

recover himself! We watched helplessly and breathlessly. There was not only the danger of the boat's being carried into the river, but of its being wrecked against something under water, which he could not see or know of. But he knew his ground. He let the stream carry him past the garden and out into the meadow beyond. There, of course, the current was slack and he easily pulled aside out of it into the comparatively quiet water where he could turn his boat round. We had rushed to one of the upstairs windows, and could see the incidents of the perilous little voyage. Without encountering the stream a second time, the oarsman made his way into the garden through a weak place in the hedge at the bottom, as he had broken in from the field, and slowly poled himself up between the rose bushes. By that time the whole household was gathered at the door to welcome Hugh Carfield. Of course it was he; Cherry had known it from the first, and I had not been long in guessing who was most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man almost before he was within speaking distance.

"All well," responded Mr. Goldthorpe, with an air of responsibility. I hope you have brought us provisions."

"Everything I could think of that would go in my boat," answered Hugh, bringing it up to the steps.

"You see I was right," said Mr. Goldthorpe, turning round to us. "I told you that a boat would come, and that such measures as Miss Roper proposed this morning were quite unnecessary. But young ladies always like to do the heroic."

It was so provoking that he had been right that if I had not been so hungry myself I could almost have wished that relief had not come so soon. But by this time Mrs. Roper was shaking hands with our deliverer.

"I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Carfield," she said, "for coming to help us—and at such risk, too!"

"Don't take too much to yourself, mamma," laughed Cherry. "Dr. Carfield would never have left Mr. Singleton to starve." Then, in a lower tone, she added, as he clasped her hand. "It was good of you to come. I was never so glad of anything in my life as to see your boat behind the hedge."

Hugh could find nothing nice to say, of course—Englishmen never can when they are the heroes of the situation—so he only asked how we had fared. After we had related our experiences (for some of them) a council of war was held, at which it was promptly and unanimously decided that Hugh should return to the town and send pints at once to remove the whole party, the men being provided with hatchets to cut away the gates which blocked the lane. Mrs. Roper and Cherry would return with me to my home. He departed, taking a more circuitous and safer route than that by which he had come. Cherry watched him out of sight; and then we made a hasty but very cheerful supplement to our short breakfast, and proceeded to devote ourselves to the task of packing up what they needed to take with them, and putting the house in a state to be left empty. We were so absorbed in our work that we never heard the arrival of the first pint. The sound of voices outside, however, drew us to the house door just in time to see it pushing off, with Mr. Goldthorpe seated inside. When he caught sight of us he waved his hand and called out:—

"Excuse my not saying goodbye, ladies; important business—must catch the next train; your boat will be up in a minute."

Cherry stood for a moment in speechless indignation, then burst out laughing.

"He is gone," she cried. "Hurrah! I never was so rejoiced to see any one's back. The Old Man of the Sea was a joke to him; Michael Scott's familiar spirit was a pleasant companion. He is the worst incubus that ever set of unfortunate women had on their shoulders for two interminable days!" Then turning to her mother, she added with intense gravity, "I am quite satisfied now, mamma, that I did right in discouraging Mr. Goldthorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would have done."

That was Cherry Roper's only peccavi, but it was quite enough for her mother. I doubt that even Hugh got much more out of her at any time; but if she kept her contrition to herself, and made confession to nobody, she at any rate made ample satisfaction for her fit of worldliness. For when Mr. Goldthorpe recovered himself and wrote a formal proposal of marriage she refused him with equal formality, and a month or two later her engagement to Hugh Carfield was announced. He is not exactly a poor man, but he is not likely ever to be a rich one; yet Cherry seems to be perfectly contented. She herself accounts for it by saying that the great merit of a doctor as a husband is that you don't have enough of his society to get tired of him.—*The Argosy.*

ADOPTING A GRANDPA.

An old man, not ragged but clad in old and faded and time worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air, sat down under a tree on John B street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

"Would you hurt a little girl?"

"Bless me, no!" he replied. "By, I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a v. No, child, I wouldn't hurt a hair in head for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired, as the other children crowded up.

"No, not now, child. There was a time—dear me! but it hurts my heart to remember it—when children called me grandpa. It was years ago—years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?"

"No-no. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now."

"I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is 'most dead."

"Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and necks when the children brought their dolls to me."

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by the means of a stick and a string the child observed:

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bones."

"Old? Bless you, yes. I was eighty-one only a week or two ago. Yes, I am poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grand-children had dolls, eh?"

"Yes, dear—dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then."

"And did they comb your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder in the fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice of full of childish quavers and frequently stopping, as if to swallow some of the words, she sang:—

Under an elm tree three little graves—
Under the soil my children three;
The years may pass, but my heart will grieve
And sorrow will ever rest with me.

Under the elm I walked to-day,
I looked—

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

"Y-yes, child—I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs!"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."

"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am all alone."

"Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron, if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."

"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep your mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child."

"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute."

She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man she said:

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more and come back to-morrow. Good-by, grandpa!"

"Good-by!"

And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter a child who stood by explained:

"Why, sir, he's crying because he's all alone in the world and a little girl has adopted him."

TENNYSON'S EARLY FRIENDS.

I have heard them all speak of these London days when Alfred Tennyson lived in poverty with his friends and his golden dreams. He lived in the Temple, at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and elsewhere.

It was about this time that Carlyle introduced Sir John Simeon to Tennyson one night at Bath House, and made the often-quoted speech, "There he sits upon a dung-heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs; by which dead dogs he meant 'Enone' and other Greek versions and adaptations. He had said the same thing of Landor and his Hellenics. 'I was told of this,' said Mr. Tennyson, 'and some time after I repeated it to Carlyle; 'I'm told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. 'Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered."

The story is well worth retelling, so completely does it illustrate the grim humor and unaffected candor of a dyspeptic man of genius, who flung words and epithets without malice, who neither realized the pain his chance sallies might give, nor the indelible flash which branded them upon people's memories.

The world has pointed its moral finger of late at the old man in his great old age, accusing himself in the face of all, and confessing the overpowering irritations which the suffering of a lifetime had laid upon him and upon her he loved. That old caustic man of deepest feeling, with an ill temper and a tender heart and a racking imagination, speaking from the grave, and bearing unto it that cross of passionate remorse which few among us dare to face, seems to some of us now a figure nobler and truer, a teacher greater far, than in the days when all

his pain and love and remorse were still hidden from us all.

Carlyle and Mr. Fitzgerald used to be often with Tennyson at that time. They used to dine together at the "Cock" tavern in the Strand among other places; sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle took long solitary walks late into the night.

THE SUBJECT OF "IN MEMORIAM."

Arthur Hallam was the same age as my own father, and born in 1811. When he died he was twenty-three; but he had lived long enough to show what his life might have been.

In the preface to a little volume of his collected poems and essays, published some time after his death, there is a pathetic introduction. "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world," writes his father; and a correspondent, who, I have been told, is Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's common friend, Mr. Gladstone, and whose letter is quoted, says, with true feeling: "It has pleased God that in his death, as well as in his life and nature, he should be marked beyond ordinary men. When much time has elapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his place, I fear, will be felt to be still vacant; singularly as his mind was calculated by its native tendencies to work powerfully and for good, in an age full of import to the nature and destinies of man."

How completely these words have been carried out must strike us all now. The father lived to see the young man's unconscious influence working through his friend's genius, and reaching a whole generation unborn as yet on the day when he died. A lady, speaking of Arthur Hallam after his death, said to Mr. Tennyson, "I think he was perfect." "And so he was," said Mr. Tennyson, "as near perfection as a mortal man can be." Arthur Hallam was a man of remarkable intellect. He could take in the most difficult and abstruse ideas with an extraordinary rapidity and insight. On one occasion he began to work one afternoon, and mastered a difficult book of Descartes at one single sitting. In the preface to the *Memorials* Mr. Hallam speaks of this peculiar clearness of perception and facility of acquiring knowledge; but, above all, the father dwells on his son's undeviating sweetness of disposition and adherence to his sense of what was right. In the quarterlies and reviews of the time, his opinion is quoted here and there with a respect which shows in what esteem it was already held.

At the time Arthur Hallam died he was engaged to be married to a sister of the poet's. She was scarcely seventeen at the time. One of the sonnets, addressed by Arthur Hallam to his betrothed, was written when he began to teach her Italian.

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right, with full piano tone;
Old Dante's voice enircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Patraera's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely; without fear
Rest on the music. I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life—
An English maiden and an English wife."

As we read the pages of this little book we come upon more than one happy moment saved out of the past, hours of delight and peaceful friendship, saddened by no foreboding, and complete in themselves.

"Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath an ivied, mossy wall.
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults the summer moon."

There is something touching in the tranquil ring of the voice calling out in the summer noontide with all a young man's expansion.

It seemed to be but the beginning of a beautiful happy life, when suddenly the end came. Arthur Hallam was travelling with his father in Austria when he died very suddenly, with scarce a warning sign of illness. Mr. Hallam had come home and found his son, as he supposed, sleeping upon a couch; but it was death, not sleep. "Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears"—so writes the heart-stricken father—"brought him home to rest among his kindred and in his own country." They chose his resting-place in a tranquil spot on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. He was buried in the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somerset, by Clevedon Court, which had been his mother's early home.—Mrs. THACKERAY-RITCHIE, in *Harper's*.

VARIETIES.

A book of Carlyle's notes is in preparation. A literary acquaintance was in the habit of sending him new books and magazines containing articles of special interest. Mr. Carlyle invariably returned them with characteristic annotations. It is proposed to publish a selection from these brief but pointed criticisms.

GABRIEL MAX's latest painting is at present exhibited at Munich where "The Vivisector" forms one of the chief attractions of the exhibition at the Odeon. The picture is said to be a marvel of technical execution, but the whole scene appears to be planned in order to create a sensation, which, like the artist's former works, it does not fail to do.

THE FIRESIDE.

I have tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at all its joys,
The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise;
Though wit flashed bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide,
I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far across the ocean's breast
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy tale of rest;
I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and wide
Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,
And end in calm, serene repose the swiftly passing day!
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside!

"My lord" would never condescend to honor my poor hearth;
"His grace" would scorn a host or friend of more plebeian birth.
And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified
For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside!

The poets sing his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats;
Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

Oh! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears;
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside!

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight;
Still, in hopes elysian, but let my spirit wing its flight;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside!

D. F. MCCARTHY.

FOOT NOTES.

BOLD advertisement is the chief characteristic of the Augustan era of the drama. Mr. Augustus Harris has reached the highest pinnacle of fame in this respect. He actually tells us now what he thinks of the new play at Drury Lane, of which he is one of the authors. Augustus Harris says:—"By far the best drama I have ever been associated with." It is impossible to comment on this.

THE project of raising a statue to Ratazzi, *l'homme fatal*, as he is called by French writers, is giving rise to great discussion and dissension throughout Italy. It seems that the lovely perennial Princess de Solens, the widow of Ratazzi, who, as she expresses herself in a letter to the committee formed for carrying out subscriptions for the work, "although never ceasing to regret the loss sustained by the death of that great and good man, has deemed it both politic and prudent to replace him," has been actively employed in furthering the undertaking, and has collected a goodly sum at Madrid, where she now resides as wife *en troisième nocce* of a grandee of Spain, high in office at the court. There never was a more striking example of the power of beauty than that afforded by the story of this fair daughter of Sir Thomas Wye. First married to the Prince de Solens, who died not long after the union, then for many years living a free and independent life in Paris, amply provided for by the Emperor, who was always remarkable for kindness to his relations, she was still young and beautiful enough to inspire the deepest attachment in Ratazzi, who frankly confessed that although himself long past the age of devotion to the fair sex, he would have been willing to give up all honors and distinction and retire from the world with her had she so willed it. The sacrifice of his time and the privacy of his life to the pleasures of society, to which she was always devoted, was, however, far greater; and people used to wonder when they beheld this grave and potent diplomatic seigneur displaying his attachment by attending his beautiful wife to every place of amusement in Paris. The lady's infirmity of deafness compelled him to express in a loud voice the admiration he could not control even in public, and the conversations carried on at the theatre between the husband and wife in a loud tone that all might hear used sometimes to fill the audience with glee. One night, when the Emperor and Empress were present at a gala performance at the opera, during one of the pauses in the orchestra the company were startled by an exclamation concerning the beauty of the Empress, uttered in an unconsciously loud tone by Madame Ratazzi, to which her husband replied by the compulsive shouting in her ear that she herself was far more beautiful than her Majesty. The publicity so unconsciously given to the observation produced, as might be expected, a boisterous roar of laughter amongst the audience in which their Majesties frankly joined, and the unconscious manner in which Ratazzi looked right and left for an explanation of the tumult excited redoubled merriment in the spectators.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.

MRS. J. W. TULLER.

Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.