

THE HEART THAT LIES WITHIN ME.

(Gaelic Air.)

The heart that lies within me
Beats fondly my love for thee;
No smiles than thine can win me.
Whatever their sweetness be,
When thy bright glances meet me,
One fond look and loving ray
From those blue lashes greet me,
And steal all my heart away.

For oh! I love thee, dearest,
And dear is thy love to me;
When joy and hope beam nearest,
Then do I remember thee.
The star is not more true, dear,
Illuming the vault of night,
Than is my love to you, dear,
My true love and heart's delight.

Let fortune smile and bless me;
Let fame in her lustre shine;
Let every joy caress me;
My heart still is truly thine.
Let every hope forsake me;
And only thy love remain—
'Tis not in life to wake me,
From thy blessed dreams again!

In fancy's reverie, love,
I see thee both night and day,
The very thought of thee, love,
Drives all worldly cares away.
As in the solar splendor,
Are lost all the stellar rays,
So other looks, though tender,
Are lost in thy "radiant gaze."

"DUNBOY."

Montreal, Oct. 22, 1882.

FIE! FIE! OR, THE FAIR
PHYSICIAN.(Edited, Under the Instructions of Mrs. Cross-
michael.)

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I.

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Crossmichael made an interesting announcement in her family circle. She said, "I am positively determined to write an account of it; I shall furnish the raw material, and an editor shall manufacture the narrative."

Whatever is said of Mrs. Crossmichael's family in these pages must be said from Mrs. Crossmichael's point of view. The Editor would prefer his own point of view; but he knows his lady, and uses his pen cautiously when he mentions her father, her mother, and her unmarried sister. A profound scholar and a handsome old man; a venerable lady with grand remains of beauty; a sweet girl, who is also an accomplished musician—named respectively Reverend and Mrs. Skirton, and Miss Salome Skirton—comprise the audience addressed by Mrs. Crossmichael, when she expressed her resolution to produce the present narrative.

"My mind being quite made up," she said, "I am now ready to hear what you think of it." Her husband came in at the moment; but she took no notice of him.

Mrs. Skirton smiled over her knitting and made no remark. In the cases of some rare persons, silent smiles have a meaning of their own; Mrs. Skirton's smile meant gentle encouragement. Reverend Mr. Skirton expressed himself in words. "Have it privately printed, my dear, and it cannot fail to be productive of advantage to others." Miss Salome modestly exhibited her father's view in detail. "It will be productive," she said, "of a warning to young ladies." Nobody consulted Mr. Crossmichael, sitting modestly in a corner. Like the present Editor (but with infinitely superior opportunities), he knew his lady, and he kept his opinions to himself. Had he not promised at the altar (as Mrs. Crossmichael frequently reminded him) to love, honor and obey his wife? They were the happiest couple in all England.

Venerable and learned and charming as they were, the family had failed, nevertheless, to penetrate the object which Mrs. Crossmichael had in view. It was not to please her excellent mother; it was not to "prove of advantage to others"; it was not to "offer a warning to young ladies," that she had determined to take up her pen. Her one motive for favoring the Editor with his "raw material" shall be stated in the lady's own words:—

"I hate her."

Who was she? And why did Mrs. Crossmichael hate her?

Here, again, the expressive brevity of "the raw material" may be quoted with advantage. The instructions ran as follows: "Say the worst you can of her at starting; and condemn her unheard by means of her own visiting card."

Here it is:

Sophia Pillico, M.D.

Is M.D. sufficiently intelligible? Let no hasty person answer, "Of course!" There are full-grown inhabitants of the civilized universe who never heard of Julius Caesar, Oliver Cromwell, or Napoleon the Great. There may be other inhabitants, who are not aware that we have invented fair physicians in these latter days. M.D. (let it be known to these benighted brethren) means that Sophia has passed her ex-

amination, and has taken her Doctor's degree. Mrs. Crossmichael is further willing to admit that Miss Pillico is sufficiently young, and—we all know there is no accounting for tastes—passably pretty. (NOTE, attached to the instructions: "We are not on oath, and we may be allowed our own merciful little reserves. Never mind her figure—oh dear no, never mind her figure. Men-doctors get on very well with clumsy legs and no waists. Why should women doctors not do the same? Equal justice to the two sexes, Sophia, was the subject of your last lecture—I was present, and heard you say it!")

The second question still remains unanswered. Why did Mrs. Crossmichael hate her?

For three good reasons. Because she delivered lectures on the rights of women in our Assembly Room. Because she set herself up in medical practice, in our south-eastern suburb of London, and within five minutes' walk of our house. Because she became acquainted with our next-door neighbors, and took advantage of that circumstance to behave in the most abominable manner to my sister Salome. The Editor can bear witness to this. (He bears witness with pleasure.) The Editor can describe our next-door neighbors. (No: he is not sufficiently well acquainted with them. He knows a lady who can take the story, at the present stage of it, out of his hands—and to that lady he makes his bow, and offers his pen.)

Mrs. Crossmichael abhors flattery, and considers descriptions to be the bane of literature. If she is to accept the pen, it must be on one condition. The next-door neighbors shall describe themselves.

II.

Our suburb possesses the most convenient detached houses in all England. The gardens are worthy of the houses—and the rents are frightful. A sudden death, and an executor in a hurry, offered the lease of the next house a bargain. Alderman Sir John Dowager took it on speculation, and is waiting to dispose of it on his own outrageous terms. In the meantime, he and his family occupy the premises. Sir John is stingy; his wife is deaf; his daughter is sour, his son is sulky. The one other member of this detestable family is an interesting exception to the rest: he is Lady Dowager's son, by her first husband. Let this gentleman wait a little while, and be introduced presently by himself.

Our new neighbors took possession during an excessively hot summer. On the first day, they were occupied in settling themselves in their house. On the second day, they enjoyed their garden. We were sitting on our lawn; and they were sitting on their lawn. In consideration of Lady Dowager's deafness, they talked loud enough (especially the daughter, Miss Bess, and the son, Young John) to be heard all over our grounds. This said, let them describe their own characters in an extract from their conversation. I am the reporter. And I own I peeped over the wall.

Stingy Sir John.—I gave orders, my dear, about those two pieces of bread that were left yesterday; and I find nobody can give any account of them. Is this the manner in which I am to be treated by my own servants?

Deaf Lady Dowager (addressing her daughter)—What does your papa say, Bess?

Sour Bess.—Pa's abusing the servants; and all about two bits of bread.

Sir John.—I'll thank you, miss, not to misrepresent me to my own face. You do it on purpose.

Sulky Young John.—She does everything on purpose.

Miss Bess.—That's a lie.

Lady Dowager.—What is it? I can't hear.

Sir John.—My dear, your deafness is certainly growing on you.

Young John.—And a good thing too, in such a family as ours.

Sir John.—That is a most improper observation to make.

Miss Bess.—He looked at me when he made it.

Lady Dowager.—Who's speaking now? Bess! what is the matter?

Miss Bess.—Papa and John are quarrelling about me as usual.

Sir John.—How dare you speak in that way of your father? Over and over again, Miss Elizabeth, I have had occasion to remark—

Young John.—It's a perfect misery to live in the same house with her.

Sir John.—What do you mean, sir, by interrupting me?

Lady Dowager.—I think it's rather hard on me that nobody speaks loud enough to be heard. I shall go into the house.

Sir John (looking after his wife).—Her temper gets more irritable every day.

Bess (looking at Young John).—No wonder!

Young John (looking at Bess).—

There are our next-door neighbors presented by themselves. Why do I introduce such people into these pages? Alas! I am not able to keep them out. They are mixed up, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, with Sophia Pillico's wickedness, and with my sister Salome's dearest hopes in life. Does my sister's Christian name sound disagreeable? Let me mention the associations; and no reasonable person will object to it. She was called Salome, and I was called Lois, after my father's two maiden sisters. Excellent women! They lived in the West of England—they left us their money—and they went to Heaven. (Instructions to the Editor: Now go on.)

III.

The Editor introduces Mr. and Mrs. Wholebrook; directors of the famous Hydropathic Establishment at Cosgrove.

As man and wife, they were naturally accustomed to talk over the affairs of the day, in bed. The affairs of the day, in their case, meant the incoming and outgoing patients. One night, they held an especially interesting conversation. Both agreed—they had not been very long married—in lamenting the departure of a retiring member of the household; registered in the books by the odd name of "Otto Fitzmark."

"Why should he leave us?" Mr. Wholebrook. "He has not gone through the cure; and, when I inquired if he had any complaint to make, he spoke in the most gratifying manner of the comfort of the house, and the excellence of the cooking."

"My dear, if you knew him as well as I do—"

"What do you mean, Louisa? Has Mr. Fitzmark been—?"

"Don't be a fool, James. Mr. Fitzmark is a ladies' man; young and handsome, and in delicate health. He likes to confide in women, poor fellow; especially when they happen to be—there! that will do; I forgive you; don't interrupt me again. And understand this: I, who am in Mr. Otto's confidence, expected him to say he was going back to London, at least a week since."

"Is it business, my dear?"

"Business! Mr. Fitzmark has absolutely nothing to do. His valet is a treasure; and he has a comfortable income left him by his father."

"His father was a foreigner, wasn't he?"

"Good Heavens! what has that got to do with it?"

"I only spoke. If I am to be taken up short because I only speak, we'll say good night."

"Don't be angry, darling! Won't you forgive me? won't you? won't you?"

"What were we talking about, dear?"

"What, indeed! Wasn't it Mr. Fitzmark's father? You were quite right about him: he was a sort of half foreigner. He settled in England, and married an Englishwoman; she led him a horrid life. Mr. Otto—you don't mind calling him by his Christian name? I like manly men, James, like you; I only pity Mr. Otto. Always delicate, brought up at home, indulged in everything. His stupid mother married again; and he didn't get on with the new family; and he had a private tutor; and he and the tutor went abroad; and there he had it all his own way, and was flattered by everybody. Are you going to sleep, dear?"

"No! No!"

"You see I want you to understand that Mr. Otto has his whim and caprices—and soon gets tired when the novelty of a thing wears off. But, there's another reason for his leaving our place; there's a lady in the case. He hasn't mentioned her name to me; she lives in London or in the neighborhood, I'm not sure which. Plays divinely on the piano, and is lovely and elegant, and all that. He hasn't openly avowed his admiration—not having made up his mind yet about her family. She has a married sister, who rather frightens him; clever, and a will of her own, and so on. However, to come to the point, his main reason for trying our place—What? his main reason must be his health? Nothing of the sort, you dear simple creature! He never expects to be well again. Not that he disbelieves in the cold water cure; but what he really wanted was to try if absence from the young lady would weaken the impression—or, as he put it, rather funnily, if deluges in cold water could drown his memory of a charming girl. She's not to be disposed of, James, in that way. Wet sheets won't pack her out; and ten tumblers of cold water a day only make her more lively than ever. Well, it's past a joke; he is really going back to her to-morrow. Love, —ah, we know it, don't we?—love is a wonderful thing! What? Asleep? He is asleep. Snoring, positively snoring. And kicking me. Brute! brute!"

IV.

Mr. Otto Fitzmark reached London late in the evening.

He was so fatigued by the journey, that he went straight to the rooms prepared for him in Sir John's house. On those occasions when he visited his mother, his stepfather arranged—with the absolute shamelessness peculiar to misers—to receive compensation privately for trouble and expense. When Lady Dowager sometimes complained that her son treated the house as if it were an hotel, she little thought what a defence of his conduct lay hidden in Sir John's guilty pocket.

The next morning, the valet—a grave, ponderous, and respectable English servant—came in with the coffee and the news, as usual.

"I have had a wretched night, Frederick. Sir John must have got this beastly bed a bargain. What's the news? The last time I was here I was driven away by a row in the family. Any more quarrels this time?"

"The worst row I remember, sir (if I may be allowed to say so), in all our experience," Frederick answered.

"Is my mother in?"

"It's said to be Lady Dowager's doing, sir."

"The devil it is! Give me some more sugar. Did you make this coffee yourself?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go to the place in Piccadilly, and buy something that really is coffee: this is muck. Well! what's the new row about?"

"About a woman, sir."

"You don't mean to say Sir John—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I ought to have expressed myself more correctly. The woman in question is a She-Doctor."

"No wonder there's a row! The fair physician is a bony old wretch with a wig and spectacles, of course!"

"That's not the account given to me, sir, by the footman. Except Miss Salome, next door, Sir John's man says she's the prettiest young woman he's seen for many a long day past."

Otto stared at the valet in astonishment. Frederick went steadily on with his story.

"The lady has lately set up in practice, in this neighborhood. And, with her good looks and her lectures, she's turned the people's heads hereabouts, already. The resident medical man has got a red nose, and is suspected of drinking. He's losing his lady-patients as fast as he can. They say Miss Pillico—"

"Miss—who?"

"The lady's name, sir, is Miss Sophia Pillico."

"I pity Sophia with all my heart. The sooner she changes her name the better."

"That's the joke among the women downstairs, sir. I was about to say that Miss Pillico is not content to doctor her own sex only. She considers it a part of the Rights of Women to doctor the men; and she has begun with Sir John—"

Here Frederick incomprehensibly checked himself, and prepared for shaving his master by sharpening the razor.

"Why don't you go on?" said Otto. "Sophia means to doctor the men; and she's beginning with Sir John—"

He suddenly checked himself, and started up in the bed. His next question seemed to burst out of him irrepressibly. "You don't mean to say, Frederick, that my mother is jealous?"

The valet, still sharpening the razor, looked up. "That's the row, sir," he answered as gravely as ever.

Otto fell back on the bed, and pulled the clothes over his face. Deaf Lady Dowager owned to having arrived at sixty years of age. Sir John's biography (in the past time when he had been Lord Mayor of London) fixed the date of his birth at a period of seventy-four years since. The bed-clothes heaved, and the bed shook; violent emotion of some kind was overwhelming Lady Dowager's son. Not the ghost of a smile—though he was at liberty to indulge his sense of humour as things were now—appeared on the wooden face of Mr. Frederick. He laid out his shaving materials, and waited until Mr. Fitzmark's beard was ready for him.

Otto rose again above the horizon of the bed-clothes. He looked completely exhausted—but that was all. The altar of appearances, waiting for the sacrifice, claimed and received the necessary recognition. Having first got out of bed—by way of separating himself from irreverent associations possibly lurking in the mind of his valet—Otto posed, as the French say, in an attitude of severe propriety.

"Drop the subject," he said.

Frederick gently lathered his master's chin, and answered, "Just so, sir."

V.

Otto breakfasted in his own room.

His mother's maid brought word that her ladyship was ill in bed, with a sick headache: she would see Mr. Fitzmark towards luncheon time. The valet not being present to draw his own conclusions, Otto privately extracted information from the maid. "Miss Doctor Pillico would professionally visit Sir John, at her usual hour—two o'clock. And in what part of the house would Sir John receive her? He looked at himself in the glass when he put that question. The maid began to understand the nature of his interest in the medical young woman. She took the liberty of smiling, and answered, "In the library, sir."

Towards two o'clock, Otto called for his hat and cane, and said he would take a turn in the garden.

Before he went downstairs he once more surveyed himself in the glass. Yes—he could not have been more becomingly dressed—and he looked, in his own delicate way, surprisingly well. His auburn hair and whiskers; his fair complexion; his sensitive mouth, and his long white hands were in perfect order. In the garden he met Young John, sulkily smoking.

"How is Bess?" he asked indulgently. Young John answered, "I don't know; I've not been on speaking terms with my sister since yesterday." "And how is your father?" Young John answered, "I don't care. He told me last week I was a sulky lout, and he has not apologised yet; I don't speak to him, either." Otto left his half-brother, cordially agreeing with his half-brother's father.

The library opened, by means of French windows, on the terrace. He picked a flower for his button-hole, and sauntered that way. The windows being open, he entered the room in a genial impulsive manner. "Ha, Sir John, how are you? Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Sir John was seated bolt upright in his chair, looking at vacancy, and drawing in and puffing out his breath in a highly elaborate manner. A finely-developed young woman, with brown hair and eyes, and warm rosy cheeks, dressed to perfection in a style of severe simplicity, was sitting close by him. Her arm was round his