

THE WHITE SQUALL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

On deck, beneath the awning
I dozing lay and yawning:
It was the gray of dawn.
The sun rose, and the sun
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring,
With universal noise.
I could hear the passengers snoring—
I envied their sleeping—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a dore.
So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight
And the glimmer of the skylight
That shot across the deck:
And the binnacle, pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
Strange company we harbored:
We'd a hundred Jews to lardboard,
Unwashed, uncoubed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray.
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.
To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,
Enormous wide their beards were.
Their pipes did puff away:
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked, and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small beathens gay.
And so the hours kept telling:
And through the ocean rolline
Went the brave *Berita* bowling.
Before the break of day,
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters seething;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was washed to lather,
And the lowering thunder rumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in a wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle-dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a howling
As she heard the tempest blowing:
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the corlidge and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle:
And the rushing water soaked all,
From the seamen in the fo'k'sal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places:
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling:
And the passengers awoken,
Most pitifully shaken:
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.
Then the Greeks they croaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered.
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them:
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins:
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for ard
Were frightened and behorrered:
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children.
The men sang: "Allah! Allah!
Marshallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.
Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury:
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up.
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins!)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine.
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation,
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenchens:
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenchens.
Then a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
And wondering, cried: "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter:
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle:
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her.
And through the hubbub brought her,
Cried: "George, some brandy and water!"
And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer for me,
—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

CONNIE'S LOVE MATCH.

BY NED F. MAH.

I.

There's a path by the river o'ershadowed by trees,
Where people may walk—and may talk, if they
please.

Says the old song. And in whose breast do
not these two lines suggest some pleasant
memories?

There was such a walk at Ripplepool. A de-
lightful, serpentine walk, that was never dusty,
and always cool. It followed the windings of
the Ripple, through the meadows below the
town, and it would lead you, did you choose to

explore it so far, to Shallowford, eight miles
distant.

To arrive at the river from the town, the way
was somewhat complicated. A stranger would
never succeed in reaching it, except by some
fortunate chance. For, having set out in the
right direction, ten to one but he would take
one of the many offshoots from the correct path,
which apparently leading him direct to the
stream, and even bringing him within view of
it, would, after many confusing turns and
angles, and dodging round high garden walls,
and passing between posts which had certainly
been erected without a prevision of the possible
introduction of crinoline, bring back the baffled
explorer to the town at some point miraculously
near to that at which he left it. But if he were
fortunate enough to have a guide whom fre-
quency has made familiar with the intricate
windings of the route, he would have left the
main street by turning under the little arch-
way between Simpthin's the hairdresser's, and
Bennett, the draper's, following a painful and
slippery incline some six feet in width, between
high walls and paved with petrified kidneys,
known as Stone Alley, diving, at the end there-
of, down steps into the tunnel beneath the
old Priory, into which the Grammar School
boys shot, suddenly and without warning, at
one o'clock and four, from a door which led to a
passage in the tunnel's left hand wall, to the
great terror and detriment of old ladies, chil-
dren or dogs should any such be unwary enough
to venture into these gloomy penetralia at
those hours of danger. Emerging from the
tunnel's further end into the dazzling sunlight,
he would find himself, so soon as he could
divest himself of the evil like sensation to see
clearly, in a small, open, sandy space from
which a number of paths visibly diverged.
Taking none of these, however, he would
advance boldly to the quickset hedge imme-
diately opposite, which would apparently open
to admit him on his approach, and a winding
footway would lead him off southward till he
reached a steep stony descent beneath the
brick wall flanking the property known as the
Elms, through a great arch in which the river
passed, just where it was spanned by a little,
rickety, rustic bridge from which you might
watch the trout sporting in the clear water.

Crossing this little, rickety, rustic bridge, our
explorer would find himself at the commence-
ment of the path, which, fringing the circuitous
windings of the Ripple, formed one of the most
delightful retreats imaginable, inviting to the
artist for the splendid bits of scenery it fur-
nished; glades, beautified by a network of sun
and shadow, lofty trees spreading their branches
over the stream like huge arms in benediction;
quaint old follies leaning over and gazing at
the reflection of their ugly, knarled old forms
in the watery mirror with a ridiculous sensual
vanity—inviting to the poet for the cool,
silent, peaceful beauty of its solitude, leading
his soul through Nature up to Nature's God,
and inspiring him with great and noble thoughts
—inviting to lovers, for here they could make
to each other those extremely weighty communi-
cations which someone has very inconsiderately
called soft nothings, unheard; here they could
kiss unobserved, or here they could sit for hours,
hand in hand, and neither kiss nor speak, in
that silence which is said to be more eloquent
than words—inviting to the fisherman, for in the
depths of the Ripple, trout lurked, which were
by no means coy to the charms of the fly—and
inviting to every ordinary and commonplace
mortal who had not a soul so dead as to be im-
pervious to the beauties of nature, to the re-
freshing atmosphere, or the sweet odors wafted
from the flowers on one hand, or the clover and
hay fields on the other—for on the left bank of
the river were gardens, orchards, and paddocks
sloping down from the backs of the detached
houses and villa residences described in the
glowing advertisements of estate agents, as
commanding a delightful prospect across the
vale of the Ripple; on the other bank stretched
green pasture lands, fertile corn fields, beyond
which an ancient mansion here and there dotted
the landscape, half hidden by the leafy crests of
ancestral oaks, and standing out in sharp relief
from a dark background of dense woods, behind
which the blue outline of the far off hills marked
the horizon.

In the delightful stillness of a June evening,
at that hour when the after glow of the setting
sun has not yet deepened into twilight, when
the delicious odors of the fields gain from the
closeness and stillness of the air which preme-
ges the falling of the night dews, a more perceptible
pungency; when the silence gains a yet deeper
quietude from the hum of the insects, the faint
dip of the oar, or far off shouts of the school
boys at their last game of cricket; the little
white pleasure boat from Rose Cottage might
have been observed floating down lazily with
the stream, and presently the sweet, clear
voice of Constance Glyn herself might have
reached the listener with that peculiar veiled,
fairy-like, softened effect which song tones ever
have when they travel over water. She was
singing some simple German ditty—and when
George the Fourth libelled that language by
saying it was only fit for a scavenger, I am
sure he could never have heard it sung—not, at
least, as Constance Glyn was now singing the
legend of the *Vergil-meln nicht*. Presently
the sweet notes ceased, leaving as they died
away a profound hush behind them, as
though all nature were caught listening: until
the bullfrogs in a distant pond suddenly broke
into a chorus of hoarse music as though in pro-
test.

The boat glided to the shore, the oarsman
stepped out and assisted his fair passenger to
land, and they sauntered half embraced, these
two, the robust stripling and the slight, beauti-
ful girl, like a young oak and its clinging par-
asite, among the hay cocks. Presently they
sank down on the soft couch presented by one
of these, with their backs so placed that they
were screened from the observation of any
chance passer by upon the walk by the river
side. And then, their faces being nearer on a
level than they had hitherto been by reason of
the difference in their height, our impression is,
though we cannot tell, since it was impossible
they could have been seen, that their lips—
well, in plain English, that George Elliott
kissed Constance Glyn. And when that debt
had been repaid with interest and another
promissory note drawn on that bank of nectar,
Constance with a pretty waywardness, dis-
engaged herself and said, with an assumption
of the most intense seriousness—

"George, I have something to tell you."

"Well, sweetheart, what is it?"

Instead of answering, she began to rummage
in her pocket and drew therefrom—recollect it
was the pocket of a governess—item, one cam-
bric handkerchief; item, one H.B. pencil;
item, one piece of india rubber; item, one
piece vulcanised do. do.; item, one pocket
scissors with sheath, said scissors in form of a
sacred ibis the blades forming his bill; item,
one silver thimble; item, one small piece of
sponge used for washing in clouds, much dis-
colored; one small square of bread, very dry
and hard; item, one tooth of a dormouse pre-
sented that day as a token of immense affection
and respect by one of her youngest pupils; item,
a list of families at whose houses she taught,
with her appointments thereat; and item, list
of all because it was required first. One small
oblong slip containing an advertisement cut
from a newspaper.

"There, dear. Read that."

George read as follows:

"A German gentleman is desirous of obtain-
ing board in a private family with a view to
gaining a knowledge of the English language.
Will willingly give instructions in German in
return. Address M.L., White Hart Inn, Shal-
lowford."

"You know we could very well afford to give
up the little blue parlor, and the gabled bed-
room next to Radford's, and it would be such a
boon to me to add German to my stock of re-
quirements."

"And your mother is agreeable?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her! I can manage
her easily enough. It's you, brute, that I'm
afraid of."

"How afraid?"

"And that's why I want you to go over to
Shallowford and find out all about him, and see
it's not somebody of whom you are going to be
awfully and ridiculously jealous."

"Why you little foolish birdie! Was I ever
jealous the least bit in the world?"

"Oh, lots and lots of times. There was
Captain Dangerfield, you know, and poor
freckled Dobbs, the curate, and—and"

"And the young man with the heye?"

"Oh yes, the young man with the heye at
Bennett's. But he doesn't count, for I declare
he's squinted and wasn't looking at me at all.
Can you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, after breakfast."

"And match me some Berlin wool at Flet-
cher's, and see if they've got the Moonlight
Galop at King's and a cake of ultramarine blue
at Sketchley's, and don't drink too much beer,
and only play one game of billiards, and not
even look at the Miss Archers. Will you?"

And much more in the same style, which is
doubtless not very amusing to the reader, and
which we will spare him, in dread lest he
may lose his faith in the extreme dignity of de-
meanor for which Constance Glyn was celebrated
among her pupils.

II.

We are much too apt, especially those among
us who are gifted, or who fancy we are gifted,
which is much oftener the case, with talents or
perceptions superior to the common herd: to
set up an ideal standard for humanity, and to
express surprise or disgust when our fellow-
creatures fall short of that standard. We should
be far happier, often, if we were content to take
people as we find them, and to be prepared to
esteem them as ordinary mortals, imperfect,

"not too grand or good
for human nature's daily food."

yet very pleasant, lovable acquaintances, or
companions, nevertheless.

Our heroine, Constance Glyn, was not perfec-
tion. She seemed so, perhaps, to the blinded
eyes of George Elliott, her lover; but to us,
who are about to take the privilege of peeping
at her as she sits at her window in the summer
moonlight, and of hearing the confession she
breathes beneath the twinkling stars, she will
not long appear so. We shall learn that she is
ambitious, and Ambition, though it may make
men great, never yet made them better, or more
lovable.

Perfection! No, neither in face, or figure,
or mind. Every one called her beautiful, well
formed, clever. We are not going to deny it;
but she was not perfect. Her profile was not pure
Greek, nor pure Roman; but she possessed a
delightful regularity of feature that was a thou-
sand times more charming. She was neither
dark nor fair, but made up of a whimsical com-
bination of the two, which added a zest from its

very rarity. And there was a quaint something
in her eyes which no one would dare to call a
squint, and which every man, at least, who saw
her, declared enhanced their attraction. The
fact was, they were set over such a little nearer
together than usual. And then her figure. In-
deed by the sculptor's rules, it would have
lacked proportion. If we would be veracious,
we must own that she was a trifle, the merest
trifle, high-shouldered; and her arms, perhaps,
on that account in part, were slightly shorter
than the artist eye demands. Yet her limbs
were superbly moulded, and her carriage united
dignity with an easy grace, and the expression
of an exuberance of vitality which was univer-
sally allowed to be the very poetry of motion.
And her character, though we will not attempt
to deny her the virtues of amiability, and a
courageous perseverance in the pursuit of a very
trying calling, was not without its blemishes.
She was not of the stuff of which heroines are
made—she had not that high principle which
sacrifices everything to Duty. But she was am-
bitious, and for ambition she would have suffer-
ed much; but like all ambitious people she was
selfish, in spite of her amiability which made
her popular, and which she practised because
popularity is the high road on which ambition
travels.

Let us listen then, dear Faust, since we, with
the author's privilege, will be the mephistophiles
on this occasion—to what this Marguerite of
ours is whispering to the stars. It is the cus-
tom at Rose Cottage for the inhabitants to retire
early to their rooms. Mrs. Glyn to seek repose
—for she firmly believes in the old adage that
one hour before twelve is worth two after, and is
moreover, an early riser—Radford to smoke his
cigar, and Constance to make herself better per-
fect in her next day's lessons, and to bask in the
moonlight, when there is a moon, "in maiden
meditation, fancy free."

"Poor George," we hear her murmur, "he's
awfully kind, and affectionate, and docile, and
all that sort of thing, and believes desperately
in me. But he is such a boy, and I do hate
boys. Of course he'll improve as he grows
older, but then I shall always be four years
older than he is, and he will always be a boy
to me. I like him, yes, I do like him, but I
shall never love him as a wife should love. I
must respect the man I love, and fancy my
having any respect for George! But I must be
true to him, for I have promised to be his, and
he will be rich, and I mean to be rich. No
more bear leading then; no multiplication
tables, no French irregular verbs, no touching
up of drawings, no one-two-three-four, no sel-
fa-re-mi. No more carressing and coaxing of
lazy, incorrigible, irritating, impertinent brats;
no more cringing to overbearing, fault-finding
parents. I shall have only one bear to lead,
and that a very endurable bear, George. Well,
well, we shall be very tolerably happy, I dare-
say; perhaps happier than if the attraction
were equal on both sides. In love, they say,
one should kiss the other tender the cheek. It
is only right the kiss should come from the
man's side. Will it be so very hard to present
the cheek with a good grace, when I am bribed
with a good purse, nice clothes, ponies to drive,
and servants to do my bidding? I trust not.
Heigho! I wish, though, I had somebody I
could really love—somebody I could look up to,
on whose advice I could rely, in whom I could
place my completest confidence. In a word, a
Man. Oh, it must be glorious to know a Man;
there are so few specimens of the genus now-
adays. I wonder what this German will be like.
Of course he will come here. George is too vain
to be really jealous, particularly of a mere
foreigner. But our intercourse will be danger-
ous. Is there anything more dangerous than
listening to the broken hissings of a foreign
tongue? And they say these Germans are so ro-
mantic; and sometimes they are so handsome
too. I do hope he will be handsome. No, I
don't either, because I've got to marry George,
and I must marry George whatever happens,
and I've got to keep that steadily before my
eyes. Ah, well, I wish he was older, and hand-
somer, and more of a man."

And so she draws the curtain before our pro-
fane eyes, and prepares to sleep the well earned
sleep of the daily governess.

Tea time at Rose Cottage. Mrs. Glyn, hand-
some in that most pleasing of all styles of
beauty, the calm, placid beauty of well-preserved
old age; grey-haired, pink-cheeked, wrinkleless,
looking every inch the lady in her rich black
silk, reclines in her easy chair. Constance, tired
but cheerful—she has acquired a habit of being
cheerful, and it has become second nature with
her, although every governess will bear us will-
ing witness that there are frequently circum-
stances in the lives of this ill-used and harassed
class, in which there is very great credit indeed
in being jolly—presides at the equipage. Rad-
ford who, like all brothers, despises his tea, is
ensconced behind the Ripplepool *Mercury*, now
and then snarling at a scandalous paragraph, or
some hit at the women from the column of fac-
titive, generally with his mouth full, and inter-
rupting himself to take big gulps from his tea-
cup. To them enter George Elliott, who has
dropped in for a cup of tea before going home to
dinner. He sits down by Constance, puts his
arm round her, and their lips meet behind the
urn; then she clasps her hands upon his shoul-
der, and beams upon him with her great lau-
trous eyes, and says,

"Well, Dodie, what news from Hollowford?
Did you see him? What was he like? Is he
nice? Will he come? Will it do for us to have
him?"