

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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No. 15.

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE STATE OF ITALY.—The London Times of the 31st ult. in a leading article discussing the relations of Napoleon to the Italian question, growing out of his agreement to the restoration of the Grand Dukes, but his refusal to assist them with arms, thus sums up the present position and prospects of Italy: "The duchies may still have to fight for their independence, for the Emperor has not undertaken to keep the peace among the Italian Powers. There are many mercenaries ready for service, and one of the dukes is said to have a respectable force in his pay. It is just upon the cards, also, that when such a force might be brought to bear, it might be discovered that the exiled sovereigns are not without a party in their own States. This, however, will be a very cheap struggle for independence. If the army of Central Italy cannot hold its own against a few bands of mercenaries, we had better forget the name of Italy, even as a geographical expression.

Under the protection of this Imperial promise, the course of Central Italy to freedom and prosperity seems safe and secure. The next step is already resolved upon. They have unanimously desired to weld themselves into one kingdom, whereof Victor Emmanuel shall be the first sovereign. We cannot conceive that, if all chance for Prince Napoleon be put out of the question, the French Emperor can have any hearty objection to such an amalgamation. This work of the restoration of Italy will be, if it still endures, the principal glory of his reign. He will naturally desire that it should be as marked a success, and give as visible a monument to posterity as possible. Piedmont, with twenty more duchies amalgamated with it, could offer no object of jealousy or distrust to France.

It is not comprehensible, therefore, that any stronger sentiment than diplomatic delicacy can induce him to put pressure upon the King of Sardinia to refuse the territory now proffered to him. Moreover, we now know that this pressure will be entirely of an argumentative and diplomatic character. It seems to us, there, as matters now stand, that Victor Emmanuel cannot refuse the offer of the Duchies. It would, perhaps, not be prudent definitively to accept it. Perhaps it would be more wise to assume the government provisionally, and thus prevent further revolution, and keep out other candidates until the new order of things is consolidated. But, unless some very rash or very mad course of conduct should occur to mar the prospect, the unity of Italy is now secure. We will add that the Emperor has a right to say—"To me Italy owes her independence."

THE OUTRAGE ON BOARD THE SILISTRIA.—According to the intelligence direct from Alexandria, the shipwreck of the Turkish steamer Silistria must be attributed to the negligence and incapacity of the captain. When the Egyptian transport came up to the Silistria, the Mussulmans hastened to save themselves first. As for the captain, he was so intent upon pillaging the sums of money and the valuables on board that he perished, the victim of the crime. The Mahometan passengers, amongst whom was the famous Commissioner of Jeddah, (Said Pacha), rushed upon the Christian passengers, then beat and robbed them. Said Pacha was the first who set the example of that fearful massacre of the Christians, whom the Mussulmans slew for the purpose of appropriating to themselves what the former possessed. Luckily for the Christians, there were among the passengers twenty-eight Austrian seamen, who armed themselves in haste with what first came to hand, and they defended the Christians to the last moment. Nevertheless the number of persons killed by the Mussulmans amounts to 77, while the total number of passengers was 350. The Austrians were the last to get into the transport.

The shifting of the passengers to the transport, in the midst of a fearful massacre, continued for several hours, during which no one of course thought of taking away any of the provisions on board of the Silistria, so that another calamity, that of famine, threatened the passengers in the transport. Providence took these poor creatures under its protection; a favourable breeze blew during the whole voyage, and the transport reached Alexandria the day after the catastrophe. An inquiry was immediately commenced, and the guilty parties will be condemned. Among the last Said Pacha stands at the head of the list. But for his fanaticism and barbarous cruelty all the passengers would have been saved. It is interesting to know how this inquiry will end, in which the consuls of all nations who had subjects on board of the Silistria are taking part. Among those passengers two were Russians, and both have been saved.

What opinion we ask, can Europe have of the Turkish dignitaries, when one of the most eminent among them, i.e. who was recently charged with so important a mission as the inquiry into the massacre of the Christians at Jeddah, is now accused himself of having committed so horrible a crime?

RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE CONTINENT.—You may remember that on the 1st of August a collision took place on the Lyons and Paris Railway, causing the death of three persons, and wounding thirty-three, more or less dangerously. Justice took this affair in hand, and a trial of all persons concerned ensued. The result has been the condemnation of the *chef de gare* to two years imprisonment, of one of the assistants to one year's imprisonment, and a third to six months. All of them were fined 300*fr.*, and are liable for the costs, the company being held civilly responsible for the results of the dreadful accident. A Madame Munier was killed; her husband sued the company, and obtained 30,000*fr.* damages. This will be a terrible warning to all careless railroad employes in France.—*Letter from Paris.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN PRUSSIA.—At Brandenburg, in Prussia, a short time ago, a married couple named Veigt, workpeople condemned to death for poisoning an old man named Schade, in order to rob him, were executed. As usual in Prussia, the execution took place in the interior of the prison, in presence only of the public prosecutor, two surgeons, a clergyman, and twelve citizens chosen by lot. The woman fainted on being told that her last hour had arrived, and all attempts to restore her to consciousness having failed, she was beheaded in a state of insensibility. The husband walked calmly to the scaffold, repeating a prayer. The heads of both were struck off by an executioner. After the execution, placards were stuck up over the town announcing that it had taken place. For 23 years there had been no execution in the town.

DANGER IN INDIA.—Already the arch-enemy of British rule in Northwestern India has taken advantage of the dismissal of the men and their return to Europe, to give his own version of the manoeuvre. Indeed, it is probable that the barbarian is incapable of understanding either the freedom granted to the individual soldier, or the amazing policy which admits the disbanding of an army needed for the maintenance of our power. Whatever may be the stated belief amongst the surviving leaders of the late mutiny, it seems to be the fact that a public announcement has been issued, declaring that the troops of the European Government are withdrawn from India in order to serve their country in the European war, intelligence of the hostilities in Italy having by this time reached the far East. According to these representations, therefore, the soldiers who are sent home by the force of the official blunder, are withdrawn by our Government in order to sustain our power in Europe; and thus a new opening is offered for the hopes of our enemies in Northwestern India. On what scale these enemies will still have the power of acting, we cannot say; but it is a fact already known in this country, that Lord Clyde has expressed serious apprehensions on the subject; and we believe that he has addressed letters to the authorities both in India and at home.

STRONG WRITING.—The Edinburgh Review says: "There is a school of writers now in existence who appear equally inca-

pable of descending to commonplace language and of rising above commonplace thoughts. They describe the "prison world" of an age, or the "hearth life of a class." They have something fierce to say to whoever displeases them. The world "sets its ghastly teeth" at their heroes, and their heroes in reply "scowl at the century," "clench the fist savagely," and "fight out their life battle," with other similar convolutions. We earnestly recommend these gentlemen to consider what they have to say, and say it plainly. They may rely upon it that a dwarf looks none the taller for standing on his head.

COST OF THE CRIMEAN WAR TO RUSSIA.—General Sattler, who was intendant of the Russian army, has just published in the *Invalide* an account of the provisioning of the Russian army in the late war. It appears from this, that the Russian troops in the Crimea at the commencement of the war amounted to 250,000 men, with 100,000 horses, and those of all the troops for whom the intendance had to furnish provisions during 1855, were 845,000 men, with 187,360 horses; and for 1856, 196,978 men, with 183,570 horses. The intendance had to contend with immense difficulties; the price of cattle, provender, and all kinds of necessaries having increased fivefold, and oftentimes more than tenfold, particularly from the middle of 1855 until January, 1856.—*Independence Belge.*

REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.—It ought to be generally known that the pure bitartrate of potash, cream of Tartar, is an infallible antidote to the variolous fever. The discovery of this important fact was made about thirty years ago, by the late Mr. T. Rose, of Dorling, who in a petition presented to the House of Commons in March, 1856, stated that he had successfully tested the efficacy of the remedy in more than 3,000 cases of small Pox. With this simple medicinal agent, in combination with rhubarb as an adjunct, and a refrigerant mode of treatment, Mr. Rose achieved such a triumph over this hitherto fatal disease as to reduce the death rate to a single exceptional rate.—*English Paper.*

Literature.

THE ROADSIDE INN.

AN EPIQUE.

Dear friend, wrapped in your cloak of care,
And striving what the years may win,
Turn from your tasks, one moment spare
To watch me in this Roadside Inn.

The quaint old house where years ago
We feasted with those merry few,
Who sleep in peace, while we alone
Of all the happy crew survive.

The same stiff order round me lies
As when in older days we met;
The monster with its glaring eyes,
Still goggles on the mantle yet.

The ostler with his roguish leer
(The same as when you saw him last),
Moves round the door, and probes me here
With grey memorials of the past.

The verses scratched across the pane
A thousand banished thoughts recall;
While memories o'er the musing brain
In fitful shadows rise and fall.

For changes too have come and gone,
And left a darkness in the place,
Like shadows that subdue the sun
Upon an old familiar face.

And here the innovator bold,
Some cruel prank with time has wrought
From you old Lion's tarnished gold
To sights with deeper meaning fraught.

The rosy wench is wedded now
(A change you'd hardly wish to see),
With matron cares across her brow,
And clamorous faces round her knee.

The landlord with his oily laugh,
And that old purple breath of mirth,
Lies 'neath a mis-spelt epithet
In six good feet of honest earth.

His widow lives and moves about
With ribbon'd pomp and jingling keys,
And deals the foamy blessings out
'Mid all her powmy mysteries.

O wizard Past! at thy behest
A glory crown's one beggar word,
While some long dead and buried jest
Leaps up to smite us like a sword.

Old scenes of fast-receding joy,
A heaven of deeper splendour hold;
The man looks back upon the boy
Wrapped in his morning mists of gold.

And grander deems that olden sky
Though breathing in the broader day,
The present fields that round him lie
Wear but a face of common clay.

Yet, wherefore should I tease the mind
With raising ghosts, and nursing ill;
Away! give sorrow to the wind
That whistles o'er the Norland hills.

But when again I reach the town
And buried in its central din,
My friend, our thoughts may wander down
To revel in this Roadside Inn.

COMING HOME FOR A WIFE.

(Continued.)

We went about with the girls a good deal: I owed them some attention as their cousin, and Maude amused me very much. I had got rather bored with young ladies, but Maude, whom I remembered when she couldn't speak plain, was another affair, and her face would some times come up in the smoke of my Cavendish, and look at me in court or in late supper parties, and over the top of my Times, in an unaccountable manner—unaccountable, at least, to me, who, since a French widow, a very handsome Baronne, had first made love to, and then jilted me at three-and-twenty, had never permitted any woman's face to haunt my mind longer than two minutes. So we went about with 'em, as I say, a good deal—to the exhibitions, where Vivia and De Rohan criticised the pre-Raphaelites with a sarcasm which it would have been profitable for those eccentric and misguided gentlemen to hear; to Epsom, where the girls made innocent bets according to the jockey's colours, after the curious and

ignorant custom of their sex; to Wyld's Globe, where Vivia asked Tom how he could bear to be at the bottom when he might be at the top; to Frikell's where sceptical Willie delighted Vy and disgusted Maude by explaining all the tricks (there's nothing in the world Willie can't explain if he likes); to Richmond and the Opera, and Hampton Court and Sydenham, and all the places that, to my mind, fatigue one to death, but seemed to give great delight to the innocent young ladies brought up among anemones and algae. And during all these days and evenings Tom bid fair to make an exception to the generality of mankind, and really to take the wife that had been found for him. Whether after the farmers' daughters and wives he'd lately been in the habit of seeing, he was in a duette state for the impression of the first attractive English girl he met, or that in truth little Vy's violet eyes and animated manners had an attraction for us, as men said, something or other made Tom incline towards her. I began to think our plans would come into fruition, and that Vy's lively voice would be heard ringing through the rough timbers of Tom's unfinished house, and that her pretty ways and fascinations would be buried away in the dense shadow of the western woods, as delicate perfumes and spices were buried away by the extravagant Egyptians in the sarcophagi of their mummies. Willie, of course, wished to know something of the girl he'd fixed on for his chum's wife, and to study her character and opinions, to see if they were likely to ensure Goring's happiness; he was very often at Vivia's side, arguing with her, teasing her, drawing her out and being drawn out himself, talking on every subject with the brilliance and talent they had in common; and the cross flashes of their repartee put me uncomfortably in mind of the shower of fireworks at Cremorne on a grand night. Whether Tom meant to be married by proxy, like the old monarchs, I can't say, but his ambassador seemed to me to take the most of the initiative business, though, when De Rohan was at the chambers or in court, Goring had plenty of time to mark his quarry, and began to follow Vivia about in very spooney style.

"Well, William, I think you've shown good taste as commissary," said Tom, one night when we sat smoking in De Rohan's chambers, after supper at the Rainbow. "I agree with you that little Vivia is something still more than pretty, and 'pon my life I don't believe I could do better."

"I thought I saw Willie give a slight start, but he merely said, with his pipe in his mouth, 'Better than what?'"

"My dear fellow, where the deuce is your memory gone?" asked Tom.

Tom was always singularly confiding about his loves, and from his first passion, a hazel-eyed Hobe, whom we used to buy tuck of, we'd known and heard all about 'em, when his soul was warmed with the smoke of the good-thing pipe.

"Didn't you yourself take the matrimonial department off my hands, and tell me one of the Lessingham girls was the best investment I could make?"

"More fool I," muttered De Rohan to himself, too low for Tom to hear him.

"And I think so, too," continued Tom with a contented smile on his lips. "I've never seen a more amusing little thing, and she's the prettiest foot of any woman I know."

"What a sensible basis for a deep affection," said Willie, with a sneer. "Good heavens, Goring you analyse her as you might your Scotch stag-hounds."

"That was generally the way you used to look at women," said Tom, opening his eyes. "What's made you so scrupulous all of a sudden, if you've changed your notions of the grand passion, I haven't. I don't understand all your soul and spirit affairs, your reports, and your amour, qui n'aient a la fois de la sympathie et de la diversite—that style's beyond me. I can admire a girl and her foot too; where's the harm? and can get quite fond enough of her to make her a very good husband, and I do certainly feel myself getting wretchedly spooney about little Vy; but as to breaking my heart about a girl, I don't understand it."

Yes, I have died for love as others do;
But, praised be God, it was of such a sort
That I revived within an hour or so."

Willie busied himself filling his merschaum, and poked in the Cavendish fiercely.

"Such a sort will scarcely suit Vivia. I'm afraid she'll want something a little deeper," said he, sharply. "To be analysed like your beagles, and valued a little higher than your crows and sheep, will be scarcely her style."

"Oh, by George! I couldn't be swearing interminable devotion all the day long to please any girl," said Tom, in consternation. "I'll be very kind to her, and let her do as she likes, and buy as many dresses as she pleases, and all that. I'm sure I can't say more; but as to violent, vehement, never-dying love, that's eternally burning and firing away like one of our hot springs—no! I couldn't get up that amount of steam for anything, and I never thought to hear you preach the doctrine, Will. I thought your opinion was, that love's all bosh and folly."

"It may be mine, but I don't suppose it's her's," said De Rohan, with the pipe in his teeth.

"Very likely not," said Tom, stirring his Toddy, nowise disturbed by the contemptuous sarcasm with which Willie looked at his once-beloved Orestes. "Girls are all more or less romantic—have an ideal of a Sir Augustus Amanderville de Vere, and end by marrying plain John Doe or Richard Roe, with a good income. Their high-wrought visions come down before the practical consideration of settlements, as I've heard you say many a time, and a girl without tin never rejects a man who has it."

"It's ridiculous folly," interrupted Willie, contemptuously, his eyebrows contracted, and his handsome mouth set. "The idea of taking out a delicate, accomplished young girl, of superior intellect, who likes society and adorns it, to play the part of mingled cook, washerwoman, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work, that a wife in the Bush must be, it really is absurd, Tom; I don't think she's suited to you."

"Then why the devil did you recommend her?" asked Tom, staring at him.

"Oh! I didn't know then what she was," said Willie, now coolly leaning back in his chair, with his head against the top of it, so that I couldn't see his face. "I heard she was a poor clergyman's daughter, and I naturally supposed she might be used to domestic affairs, and after a hard life at home, teaching her little sisters and brothers, the Bush might have been palatable. But Vivia's a girl to amuse a drawing-room, not scour a kitchen. I've heard her say she hates work, and I dare say she knows as much about cooking as that terrier. Her singing, and drawing, and conversation, and wit, will be so much dead loss in the backwoods. Of course I only speak from interest in your welfare, but I must say one of the Dresden shepherdesses of Mrs. Mount-cagle's mantelpiece will be as much appreciated in the Bush, and as much use to you, as her niece."

"Ah! well, William, I can't help it; you should have thought of all that before you introduced me to her. It's too late now," said Tom.

"Commissaries should know if their goods will bear

warranting, and are likely to suit, before they recommend 'em; and I can't see why I mayn't please myself in the matter of my own wife. I haven't had much fun the last ten years; I may surely have something to amuse me now; and as for your Dresden shepherdess, Will, why, if I can afford Serres instead of willow pattern, why the deuce shouldn't I have it?"

"Take care it doesn't break in your hands, Tom," said De Rohan, sarcastically, springing up, and frightening his Skye, who was dreaming of a delicious rat-hunt in the middle of the room. "By jove! it's five o'clock: I think I shall turn you two fellows out, for the sun is staring us in the face, to shame our symposia."

But when Tom and I did turn out, I have a strong suspicion that Willie sat down by himself, and smoked two or three pipes more, instead of going to bed, in a gloomy reverie, of which the Skye was sole spectator.

IV.—SHOWING WHAT PROGRESS TOM GORING MADE IN HIS SUIT.

The season whirled on till whitebait dinners and water parties brought it near its close. The sweet odours of the Thames were beginning to penetrate into the senatorial halls of St. Stephen's, and its benches were fondly yearning towards their preserves and moors, grouse and blackcock, the Pytchelay and the Two Thousand. Tired belles began to think of winding up their town campaign, and commencing fresh manoeuvres in Spanish hats and country simplicity, or, *en Amazone*, leading the field over staken-bound fences. Vivia's and Epitau's began to look for a respite, the Ride and the Ring to thin by degrees, fewer carriages to block the way before Howell and James's, and senators and singers, belles and ballet-girls, clubs and chaperones, to take breath from their incessant toils. The season was drawing to a close, and Willie had an invitation to spend August with a Fellow of John's on his moor, but, for some reason or other, put off accepting it. In three weeks or so, the Lessingham girls would be off to their little Norfolk village, to vegetate again among misembryanthemums and Sunday schools, and Tom began to get as hot in pursuit of Vy, as in a day's pig-sticking. You're sure that, like all the rest of us in those affairs, De Rohan's word of advice not to do it, was the surest method to make him want to do it ten times more. Willie never opened his lips about it again to Goring or me. Sometimes he'd spend whole evenings in his chambers, smoking (and reading, I suppose), alone; sometimes he'd come up to St. John's Wood, and be very kind to Vivia, talking his old brilliant badinage, criticising her etchings, and tilting with her in his usual witty strain; and sometimes he'd come, looking haughty, cold, and stilted, talking only with my mother or Helen, and, if Vivia addressed him, cutting her off short, with more brevity than was exactly consistent with courtesy, or with Willie's ordinary suave high-breeding. As for myself—I may as well confess it at once—I, who ever since that wretched French widow jilted me, have been as prof against love as Mahomet professed to be against wine—I was let in for it at length. Steel ourselves how we will, we always fall a prey to somebody in the end, and after three months of fitting rous, deux temps, tete-a-tete in conservatories, whiskeys in opera-boxes, and what was more dangerous still, long quiet mornings in my mother's drawing-rooms—I, who ought at four-and-thirty to have been more on my guard, let that little monkey, Maude, make a fool of me, and, as I rowed her one evening on the Thames, by Twickenham, her soft eyes, or the moonlight, or the glorious vintage of Champagne that Harrison sings about, made me talk a good deal of nonsense, I dare say—nonsense, however, to which Maude listened very willingly—so willingly, indeed, that when I went back to Middle Temple, I, who ought to have known better, found myself, to my profound astonishment, not only in love, but engaged to a girl whom I remembered in long clothes, or, rather might have done so, if I hadn't, to my aunt's disgust, refused to look at her in that ugly and uninteresting stage of existence. The morning after I'd been thus inhumanly trapped, I was sitting on a dormouse beside Maude, who was pleasing herself with sketching my profile, an operation which progressed but slowly, as she told me it was quite impossible to do it if I would keep turning my head round to look at her. I'd been there about an hour, when Tom came in to offer them an opera-box he had taken. Vivia was leaning back in a low chair, pretending to read Emerson's "Orations," but really only playing listlessly with a kitten, and looking out of the window. She started every time the door-bell rang, and glanced hastily round when the drawing-room door opened. A shade passed over her face when she saw it was for Tom, who sat down near her, and began to talk. Now, Tom's a well-read man enough, and clever too; but whether the Bush has kept his mind at a stand-still, there not being Mudies, morning papers and British Museums in that horrid exile "up country," or that, as I often think, Willie's brilliant fencing, ready argument, and a general knowledge, make anybody else's conversation seem tame, certain it was, that Vivia did not think poor Tom had the same skill in l'art de causer as his friend.

I was too occupied with my artist beside me to hear their conversation; but as Maude darted across the room to the rescue of the kitten, who was being browbeaten by a cockatoo, I caught Tom expatiating on the delights (!) of a Bush existence.

"Especially taking your own flour seven or eight miles to be ground, felling your own timber before you can have a house to live in, growing your own vegetables, and washing them with your own hands—all that must be so pleasant," cried Vy, with a toss of her head, and a mischievous, disdainful smile, calculated to make poor Tom much worse than ever.

"Oh! but I've done with all that, you know," said Tom, earnestly. "I've got over the hard work, and can enjoy myself."

"Enjoyment in the Bush! a gross anomaly!" said Vy.

"Yes, enjoy. Do you think that when my sheep were voted the best in Nelson, and my butter the finest in the province, that was no pleasure?"

Vivia made a little *roue* of contempt: "One I really can't sympathise with. You didn't make your sheep nor churn your butter, so I can't see that they brought you many laurels."

Tom started. He hadn't expected penniless girls, who wanted a home, to treat him so nonchalantly. Then he laughed, for he was a good-natured fellow. "Well, if you won't see any merit in my poor butter and sheep, I can assure you there is enjoyment in the Bush. There's grand scenery and good sport—woods such as you've never seen—and when the moon shines on the lagoons, with the blue cranes wading in the low water, and herons, and teal, and Nankton birds floating about among the tall reeds, you can't

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"You're sure that, like all the rest of us in those affairs, De Rohan's word of advice not to do it, was the surest method to make him want to do it ten times more. Willie never opened his lips about it again to Goring or me. Sometimes he'd spend whole evenings in his chambers, smoking (and reading, I suppose), alone; sometimes he'd come up to St. John's Wood, and be very kind to Vivia, talking his old brilliant badinage, criticising her etchings, and tilting with her in his usual witty strain; and sometimes he'd come, looking haughty, cold, and stilted, talking only with my mother or Helen, and, if Vivia addressed him, cutting her off short, with more brevity than was exactly consistent with courtesy, or with Willie's ordinary suave high-breeding. As for myself—I may as well confess it at once—I, who ever since that wretched French widow jilted me, have been as prof against love as Mahomet professed to be against wine—I was let in for it at length. Steel ourselves how we will, we always fall a prey to somebody in the end, and after three months of fitting rous, deux temps, tete-a-tete in conservatories, whiskeys in opera-boxes, and what was more dangerous still, long quiet mornings in my mother's drawing-rooms—I, who ought at four-and-thirty to have been more on my guard, let that little monkey, Maude, make a fool of me, and, as I rowed her one evening on the Thames, by Twickenham, her soft eyes, or the moonlight, or the glorious vintage of Champagne that Harrison sings about, made me talk a good deal of nonsense, I dare say—nonsense, however, to which Maude listened very willingly—so willingly, indeed, that when I went back to Middle Temple, I, who ought to have known better, found myself, to my profound astonishment, not only in love, but engaged to a girl whom I remembered in long clothes, or, rather might have done so, if I hadn't, to my aunt's disgust, refused to look at her in that ugly and uninteresting stage of existence. The morning after I'd been thus inhumanly trapped, I was sitting on a dormouse beside Maude, who was pleasing herself with sketching my profile, an operation which progressed but slowly, as she told me it was quite impossible to do it if I would keep turning my head round to look at her. I'd been there about an hour, when Tom came in to offer them an opera-box he had taken. Vivia was leaning back in a low chair, pretending to read Emerson's "Orations," but really only playing listlessly with a kitten, and looking out of the window. She started every time the door-bell rang, and glanced hastily round when the drawing-room door opened. A shade passed over her face when she saw it was for Tom, who sat down near her, and began to talk. Now, Tom's a well-read man enough, and clever too; but whether the Bush has kept his mind at a stand-still, there not being Mudies, morning papers and British Museums in that horrid exile "up country," or that, as I often think, Willie's brilliant fencing, ready argument, and a general knowledge, make anybody else's conversation seem tame, certain it was, that Vivia did not think poor Tom had the same skill in l'art de causer as his friend.

I was too occupied with my artist beside me to hear their conversation; but as Maude darted across the room to the rescue of the kitten, who was being browbeaten by a cockatoo, I caught Tom expatiating on the delights (!) of a Bush existence.

"Especially taking your own flour seven or eight miles to be ground, felling your own timber before you can have a house to live in, growing your own vegetables, and washing them with your own hands—all that must be so pleasant," cried Vy, with a toss of her head, and a mischievous, disdainful smile, calculated to make poor Tom much worse than ever.

"Oh! but I've done with all that, you know," said Tom, earnestly. "I've got over the hard work, and can enjoy myself."

"Enjoyment in the Bush! a gross anomaly!" said Vy.

"Yes, enjoy. Do you think that when my sheep were voted the best in Nelson, and my butter the finest in the province, that was no pleasure?"

Vivia made a little *roue* of contempt: "One I really can't sympathise with. You didn't make your sheep nor churn your butter, so I can't see that they brought you many laurels."

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