

SONNET.

'Tis she that walks before us day by day
Who wooed us in our early infancy,
In shining robes rich clad, as fair could be,
Enchanting us with an harmonious lay.
When later on we saw the alluring fay,
Her voice resounded, if less merrily,
With sweeter far, and truer melody.
While no less beautiful was her array.
Hope leadeth still; her path and ours are one;
No nearer her we come, no farther go;
Old age is fain to grasp her pure white hand,
For dimming eyes gaze wistfully—but lo!
Just as our earthly pilgrimage is done,
Her shadow falls upon the unknown land.

HOCHELAGA.

HOW I BECAME THE FASHION.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some judicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever after. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as I look back that my attractions were made use of by my brothers and sisters for their own benefit. They were always sending me to beg a holiday on the plea that "Papa won't refuse Beauty," or later on to get leave to go to this or that place of amusement, for "Mamma is sure to let Beauty have her way."

It's a wonder I wasn't quite spoiled, but I don't think I was; at least no such accusation was ever made, even when sisterly civilities were being interchanged. We were a large family, principally girls, all presentable except my eldest sister, Matilda; she had no looks to speak about, but she made it up by a superabundance of brains—she was the family head-piece, a sort of plateau to be relied upon on all state occasions. She certainly was a remarkable woman; her one idea was to push one's self forward in life—an English adaptation of "*Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera*."

How angry she was when I married Charley! She was at Gibraltar settling my brother Edmund in his appointment, and I was Mrs. Redcar before she came back. Charley was a captain with good prospects of getting on, but Matilda made him sell out and put his money into a new company started to provide Venice with tram-cars; after this we came up to town, because Matilda said that with my beauty and Charley's connections London was the place for us. We were sure to push our way; but curiously enough, we didn't. Charley's connections belonged to the Plymouth Brothers and Sisters, and my good looks were quite thrown away on people who wore poke bonnets. There was one old man, a granduncle of Charley's, who had lived in the regency days, and said I was the image of Dolly Bloomfield, whoever she might be.

A year or so passed very quietly, and then Matilda came up to see how we were getting on. She was very indignant when she found that we had made no way, and scolded us roundly for our supineness.

"I have no patience with either of you," she said. "With Beauty's looks and the Redcar connection you ought to be at the very top of the tree." And then we explained to her about the Plymouth brethren.

"But there's Charley's godfather's wife; she has nothing to say to trade or meeting-houses, because I see her parties every other week in the *Morning Post*," said my sister, with a look which meant, "You can't impose on me; if Beauty were only seen there she'd push her way."

Charley looked at me and I looked at Charley, and then we both burst out laughing. It was a mortifying confession, but the truth was, we had both been at Charley's wife's god-mother's—no, I mean Charley's godfather's wife—more than once, and nothing had come of my "being seen there" but the bills we had to pay for the dress I wore and the carriage.

Matilda looked very glum when we told her this. "I don't see what you are laughing at," she said crossly. "No one but a fool would find amusement in his own failure." This was very severe, but Matilda was awfully put out, and in the evening, when Charley had gone to the "Rag" to have his smoke she spoke very seriously to me.

"I don't like the look of things," she said, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if those Venetian tram shares don't come to much. The people there are so silly, they prefer the gondolas, and if they go down where will you be?"

"Good gracious! Matilda, I thought you recommended them, and said they would double our income."

"And haven't they done so, you silly thing! All you have to do is to put your shoulder to the wheel, and push Charley, and that will make it all right. As for him, he is a regular stick in the mud. So you must do it yourself."

"Why what in the world can I do?"

"Make yourself the fashion!" said my sister, oracularly.

The next day Matilda, Charley and I went to see the pictures at the R. A. It's a long way from Inverness Terrace to Piccadilly, particularly on a hot day, so we went in an omnibus. I didn't mind an omnibus, but Matilda thinks it a disgrace to be seen in one. She has a provincial idea that every one knows her. She sits far back with her veil drawn in a tight little ball over her nose, which makes her ever so much more remarkable. This day in particular she was in a great fright and was very indignant with Charley and me, who were laughing at the faces she made.

When she got out she said: "To think that our Beauty should be brought down to sit with washerwomen in an omnibus!"

Charley flushed up. He's the most good-humoured fellow in the world, but he doesn't like Matilda. "She should drive in a coach with six horses, if I could give it to her," he said; "but she knew I was a poor man when she took me."

"And liked you all the better," cried I gayly, as I pressed his arm affectionately; but Matilda only snorted. I heard her mutter, "a pair of fools!"

The academy was very full that day, and I thought it a great bore. Neither Charley nor I care much for pictures, but Matilda says she understands "colour." She goes round religiously with her catalogue and pencil and marks the good ones. She leaves it on the drawing-room table when she goes home, and holds forth to the country people upon the "flesh tints" of Millais and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at the pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture and looked at me and then faced round again to the canvas wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention, but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could pitch upon a person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her: "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either. Then, I did a very foolish thing: I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, pressing very closely upon me, but not discourteously. I could hear some of the remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said; "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here, and she is quite on the *qui vive*. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be everything to secure her for the 20th, and—"

Here I interrupted him rather rudely, but he is such a bore.

"I wonder," I said—but here I was in my turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder.

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?"

"And me?"

Little Winton stared, but did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Fotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John De Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar. Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar? he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, but the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause little Winton darted forward.

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how shy you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of it! Now, you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a nose and a most charming manner.

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said; "I am obliged to hurry away, but you will come to me on the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to me this evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh! What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton, "Of course, Capt. Redcar, by all

means—that is if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Capt. Winton, if you please. Good-bye." And with a pretty smile and bow she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. No wonder. It makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the duchess', of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagement, do you hear? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked around at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol—the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said would I honour him by making use of his! He didn't want it for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Inverness terrace in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I declare when I found myself in the carriage quite alone I rubbed my eyes and pinched my fingers. I could hardly help thinking that I had fallen asleep and had dreamed all this, but just as I was pinching myself hard I saw Charley and Matilda standing on the pavement in Piccadilly, looking very hot and uncomfortable. I put my head out of the window and called to the grand coachman to stop.

The man looked at me very wickedly, but I didn't care. I jumped out, and never felt more pleased than when I got hold of Charley's arm and the fine carriage had driven away empty.

Anything like the amazement of Charley and Matilda, when they heard my adventure, I never saw. They couldn't make head nor tail of it any more than myself; only one thing was clear to me, that I must get home and have something to eat. I was so faint with excitement and hunger. We all made up our minds that it was a mistake of some kind. We went carefully through the catalogue, but there was nothing there. Charley proposed running into Mrs. Smithers at No. 10 (she set up to be artistic), but Matilda said no—not on any account—the thing was to keep our own counsel. Matilda was all for going to the duchess. She said it didn't matter, mistake or no mistake. She had asked me to her house in my own proper person and under my own proper name, and there was no imposition or forcing myself in on my side. Charley said the same, and added that at all events it would be fun—so we went. Charley burst out laughing in the carriage—he said his godfather's wife would get a fit when she heard that we had been to Cranberry House. But I think he got nervous when we were actually inside. I know I felt ready to sink into the earth when we walked up the grand staircase through lines of powdered footmen. It seemed to me so utterly absurd. The first person I saw was Lord Snappington near the door. He seemed like an old friend; and presently Col. Beaulieu joined us. He seemed to know Charley very well, although Charley says they haven't done more than nod these ten years; but he was very friendly, and asked us to drive down on his coach to the Orleans next day. I was very pleased, for Charley had been wishing to go and—so had I.

After a time little Winton came up in a great fuss, and said the duchess was asking for me, and that I was to go into the boudoir. I didn't, of course, know where that was, but Lord Snappington gave me his arm and said he would take me there. As I walked along, I heard a great many people whispering together: "There she is, on Lord Snappington's arm." I was dying to know what it all meant, and I would have asked Lord Snappington then and there, only that Matilda's last words had been: "Mind you ask no questions. Just take everything as it comes." Still I think I would have said something, but just then we got into the boudoir, and there was the same lady I had seen in the morning, only looking much grander, and with the most lovely diamonds on her head. She had about twenty other ladies and gentlemen with her, and she was talking to a personage whom I recognized at once, and my knees knocked together with fright.

"Oh! here is Mrs. Redcar!" cried the duchess; "now we have her we shall be all right."

The certain person put a glass in his eye and looked at me.

"Fond of swinging, Mrs. Redcar?" much in the manner Charley would have said it. And

then every one began to laugh. I laughed too, although I had no idea why.

"Do you swing much?" the personage went on, still surveying me through the glass earnestly.

I hadn't swung since I was a child, and I thought it a very odd question, but, before I had time to answer, the duchess struck in:

"My swinging-party comes off on the 20th, and I have given directions to have a rose-coloured swing put up for Mrs. Redcar."

There was a general chorus of approbation, and I really began to think I had got among a set of lunatics. Just then some music began in the next room, and there was a move toward it. The certain person lingered a moment:

"Duchess! I shall certainly come to your swinging party on the 20th for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Redcar in the rose-coloured swing." He smiled pleasantly at me as he spoke, did this great man, and strolled lazily out of the boudoir.

When he was gone every one crowded round me. I'm sure I made twenty acquaintances and had twenty invitations in as many minutes.

All the rest of the evening was one whirl of pleasure. Charley enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and we both agreed that after all good company is nicer than and quite as cheap as any other.

In the middle of the night Charley awoke me by another loud fit of laughter. "I can't help it, Beauty," he said, "but I can't get over godfather's wife when she leans of our being on easy terms with the best in the land."

It was most surprising. There was certainly no doubt on that point.

The next morning we had just done breakfast when, to our surprise, Charley's godfather's wife drove up. Matilda had just time to give us a word of caution when she came in, all lace and ribbons, bangles and chains—so unlike the Duchess. She made straight for me. "My dear," she said, and kissed me on both cheeks; "how shy of you!" and then kissed me again.

Just then there came another knock at the door, and one of Charley's uncles (a very great manufacturer, with works at the East End) was announced. He was a good man, and I liked him, but his face was extra long this morning. He took Charley and me aside:

"Is this true?" he said, and he thrust a copy of the *Whitcomb Review* into my hand, pointing to this paragraph:

"I am glad to tell my readers that the charming original of Monsieur Henry Masse's famous picture of 'Love in a Swing' is among us. She is not a Frenchwoman, but English born and bred—Mrs. Redcar, wife of Capt. Redcar, late of the Tenth regiment—and we may well be proud of our lovely countrywoman. This puts an end to the countless stories which have been floating about since the picture appeared. It is to the Duchess of Cranberry (Monsieur Masse's old friend) that we owe this addition to the ranks of the Beauties. Mrs. Redcar appears under the duchess' wing. She made her *début* at the Cranberry House soiree last night and was hugely admired."

So much for the truth of report. After all, then, there was no harm in it, and although at first I didn't like sailing under false colours, still Matilda persuaded me it would be foolish to make a fuss; I had only to hold my tongue and let the fashionable world and the fashionable newspapers tell as many lies as they pleased. I did so, I became the fashion. After the duchess' swinging party on the 20th of June, 1879, my position was assured. No one can be more fashionable than I am. Under Matilda's directions I am trying hard to push Charley on. If I succeed I will tell you all about it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS EVA SOTHERS, only daughter of the eminent comedian, is about to make her *début* in the provinces, as Moya, in "The Shaughraun."

MR. HENRY IRVING has in hand a two-act tragedy by Tennyson, the production of which will be delayed somewhat by the absence from London of Miss Ellen Terry, who is making a tour of the provinces.

MISS MINNIE HAWK was a few weeks ago at Wiesbaden, where she was invited to sing by the Queen of the Belgians. Thence she proceeded to Frankfort on the Main to fulfil a short engagement.

DR. HANS VON BULOW is not paralyzed. He has arranged to give seven liethoven concerts at Meiningen from November 7 to December 19, when he will lead the nine symphonies, several overtures, and perform himself concertos and in trio.

MRS. OSGOOD, the American soprano, who has been visiting in Boston this summer, returns to England this month in time to sing at the first Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace and at the Leeds musical festival, for both of which she has been engaged.

MCKEE RANKIN in "The Danites" has made a remarkable success in England. Indeed, it is said that he has created a furor. His acting and his play still furnish the theme for theatrical conversation. The English all say that both the play and Rankin are so novel that they cannot help being interesting. The piece has certainly been the most successful American play ever produced in England.

ARBuckle who, as we have already told you, has increased his band by adding to it many of the skillful musicians from the watering-places, is now giving capital concerts every afternoon and evening at the American Institute Fair. It is pleasant to know that of these concerns he himself is a *magnus pars*, for the auditors insist upon hearing his cornet. The fame of Arbuckle's cornet has gone over the land. Yet Mr. Arbuckle is not a player of the stenorian sort. He plays with delicacy and poetic feeling. Other soloists are also heard at these concerts, and Mr. Arbuckle, in the selection of the programme and the orchestral conductorship, shows that as leader of the Ninth Regiment band he is the right man in the right place.