

The Magazines.

The seventh volume of *Scribner's* opens with the first of the promised series of papers on the Great South, the writer chatting pleasantly in a rambling style of New Orleans past and present. A new serial by Adeline Trafton, entitled "Katherine Earle," takes the place of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle." The latter, the readers of this magazine will remember, gave the history, autobiographically told of the adventures and early career of a young man. The former apparently purposes to do as much, in a different form, for a young lady. An article of importance is Edmund Clarence Stedman's critical paper on Mrs. Browning. Froude's "Annals of an English Abbey" is a disappointment; we expected something better from the historian of the Tudors. Prof. Newcombe gives an interesting account of the making of the new great telescope at Washington. The fiction in the number is exceptionally good, including "For Pastime," "Earthen Pitchers," and "Only Half a Woman." Among the poetry we find an unusually good poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, "November Morning," and another of George McDonald's translations from Novalis.

The contents of the November *Old and New* fall naturally into two sections: readable light matter, and readable seasonable solid matter. The former includes Mr. Appleton's memorial poem on Penekese and the Anderson Natural History school there, and another poem, on a Happy Valley. Also, instalments of the serials, "Scrope," and Mr. Burnand's "My Time." There is a very bright California story by H. A. Berton, called "Moonlight," which shows that there can be a California story with a moral that isn't an immoral. Mr. Hale's "Tale of the Simpson" ends in a curious fashion enough, having two ends, one for tragic readers and one for comfortable ones. Mr. Perkins gives a sharp, brief argument in defence of that much persecuted word "Reliable." Prof. Blerbower's second and concluding paper gives a very clear and striking account of the doctrines and methods of the Socialists. There is the first of a series of papers which are going to be very lively and instructive, by Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt, the English art writer, on sketching from nature. This paper is so bright and jolly that, perhaps, it ought not to be counted among the solid matter. But the money articles are solid—though seasonable. There are no less than six of them; Mr. Hale's Introduction, taking a broad ethical view of money panics and money business; a paper by Mr. John Earl Williams, the well-known President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York City, in favour of more paper money than we now have; one by O. P. Q., in favour of a practically unlimited issue of paper money not convertible into specie at all; remarks on this by Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, a specie-payment man; another argument for specie payment, by a manufacturer, and a final note, with a rather biting argument against "stock gambling" and "corners." This is a very instructive set of papers, and will enable any business man to examine all sides of this important question.

The *Atlantic* opens with another instalment of Mr. Boyesen's quaint Norse romance "Gunnar," which increases in interest as it goes on. Mr. Robert Dale Owen gives us some interesting reminiscences of people of note he met in London, among others of the Rev. Edward Irving, Rowland Hill, Miss Landon (the well-known L. E. L.) and Spurzheim, to which he appends some critical remarks on the English character. Honest John Vane makes, we imagine, his last appearance, as full-blown, though undiscovered, Dishonest John Vane. "Little Fountain of Sakamoshita," is a delicious little picture of life and love in Japan, told with much naïveté and considerable humour. Among the more substantial articles we have one on the Railroads and the Farms, a critical paper on M. De Forest's novels, and a third which gives us an insight into the home-life of Salmon P. Chase. The poetry is, as usual in the *Atlantic*, of the highest order. Ellen Frances Terry's poem "The God of Pearl" and that by H. E. Warner "The Returner," we especially recommend.

Lippincott's Magazine for November contains, among other seasonable and attractive articles, a sparkling description of London Balls, by a Londoner, who divides these festivities into the public, the semi-public, and the private ball, and sketches in a graphic and piquant style specimens of each variety, such as a subscription ball at St. James's Hall, a Lord Mayor's ball at the Mansion House, a ball given at the Inns of Court by the Barrister's Volunteer Corps, popularly known as the "Devil's Own," and the usual fashionable entertainment which turns night into day and keeps the carriages whirling through the streets and to West End from midnight till dawn. A story which can hardly fail to attract general notice is entitled "The Livelies." The writer, Mrs. Sarah Winter Kellogg, author of "Her Chance," Mr. Twitchell's "Inventions," etc., was a sufferer by the Chicago fire, and has here woven into the thread of a most entertaining story a striking and thoroughly realistic narrative of her experience during the great conflagration, and the scenes both pathetic and ludicrous, that came under her observation. There is another long instalment of Mr. Black's popular novel, "A Princess of Thule," which gains in interest with each succeeding number, while it is the only serial of the year in which the charm of an exquisite style heightens the attractions of a well-constructed story and finely-developed characters. The "New Hyperion," with its spirited descriptions and quaint artistic embellishments, is also carried forward another step, landing the hero in new embarrassments. Another illustrated paper is the second of a series of "Sketches of Eastern Travel," by different writers, the present number being an interesting account of Batavia, the capital of the Island of Java, with its variegated population, its interesting streets and canals, and its tropical foliage and fruits. Under the title of "A Strayed Singer," Miss Kate Hilliard gives a well-written paper sketching the career and analyzing the writings of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of the Elizabethan type, but belonging to the nineteenth century, and, though little known to general readers, ranked by critics among writers of a rare and peculiar genius. "Orco," from the French of George Sand, is a Venetian story characterized by the brilliant imagination and rich word-painting in which its author is unsurpassed. A lively article on the Isle of Wight gives a very agreeable picture to the renowned "Undercliff" with its charming scenery and genial climate, and describes the former residence of Tennyson, from which he was driven by the intrusions of his admirers, the present abode of Miss Sewall, the cottage once inhabited by the famous "Dairyman's Daughter," and other objects of interest. Several pleasing poems by Miss Lazarus and others, the usual attractive variety of the "Monthly Gossip," and some keenly written critical notices, complete a number which exhibits the best qualities of magazine literature, while promising entertainment for readers of every class.

The current number of the *Penn Monthly* is almost entirely devoted to reviews. The exceptions are a neat verse translation of Horace, Carm., IV., 7, and a learned paper on the Myths of the Thunderstorm, in which the writer displays a close acquaintance with Oriental mythology that would not disgrace Mr. Baring Gould. The subjects of the reviews are Trial by Jury, "Meriam Monfort," Brinckle's translation of the *Electra* of Sophocles, and Dr. Tukey's work on Mind and Body.

A while ago a farmer in the Highlands lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbour having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

him some slight encouragement. However that is all over now. The young gentleman called upon me yesterday morning to urge his suit, and I gave him a very straightforward answer."

"You refused him?" asked the baronet.
"Unconditionally. You look surprised, Sir Aubrey. You think that a banker's son would be a very good match for a parish schoolmaster's daughter. And so I grant you he would have been, were there no drawback. If he marries my daughter he marries her in direct opposition to his mother. And, though I am a poor man, I hold honour before self-interest. I will not suffer my child to enter a family which refuses her an affectionate welcome."

This sounded noble, especially as Mr. Carew's speech gave no hint of Mrs. Standen's power to disinherit her son.

"I applaud your spirit, sir," said the baronet, stealing a look at Sylvia, curious to know how near this subject was to her heart.

That drooping face, bent over the only needlework in the girl's hands, told him nothing. He next saw the fair young brow, the downcast eyelids with their auburn lashes. The attitude was of calmest repose. Passion could scarcely stir the heart beneath that tranquil bosom.

Having discussed the Vicar's pet scheme in all its bearings, Sir Aubrey had no excuse for lingering. Yet he lingered talking of the village and its surroundings, keenly interested in discovering what kind of man Mr. Carew was. An educated man evidently to begin with, and a man who had at some period of his existence been familiar with polite society. The glory of Sir Aubrey's presence abashed him not at all.

The little Dutch clock struck ten, and Sir Aubrey rose with a guilty start.

"Upon my word, I owe you a hundred apologies," he said, "these summer evenings delude me into a forgetfulness of time."

"Pray do not apologise for the lateness of your visit, Sir Aubrey. The evening is the only time in which I am my own master, and free to receive a visitor."

"Then I may drop in again some evening to hear how the plans progress?" asked Sir Aubrey, quite ignoring the fact that nothing serious was likely to be done for the next two years.

"I shall be honoured by your visit, Sir Aubrey."

"You are very good," returned the baronet, and then with some hesitation, he went on, "If at any time, while the summer evenings last, you would like to bring Miss Carew to see Perriam—unless, indeed, she has seen it already—I should be very happy to show you the house and gardens. There is nothing new-fangled, none of those frivolous inventions for spending money with which people fill their places now-a-days, but the gardens are large, and the house is well built. It might repay the trouble of a visit."

"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Aubrey. Neither I nor my daughter have seen Perriam Place."

"Why not fix upon a day, then? Could you come to-morrow?"

"We have no engagements," said Mr. Carew, with his somewhat bitter smile.

"Let it be to-morrow, then. I shall expect you at eight o'clock, and you can give me any new ideas that may have occurred to you about the school. Shall I send a carriage for you and Miss Carew?"

"You are too kind, Sir Aubrey. No, thanks; we would rather walk over to Perriam. It is a pleasant walk across the fields."

"So be it, then. My brother and I will show you the house and gardens. Perhaps we had better say half-past seven. There might be hardly light enough after eight," said Sir Aubrey gravely.

This advancement of the hour would oblige him to dine a little earlier than usual, a serious consideration for a gentleman of fixed habits.

"Half-past seven, if you prefer that hour, Sir Aubrey," replied the schoolmaster.

"Thanks, good night. Good night, Miss Carew. You mustn't laugh at our old-fashioned ways at Perriam. People tell me that we are half a century behind the times. But the Perriams have been Tories ever since they were Perriams. Good night." And thus, with a somewhat lingering pressure of Sylvia's little hand, Sir Aubrey departed.

Mr. Carew escorted him to the garden gate with ceremonious politeness. He knew exactly how to draw the line between the respect due to the lord of the soil and the servility of a slavish mind. He stood at the gate and watched the slim upright figure till it vanished in the half dark of the summer night. Then he went slowly back to the parlour.

Sylvia had thrown aside her work. She was sitting in a listless attitude, with fixed brooding eyes bent upon the ground, the attitude of one absorbed in deepest thought.

Mr. Carew looked at her curiously as he barred the door.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune!"

he said, very slowly. And this was his sole comment upon Sir Aubrey's visit.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SHE IS WOMAN THEREFORE TO BE WON."

The next morning's post brought Sylvia a letter from Edmund Standen; a letter written at Southampton the night before the mail steamer left that port. It was the first letter her lover had ever written to her. At Hedingham it had been easy for them to meet, and there had been no need of letters. And this first love letter was very sweet to her, though a vague flavour of bitterness mingled with that sweetness. So many obstacles arose to block the path along which they two had sworn to travel hand in hand. Sylvia shed some of her rare tears over that letter, and kissed the page which her lover's hand had pressed. Indeed it was a letter which any woman might have been proud to receive—a letter breathing as pure and honest a love as ever man felt for woman; a brave letter, in which the young man spoke confidently, yet not recklessly, of that battle of life which he was to fight for the maintenance of his home.

"I have begun to prepare myself already, dearest," he wrote, "and am endeavouring to supply anything wanting in an education which has up to this point been literary rather than commercial. I provided myself with some of the best books on finance and the economy of banking as I came through London, and am going in seriously for study on the voyage out. I hope to have made myself, in theory at least, a good banker

by the time I get back to England, so that I may present myself to the directors at Monkhampton with the double advantage of my father's name and my own knowledge."

This was the only business-like paragraph in the letter. The rest was all the lover's talk of that rose-coloured future—that almost celestial felicity with which youth's fond credulity invests an earthly lot. But there was not a line which did not go straight home to Sylvia's heart. He trusted her so entirely. Not a thought of doubt breathed in that letter. It was written to a woman whom the writer believed above suspicion.

"I should be the worst and basest of women if I betrayed such affection," thought Sylvia with a sigh, as she at last laid down that dear letter. "Yet I see nothing but difficulties in our path."

She had before the eyes of her mind—those eyes which see so many things as the weaver of dreams sits in her quiet chamber—another path which was beset by no perils—a path which seemed to be strewn with roses. Only on this path the genius of domestic love shed not her starry light. There were the roses of worldly prosperity—the honour and reverence of mankind—the splendour of a great triumph. But Love stood with averted face in the background of that picture, and cried, "Here, I have no place."

"No," said Sylvia, "I cannot be false to him."

Unhappily when a woman tells herself she cannot betray, it is a sure sign that she had contemplated the possibility of treachery.

Mr. Carew was particularly civil to his daughter all this day. There was an altered tone which puzzled Sylvia. She did not know that this novel courtesy was shown to the future Lady Perriam.

"Do you want a new bonnet, or anything, to make you tidy this evening?" he asked, during the mid-day calm, while the schoolboys had gone home to their dinners.

"I want lots of things, papa," the girl answered quickly.

"But if you can give me a pound that will do."

"A pound!" exclaimed Mr. Carew, "do you think I am made of money? Here, you can have this half-sovereign. It will be hard enough for us to rub on till next quarter, but we must manage somehow."

"Thank you, papa; half a sovereign is better than nothing."

"Be sure you look your best this evening."

"Why, papa? Do you suppose two old gentlemen like Sir Aubrey and Mr. Perriam will notice my looks?"

"Sir Aubrey is a gentleman in the prime of life. Don't let me hear you call him old any more."

When afternoon school had begun, and Mr. Carew was again absorbed by his un congenial duties, Sylvia opened her desk and directed an envelope to Mrs. Carford, care of Mrs. Wood, Bell Alley, Fetter Lane.

She wrote only one line on a sheet of paper.

"I send a little help—all I have to send." No signature—no word more. In this sheet of paper she folded the half-sovereign, and carefully enclosed her little packet in the envelope. This done she went to the village post-office, registered her letter, and posted it.

"I am sending my little bit of pocket money to my old nurse," she said to Mr. Prosser, the chemist, in explanation of this unusual proceeding. People who live in a village are expected to explain themselves, if they deviate ever so little from the beaten track of life.

Perhaps this one small piece of self-sacrifice was the first good action that Sylvia had ever done in her life. Destiny might also intend it to be the last.

She gave a little sigh as she dropped the letter in the box, thinking of the Monkhampton draper's, and the sash and neck ribbons she might have bought with those ten shillings—ribbons that would have given colour and brightness to that shabby plain muslin dress, which she was to iron this afternoon. Cleanliness was the only luxury Miss Carew could afford herself, and for this she was dependent upon her own industry.

Yet, when half-past six o'clock came, and Sylvia was dressed for the visit to Perriam, no ribbon seemed wanting to set off that beauty whose highest charm was its spirituality—not the mere sensuous beauty of a lovely soulless image, but the changeable loveliness of an intellectual being. That still loftier charm of nobility of nature might seem wanting to the keen eye of the acute physiognomist; but acute physiognomists are happily rare, and those who looked at Sylvia for the most part saw intellect and beauty, and took goodness for granted.

Mr. Carew seemed to his daughter almost a new man, as they walked across the fields, sometimes by a broad sweep of purple clover, sometimes in the narrow path between tall boundaries of wheat ripe for the sickle, sometimes by a green lane where belated birds chirruped among the darkening leaves of oak and elm. He talked, and with amazing cheerfulness, praised Sir Aubrey's elegant appearance and perfect manners, remarked, in passing, that there was no position upon this lower world more agreeable than the position of a country gentleman with an unencumbered estate, harped upon the well-known wealth of the Perriams, their quiet manner of living, whereby that wealth must have gathered bulk from year to year like a rolling snowball.

Sylvia heard and sighed regretfully, and thought of that dear letter locked in her desk at home.

"I wish Edmund had never loved me," she thought, her mind dwelling upon the writer of that letter, while the schoolmaster talked of Sir Aubrey. "It might have been happier for both of us."

Perriam was built in a valley, after the manner of our forefathers, who preferred shelter from bleak winds to the splendour of an elevated position, and, save for aggressive or defensive purposes, seldom planted their habitations upon the heights. Around Perriam Place spread some of the most fertile meadows in the county—meadows so richly timbered and park-like, that one could scarcely tell where the park ended and the home farm began. Indeed, the park proper was not large, but borrowed dignity from the length of a double avenue, in which the tall old elms, set far back from the road left space for an inner line of silver firs, said to be the finest in England. A stately stone archway, with a lodge on either side, formed the entrance to this avenue.

(To be continued.)