

## YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

BY JOSEPH HOBBS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me again,  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wrangling none by word or deed;  
But forbearing, soothing, serving,  
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,  
Is of little Christian use,  
One soft word of kindly peace  
Is worth a torrent of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night,  
If thou wouldst improve thy brother  
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity peared;  
Still my heart with kindness teeming  
Glads when other hearts are glad,  
And my eyes a tear-drops findeth  
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this;  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones  
Blessing ever bringeth bliss,  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown,  
Man is man, we all are brothers,  
Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man to all gradations,  
Little recketh where he stands,  
How divided into nations,  
Scattered over many lands;  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by vice and virtue too,  
Man in all one common nature  
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

## THE NECKLET OF DIAMONDS.

At the time when our story opens, Sir Charles and Lady Eppingham are seated in the drawing-room of their residence near the country town of Dawton.

Sir Charles is a tall, white-haired, military-looking man of sixty or thereabouts.

Lady Eppingham, who is about ten years her husband's junior, has been a beauty in her day, and is still handsome.

Her dark hair is but slightly touched with gray; and her cheeks, though they owe something of their bloom to artificial means, are smooth and unwrinkled.

Although another year will bring the fiftieth anniversary of her birth—as she knows to her regret—she is still as vain and as fond of admiration as a girl. Any one who will praise her figure, her toilet, or her diamonds—of which she is especially proud—has a sure passport to her good graces.

Sir Charles is far from rich; but his title being an old one, he and his wife take a high place among the county families, and share in all the gaiety which goes on in the town of Dawton.

Such are the couple who are now seated in the drawing-room of Eppingham Hall.

My lady yawning over the last new novel; her lord reading the parliamentary debates in the *Times* through his good eye-glass.

Presently, a footman enters the room, and presents a card to my lady, who regards it wonderingly.

"Everard—Everard!" she repeats to herself; "I don't know the name. Show the gentleman in, Thomas."

Thomas quits the apartment, and soon returns, ushering in "Captain Everard."

Sir Charles and my lady rise.

The visitor, a tall, good-looking man of thirty, with a thick moustache and dark hair, returns the salutation, and then addresses Sir Charles.

"Though I am personally a stranger to you, Sir Charles, no doubt my name will be familiar. My father, the late Colonel Everard, served in the same regiment as yourself when in India; and I have often heard him mention you. As I am staying at Dawton for a few days, I took the liberty of calling on yourself and Lady Eppingham."

"I am very glad to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the son of my old friend Everard," returned Sir Charles, shaking hands with the Captain cordially, and motioning him to a seat.

"I should not have known you from your likeness to your father," he adds, looking at the visitor more attentively; "you do not resemble him in the least."

"Well—a—no; I am considered most like my mother!" the other returns; and changes the subject rather abruptly to general topics.

None know how to be more agreeable (when they choose) than the Baronet and his wife; and the visitor being of a genial nature, the ice soon melts, and the conversation is kept up with vigour—at any rate, between the Captain and the lady, for Sir Charles is rather silent, and still regards the new-comer curiously through his gold eye-glass.

"Have you been in London this season?" asks Everard, presently.

"No," replies her ladyship; "my husband has unfortunately been so unwell we have not moved from this place."

"Well, you have lost something. Town was unusually gay."

"So I hear. Who was considered the belle of the season?"

"Well, some people gave the palm to Lady Eliza Wilton. She is a handsome woman, certainly; but, for my part, I admire her jewels at least as much as her personal gifts. Her diamonds are really superb; they are the talk of the town."

"Really!" says my lady. "Are you an admirer of jewellery?"

"I am," returned the Captain; "it is almost a passion with me. To let you into a secret," he adds, confidentially, with a smile, "I am now engaged on a work on the subject, to be entitled 'Jewellery, Ancient and Modern;' and a friend of mine, a clever amateur artist, is illustrating it with sketches of jewels that have been kindly lent to us for the purpose. By the bye, your ladyship ought to be complimented on the beauty of your own diamonds; I hear they are splendid."

"Oh!"—much pleased—"I certainly have one handsome diamond necklet. Perhaps, as you are a connoisseur, you would like to see it?"

"Upon my word, you are very good! If it would not trouble—"

"Not the least!" answered my lady, with her blandest smile; and touches the bell, heedless, of sundry admonitory frowns and gestures from Sir Charles.

The summons is answered by a footman, who is entrusted with a message to my lady's maid.

The female factotum appears like a genie, receives an order from her mistress, vanishes, and, reappearing the next moment, places in Lady Eppingham's hands a case of morocco leather, swathed in chamois.

My lady removes the wrappings, and opens the case, displaying to her visitor a necklet of diamonds, which really dazzles his eyes.

It is composed of seven pendant stars; the middle stone of each being of a large size.

"Well," says the Captain, turning to Sir Charles, "I have rarely, if ever, seen finer stones. A present from yourself to Lady Eppingham, I presume?"

"No; it is an heirloom."

"Indeed! How my friend would like to sketch these, and what a valuable addition it would be to the illustrations of my book!" exclaimed the Captain, contemplating the necklet at arm's length, in a perfect rapture of admiration. "It would be just the thing for a frontispiece."

"Well, I have no objection to your taking the necklet for your friend to sketch, Captain Everard," generously offers her ladyship, who is, in fact, infinitely flattered and gratified by the idea of having her diamonds immortalized on the frontispiece of a book, and who, moreover, has taken a strange liking to her good-looking visitor.

"You have no objection to offer, I presume, Sir Charles?" she continues, coldly, catching sight, just then, of a significant glance from her husband.

"I? Oh, no—none!" stammers the Baronet, who cannot bring himself to say to his visitor's face that he distrusts him.

A little further conversation ensues, and the Captain takes his leave, with the necklet of diamonds.

"You may be proud of your courtesy, sir!" exclaimed my lady, as the door closes after the Captain.

"And you may be proud of your discretion!" retorts Sir Charles, ironically. "The idea of trusting your diamond necklet in the hands of a perfect stranger! My lady, you are indiscreet!"

"A perfect stranger!" repeats his wife, impatiently, ignoring the compliment in his last words. "Why, is he not the son of one of your oldest friends?"

"He says he is," returns Sir Charles, drily; "but, for all we know, he may be an impostor."

"That I am certain he is not!" asserts my lady, confidently. "I have rarely, if ever, met a more perfect, well-bred, and distinguished young gentleman!" With which words, and a toss of her head, she quits the room.

A week passes, and my lady becomes uneasy with regard to her necklet, for it has not yet been returned; and since the day of Captain Everard's visit, she has not seen him.

Her ladyship is ruminating in her boudoir as to what she had better do; she knows not the Captain's address, or his regiment.

Her reverie is broken in upon by her maid, who enters with a parcel, done up in chamois; she hastily rises from her seat with an exclamation of delight, for she recognises the outer coverings of her necklet.

Late in the afternoon of the same day comes an invitation to dinner at Mrs. Gifford's (an intimate friend of Lady Eppingham's), and which is accepted by her ladyship.

The night of the dinner arrives, and my lady is seated before her looking-glass regarding with delight her necklet of diamonds, whose case, for the first time since they were returned, she has opened.

Never did the jewels sparkle more brilliantly than on this night.

At ten minutes before seven the carriage drives up to the door to convey his lordship and his wife to Mrs. Gifford's.

The dinner passes as all dinners pass. Towards the middle of the evening the talk turns—that is, my lady contrives to divert it to jewellery.

Mrs. Gifford is seated at a little distance from Lady Eppingham, who sees her conversing earnestly with a gentleman (Mr. Shaw) for some moments; she then rises from her seat, and approaches Lady Eppingham.

"There is a gentleman here," she begins, "a great connoisseur of precious stones; would you take it as a liberty if I asked you to let him see your necklet?"

"Oh, not the least!" answered her ladyship, graciously unfastening her chain, and placing it in the hands of the hostess.

She goes off with it to Mr. Shaw, whose countenance my lady watches with pleasure as Mrs. Gifford seats herself by his side. But what is her dismay when, as he examines the stones more closely, a look of disappointment comes over his features, and she hears him say, "A very good imitation!"

She cannot help herself.

"Imitation? Sir!" she exclaims. "Imitation, my lord!" turning round to a card-table where her husband is playing at *écarté*. My lord, do you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear," answers his lordship; "and I am not surprised."

"Not surprised, sir!" exclaims my lady, with contempt, and turning her back on him. "Sir," she continues to Mr. Shaw, "do you suppose, for one moment, I would wear paste or imitation jewellery? Allow me to look at my necklet."

It is handed to her, and she examines the back carefully.

"Here is my name and a private mark of my own on the setting," she continues, gleefully; "so, for once, sir, you are mistaken."

"If you were a gentleman, my lady, I would bet with you. Will you allow me to take the necklace to-morrow to Wenton, the jeweller, and hear what he says?"

"If you will call to our house to-morrow afternoon, at three, I will myself go with you," answers Lady Eppingham, who shortly after takes her leave.

Poor Sir Charles suffers much on his homeward drive from his wife.

"How could you forget yourself in such a way as to say you were not surprised at my wearing mock jewellery?"

"I do not suppose you would wear it knowingly, but I told you my opinion about lending your jewels to that man calling himself Captain Everard," he answers.

The next day Mr. Shaw arrives at the time appointed, and he and Lady Eppingham drive to the jeweller's.

It is too true; my lady hears that the diamonds of her necklace have been removed, and paste substituted for them.

She feels every object in the shop moving from her, and a sensation of unconsciousness creeps over her.

When she comes to her senses, by Mr. Shaw's advice she drives straight to the police-station, and tells the whole story to the inspector on duty, who listens gravely, making a note now and then in his pocket-book with a stumpy pencil.

He pays particular attention to her description of "Captain Everard."

"About thirty; tall, dark hair, brown moustache," he repeats, reading from his notes; "is that correct, my lady?"

"Quite. Oh, and I forgot to mention," she adds "that he had slight scar on his temple, like the mark of an old wound."

The inspector looks up quickly.

"On the left temple, just above the eyebrow?" he asks, eagerly.

"Exactly," answers my lady.

"Then I think I can tell you who your visitor was," says the inspector, shutting up his note-book. "He has passed through my hands more than once, when I was in the Metropolitan Police. His name is Jem Waters, alias 'My Lord,' and he is about the cleverest member of the London swell mob in existence."

"Then, as you know him, you will have no difficulty in tracing him?" says my lady, with a gleam of hope.

The inspector shakes his head and smiles—a smile of pity of her inexperience.

"It is not quite such a simple matter as it seems," he returns. "He is far too knowing a bird to let himself be caught easily; and, besides, he has had all these days to get clear off. We will do the best we can; but I am afraid, I'm sadly afraid your ladyship will never see your jewels again."

The inspector's prophecy proves only too true. The detectives are at once set to work; a reward is offered in the newspapers; printed bills describing the thief are circulated; but all in vain. Lady Eppingham never saw her necklet again.

The people of the town of Dawton are exceptionally good-natured, and do not spread abroad the story, so that my lady still gets the credit of having marvellous jewels.

She is too proud to show the mortification she feels at her loss; for no one but herself knows what a bitter wound it is to her vanity to have to wear a necklet of paste instead of a Necklet of Diamonds.

## DICKENS AND WOODFORD.

The following is of course from American sources:—When Charles Dickens was here some years ago he went to Albany to lecture, and put up at Congress Hall. General Woodford was then Lieutenant-Governor of the State and had an elegant suite of rooms there. At the time he was absent with his family, and kindly gave his permission to mine host Blake to place his rooms at the disposal of the great novelist. Dickens accepted the courtesy as a mere matter of course, and had not the grace to express any thanks. He lectured, pocketed the money, and went away, like any other showman.

A few months afterward he returned to lecture again, and was shown to other apartments with which he was not pleased. He sent for the landlord and demanded his former rooms. Mr. Blake said that they belonged to the Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor of the State. That did not matter, said Dickens, go and ask him if he will give up his room to me. Blake demurred to this, but Dickens insisted. With a very long face, at last, Blake went to General Woodford's room and put the question. Would he give up his rooms to accommodate the lecturer? Woodford looked quietly for a moment at Blake and then said: "Two months ago in my absence, I gave up my rooms to Mr. Dickens as a personal accommodation to yourself and him. Mr. Dickens had not the grace to express any thanks. Perhaps these are English manners. They are not good manners, anyhow. Say to Mr. Dickens that the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York is not in the habit of turning himself out of his home for the accommodation of travelling showmen."

Blake retired shame-faced and gave his message. Your correspondent (who chanced to be present) smiled clear across his countenance. Woodford went on reading his newspaper, and never, so far as I know, referred to the matter again. The anecdote has never been in print, but it is too good to keep. If it could only be inserted in the appendix to "American Notes" it would be a good thing.

## HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Miss Martineau whose death recently occurred and of whom we give a portrait, was born in 1802, of parents descended from French ancestors. She was liberally educated, but was afflicted with deafness and a total lack of the sense of smell. At the age of 21 her family, having become reduced in circumstances, she resorted to her pen for support, her first work being "Devotional Exercises for the Use of the Young." This was followed by a large number of other works in rapid succession, all of which marked the author as a woman of thought and feeling. In 1834 she came to the United States and spent two years here. On her return to England she recorded her impressions of American life and institutions in a work entitled "Society in America," by which she is best known on this side of the Atlantic. In 1839 her health, which had always been delicate, became so poor that she was obliged to desist from literary occupation, and it was not until 1843 that she published "Life in the Sick Room." In the following year, having recovered, as she believed, through the agency of animal magnetism, she published an account of the treatment in a letter which was widely read. She was a frequent contributor to magazines and to the editorial columns of the *London Daily News*, and was twice offered a Government pension as a recognition of her literary philanthropic labors. On both occasions she declined to receive the pension. About thirty years ago she manifested a decided leaning toward the doctrines of Auguste Comte, and in 1854 she published a condensed version of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," in which she plainly set forth her philosophical views. She wrote in all about one hundred volumes, including tales, romances, sketches of travel and philosophical essays, besides two or three volumes of hymns, and a continuation of Charles Knight's "History of England during the Thirty-Years' Peace, 1816-1848."

## ARTISTIC.

TEN large cases, filled with a magnificent collection of Peruvian antiquities, have just arrived at the Louvre, sent by Charles Warner, an Austrian explorer.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, who has joined the Roman Catholic Church, has, it is said, forsworn the painting of battle-pieces, and will henceforth devote herself to the sacred art.

THE new French postage-stamps are now in circulation. They represent Commerce with the caduceus and Peace with the olive-branch joining hands over a terrestrial globe, upon which is placed a number indicating the value of the stamp. The design is by M. Jules Auguste Sage.

A peasant at Savagnola, in Leguna, recently took an old painting from his loft to hang in his window. A professor of music from Genoa saw it and bought it for 70 francs. He sold it for 2,500 francs to a connoisseur who had it restored, and the Academy of Urbino declares it to be an authentic "Holy Family," by Raphael.

A photographic inventory of the valuable works of art, statuary, and articles of vertu contained in the almost priceless collection at Windsor Castle, is being made for the purpose of reference. The information of the inventory will occupy a considerable time, four or five years having, it is understood, elapsed since its commencement. The inventory, when completed, will be invaluable, as it will include a copy of every piece of furniture in the State and private apartments of the palace, in addition to copies of the numberless articles of taste which adorn the rooms of the castle.

Commenting upon the present fashion of erecting statues in honour of public characters, a writer in *L'Art* recalls the origin of the practice. The first statue raised in France in honour of a private citizen was that to Descaartes at the end of the last century. Previously the honour of reproduction in marble in public places had been exclusively reserved to the kings, but in 1775, Louis XVI., recognizing the absurdity of this rule, decreed that every two years four statues of eminent persons might be erected. This measure excited a lively interest at the time, and aroused considerable discussion as to the individuals most worthy of the honour. After Descaartes, Fénelon was selected, and Voltaire and Bossuet followed.

Busts of the Republic to decorate Town Halls and Committee Rooms for the Municipal Councils are in great request in the French provinces, and a country sculptor lately sent a curious list of his stock to the Mayor of the Department. A simple bust—without expression—could be bought for 21 5s., and an additional 5s. was required if "an expressive countenance were wanted;" while cast with the Cap of Liberty, "movable if desired," cost 21 12s. 6d. One statuette contained a musical-box playing patriotic airs, such as the "Chant du Départ," the "Marseillaise," and was worth 22 8s.; while yet another bust was intended for "stormy sittings," and could give forth "Ca ira," for the moderate charge of 22 10s. Particular attention was requested to the large assortment of mahogany boxes carefully lined with red flannel, and intended to contain the Republican enghy in Monarchical times.