

and his home was thronged with strangers and visitors whom it was his delight to entertain. Among those who shared his benevolence was the apothecary, who had been placed by him in business in Folkestone, where, wanting neither skill nor energy, under the patronage of the Priory, and the influence of his friend, he flourished. After the death of the old sailor, John Williams went to reside with him, and one evening after business hours, in the course of conversation it was discovered that a relationship existed between them. This united their friendship closer, and ultimately left the apothecary heir to the little savings of the man-of-war's man.

After the death of Sir Harry, the Priory became the centre of attraction for the elite of the district. This change in her condition was grateful to Clara, and all that grace and wealth could command were employed to render such visitors happy. Society felt the loss it had been subject to through her long seclusion, and welcomed her appearance in the world with a sincere pleasure. With the young she was a heroine who had struggled and overcome in the cause of pure affection. While Clara was being the admired of another circle, the beautiful gypsy and her husband elect, had visited the encampment to bid farewell to the tribe. They had now broken with their clan forever; not in anger, but in a friendly separation. As a matter of course the tribe pitied their want of good judgment in not preferring the fugitive life of the wild rover to the monotony of the household; but they offered no opposition. Jethro loved his daughter too well to oppose her wishes on such a subject, and Rachel had always a predilection for a settled life.

Jethro, although a thorough gypsy, and one by whom that vagabond life was held in high esteem, was too keen and intelligent not to see the corruption and opposition to their leaders which dwelt with the tribe, and to be assured that the day was not far distant when their distinctiveness would be lost, and they would become mingled with the people of the land. Moreover, the tribe was about to remove their encampment, for Lisette had given her father a hint that he might be far happier in another locality. She told him of the oath she exacted from Charles Freeman, and gave him to understand that because of his doings his presence was distasteful to many. Jethro took kindly this intimation of his daughter, and this led to a removal.

Rachel parted with her beautiful daughter with tears and blessings, and even the stern chief relaxed a little as the princess embraced him in the fervour of her warm heart. But it was not for the leader of the tribe to show a weakness in the presence of his people; and subduing his emotion, he turned, and in the sternness of authority said, "Dick, I am proud to give you the hand of my daughter in marriage. You are a good man, worthy and true. I had hoped you would have maintained the course of life in which you were born, and after my death have become the leader of your people; but I rebuke you not. Go, and take with you my child; you are worthy of her, and the blessing of a gypsy chief shall attend you. By such as live beyond our circle this would be considered valueless; but its worth is known to you. Go, then, my daughter's happiness is in your keeping, and the tribe will never lose sight of you." Uttering these words Jethro turned on his heel and walked away in the pride of conscious authority.

On the morning Lisette left her people, Clara was riding in company with Charles Freeman. As they approached Clara enquired, "Are not those persons our friends?" "It is Lisette and her gypsy prince." "What can we do for that brave girl?" "She is anxious to enter into a settled life, and has persuaded her future husband to adopt the same course."

"Well, Lisette, I am glad to see you," said Clara, as the gypsies drew near to where their horses were standing.

"Thank you, 'my lady'; but you honour me too much."

"We can never do that; nor Brother Anthony neither," replied Charles Freeman. The gypsy smiled, and said,

"What I have done for either of you, I fear was more from self-interest than from any particular regard for yourselves."

"May I enquire your meaning?" said Clara.

"Lisette can best tell you, 'my lady'." Lisette blushed on being appealed to in this manner; this was seen by Clara, who smilingly said,

"I will not trouble you, Lisette, I can guess it all; the labour of the journey will make the rest the sweeter."

"May it be the happiness of us both," returned Lisette.

"Shall I be stopping beyond the limits of propriety if I enquire what brings you in this direction this morning?"

"We have been to the camp, 'my lady'."

"To the camp?"

"Yes, our tribe remove from the locality with to-morrow's dawn."

"You will not go with them?"

"Not any more; this morning I bade them farewell. I have long despised the life of a gypsy, and this day I have left it. I have forsaken the fugitive habits of my people, and will now learn to live by means of honest industry."

"I praise your resolve; and is Brother Anthony prepared to leave the tribe?"

"I have linked my life with that of Lisette, 'my lady.' I have confidence in her wisdom;

nor do I think it any sacrifice of my manhood to be guided by such a clever woman."

"Peace, peace!" replied Lisette.

"I praise your judgment, Brother Anthony," said Charles Freeman; "there are times when manhood loses none of its dignity in submitting to follow in the path perceived by the keener perception of woman."

"I believe you, sir."

"But what will you now do, Lisette?" enquired Clara.

"At present I can scarcely tell you."

"Come with us then to the Priory, and let us discuss the matter."

On reaching the Priory, Lisette told how Uncle Jacob had promised to devise some plan for them; and such being the case it was thought best to leave the matter with him.

Samphire Cottage being at length prepared for the entertainment of guests, the day was fixed when Uncle Jacob should welcome to the festive board those whom the strangeness of circumstances had brought together. No expense had been spared to make the entertainment a success, and the strangeness of the assembly was characteristic of the strange old man.

Clara was present; to please the caprice of Uncle Jacob she had consented to be there. Lisette was also present, and Madame and old Alice, and all who had taken a friendly part in the drama they had played. The banquet was of the most elegant.

By an extraordinary whim of that extraordinary old man a cover was laid, and a seat left vacant, in what, had he been living, would have formed the place of Dick Backstay. The cloth being removed, according to the fashion of the times Uncle Jacob was to attempt a speech, and rising to his feet, he began:

"My friends, I am a sailor, and I know not how to employ ceremonies. My heart is honest and full of feeling, but I take my own way to express it. Persons may despise my rudeness of manner, but I prefer maintaining a genuineness of feeling at the expense of formality. Formality would but have encased me in armour I could not have worn, and would have sacrificed Jacob Winter at the shrine of appearances. This I could never submit to, as, whatever may be the hearts of others, I wish to appear natural. I need not remind you how pleased I am to meet with you on this occasion, as it would be impossible for me to conceal my feelings did I attempt it."

"Clara, pardon an old man, I had no thought of making your acquaintance. Your birth, your position in society, would have prevented such an act, had I ever indulged such an idea; but my wildest dreams would never have taken such a course. I was advancing in life when I came to this town; my birth was wrapped in mystery, my education had been neglected, and my manners were rude. I might have purchased the friendship of those in position by my wealth; but I chose rather to remain in my own sphere than in public to be courted and applauded as a rich man, only to be laughed at in private as being a rude and ignorant clown. Yet circumstances have done for me what I never expected, and I have the honour of your acquaintance. I rejoice in such a favour, and especially in the relationship you sustain to Charles Freeman. For his father's sake, as well as for his own personal excellencies, he is the object of my strongest affection. Pardon the familiarity of an old man, but I think you happy, Clara, in your choice. The birth of Charles Freeman is lowly; but your good sense taught you to see virtue in humble origin, and excellency in what others might have despised. The heart and head, and good taste of my boy, will not disgrace the heiress of the Priory. He is an honest man, nor would he have presumed to the honour he now enjoys, had not your affectionate heart beckoned him thither; and now, lest through his humble patrimony the tongue of scandal should cast a shadow on your path;—Here, Charles, take this—this document conveys to you on the day of your marriage the sum of two hundred thousand pounds. Be not surprised, friends, it was all honestly earned, although at a time, and in a place where colossal fortunes were to be made in a few years. Nor is this all he shall possess on condition that he proves himself by his benevolent disposition to be worthy of being entrusted with money. On these terms he is my heir, and may he prove to be a better man than myself. My children, permit me now to call you such, your happiness will ever be my delight."

Turning to Lisette he said: "But for you, my girl, this day's pleasure would not have been ours. I will hear nothing of the past but such as is favourable to yourself, and in your resolve as to the future you are acting wisely. I requested you to leave your affairs with me; you did so, and I have made a selection which I hope will please you. A very excellent farm adjoining the Priory estate was for sale, with all that is necessary for working it. I have purchased it, and if you accept it, it is yours."

"Fred Holman, you have not been forgotten. I know your past and your present, and through the little interest I possess, I have procured a situation worthy of your acceptance. Prosper in it, Fred, and do well."

"The rest of you are with me, and I am happy in your society. Madame, whose tender solicitude for my long lost sister and myself during the period of our childhood, shall remain with us until she takes her flight to a higher world, and those she nursed in infancy shall close her eyes in death. My pleasure is now complete. I have made the little circle of my acquaintance

happy; and did mankind each in his separate sphere practice this, the world would be in a far better condition. Friends, in conclusion let me say that the motto of my life has been, 'The virtuous of mankind are the world's truest nobles.'"

Several generations have passed away since such happiness characterized a wedding at the Priory. The entire district shared in the joy of that happy occasion; and Clara ever remembered the vow she made when standing by the corpse of her father, and lived long to maintain the name by which she was familiarly known on the Coast of Kent, "The Pride of the Cliff."

THE END.

ARGYLL AND AIRLY.

A Glasgow contemporary, which is giving a series of articles on the "Ballads and Songs of Scotland," thus notices the ballad of "The Bonnie House o' Airly," which records a feud between the Earls of Argyll and Airly:

"The ballad is popular to the present day, and deservedly so, for its tenderness and beauty. The Earl of Airly did not share in the general enthusiasm for the Covenant in the middle of the seventeenth century, and he left Scotland, leaving his son, Lord Ogilvie, at home with his mother. The Scottish Committee of Estates, having learned of his defection, asked the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to occupy his castles, but their attempt was unsuccessful, and then the Earl of Argyll, a personal enemy of the Airlies, was commissioned to subjugate the place. Argyll raised 5,000 men, and against such a force it was, of course, impossible to hold the place, strong as it was. The castle was abandoned by Lord Ogilvie and his mother, and was plundered and destroyed by Argyll. The ballad was first printed by Finlay, but there are a great many other versions. The one the first stanzas of which we give has at least the merit of antiquity:

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airly.

The Duke of Montrose has written to Argyll
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"In Kirkpatrick Sharpe's ballads, Argyll approaches the lady in this wise:

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie;
Come down an' kiss me fairly."
"O I wina kiss the fause Argyll
If ye shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly."

"But Argyll is anxious about the lady's dowry, and extracts from her some vague directions as to where it is hidden, and after a long search his men

They found it in the fair plum tree
That shines on the bowling green of Airly.

He has taken her by the middle sae small,
And O but she grats sairly;
And laid her down by the bonnie burn side
Till they plundered the Castle of Airly.

Argyll ought to have been moved by the appeal of the lady, and probably he was, for she tells him that she has ten sons, all of whom she is willing to devote to the cause of King Charlie, and the ballad ends in this wise:

"Ten bonnie sons I have bore to him,
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy;
But though I had a hundred and mair
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie."

In point of fact the lady had never more than one son."

THE HOMER CLUBS.

During the past winter what may be called a literary fashion has been introduced in the shape of "Homer clubs," the membership of which is mainly confined to the fairer portion of the community, though gentlemen are by no means debarred. As the name indicates, these clubs are devoted to the study and elucidation of the great poet who has been the wonder and admiration of all ages, and whose fame seems to broaden and brighten with the flight of time. Nothing, perhaps, could more gracefully illustrate and demonstrate the vigour and immortality of true genius than the fact that twenty-five hundred years after this man is said to have lived—for it is not altogether certain he lived at all—cultured people in the heart of a hemisphere then unknown and undiscovered should be striving to increase their culture by careful and critical examination of his work—the work he embodied in fleeting song, without even dreaming that its echoes were destined to go on forever and forever. Verily there are some things "on this bank and shoal of time" over which death has no power and which challenge the mysterious ordeal of eternity. We can fancy that a smile of satisfaction, mingled, perchance, with a little amusement, would have touched the face of the blind old bard had some kind prophet told him that in 1880 of a new era, in a land of which he had never heard, far beyond the western seas, ladies guileless of Greek would wrestle with his lines, and draw from them music and morals whose existence he never suspected. Nor is the labour of love in vain, for there is profit as well as pleasure in it. The human nature which reveals itself in the bravery and brutality of Achilles, the valour and patriotism of Hector, the fond folly of Paris, the wild and wicked fas-

cination of Helen, the pure and noble affection of Andromache, and jealousies and quarrels of heroic men and contemptible gods who fought for and against a city which never would have been heard of had not Homer hymned its history—is very much the same human nature we see and feel to-day, and which we cannot investigate too often or too thoroughly.

Still we think the same quantity and quality of labour would bring richer and more substantial rewards if bestowed elsewhere; assuming, as we venture to do, that the acquisition of valuable knowledge is the object. For instance, what could be more entertaining and instructive than the systematic study, under competent direction, of the rise and progress of civil liberty, beginning with the foundations of the Dutch republic as laid by William the Silent, going through the tremendous struggle between Holland and Spain, thence passing to the seventeenth century revolution in England, and its legitimate fruit in America in the eighteenth, and closing with the French revolution in 1789. What a field for reading and for thought is here! It is hardly too much to say that whoever knows this period of historical development well holds the key to all that preceded and all that has followed and will follow it. Whoever watches with intelligent and impartial eye the shifting scenes of that wonderful drama in which were enlisted the souls and bodies of heroes greater and grander than any in the pages of the Iliad, will obtain clear and comprehensive views both backward and forward; will understand why and how liberty grew from soil fertilized by tears and blood, and has sent its roots down to the very bed-rock of humanity; will appreciate at something like their real worth the blessings purchased at such terrible price, and guard them accordingly. Compared with that long and desperate contest which lifted the people out of the mire of mediæval serfdom to the solid ground of freedom, the siege of Troy is emptiness itself. Achilles and Hector, Ajax and Agamemnon, and their comrades with them, have less courage, less endurance, less of that rare stuff we call heroism, than the phlegmatic Dutchman who confronted the world-embracing power of Philip II; or the stern Puritan who rode to battle with a prayer upon his lips, and in the name of God, "hewed the throne to a block;" or the calm and patient Virginia farmer who led ragged rebels from colonial oppression into independent nationality; or the fair Frenchwoman who fell a victim to the liberty she had helped to create, and died as gallantly as she had lived. The fighting of Greeks and Trojans—supposing it to be a fact and not fiction—was "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing." The fighting which began behind the dikes of Holland, and is not yet ended, signifies the emancipation of the race.

BOOKS IN GLASGOW IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—In the catalogue, still extant, of the books of the Priory of Lochleven, only seventeen volumes are named, and among them there is not a complete copy of the Bible. The Cathedral of Glasgow could boast a much better collection in the Middle Ages. In a list which has been handed down to our own time 165 volumes are particularised, many of them characterised in terms which show that they were rare and expensive books. Among them were some fine Bibles. There were also concordances and psalters, several lives of the saints, including a life of St. Kentigern and one of Servanus, several costly missals, and a number of works on theology and philosophy, but very few of the classics. Other books are mentioned as chained both in the choir and in the library. This collection is all now lost or scattered. In a minute of the Town Council of 20th September, 1660, Bailie Pollock reports that "he had gotten in from James Porter the three great Bybills belongs to the Kirks, and that they are now lying in the Clarke's Chamber." But these were in all likelihood English versions belonging to a much later period—probably the first large folio of 1611, or other folio editions of the versions now in use.

DOMESTIC.

DRINK IN CASES OF FEVER.—There is no more refreshing drink in cases of fever than weak green tea, with lemon-juice added instead of milk. It may be taken either cold or hot, but the latter is preferable.

BEEFSTEAK A LA FRANCAISE.—Let the meat be cut from the sirloin or other prime part. Pour over it two large spoonfuls of the best salad oil and let it remain all night; then put it and the oil into a frying-pan with some finely-chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; fry it until the gravy dries up and it becomes rather brown. Pour the contents of the pan over the steak as sauce and garnish with slices of fried potatoes.

DRIPPING.—Mutton dripping is not in any way so valuable as that of beef or pork, it being fit only for frying purposes; but bacon fat should never be discarded, it being equal to lard for cakes or pastry. A great objection to it, however, is that it looks so dark; but this can be remedied. Bacon should be cooked in a perfectly clean frying-pan, and the fat, when the pan is emptied, be run through a tin strainer previously dipped in hot water; then a little boiling water should be poured with the fat itself into the pan. This will take all remaining impurities to the bottom, leaving the upper crust white and pure. Not only bacon fat, but all dripping should be treated in this way while it is hot.

BROWN PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of flour, three ounces of suet, a small tencupful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, one and a half pint of milk poured upon a table-spoonful of jam; mix well together; steam for two hours. Sauce for the pudding: Beat the yolk of one egg with a table-spoonful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of corn-flour, one ounce of fresh butter, and a tencupful of water; put it into a small saucepan and stir till it boils; add a glass of sherry, and serve in a sauce tureen.