

heart was almost broken by his daughter's shame.

At first he could not believe it. "It was a lie, a horrible invention!" he cried. But when all doubt was over, and when the proposed divorce between Sir George and Lady Hamilton was openly talked of, the Squire bowed his grey head and told his young wife that he thought it would kill him.

In vain Lucinda tried to comfort him. The Squire's vanity was one of his strangest characteristics, and his daughter's misconduct had wounded his vanity to the very quick. So when the news of Sir George's tragic end reached Sandra, the old man would not move in the matter. He refused to go to the funeral when asked to do so, and thus there was no one present who had any right or authority to resist the will. Young Juan Mendoza, therefore, who had hitherto borne his mother's maiden name, walked out from the room where his unhappy father's last testament was read Sir Juan Hamilton, the owner of the broad lands of Massam, and apparently in undisputed possession of his new wealth.

It was a great change of fortune also to Hayward. Twenty-five thousand pounds, and one thousand a year for managing the property, made him seem almost a rich man. But he felt a very sad one. He had learned to care very deeply for Sir George, and his miserable story, his remorse, and his bitter gloom, had filled the young man's heart with intense pity and sympathy for his unhappy friend. But now it was all over. He could not try to lighten the burden which had been too heavy for Sir George's strength to bear.

Among the many letters which Hayward received about this time, concerning the tragedy that had happened in the woods at Massam, was one from Horace Jervis. Hayward felt his face flush and his hands tremble when he read it. It was just like the writer, all kindness and thought for others, and here and there Hilda's name appeared. "My dear wife was with me—," and so on. She was evidently a dear wife, dear and well-beloved, as she deserved to be, Hayward thought with all his heart. But this letter nevertheless left a sort of aching void and pain in his breast.

"Do come and see us," Jervis wrote, and as Hayward was forced to be in town a few days after he received it for the purpose of proving Sir George's will, he made up his mind to call upon his old friends.

He sent in his card when he arrived at the neat, modest, well-furnished house that Jervis had taken for his wife, and while he was rather nervously standing in the drawing-room waiting, expecting Hilda's entrance, a lady entered who for a moment he actually thought was Hilda.

"Hilda!" he said, rather in an agitated voice, holding out his hand, but without any agitation the lady placed her hand in his.

"Mr. Hayward?" she said smiling. "I must introduce myself. I am not Hilda—Mrs. Jervis, but I am Marion Marston, Hilda's sister. I dare say you have often heard of me. At least I have often heard of you," she added with another smile.

Upon this Hayward looked at the young lady before him, and saw one of those strange family likenesses which we sometimes see in faces which are yet very different to each other. In features the sisters were extremely alike, but Marion's expression was totally different to Hilda's. It lacked the pathetic sweetness of the younger sister's, for Marion's nature had grown harder in her days of trouble, while Hilda had only become more tender and more sad.

But still Marion Marston was a very good-looking girl. She was lively, and agreeable also, and was bent upon making herself pleasant to Hayward.

"Hilda has told me what we owe you," she said, with some feeling in her voice, "little Ned's life, and I know not what. In fact Hilda says that we can never repay you for all your kindness."

As Marion said this she looked very kindly at Hayward, while Hayward was wondering what made her voice so different to Hilda's.

"Your sister is a great friend of mine," he said, simply. "I trust that she is well?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marion, "and she will be here directly. She is busy distributing some blankets or something of that kind, to some of Mr. Jervis's poor people. You know," she continued, with a little laugh, "I have only one fault to find with my new brother-in-law, and that is, he is too good."

"It is a good fault," said Hayward, smiling.

"Yes," said Marion, and she also smiled. Jervis had at least been very good to her, and Marion owed him some gratitude. He had, in fact, offered her a home, as well as little Ned; and when Hayward first went to Jervis's house he found that Marion lived there, and that the tired and hard-worked governess was now a welcome guest beneath her brother-in-law's kindly roof.

Just when Marion Marston and Hayward were speaking of Jervis, the room door again opened, and this time Hilda did enter.

For a moment she did not speak, as Hayward held her hand tight clasped; for a moment there was a slight contraction and a pallor passed over her face, but the next she recovered herself, and looked up with her calm, soft, grey eyes into his face.

There had passed over her expression a nameless change since Hayward had seen her. He could not tell what it was, but her face was altered. She was kind and gentle in her man-

ner to him, and said how glad Mr. Jervis would be to see him, but everything she said sounded sad. Yet she never said anything sad. But she had none of the change and brightness of manner which distinguishes a happy woman. The petulant gaiety with which a loving wife will at times talk to her husband was totally absent in Hilda's manner to Jervis. She was tender, gentle, and considerate to him in everything—"the sweetest, best of women"—Jervis told Hayward, but Hayward felt somehow that all this sweetness and gentleness arose rather from duty than from love.

He stayed to dine with them, and everything in Hilda's house was arranged to perfection. She was a good housekeeper, and spared no trouble to keep everything in order. It was a pleasant little dinner-party. Marion Marston exerted herself to be very agreeable, and Jervis was all kindness and geniality. Then, when the sisters retired together to the drawing-room, Marion began to talk of Hayward.

"I declare I have halflost my heart already," she said, laughing. "How charming he is! I only wish he would take a fancy to me, Hilda."

The younger sister suppressed a sigh, and answered kindly—

"Well, I am sure you could get no one better, my dear."

"And he's well off, isn't he, now?" continued Marion inquiringly.

"Yes," answered Hilda, slowly. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "don't think of him for that, dear. Philip Hayward deserves to be loved for himself alone."

"But one must live, you know," said Marion, with another laugh, and Hilda bent down her head and gave a low, soft sigh, which her sister did not hear.

Strange to say, at that moment Hayward was sitting downstairs, wondering if Marion Marston would suit him for a wife. "She is good-looking, lively, and very agreeable," he was thinking, "and she is Hilda's sister—," but this last thought somehow did not add to her attractions in Hayward's mind. Hilda's sister—Hilda, whose sweet, grave face wore such a sad look to Hayward's eyes. But then he must not think of Hilda, and so he went upstairs determined to be very agreeable to Marion.

Marion was delighted, and responded to his advances very eagerly. The two sat together chatting and laughing, and then Marion sang and played. Hilda was very quiet. She sat stitching, stitching on mechanically at some coarse, hard work. All her life had been hard, hard work, she was thinking—yes, all her life. But she must bear it—she must go on with it—it was God's will, and so she must submit.

"Hilda," cried Marion, from the other side of the room, "will you go with us to-morrow to the Exhibition of water-colours? I was telling Mr. Hayward about that lovely piece of woodland, painted by Horace's friend."

"Yes, dear, I will go with you," answered Hilda, but the patient ring in her voice—the touch of suppressed pain that she could not hide, was heard by Hayward, and he rose from Marion's side and went and stood by Hilda.

"What are you manufacturing?" he said, touching Hilda's coarse work.

"Clothes for Horace's poor," said Hilda, in her gentle way, glancing up as Hayward addressed her, and as Hayward stood looking at her sweet face he sighed deeply.

Yes, he had thrown away his dear woman's love, he was thinking, for what? For false smiles that meant nothing, and for honeyed words whose very sweetness was their sting. Truly Isabel Trevor had cost him dear. But for her—

"Mr. Hayward," said Marion, interrupting his reverie and coming to his side, "let us settle about to-morrow. Will you come here to lunch, and we can go to the Exhibition afterwards?"

"Yes," said Hayward, looking round, "if your sister will go with us."

"Oh, yes, I will go anywhere," said Hilda, and so they fixed it. All the next day Hayward was with the sisters. Marion evidently thought that she was making a conquest, and Hayward did not care to undeceive her. "She would do very well," he began to think. What was the good of thinking of Hilda? he ought to have thought of her long ago. So he talked to Marion, and Hilda walked gravely and quietly beside them.

Hayward stayed two days in town, and then returned to Massam. He had lived at the Park since Sir George's death, for an especial clause of Sir George's will had appointed him guardian to his two sons. Thus when he arrived he was surprised by the mysterious air with which the butler received him.

"Can I speak a few words in private, Mr. Hayward?" half-whispered the man, and he led Hayward at once into the library, carefully closing the door behind them.

"Who do you think has arrived, sir?" he said, still lowering his voice.

"Arrived? How can I tell?" answered Hayward.

"My lady came yesterday," said the butler, with some small pleasure in his heart, perhaps, to be the bearer of such momentous news. "She informed us that she intends to dispute the late Sir George's will—and claim the title for her son, the infant Mr. Reginald."

As the butler gave Hayward this information, the handle of the library door turned sharply, and when Hayward and the man looked round to see who was the intruder, Isabel, Lady Hamilton, stood on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," was born in New York, on the 9th of June, 1791. His father, William Payne, had previously lived at Easthampton, on Long Island, where he presided as master over the Clinton Academy. John Howard was the sixth of a family of nine children. When he was five years old, in 1796, his father moved to Boston to hold the position as master in the Berry-street Academy, and it is probable that the recollection of him in Boston in his early youth originated the statement that he was there born.

As a pupil in the academy he soon developed, under the elocutionary instruction of his father, a strong taste for the drama, and such a precocious power in recitation as kindled a hope in his breast that he might become the American rival of Betty, who was at that time creating a sensation as the youthful *Roscius* on the English stage. At the age of thirteen, however, he was sent to New York to become a clerk in a house of which a recently deceased uncle had been a partner. His taste for the drama still grew, and at the age of fourteen he clandestinely edited a little paper in the city of New York, called the *Theatrical Mirror*, in which, with marked ability, he criticized the plays and actors of the time. At the age of fifteen he was sent, under the patronage of a wealthy gentleman in New York, to Union College, where he remained about two years, until after his mother's death, which occurred in Boston in 1807, and his father's subsequent failure. He then left college, and with the determination of opening a career for himself and doing something to restore the fallen fortunes of his family, appeared, on the evening of the twenty-fourth of February, 1809, at the Park Theatre, at the age of seventeen, as *Young Norval*. After running through a very successful engagement in his native city, during which he appeared in "Douglas," "Zaphna," "Selim," and "Octavian," he filled engagements in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, all of which were marked by unequalled success, and sailed for England on the seventeenth of January, 1813, the first representative of the American drama to set foot on English soil.

After an engagement had been effected with the management of the Drury Lane Theatre, it was announced that on "Friday evening, June 14, 1813, the tragedy of 'Douglas' would be performed, the part of Douglas by a young gentleman, his first appearance." He described to me the nervous fear which almost paralyzed him before he went on the stage that evening, and its instant disappearance upon looking into the faces of his audience. The London newspapers were enthusiastic in their praises of his acting, but as the season was about to close, he made but one more appearance, and that in the part of *Romulo*. I learn from one of the biographers of Payne that in the performance of this play, Mr. James W. Wallack represented that evening the trilling character of the *Prince*, and his brother Lester the servant *Abraham*.

After successful engagements at Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, and again at the Drury Lane, he gradually abandoned the stage for a career as a dramatic author, for which his experience as an actor and his attainments as a writer seem to have peculiarly adapted him. His life in this capacity was one of varied fortunes, sometimes floating on the wave of success and popularity, and sometimes sunk in the depths of failure and despair. The two greatest productions of his pen, the tragedy of "Brutus" and the song of "Sweet Home," represent singularly enough the two extremes of those fortunes, the one written with the applause of the world in his ears, and the other when only the remembrance of home came to him as a solace in his poverty and distress.

Beside "Brutus," Payne was the author of the following tragedies: "Romulo," "Virginia," "Oswald," "Richelieu," "The Italian Bride," "Lovers' Vows," and "The Wanderer." His comedies and dramas include "Charles the Second," "All for the Best," "Plots at Home," "Woman's Revenge," "Procrastination," "Married and Single," "Spanish Husband," "Theresa," "Norah," "Adelene," "The two Galley Slaves," "The Rival Monarchs," "Poli," "Solitary of Mount Savage," "Ali Pacha," "Inseparables," "Maid and Magpie," "Accusation," "The Guilty Mother," "Man of the Black Forest," "Madame Da Barri," "The Festival of St. Mark," "The Bridge of Kehl," "The Judge and Attorney," "The Mill of the Lake," "Mazepa," and "Novio." Among his operas are "Clari, the Maid of Milan," "The White Maid," "The Tyrolean Peasant," "Visitandines," and "England's Good Old Plays," and among his farces, "Eriandean," "The Post Chaise," "Mrs. Smith," "Twas I," "Love in Humble Life," "The Laneers," "Grandpapa," "Peter Smink," and "Not Invited."

All these productions of his pen had a longer or a shorter life on the stage, and their pecuniary returns kept him for most of the time during nineteen years' residence abroad far above the feeling of want. But there were times, he told me, when he was reduced so low that he was even obliged to take the position of master of the claqueurs at the Drury Lane Theatre to obtain a subsistence. During one of these seasons of want, while living in Paris, he wrote the immortal "Sweet Home." It was on one of those after-dinner strolls of which I have spoken, in the quadrangle of the Palais Royal, that he said to me: "Do you see that little window in the upper story?" pointing to that portion of the

building in which rooms were let by the week at moderate prices. After I had distinguished the window to which he referred, he said that in that room he wrote "Home, Sweet Home." He told me that on a dull October day, when he was sitting in his room oppressed with a sense of his loneliness, and watching the happy groups promenading the corridors below, the thoughts of other days crowded to his mind, and the result was the first version of the words of the song:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other.)

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain!
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambskins that came at my call—
Those who named me with pride—
Those who played by my side—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palace through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish. There's no place like home!

Not long after he incorporated the song into the opera of "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan."

The air he had once heard sung by a flower girl of Italy, and its notes were dotted down by him, and placed in the hands of H. R. Bishop, the composer, who was employed to arrange the music for the opera. "Clari" was first brought out at the Covent Garden Theatre with great success, and for the first time this famous song was heard by the world. The version as arranged for the opera was somewhat different from the one above, as may be seen by comparing the two.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain!
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them! and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

In 1832 Mr. Payne returned to the United States, and was received with enthusiasm by his friends and the whole public. A benefit was given to him at the Park Theatre, the gross receipts of which were seven thousand dollars, and a public dinner at which Isaac S. Howe presided, and Prosper M. Wetmore and George P. Morris acted as vice-presidents. As an illustration of the happy method of expression that always characterized his efforts, and as conclusive proof of his birthplace, the following extract is given from his speech in response to the sentiment given in his honour:

"You have alluded, Mr. President, to my long residence abroad. My career has, indeed, been a very checkered one, but I am not aware that its infelicities have exceeded those inherent in a literary life without advantages. In my earlier ramblings, I am bound to remember France and the revered friendship of Talma; I should also speak of the hospitalities of Liverpool, and her lamented Roscoe; and when in Ireland, welcomed by her O'Connell and her Phillips, and myriads of the warm-hearted and enlightened, I said to the people of Dublin: My countrymen shall be told from my experience that an American may make friends in other lands, but in grateful Erin he shall find a home; and I shall be glad to know that there are any present belonging to that country, for they would not let it be forgotten that my word to Dublin, eighteen years ago, is now fulfilled with pride and thankfulness to my native city of New York."

Benefits were also given him in Boston and New Orleans, and, indeed, wherever he went he realized with more than poetic truth that there is no place like home. After a residence of ten years in the United States, spent in travel and literary labour, he was appointed by President Tyler, August 23, 1842, Consul to Tunis, for which place he left New York on the following February. In 1840 he was displaced by President Polk, and it was during his stay in Paris, on his way home, that I made his acquaintance. In 1851 he was reinstated in his consulate by President Fillmore, and died in Tunis on the ninth of April, 1852. Few Americans have won more applause or suffered sharper pangs of disappointment; fewer, still, have touched so many hearts or passed away with a memory so fragrant and dear.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, *Teble makes the short for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 5 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

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