

a'most breaking his neck? You ought to be had up to Bow street."

"Stay," said I, with Christian meekness, and a forgiveness of injuries that was truly edifying, "I dare say the poor man is not much to blame, and accidents will happen. Here is your fare, my good fellow," I continued, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and for God's sake, drive more cautiously in future."

Mr. Henderson's servants delivered me safely in the Albany, with every precaution that my precarious state required.

After a night of unbroken slumbers, enlivened by very agreeable dreams, throughout which romantic affection and marriage settlements—the darts of Cupid and the three per cent, consols—were oddly jumbled in my head, according to the usual incongruity of the fantastic visions of Morpheus, I arose in high spirits, and very little the worse for my tumble. As I was completing my toilet—an operation in which I did not forget a black silk handkerchief, by way of a sling for my *invalided* arm—as I meant it to do great execution—I saw on my dressing table the card which I had received from my Harley street friend on the preceding night, and which I had taken from my waistcoat pocket while undressing. What was my surprise, when I discovered that instead of "Mr. Henderson," it bore the name of "Lieut.-Col. Sir George Jervoise!" Could it be the same card?—Yes, there was the address—No. — Upper Harley street.

"Well," thought I, "I took it for granted he was her father; but I suppose he is only her uncle. Perhaps her father is dead. So much the better—parents are sadly in the way, when a young lady is disposed to make a disinterested match."

With this consolatory reflection, I made my appearance at the breakfast table, where I found the "governor" all sympathy for my mishap, of which he had heard the most exaggerated accounts.

At his request, I now give him my version of the affair, which was tolerably correct, as far as it went, although I took the liberty of suppressing such facts as I was not desirous to communicate. I therefore said nothing of Miss Henderson, but dwelt long and eloquently on the kindness of Sir George Jervoise. "He stated, Sir," observed I, "that he had had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner lately."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, suddenly recollecting the name. "It was no later than last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams." I sat next to him, and a very sensible, agreeable fellow he is. The dinner was given in honour of him and his young bride!

"Bride!" exclaimed, or rather screamed I, bouncing from my chair.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the man?" said my father, staring in amazement. "Bride, Sir? Did you say 'bride'?"

"Yes, Sir! his bride! And a mighty pretty woman she is, I can tell you! with a splendid pair of black eyes. An heiress, too. They had only been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I started on my feet, upsetting sundry cups and saucers in the abruptness of the movement, tore off the the sling from my arm, threw it into the fire, and began pacing the room with gigantic strides.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my father, in real alarm, "the boy's mad! My life for it! he has had a concussion of the brain in that cursed fall!" And so saying, he began ringing the bell as if the house was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, sir!" said I, "don't alarm the neighborhood. I have made a confounded fool of myself—that's all!"

"Well, Tom," said he, "I am glad it's no worse; but as it isn't the first time by a great many, to my certain knowledge, you may as well take it easy, anyhow."

"Take it easy, indeed!" exclaimed I. "When I have run the risk of breaking my neck for nothing! But you shall hear the whole truth, sir, and judge of my disappointment."

I then proceeded to supply the deficiencies of my former narrative, and put my worthy father in possession of all the facts of the case. He listened to my recital with the most provoking hilarity; and, after complimenting me on what he was pleased to designate my "unheard of impudence," and "unparalleled effrontery," he ended by declaring, with an oath, that I was his "own son every inch of me."

"But, Tom, my boy," said he, "don't be down-hearted! There are plenty of heiresses—and pretty ones, too—to be had, if you will only take the trouble of looking for them—and, at all events, if the worst come to the worst, there is Lady Hornsey."

"Don't mention the old sorceress!" said I, "unless you wish to give me another fit of St. Vitus. I'll have nothing to say to her or anybody else. I'll go at once and throw myself into the Regent's Canal."

"Ah! then, Tom," said my affectionate relative, "sure the Basin in the Green Park is a deal more convenient!"

"Why, it's nearer, as you observe, sir," said I. "But I wish to do the polite thing; and, after Sir George's attention to me last night, it will be but decorous to leave my card in Harley street, P. C., on my way."

To Harley street I went accordingly; and as, in spite of the awful discovery which I had made, I was rather anxious than otherwise to appear interesting in the eyes of the adorable Lady Jervoise, I judged it expedient to resume my sling, in case I should be admitted. But even this slight relief was denied me. Neither

Sir George nor his lady was at home, and I was obliged to content myself with leaving my card, accompanied by a grateful message, which I trusted to the servants to deliver.

Never was the equanimity of my temper more grievously disturbed than on that day. But, lucky or unlucky, merry or sad, people in this world must dine, that is to say if they can get a dinner; and after fuming away my whole morning over the Sunday papers at the club, I suddenly recollected that I was engaged for that day to Lady Hornsey.

"Well," said I, "it is a bore, but I may as well go and see how the Professor gets on."

Whether it was that I had mistaken the hour, or bestowed too much time on the cares of the toilet, or that I wished, by concentrating the attention of the whole party upon me to give greater effect to my *entrée*, I cannot exactly say, but I arrived late in Berkeley square. The company had sat down to dinner. The first object that attracted my notice, as I entered, was the Professor, installed as *l'ami de la maison*, at the bottom of the table—a post which I had frequently filled, at the request of the "fair hostess," who probably considered me in a state of probation for its more permanent occupancy.

Little did I heed the gleam of triumph which shot from under the *speces* of my scientific friend, for, lo! within two of him, radiant in all the splendour of her unrivalled charms, sat Lady Jervoise! Her husband (*cheu!*) was the dexter supporter of the chair.

I dropped into the only vacant seat, which, by good luck, was next to her. Our recognition was mutual; and my arm, still *en écharpe*, elicited the kindest inquiries, in a tone that was anything but indifferent.

The conversation proceeded with great spirit. Her manner was as fascinating as her countenance was angelic. Every sentence she uttered increased my adoration and my despair. I drank wine with Sir George, and wished he had pledged me in Prussic acid; but the only vengeance I had in my power to inflict was flirting with his wife; which act of "wild justice," as Bacon calls revenge, I performed to the best of my ability. She listened with no reluctant ear to the "soft nothings" with which I assailed her; but every now and then I observed on her face a momentary expression of surprise, for which I was at a loss to account. At length, when, upon one occasion I had said "your ladyship," she interrupted me with considerable hesitation, while a deep but most becoming glow of timidity diffused itself over her lovely countenance.

"Do you know," said she, "I rather think you are under a mistake with respect to me?"

"Indeed!" said I, while my heart gave a bounce. "Have I not the pleasure of addressing Lady Jervoise?"

"No," answered she, laughing; and directing my attention to a very pretty little black-eyed woman who sat near the Professor, at the opposite side of the table, "that is Lady Jervoise. You did not see her last night, for she was not very well, and stayed from the opera. I am her sister, and on a visit to her. My name is Julia Henderson."

Reader, shall I go on? or do you anticipate the result? My star was in the ascendant! They say "the course of true love never did run smooth;" perhaps so; but with me the waters had been so "dark and stormy" at starting, it was but fair that, during the remainder of the voyage, the stream should flow in an even though rapid current. I have not space for the particulars; suffice it to say, that the fair Julia was a *co-heiress*; and that her Indian uncle and Stock-Exchange father were both dead; and that she herself was lately arrived from Paris under the care of a step-mother; that her fortune, which was, however, only half what my crush room friend had reported, was entirely at her disposal; and finally, that within two months of my cab adventure, I had the pleasure of converting Miss Henderson into Mrs. Bermingham—a transformation which, I am happy to say, we have neither of us, so far, seen occasion to regret.

C. H.

THE QUEEN'S FOREIGN MESSENGERS.

Her Majesty's Foreign Office messengers receive a salary of four hundred a year, with a pound a day for travelling expenses while they are actually travelling. Let us endeavour briefly to sketch what manner of man is the functionary ordinarily termed a "Queen's Messenger." He is invariably a gentleman, though not necessarily an aristocrat. In many cases he is a retired officer of the army. Generally he belongs to one or two military clubs, and he moves in the best society abroad, in the very best, since he is a frequent guest at the table of the ambassador or minister to whom he has delivered despatches, and associates on a footing of perfect social equality with the *att chés* of the legation. If he is a gentleman of agreeable manners, he might find favour in the eyes of the ambassador, and be permitted to disport himself at diplomatic dances and croquet parties. This is the sunny side in the life of the Queen's Messenger, but there is another and a very shady side. He leads, on an average of nine months out of the twelve, the life of a hunted dog. He is not expected to be ill, nor to have any "urgent private affairs" which the Foreign Office is bound to respect. "Marche toujours!" is thundered in his ears. During the American civil war a Queen's messenger was almost perpetually going backwards and

forwards on the road between New York and Washington. The July heats broiled, the January blast nipped him, but he was bound to carry the bag. Scarcely any material obstacle is held sufficient warrant for delay in the messenger's movements. Well, it may be argued, have not the soldier and sailor to encounter similar vicissitudes? May not a subaltern be sent from Nova Scotia to the West Indies—from Cahir to Calcutta—from Aldershot to Australia? May not a young midship find himself one year in the tropics and the next in the Arctic regions? Assuredly, but the soldier and the sailor in her Majesty's service live in continuous hope of a certain blessed thing called promotion. There is, moreover, some honour, and there may be pecuniary profit to be gained in a naval or military career. Prize money, salvage money, stars and crosses, staff appointments, good-service pensions—all these glitter in a blissful mirage before the eyes of the subaltern or midship. The Queen's messenger had better not expect anything; for in that case he will not be disappointed. He is a servant of the Queen; he is a member of a very ancient corporate body; he is entitled to wear an official dress resembling the undress uniform of the Guards, and the Foreign Office empowers him to wear a very gorgeous suit, displaying the royal arms and the symbol of his vocation—a running greyhound, in silver gilt; but beyond these barren honours and his modest salary he must look for no reward. So much is stopped out of his pay for the superannuation fund; and when he is very old and broken he is permitted to retire on a reduced salary, just as though he had never done anything more during his long official servitude than copy letters or docket minutes. There is no promotion—there is no good-service pension for him. It was during a debate on the civil service estimates, and on incidents of the vote for the Foreign Office, that Sir Robert Peel very generously undertook to plead the cause of the overworked, and, as many people think, underpaid Queen's messengers.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

The following anecdotes of Madame Malibran, as told by Joseph Johnson in his book of "Clever Girls," might be multiplied indefinitely, as instances of the goodness and generosity of her heart, and of the versatility of her powers and the strong common sense with which she was gifted. Upon one occasion an Italian professor gave a concert in London, which was unfortunately very thinly attended. Madame Malibran had been engaged to sing for twenty guineas. He called to pay her, or rather to offer her a moiety of her terms, which she refused to accept, and insisted upon having the full amount, which the poor professor doled out very slowly; and when he had counted twenty sovereigns he looked up at her to ask if that would do. "No, another sovereign," she said, "for my terms are twenty guineas, not pounds." He put down the other sovereign, and said, with a sigh, "My poor wife and children!" Madame Malibran took up the money; then, with one of her energetic expressions, said, "I insisted on having my full terms that the sum might be the larger for your acceptance," at the same time thrusting the gold into the astonished professor's hand; and wiping away a tear, which for a moment dimmed her bright eye, she rushed out of the room.

Upon a subsequent occasion, feeling annoyed at the general prejudice expressed by the assembled company against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music, some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction, Malibran endeavoured in vain to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauties of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers—Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c., declaring her belief that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the work of a Signor Vescevo, or Caerno, thus Italianising and Espagnolising their names, they would *faire furore*. In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarreira. She commenced, the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began—

"Maria tráy-ga un caldero
De agua Llámame levante,
Maria pon tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro té."

She finished: the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example of how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justness of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to this argument if the same air, played *alagio*, should be found equally beautiful when played *presto*. The parties were agreed, when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody which she had so divinely sung was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

"Maria tráy-ga un caldero"

means literally, "Polly put the kettle on!" This was the Spanish air! the composer's name being Chocarreira—a most appropriate one for the test.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EVERY duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

To express no more than is really meant is one of the first steps towards correct speech, just as careful pruning is as important to the vine as a rich soil.

The scar which an unkind word leaves upon a great love may be invisible, like that of great sins upon the tissues of the repentant soul; but, for one as for the other, life has no healing.

The range of friendship has hardly a limit. Intercourse is not needful to its continuance; equality in years is not a requisite; nor is parity of position essential. The finest natures triumph over social inequalities, mutual trust and affection can bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

Of what avail are fortunate chances to one who has no ability, and whose head is turned by a little good fortune? To such a person a favorable chance in the beginning of life is the worst thing that could befall him; for, while a wise mind would have been benefited thereby, he is simply encouraged on to his own destruction.

Most girls, almost from babyhood, if permitted to be with their mothers in the kitchen, love to see the work done, particularly the cooking; and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to attempt to make some simple article themselves. This early play will not be forgotten. Girls that grow up under such training or indulgence will have no fear of the real care when it comes to them as a duty.

UNDER certain known conditions, the force which generates heat will also generate light, electricity, and even sound. So the powers of the mind are convertible into each other. Mental drill and discipline gained in one way will avail us in a hundred other ways. Knowledge in one direction has intimate relations with all other knowledge. Power, developed and exercised in one sphere, is ready for use in another; and he who has drawn it from many sources will be best fitted to put it forth in his chosen vocation.

DETERMINATION.—The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. "My experience," remarks Sir Fowell Buxton, "is that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigor. Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—that you have some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision made is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated."

A DESIRABLE QUALITY.—Not only is all that is good and desirable in character directly dependent upon courage for its development, but most of the faults and errors, and even crimes, of humanity are distinctly traceable to its absence. Untruthfulness, hypocrisy, fraud, extravagance, selfishness, passion, revenge, are never upheld in an open way by those who commit them; seldom do we ever hear an excuse or apology made for them. Every one admits them to be wrong, unjust, injurious—those who fall into them as well as others. If we sift down the reason of their continuance, we find that, in nine cases out of ten, it is because there is not sufficient courage to stand up to one's own convictions of right and duty—to do what is known to be right, to resist what is fully recognized to be wrong. We are cowards as much as the deserter in battle, not because we are afraid, but because we do not bring dignity and courage to bear upon our fears and gradually to subdue them.

HUMOROUS.

"PINAFORE" has been translated into Russian. "What, neverovitchski?" "Well, hardly everoffskovitch."

"DOES poultry pay?" asked a novice of a dealer. "Of course," was the reply—"even the little chickens sell out."

"WELL, Mr. Station-master, anything fresh?" "No, nothing much—only the paint you're leaning against!"

LONGFELLOW wrote in the visitors' book of the Raven Inn at Zurich: "Beware of the Raven of Zurich: 'Tis a bird of omen ill. With an ugly unclean nest And a very, very long bill."

"THERE!" triumphantly exclaimed a Dead-wood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand. "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success!"

SHE laid her cheek on the easy chair against his head and murmured, "How I do love to rest my head against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he. "Is it because you love me?" "No: because it is so nice and soft."

A POINTED REFUSAL.

I pressed her tiny hand in mine,
I clasped her beautiful form,
I swore to shield her from the wind
And from the World's cold storm.
She set her pretty eyes on me,
The tears did wildly flow,
And with her ruby lips she said:
"Confound you, let me go!"