
And load his creel the lighter,
But gives the stream a lovelier smile,
And makes the prospect brighter;
The lowly vale with gladness fills,
And lights the everlasting hills.

Thus with the rod and line I spend
Industriously my leisure;
And blest are they to whom they lend,
Like me, their quiet pleasure;
Who love to muse and angle ever
By glen or haugh, in brook or river.

N. C.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Dr. Trueman's Visit to Edinburgh in 1840.

By Ann Walker.

WE have been as much struck by the moral courage as by the acuteness displayed in this little book. Its author avows herself a member of the "narrow and obscure circle of the religious world of Edinburgh;" and, doing this, she presumes to tax that world (which, whatever may be its numbers and limits, contrives at all times to be tolerably conspicuous and prominent) with faults and shortcomings of a serious kind. This is done in lively and graphic dialogues, and with excellent drama-

tic effect. Her exhortations ought to be taken in good part; and we trust that they will be so, and fulfil the useful end for which they are intended. The plan of the work is simple enough. Dr. Trueman, an eminent divine, arrives in Edinburgh as an agent from the Missionary Society, and is lionized and fêted by the leading ladies of the religious world, who contend for his presence at their pious parties as strenuously as if the worthy Doctor were a mere worldly, musical, or poetical monster of the lion species. The scenes of the successive dialogues, or what may be called the *stage direc-*