

some Russian colonists, having penetrated into hitherto unexplored parts of Siberia, have found three living mastodons identical with those heretofore dug up in that country from frozen sand. No particulars are given as to this, we fear, somewhat questionable find. From the statements of M. Dupont, of the Brussels Royal Academy, it would seem that, like the reindeer, the mastodon should not now be extinct, and that the animal is naturally the contemporary of the horse, sheep and pig. Hence the announcement is not without some shadow of probability.

LOVE UNBOUGHT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought
Love gives itself, but is not bought,
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humility—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

Oh, weary hearts! Oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart though unknown
Responds unto his own."

"Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings:
And whispers in its song
Where hast thou stayed so long?"

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"Tell Morgan to saddle Splinter," said Sir Aubrey, "I'm going for a ride."

"So late, Aubrey?" exclaimed Mordred, who liked a quiet evening with his brother. It was nice to be able to protest about his last acquisition to some listener of his own rank—and if Aubrey did not listen, Mordred was too much engrossed by his own discourse to note the inattention.

"I like a ride in this half-light," answered the baronet. "I was out last night till ten."

"Yes," said Mordred, with a sigh. "I shall be glad when the winter comes, and we return to our old ways—a big fire burning in the saloon, and you and I on opposite sides of the hearth on nice long evenings."

"Rather dull," drawled Sir Aubrey, with a yawn.

"Dull, when we have each other's company?"
"Yes, that's all very well. But don't you think that, for two old fellows like us, a fair, young face would brighten the picture—an innocent, jovous hearted girl, who would be a wife to me, and yet seem a daughter to both of us—a clear young voice that would fill this old house with music. Our lives are placid enough as it is but don't you think such a change as I speak of might make them happy? Eh, Mordred?"

"Changes which disturb tranquillity in the hope of realizing happiness are apt to end in disappointment," replied Mr. Perriam, with the sententiousness of a Solon.

It was not a pleasant speech, and Sir Aubrey felt angry with his brother—a rare sensation on his part, for he had a protecting kindness for this younger brother, whose eccentricities touched the border line of weakness.

"Splinter is at the door, Sir Aubrey," said the butler, and without another word to Mordred, Sir Aubrey departed.

"Ah," moaned his brother, when he had watched horse and rider vanish in the shades of evening, "This comes of letting a woman mix herself up with his thoughts. He's changed to me already."

Sir Aubrey took the shortest way to Hedingham. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt, which impelled him to take this evening ride—but the scent of the hedgerows was sweet, the air balmy, a faint breath of the distant sea blended with the cool odours of newly-shorn fields. There was, in short, no reason why a country gentleman should not enjoy the twilight landscape, instead of dozing in his favourite arm-chair, by his barren hearth.

But Sir Aubrey hardly looked at the landscape. His thoughts were swifter than Splinter, and flew on ahead of him, and lighted upon Sylvia Carew. He could think of no excuse for an evening visit to the school-house. All day long he had resisted the impulses that urged him to go there. And now in the evening, after that useless battle with inclination, he was weak enough to indulge his fancy.

What excuse should he make for intruding upon the school-master's privacy? He, the all-powerful, the lord of the soil, was positively obliged to ask himself that question. Miss Carew was not a picture hanging on a wall in a public gallery—a fair face which strangers might gaze upon at their pleasure. Lofty as was the height which raised him above these people, there were certain conventionalities to be observed, even by him.

He left his horse at the Inn, and walked on towards the school-house. A light was burning in the parlour, and the door was shut. He had hoped to find Mr. Carew smoking his pipe in the open doorway, as he had found him yesterday.

It seemed a very serious thing to knock at the door—almost enough to commit him to some serious step in the future.

He looked about him doubtfully. Early as it was no creature was visible. Dim lights twinkled here and there in cottage windows. The children's voices were silent. The

Hedingham day was over. Sir Aubrey began to feel that it was very late indeed.

He took out his watch. There was just enough light for him to see the fingers on its white face. A quarter to nine. Yes, decidedly too late for him to intrude upon the school-master, without any definite object. Well, he had gratified his fancy by this evening ride. There was nothing better for him to do than to go back again.

Stay, what was that? A glimpse of something white yonder among the dark trees in the churchyard—something which moved. A woman's dress—a girlish figure, tall and slim—robed in white. Twice had he seen Sylvia in a white gown. Was it she?

He went round to the churchyard gate, and entered that domain of shadow, where the deep gloom of the foliage seemed to typify the deep sleep of those who lay beneath its shade. He walked slowly, looking about him, as if contemplative of the tombs, and in a few minutes found the object of his quest.

It was Sylvia, and no other. She had seated herself on a low tombstone when he found her, in a thoughtful attitude, her folded arms resting on a headstone that leaned lopsided against the tomb where she sat, her drooping head leaning on her arms.

"How perfect a statue of meditation," thought Sir Aubrey. "Yet what can she have to think so deeply about?"

His approaching footsteps startled the thinker. Sylvia lifted her head and looked up at him, just able to recognize him in that shadowy place.

"Good evening, Miss Carew. I fear I disturbed pleasant meditations."

"No, Sir Aubrey, my thoughts were sad. I am thankful to have them dispelled."

"What can one so young and fair have to do with sadness?"

The girl was not prepared to answer that question plainly. "I suppose there is some care in every life. Mine had to do with the troubles of others."

"I thought as much. Youth and innocence can have few cares of its own. And pray remember, Miss Carew, if ever you have need of a friend you may command my services. As Lord of the Manor, I naturally take a warm interest in all that concerns Hedingham," he added, lest his offer of friendship should seem particular.

This qualification made the whole speech sound conventional.

"I wish he would give me some money to send to Mrs. Carew," thought Sylvia, for the shadow of last night's visitor had haunted her all the day; "but I could not stoop so low as to beg of him. And of course he means nothing but a mere hollow civility."

"Your father is at home, I suppose?" inquired the baronet.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Then I think I should like to look in upon him and say a word or two about this new schoolhouse, if you are quite sure he is disengaged."

"I am quite sure. He does nothing but read the paper of an evening. He will be proud to receive your visit."

CHAPTER XX.

"FAIR AS THE FIRST THAT FELL OF WOMANKIND."

Though the baronet had proposed this visit to Mr. Carew, he was in no haste to leave that place of shadows, the old churchyard. This was the first time that he and Sylvia had ever met alone, and it seemed too good an opportunity to be lost. He wanted to know something about the antecedents of the girl who had stolen his heart before he was aware. Her father would be close and guarded, no doubt, if there were anything to conceal; but these lovely lips must be candid of itself.

"A fine old church," said Sir Aubrey, as if his thoughts had taken an archaeological bent. "You have lived in Hedingham a long time, I suppose, Miss Carew," he went on, dismissing the church in a breath.

"Ever since I can remember—all my life."

"You were born here, then, I conclude."

"No."

Happily for Sylvia the dusk hid that deep blush of shame which dyed her cheek. She did not even know the name of her birthplace, so dumb had her father been about the past. What should she do if Sir Aubrey asked her home questions?

"Your father has no provincial accent, I observed," continued Sir Aubrey, trying to put his inquiries in a purely conversational form. "He is a Londoner, I conclude."

"He came here from London."

"Yet Carew is a west country name."

"Is it?" asked Sylvia, helplessly; and then, thinking that some degree of candour might help her better than persistent reserve, she said, "My father began life in much better circumstances, I believe, and he does not like talking about the past. I only know that we have lived here ever since I can remember, and always the same kind of life. It is very monotonous."

To Sir Aubrey this complaint seemed somewhat pu-rile. He had lived the same life for the last thirty years, of choice; vibrating like a pendulum, between Perriam Place and the Faubourg St. Honoré, and living in Paris almost as quietly as he lived at Perriam.

"My fair child," he said, in his grand way, "youth is full of restless fancies. When you are a few years older you will know that there is no life so happy as that which glides on smoothly amidst familiar scenes."

Sylvia sighed, but did not presume to argue the point with Sir Aubrey. She only thought that had she the power such wealth as his can give she would not waste life in monotony. That young aspiring spirit hungred for variety. Sylvia Carew possessed, in an eminent degree, that quality which is at once perilous to the peace of the heart, and conducive to the growth of the mind. She was ambitious; and her ambition fostered in solitude, and fed on dreams, was at the root of this eager desire for change.

"You are at least happy in the privilege of inhabiting so beautiful a spot as Hedingham," said the baronet.

"Is it really beautiful? You have seen the Danube—the Black Forest—the Harz—the Tyrol—the Alps—Rome—Venice—and yet you think Hedingham beautiful."

She ran over the names of river, forest, mountains, and city, breathlessly. They were on the tip of her tongue, so ardently had she longed to see the scenes they represented.

"Yes," drawled Sir Aubrey, with that soft languour which was not without its charm, "I have done the grand tour. Very fatiguing business in my day. A succession of wretched

inns, musty post-chaises, and dust and bad roads; and—ahem—insects—which politeness forbids me to particularise. In my time it was esteemed essential for a gentleman to do the grand tour. Nowadays it is the common people who travel. There is a railroad up the Rhine, and Mont Blanc is the primrose hill of the modern counter-jumper."

Sylvia sighed. She began to feel that she lived too late. The world had become vulgarised, and the glory of this earth had, in a measure departed.

"Will you come to see papa now, Sir Aubrey," she asked, rising from her seat on the tomb.

"Whenever you will be kind enough to show me the way."

Sir Aubrey felt that he had obtained very little information. It was something to hear that the father of the woman he admired had seen better days; yet, as the Vicar had told him the same thing, he was no wiser for his talk with Sylvia. She had the air of a lady, he thought, though not that society manner which he should have desired for the future Lady Perriam. There was a suddenness, a freedom in her speech, like a creature only half tamed. The beauties whom Sir Aubrey had hitherto admired had been distinguished by a graceful lassitude, an elegant weariness. This girl looked as if her veins held quicksilver. But then she was lovelier than the fairest of those more courtly beauties, and there was a novel charm in that energy—which was never loud-voiced or masculine—that pretty petulance which had so bewitching an air of candour. Those hazel eyes, which she turned to him now in the summer dusk—the fair paleness of that divine complexion! Where, out of an Italian picture, could he find such beauty?

He followed her along the little path, through the gate into the garden, where the lavender bushes looked gray under the stars.

"Papa," said Sylvia, going into the parlour: "Sir Aubrey Perriam has come to talk to you about the school."

Mr. Carew put aside his pipe and rose hastily to greet the visitor. A very different guest from that wretched supplicant of last night. The schoolmaster was more moved by this unexpected honour than a man of his temperament should have been, but he contrived to conceal his emotion, and received Sir Aubrey as calmly as if he had been accustomed to the "dropping in" of baronets.

Yet in his heart there was a swelling sense of triumph. "What can he come for, except to see her?" he asked himself; "and a man of his age once hit must be hit deeply. I should draw no augury from a young man's philandering. But this means something serious."

The baronet began to talk about the school, and succeeded pretty well in giving a paternal tone to his visit. Would a new school-house prove a positive advantage to the village of Hedingham, or was it only a hobby of the Vicar's? And was the present site the best possible ground for such a building; and was the scheme popular among the Hedingham people? Before committing himself to any promise of assistance Sir Aubrey desired to be assured of these facts.

All these questions sounded strictly proprietorial questions, which a Lord of the Manor would naturally put to his lieges. But James Carew saw through the flimsy pretext, and marked the eyes which wandered involuntarily to the spot where Sylvia sat with her back to the open lattice, the night wind faintly stirring her hair.

"You are fond of books, Miss Carew, I see," said Sir Aubrey, glancing at the recess on one side of the fireplace, where hung three small painted shelves, adorned with blue ribbons. Those scraps of blue told the baronet to whom the books belonged.

"Yes," said the father, with a touch of pride, "she is more studious than most girls of her age, and has taught herself French and German—and, I believe, a little Latin, with very small help from me."

Many a time and oft had he grumbled at those studious propensities, complaining, with scant justice, that Sylvia neglected his comforts in order to pore over her books. But he felt to-night that her accomplishments were something to boast of.

Sir Aubrey went over to the recess, and looked at the books. *The Sorrows of Werther*, in the original, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Faust*, also in the original, *Lamartine's Œuvres*, Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*, Bulwer's *Lucania*, and a dozen others of the same class. Nothing that was not classic.

Sir Aubrey took down one of the volumes haphazard. It was *Werther*. He opened the book, and in the fly-leaf saw something that startled him almost as if his hand had lighted on an adder.

Sylvia,

From Edmund,

In memory of Sunday, April 4th.

This Sunday was the day when Edmund Standen first saw Sylvia in the church.

"From Edmund," said Sir Aubrey, looking at the inscription. "Your brother or cousin, I presume."

"She has neither brother nor cousin," answered Mr. Carew, looking daggers at his daughter. Those very books had hung above his head for the last three months, and he had never taken the trouble to examine them.

"Some village admirer, no doubt," said the baronet blandly, but pierced to the heart by jealousy's sharp fang. While he had been debating whether he should or should not offend the tutelary Deity of the Perriam's by a misalliance, this girl was perhaps the plighted wife of some eldchopper—a poor whose vulgar desires had never soared above a whitewashed hovel, and an arbour of scarlet runners.

Mr. Carew, seeing rocks to leeward, took rapid counsel with himself, and decided that candour was best. After all he could best exalt his child by showing that she had already been sought by her superior in station.

It was just possible that the baronet might be of that jealous temper which bids a man draw back from the pursuit of the dearest object, does he but think he has a rival. But this narrow and captious temper is happily rare. Mr. Carew reflected that Mr. Standen's courtship of his daughter was most likely known to the village gossips, and would probably reach the ears of Sir Aubrey.

Yes, there could be no doubt that the true policy here was candour.

"Mr. Standen would hardly like to hear himself called a village admirer," said the schoolmaster.

"Standen! What, the banker's son?"

"Yes. He has had the misfortune to fall in love with my foolish daughter yonder, and she has been so silly as to give