

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns what e'er he can,  
He looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man."

And now the fragrant hay field wafts its grateful incense to our senses as we gallop past. Soon we near a market town, where a brief halt is called for breakfast, and such a meal! Why the very landlady herself is a theme worthy to be expatiated upon for a week; her buxom figure and cheery welcome gives a zest to all she presides over.

The name of the place was Allerton, and that of the inn the Golden Lion; and good cause have I to remember both, for there it was God's will to take from me the only friend I had in the world.

Here it is needful that I should enter into an account of my career up to the time of my arrival in Allerton.

My name, as you all know, was Marie Josephine Dumaresque, and I was born in the town of St. Jean, in the department of the Loire, in *la belle France*. My father was an officer in the army of the greatest commander the world ever saw, Napoleon the Great, and it so happened that it fell to his lot to proceed in charge of a detachment of infantry escorting prisoners of war to the fortress of D—. One of these prisoners on parade was a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking English officer; his name was Col. Cumberland; he spoke French fluently, and was in every respect an accomplished gentleman. He became on the march very intimate with my father, who had many opportunities of showing him a kindness, the more so as the Colonel was wounded, not dangerously, but enough to render the kind offices and attentions of my father doubly acceptable.

On arrival at D—, it was found that Col. Dumaresque had been appointed Commandant of the Garrison, and as this necessitated probably a lengthened stay, I joined him from the convent of the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart, under whose care I had passed the greater part of my brief span of twelve years' existence. This had been rendered necessary by the untimely death of my mother, of whose tender care I had early been deprived. Constant association with Col. Cumberland brought about between us a respect and most sincere friendship. He was ever at my father's quarters a welcome guest, and doubtless finding time hang heavily upon his hands, spent many an hour in teaching me his native language, and I on my part soon learnt to love him second only to my own father. Ah! those pleasant hours, what tender memories round them cling! A cloud hung over me which was too soon to burst. It is said that to each cloud is given a silver lining; it may well be so—for how often the rays of sunshine in our life are obscured by the clouds of misfortune! I must be pardoned if I hurry over the following most painful chapter in my life. The day dawned bright upon me, it was my *fitte* day, and decked in my gayest attire, I was, child-like, full of glee when the first great grief of my young life stretched out its icy hand and froze the current in my veins. My father, he whom I loved so well, was brought in dead!—dead! The solemn tramp tramp of the men who carried his dead body up the stairs lingered in my ears with a strange persistency for many a day.

He had been thrown from his charger and killed instantaneously.

Why tell how for a time I was inconsolable, may frantic with grief, and how at last dawned upon me the fact that my only friend, as I thought, had been torn from me. But the good God ever helps the fatherless, and He rose up for me a benefactor in Col. Cumberland, who, as he gently soothed my excited feelings and caressingly smoothed my hair, said, "*Ah, ma pauvre petite, ma belle fille*, I will be to thee a father, then to me a daughter; where I go, there shalt thou be also." Truly a life of devotion would have been but a small recompense to pay to him for all his goodness to me, and that goodness crowded, alas! into one short year.

Many were the pilgrimages we took together, hand in hand, to the last resting-place of him who had so suddenly been cut off.

Our peaceful life at last came to an end; negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, which had been long in progress, came to a satisfactory conclusion, and Colonel Cumberland, of His Britannic Majesty's service, was once more at liberty to visit his native land.

My relatives, whose relationship was but distant, were easily induced to acquiesce in my adoption by the Colonel, and my own acquiescence was gained long before it was asked. My modest preparations were soon made; one last visit together to that newly-raised mound, where the garland of immortelles which had been placed by our loving hands still was fresh, one flower reverently plucked to be carefully preserved, and carried across the sea as a memento—and we were gone.

For some time I had noticed that the Colonel suffered from a troublesome cough, the result, he said, of his wound, and about this time he seemed to grow feebler day by day. At length we arrived in London, where he had to report himself to the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards, and apply for leave of absence on account of sickness. This was readily granted, and we started on our journey northward, our destination being this very house, which with a farm and a tract of land on the hillside in the distance, but which was at that time considered of little value, being let as a sheep farm, formed, with his pay, the modest worldly possessions of the Colonel.

The farm was rented, but in the house, called

the White House, lived, and had lived for many a year, Miss Tabitha Cumberland, a maiden lady of uncertain age, and the Colonel's only sister. Possessed of a moderate competency safely invested in the funds, she had, after having proved a failure in the matrimonial market, retired from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and devoted herself to two objects, viz., the cultivation of her garden, and her nephew. Her ill success in the latter operation was, let us hope, compensated by the success of the former.

But now we must return to Allerton, where we had to break our journey, as we thought, only for a day. Alas! the Colonel started from here on that long journey which we must one day all take. God grant to him a happy deliverance at his journey's end! Since, as I sat a child at that bedside, many a time and oft has the reflection occurred to me how very small must all the petty troubles of this world seem to those whose fast closing eyes, when re-opened, will see stretched out before them the endless vista of Eternity. And yet with characteristic unselfishness, he devoted a portion of the fast fleeting hours to my guidance for my future, and had been a poet, would have summed up all he desired to convey in the beautiful words of Kingsley to his daughter—

"Yet ere we part one lesson I would leave you  
For every day.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long.

"And so make life and death that vast forever.

"One grand sweet song."

O glorious song! and what a useful lesson if little children sang it at our knee from day to day!

Two days after our arrival, he breathed his last, and for a week I was, pending the arrival of Miss Tabitha, under the charge of the hostess of the Golden Lion.

I confess to looking forward with considerable trepidation to the arrival on the scene of Miss Tabitha, or aunt Tab, as I soon learnt to call her. But her appearance soon put to flight all my fears. The resemblance to her brother was so marked and her greeting so full of motherly tenderness, that my heart warmed to her at once, and hers to me.

Our journey northwards was but a melancholy progress. At last we reached home, or, to use the words of aunt Tab's, Home Sweet Home.

I think no language in the world contains three words so sweet.

"Sing again those words of gladness.

Tender memories round them cling.

Dreams of long forgotten sadness

Pass before me as you sing."

Breathes there the man whose heart warms not at those melodious words!

The soldier in the trenches, or when seated at the bivouac fire; the sailor out on the yard-arm, in a gale of wind, tossing on the stormy deep; the traveller in the swamps of Central Africa, or in the ice-bound regions of eternal snow, find each one that magic word locked in the innermost chambers of their heart, and as the thought of that one dear spot and the little ones waiting there steals across their mind, it lends a holy charm, and for the moment makes radiant with beauty the most homely features—

"Home, Sweet Home.

Be it ever so humble.

There's no place like home!"

After we had settled down, at the White House, into our respective places and daily round of duties, it became necessary that the affairs of the late Colonel Cumberland should be examined, and if a will existed—proved.

It was generally supposed that I should prove to be his heiress. But after the most minute search and frequent communication with his regimental agent, and London bankers and lawyer, no such document could be found. I was too young to feel the full importance of the circumstance, but in justice to aunt Tab, I am bound to say that I never from her should have known the difference.

I mentioned a nephew who must now be introduced. He was the only son of another brother who had been, in some way, unfortunate, and like all other people under these circumstances, was thought of little and talked about less. This we all know is the way of the world—there is nothing succeeds like success, and nothing so contemptible as failure, deserved or undeserved in either case. Poor miserable human nature, how ready to brag about our rich relative Dives and to administer a furtive kick to cousin Lazarus in the gate!

The Lazarus, in this case, was luckily dead, and so no more need to be said. His son had at an early age been placed in charge of aunt Tab, and had by her, in her capacity of sponsor, been called Joah.

At the time of our arrival he was about fifteen years old, and I about two years his junior. From the first, we agreed to differ with perfect unanimity, and fact this was the only point on which we did agree.

It may here be noted that he, along with aunt Tab, became the undisputed owners of the White House, and some day, in the course of nature, he would become the sole possessor of all his uncle's property.

Years rolled on the even tenor of their way. Joah grew to be a man, and a very disagreeable one to me. Though, singular to say, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, and he evidently laboured to ingratiate himself into my favor, and in this endeavour was ably and effectually seconded by aunt Tab, who wasted much valuable time in endeavouring to gloss over his most palpable shortcomings, he had,

in my eyes, so many personal defects that I refrain from enumerating them; these were all eclipsed by a bad disposition and a worse heart. It cannot be wondered at that when he honoured me with an offer of his hand and heart, he met with a decided refusal, and this rid us of his presence for many a day.

When next we met, it was at the funeral of good aunt Tabitha, and as he then came in full possession, with all the airs of proprietorship he tried his luck again and with equally bad success. After this, nothing remained to me but to seek some means of earning my livelihood.

Thanks to aunt Tab, I had received a very fair education, was a good musician, and a passable artist in water colours, &c., so had little difficulty in securing a situation as governess in the family of a gentleman named Frankland, and there I met your grandfather, who said and did so many foolish things that I shall leave him to give an account of them himself, and so refer you to the following extracts from your grandfather's note-book:

"A vision of loveliness has burst upon us in the shape of a governess. She is the most delightful, and yet the most tantalising of mortals.

"I had just returned from town, and had occasion to enter the library early in the morning, in search of a book, and was agreeably surprised by the vision above mentioned. She is a substantial vision, however, and not an angel as at first I thought we must be entertaining unwares. For some time, I had been standing spell bound in the centre of the room, admiring the pose of her head, her *petite* yet perfect figure, in short, a thoroughbred air about her. She meantime, her back towards me, absorbed in the book she was reading, was evidently ignorant of my presence; an involuntary movement upon my part betrayed me. Quick as lightning she turned, exposing her lovely face, which hitherto I had only seen in profile—a face which is not seen, at least with eyes like mine, more than once in a lifetime, for there I saw my fate.

"I felt I was hard hit, and for once lost my self-possession; but she, with a charming ladylike graceful manner, stepped up, saying, 'Mr. George Frankland, am I not right in my supposition?' Then followed a few words in explanation of her presence at such an early hour, having come for some book of reference for her pupils, and she was gone, leaving me like a doll staring at nothing.

"Of course I heard her history from my mother, and as it seemed to me, given with some reluctance. We met daily, and the more we met the more I became enamored; and how could it be otherwise than the usual result? 'With youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow,' we gently, imperceptibly glided down the stream of time, and at last became absorbed in the vast ocean of love.

"O Youth and Love!! two only of the thousand precious gifts showered upon us with a lavish hand, and yet appreciated by so few, until they both have fled. Youth! when every pulse bounds within us with such joyous freedom, when the very sense of living, moving, breathing seems an unutterable joy. And Love!! 'when the soft eye looks love to eyes that speak again,' and the tell tale blush mantles on the brow. The downcast eye veiled by silken lashes, resting on a damask cheek, reveals the old, old story, 'The tale of love.'

"Oh! who can tear from out my heart  
One thought of that sweet time  
When first my heart on love was borne  
Alone on pinions light."

"Love that since the days of Eve, has moved the world. Archimedes of old said to give him a fulcrum, and he'd move the world.

"Then give him love.

"This might have answered with Archimedes, but it did not with the governor; that stern parent failed to see the force of my arguments, and decreed a separation. Marie was to seek fresh fields and pastures new for the exercise of her vocation, and as for my humble self, I might go to Hong Kong or elsewhere, when for once, to set at naught that stupid proverb about the course of true love never running smooth, the following incident occurred.

"Every endeavour had been made to keep us—the two culprits—apart, when fortune favoured us.

"As our first meeting had been in the library, so our parting seemed likely to be in the same place.

"From pure restlessness, I had latterly risen at most unusually early hour, and often strolled into the library. On this occasion, on following my usual habit, I found Marie making a vain endeavour to reach a book placed on the topmost shelf. I spoke, and in her surprise and agitation, she slipped, and grasping the shelf, brought down the contents in confusion on the floor. I confess to having a very vague remembrance of the next—say five minutes, it might have been more—but at the termination of whatever time had elapsed, we were both busy gathering up the books, when I heard from Marie an exclamation of surprise, and saw in her hand a miniature portrait of an officer in the undress uniform of a colonel in the line. She was evidently much excited, and begged to know how the portrait had come there, seeing that it was that of her benefactor, Col. Cumberland, and the work of her father, during the Colonel's imprisonment in France, and further, that she had amongst her most cherished possessions the exact counterpart. Observing an ancient-looking volume, out of which, she said, the portrait had fallen, I examined it at once and found it to be a "Treatise on Fortification," and written on the fly-leaf, 'Hugh Cumberland, Lt.-Col. H. M.

—th Foot.' Turning the leaf over casually, imagine my astonishment when the following words, written in a tremulous hand, met my eye: 'Last Will and Testament of Hugh Cumberland, Esq.' I omit the legal phraseology, though indeed it contained but little superfluous matter. It was duly signed and witnessed, the place, a roadside inn on the Northern Road, at which the coach had stopped to change horses, on the memorable journey with Marie, and bequeathed to her the whole of his property on the death of his sister.

"This completely changed the current of affairs, as it had become notorious that the tract of land on the Cleveland Hills, hitherto let as a simple sheep walk, had become most valuable, an almost inexhaustible vein of iron ore having been discovered, and thus our old friend Joah Cumberland had suddenly become one of the richest men on the country side.

"But now arose the question: How came the book into our possession?

"It finally appeared, on comparing notes and ascertaining the exact date of the journey in which the late Colonel Cumberland and Marie were companions and left the coach at Allerton, that we—i.e. my father, mother and self—were the next occupants of the 'Highflyer'; this was proved by reference to the way-bill, and my mother distinctly remembered that I had found the book under the cushion of the seats she had put it in her bag, intending to enquire about it at the end of the stage, but from that date to this had never thought of it again.

"The witnesses still living were all found, and in short, such a case was submitted to counsel that he had no difficulty in giving a decided opinion in favor of Miss Dumaresque's claim.

"In due course the needful legal steps were taken to establish the claim thus set up on the part of Miss Dumaresque, and the case of Dumaresque *versus* Cumberland bid fair to become a *cause célèbre* and a rich harvest to certain gentlemen of the long robe, when, to their intense disgust, the opposition was withdrawn, there being no defendant to oppose.

"Our old friend Joah had very naturally described the newly discovered will as a conspiracy to deprive him of his inheritance, and had determined to fight tooth and nail, or, as he figuratively described the process, 'to die game,' which desirable consummation he accomplished—though probably not in the manner set down in his programme.

"He had latterly become a famous hunter, a perfect Nimrod, and had, in the pursuit of his favourite amusement, contrived in the most accommodating manner to break his neck in an abortive and unprofessional attempt to successfully turn somersault in advance of his horse.

"This accident, as I said, put an end to all opposition, and soon Marie was installed at the White House as mistress.

"I now found the governor wonderfully pliant and amenable to reason; my arguments were most conclusive, and so, to put an end in a satisfactory way to all concerned, Marie and myself were duly married, and as the story books say, lived happily together many, many years."

Reader, may the same happy lot be yours, is the wish of the author.

## DOMESTIC.

**BLACK BEETLES (TO DESTROY).—**Sprinkle powdered borax in the places which are infested, and sprinkle their haunts with unslaked lime. A hedgehog will devour any number of them.

**BREADED BLUEFISH, or MACKEREL.—**Have a clean, hot coal fire and the grid-iron perfectly clean, and oiled so the fish will not stick to it. Split the fish in the back, and lay the flesh side first to the grid-iron. Broil brown, turn carefully, and spread with butter when ready to serve.

**MITES IN CASARIES.—**During the time that a casary is tormented with them, cover the cage every night with a clean white cloth, and each morning you will find from twenty to forty insects on it. The birds soon entirely cured, and we can strongly recommend the process as one which cannot possibly injure, or even frighten the bird.

**EGGS BAILS.—**Boil five fresh eggs quite hard, and lay them in cold water to get cold. Take the yolks out and pound them smoothly with the beaten yolk of one fresh egg; put a little cayenne and salt, roll the mixture into very small balls, and boil them for two minutes. Half a teaspoonful of flour can be worked up with the eggs.

**BAKED EGGS.—**Break six or seven eggs into a buttered dish, taking care that each is whole, and does not encroach upon the others so much as to mix or disturb the yolks. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put a bit of butter upon each. Put into an oven and bake until the whites are well set. Serve very hot with rounds of buttered toast, or sandwiches.

**ON-TAIL SOUP.—**Into three quarts of water put three ox tails, a little salt, pepper, and a few whole cloves; boil three hours slowly; strain and set away to cool. The next day remove the fat. Fry three onions in butter brown. Chop finely one carrot, one turnip, one potato, one half a cabbage. Add to the soup, and boil slowly for two hours.

**ROAST LAMB.—**The fore quarter which is the choicest for roasting, requires about one hour to roast. It should be well basted. Sprinkled with salt just before done, and served with mint sauce, made of finely chopped green mint, about one cup—to which is added one cup of fine brown sugar; one cup cold vinegar, and half a cup of water. Stir well, and serve from a sauce tureen cold.

**RICE CROQUETS.—**Take cold boiled rice and mix with sufficient beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs to form into pear shapes with the hands, adding first a little sugar and salt. Then fry in nice hot drippings—set the forms into the fat on the larger end—let them fry brown, while the top remains nearly white. Set them in uniform order on a platter. This turns quite an ornamental, as well as very palatable dish.

**BOILED TONGUE.—**If dry it will take four hours to boil, after soaking over night. A pickled tongue requires from two and a half to three hours boiling, according to size. When done, skin, and garnish with slices of lemon, and carved flowers or vegetables. Meat jelly, if very transparent, cut in small pieces, makes a nice garnish for cold tongue. Or boiled red beet, cut in narrow strips, alternated with sprigs of parsley around the dish.