

all the local concerts, and gives musical parties—but nobody ever heard her play a note."

"Ah," said Geoffrey, "I don't think people with a real passion for music often do play. They look upon the murder of a fine sonata as a species of sacrilege, and wisely refrain from the attempt, but not the deed, which would confound them. By the way, talking of Lady Baker and her protégées, did you ever hear of a Miss Davoren, who was rather distinguished for her fine voice, some years ago?"

"Yes," said Belle, "I have heard Lady Baker rave about her. She was a clergyman's daughter at Wykhamston. And I have heard other people say that Lady Baker's patronage was the ruin of her, and that she left her home in some impetuous way, and broke her poor old father's heart."

This little speech sent a sharp pang through another heart, the honest heart that loved the sinner so fondly.

"You never saw Miss Davoren, I suppose?"

"Of course not," cried Belle. "It was before I was out of the nursery."

"But you were not blind when you were in the nursery; you might have seen her."

"How could I? I didn't go to Lady Baker's parties before I was out, and papa doesn't know many Wykhamston people."

"Ah, then you never saw her. Was she pretty?"

"Perfectly lovely, according to Lady Baker; but all her geese are swans."

"She must be a very enthusiastic person, this Lady Baker. Do you think you could contrive to introduce me to her?—to-day, for instance. I can row you down to Mardenholme by one o'clock."

"It would be so dreadfully early to call," said Dessie, "and then, you see, Thursday is her day. But she's always extremely kind, and pretends to be glad to see us."

"Why pretends? She may be really glad."

"O, she can't possibly be glad to see half the county. There must be some make-believe about it. However, she gives herself up to that kind of thing, and I suppose she likes it. What do you think, Belle? Would it look very strange if we called with Geoffrey?"

"We might risk it," said Belle, anxious to indulge the prodigal. "She's almost sure to be somewhere about the garden if she's at home. She spends half her life in the garden at Mardenholme."

"Then we'll find her, and approach her without ceremony," replied Geoffrey, sending the boat swiftly through the clear water. "Depend upon it, I shall make myself at home."

"We're not afraid of that," answered Belle, who was much more disturbed by the idea that this free-and-easy young man might forget the homage due to a county magnate such as Lady Baker—a personage who in a manner made the ruin or fine weather in this part of Hampshire. A summer which her ladyship did not spend at Mardenholme was regarded as a bad and profitless season. People almost wondered that the harvest was not backward, that the clover and vetches came up pretty much the same as usual.

"(To be continued.)"

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Why don't I marry? Not because I have any dislike to womankind; far from it. The generality of women are harmless enough; so are cats when kept in good humor, otherwise they scratch and do other unamiable things. But a 'harmless' woman is generally a weak and silly one. There is a second lot—years and years past the 'sweet seventeen,' though they would not own it—who look at life from a standpoint near the frigid zone. It is with them a speculation, and man the investment—prize or blank? They rush at him, and like a kite upon his pr y, 'swoop,' would carry him off by main force if they could. Of course there are exceptions—the medium between these two extremes; and when you get a woman with a mind—they are scarce in the London world—you have found the exception. A village maid, brown as a shock of wheat, may have a mind; the other, face, figure, air of *ton*—nothing more. You may laugh, boys, but the arrow is not feathered yet that will fly to this heart's white."

"How about the 'little Rose'?" several voices cried in chorus, but our host instantly replied, "Hush!" It was a sore point with him.

I have mentioned our host, and now let me introduce him. He was a man of powerful build, fair, with a profusion of whiskers; with beard and moustache, but soft light eyes which had nothing in them of his character, reckless and jovial. His words, given above, sprang from some banter of ours (there were half a dozen of us who had sat after the late dinner in the largest room of the smallest but "snuggest" shooting-box the whole country of Yorkshire contained) upon his apparent dislike of the gentle sex. Perhaps we felt curious to know why or how it was that a man with an unencumbered estate, a congenial temper, and a good country gentleman, albeit on the verge of forty, should not long ago have been—what shall I say? in love? no, that is not always the case, but—married.

Few of us it may be thought, though we knew at the time that we called out, "How about little Rose?" that there was a sore point there. It was only an imperfect knowledge of the story of a young lady with whom our friend's name had been mixed up; but such of us as were best acquainted with it remembered hearing of a little governess in a private family where he visited (where it was thought the daughter of the house,

a coarse showy girl, was the attraction) being found hearing a declaration of love from our friend. The story went, too, that the governess, upon whom they had some claim of relationship, was sent from the house upon a planned tale of her lover's falsehood, and kept abroad till she shortly died in that belief; that the memory of the girl so remained with him, that he quickly left London, and was lost to the man-couring mammas who sought his unencumbered estate rather than himself for their daughters "on show."

"You want to know," he said, not answering the question put to him—"you want to know why I didn't get married at the 'usual' time? Well, I don't mind telling you. I'll your glasses, then; and, Con, don't you play the 'nurse,' with the bottle."

According to our host's invitation, we filled our glasses, and, drawing up, sat pulling at our cigars in silence, awaiting his story. He sat looking at the fire for a few moments, and then broke out—

"It's not much I have to tell, but as some of you have not yet passed your flitting days, it may teach you a lesson. I was only twenty-two when it happened, and I believe that is about the 'usual' time when matrimony is perpetrated. Then my father was alive, and I only plain 'Mr.' I had never lived much down here, but had passed a good deal of my time in London, and I had some old friends of my college days, and old boaters on the Cam, with whom the days passed more pleasantly than profitably, I'm afraid. At any rate, I will own that, after a longer and more varied season than usual, I felt that my constitution would be better for a change. So I determined to get away and take the Cumberland lakes for a time. My most intimate friend at that time, Jack—well, never mind his other name, as some of you may know him, though now he's settled down to what he calls a 'quiet life.' That means a small house, his 'suburban retreat,' and a large family of babies crying about the place from morning till night. Jack, I say, had given me a little commission to execute for him in the neighborhood, and it was to serve as an introduction for me to some lady of his acquaintance who, he said, possessed two charming daughters. A man has a liking for female society at that time of life, and the ladies being so promisingly described, I determined, on my arrival in Cumberland, to take advantage of my commission. I did so, and I found the ladies—one dark and the other fair—the young ladies I speak of now. My good friend Jack had informed me that they were of very opposite temperaments. Elsie, very fair, was gay and fond of bold and 'merry' natures, he said; Dell, short for Dellah, was dark and retiring almost to bashfulness and timidity. He had joked me by saying that he expected to see me come back tied to one of their aprong-strings; and that if I were anything of a reasonable being, these were two girls who ought to satisfy any expectation. Of course my commission procured me an invitation to the house, and my stay in Cumberland began most favorably. Alas for promises! I had determined to act upon Jack's suggestion, and render myself agreeable to the young ladies according to their respective inclinations. When, therefore, I met them, I conversed with the fair one in a light, lively, and, as I believed, happy manner. I even forced myself into a merry mood, made jokes, and laughed at them myself, but strange to say she answered scarcely a word to all my observations. I sought all opportunities before a week was out of catching her unexpectedly. In the recess of the windows of the dining-room I hemmed her in, and made laughing love. I praised the color of her hair and eyes, and vowed I'd steal a ringlet of her hair, if only to kiss it. If she ran away, I thought it was coyness, and followed her. Mind you, I was only acting upon my friend's suggestion, and was not rude beyond what youth will excuse. With the sister, Dell—dear, dark-eyed Dell—I played a wholly diverse character. Books—Scott, Byron, and Shakespeare; music—the oratorios, Schubert, and the works of the 'severe' school of composition formed the groundwork of my discourses, and I never attempted to catch her alone. Being by chance one day wandering about I met the fair Elsie coming across a hill towards me. Two were company, I thought, and here was a happy occasion for rehearsing my part. Laughingly I talked to her—I cannot say with her—joked and told stories. I spoke of my travels, my college life, my London experiences—such as a lady might hear—and enlarged upon them almost to the verge of romance—to interest and amuse her. Not a word above a monosyllable could I extract in reply. Shall I admit that I had begun to feel what slow work it was, when luckily the sister, also a lonely pilgrim upon the hills, appeared before us? Although it placed me between two fires, I felt it almost as a relief. I could play the two parts at once, I thought, and so we proceeded on—a trio. The knowledge that I was the protector of a young lady who had been described to me as of retiring and almost timid disposition made me doubly anxious to prove my powers of entertaining. I continued to rattle on in slight asides to Elsie, and then at length, after we had gone some way in silence, I turned to Dellah with some remark about the weather. Don't laugh, it's a very genuine remark. She turned away, and I thought she laughed, but perhaps it was only thought, for when she replied it was a quiet acquiescence in my observation. Then again there was a silence, and an aside with fair Elsie, who blushed and turned away. A few minutes afterwards I ventured to inquire of Dellah, with all the modesty I could, if she were fond of poetry. Did she like Shelley? She stared at me

so hard that, for a moment, I thought she believed I was questioning her as to her knowledge. I was about to relieve her from what I thought an embarrassment, when she said, "No; he's so jolly dry!"

"You know the old saying, 'You might knock me down with a feather?' It was true in my case. The manner was so rough and boisterous that I was quite taken by surprise. I ventured, however, another remark, and said mildly, that I thought Cumberland very charming, and that I should not mind living there for ever. And then, turning to Elsie, whispered softly, 'With you.'

"Dellah answered quickly,

"It may be charming, but it's awfully slow, and you'd soon get the odd notion out of your head."

"And then she ran on telling me of the opera she was 'dying' to hear; the fêtes at the Horticultural Gardens she 'pined' to go to; and the thousand and one of the 'jolly old London lions'—so she expressed it—she had heard of by name and knew nothing of by acquaintance. Elsie said never a word, and the retiring timid Dell rattled on as if she possessed a fund of information of London life, and only longed to be in it. My mind was in a whirl of confusion. I remembered my friend's description, 'fair and good-humored, with high spirits; dark, modest, and full of quiet grace.' I had made no mistake.

"That walk did not finish as it had begun at our meeting. In almost total silence we approached the house. Dellah had long since stopped the flow of her talk—I cannot say 'our conversation,' for in truth she had quite run me off—and I could but think. The sisters exchanged looks, and Elsie shrank away from me, as though I were mad and would bite, when I addressed her. The other only curled her lip in scorn, or turned away her head if I only looked towards her; and at last I was so annoyed with them—not with myself—that I could scarcely tell what I did say. I knew I was right, however, and was glad when we reached their home. 'Would I not stay?' said mamma—the girls had fled away the moment we arrived, and as soon as they had crossed the hall I could have sworn I heard a laugh. 'No,' I thanked the good lady, and said that I had a particular engagement a few miles away which would detain me two days. After that, I hoped to be permitted to call on her and her charming daughters again. With this lame excuse, I left for two days. Is it necessary to tell you how I employed them? I was wild, excited, mad, because in youth one feels these little crosses somewhat more keenly than we do in later life, when we know that 'man is not perfect, nor woman neither.' I had determined, then, to write to Jack, 'my good friend,' and tell him of the extraordinary conduct—as I thought—of his 'modest and retiring' maiden, and request any explanation it might be in his power to afford. I caught that night's post, and throughout the next day remained indoors, fearing, if I stirred out, to meet the family I had made my friends, and so give the lie to my assertion that I had gone away for two days. Those two days, shall I ever forget them, the fever of excitement I was in, and the monotony of the self-constituted imprisonment? The post on the second morning brought me a letter from Jack. I tore it open, and dashed at once into the pith of his epistle. How I cursed his circumlocution! Instead of at once replying to the question I had put to him, he commenced with a roundabout story of his acquaintanceship with the ladies of the 'Lodge.' I skipped the pages one, two, and three, and determined to know the worst, I went at once to the last break of his letter. This was it:

"After all, you see, I had a jolly time of it, and, between the two, wonder that I came away faithful to the little woman soon to be my wife. If I did make a little error in my description of them, set it down to the dangerous fascination they exercised over me. It is Elsie who is fair and retiring; Dell who is dark and dashing, that's the word." He would have written before, he said, had he thought it of any consequence, but he apologized for what he considered after all only a 'little mistake.'

"Need I tell you how, when I called at the 'Lodge' again, I was met with the reply to my inquiry, 'not at home,' though I thought the servant was a long time gone to give my name, and I felt almost certain, as I left the house, that I saw a dark-haired, girlish, laughing face peeping from behind the drawn curtains? Need I tell you how, in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of spirit, I rushed up to town only to find the story known to all my set, and going the round of the 'social and literary' club I had joined shortly before? Unnecessary, too, to tell you how I experienced to the full extent the capacity of the club for 'sociability,' in an immense amount of 'chaff' upon the matter from the members; and how thenceforward, till I left the place, I was known as the 'bashful man.' Suffice it that I had at first a decided inclination to sacrifice my 'dear friend' Jack upon the altar of my wounded pride, by horse-whipping him for putting the story about. But at length I rushed away from London" (our host did not say how long after, and he skipped the story of little Rose, which was the real cause of his leaving, with something like a break in his voice), "and joined the governor—poor old man—down here, and went in for life as a 'country squire,' with an interest in turnip-crops, pigs, and sheep, and the education of the crowd-boy. So you see why I didn't marry at the 'usual' time for such chances—some I know would call them the 'mischances'—of life; and I'm not likely to play the fool now."

"And now," he concluded, rising, "there's the billiard-room open for those who like to knock the balls about; there are candles for those who like their beds—I'm one of them. Six in the morning—early tub—and I'll promise you a good find and a couple of fox-tails before dinner, my boys."

BEETHOVEN IN A RAGE.

Danhausen, the painter, says the *Gazette Musicale*, was an ardent admirer of Beethoven, whom he had met at many musical gatherings in Vienna. It is undoubtedly true that Beethoven was rather brusque, and carefully avoided forming any new acquaintanceships whatever; but Danhausen's frank and affable manners produced a very favorable impression on him. After the two had met accidentally several times, Danhausen thought he should like to take a cast of Beethoven's face, so as to preserve for posterity a faithful portrait of the great man. He mentioned his wish on the first opportunity, but Beethoven, under various pretexts, endeavored to avoid compliance, confessing that he had not the slightest wish to see his features reproduced, and that he was too impatient to endure being posed. Danhausen, however, was not so easily beaten. He never ceased vaunting the merit of a model taken from nature, adding that Beethoven owed it to posterity to hand down to them his features. Danhausen pleaded his cause so warmly that at length Beethoven yielded, and a day was named for him to go to the painter's house. At that time, besides painting in oil, Danhausen devoted a great deal of his time to modelling and inventing patterns for a manufacture of furniture and wood carvings, left him by his father. Joseph Danhausen, a pupil of Peter Craft, was born at Vienna in 1805. His *genre* pictures are very valuable. Among the best known are "The Oculist," "The Opening of the Will," and the "Covenant Supper." Many of his historical pictures, also, are worthy of notice, especially the picture which adorns the high altar of the Cathedral, Eylau, and which represents Saint Stephen and Abraham repudiating Agar. Danhausen died in the flower of his age in 1844, in his father's house, Vienna. His name has been given to the street he inhabited. At last the day so impatiently expected arrived; the day on which Beethoven had promised to go to Danhausen's. The great composer kept his word, and was most warmly welcomed. After a short conversation, Danhausen prepared for work. Beethoven, after taking off his coat and cravat, was requested to sit down.

"You will not hurt my head, I suppose," observed the composer, somewhat dismayed at the preparations he beheld going on.

Danhausen tranquillized him, promising to be quick, so as to abbreviate as much as possible anything there might be disagreeable in the process. To Beethoven's great astonishment, the painter began by pasting thin strips of paper on his eyebrows, and by smearing with an oleaginous liquid all parts of his face where there was any hair. He then asked the composer to put a small tube in his mouth and to shut his eyes. The reader must know that, to take the cast of the face, the latter is covered with tepid plaster in a liquid state. The plaster soon gets cold and forms a solid mass, which, when removed, contains the exact lineaments of the countenance. The operation is exceedingly disagreeable for those subjected to it, because the face is, so to speak, walled in, and the patient can breathe only through a small pipe or tube. Besides this, the plaster, when drying, produces a very painful sensation, to say nothing of the fact that it is no easy matter to remove the cast, because every hair adhering to the plaster is productive of pain. Danhausen had purposely omitted explaining all this to the composer, for fear the latter should refuse to undergo the ordeal. Beethoven had, therefore, not the slightest suspicion of what was in store for him. After the first few passes of the brush employed to lay on the plaster, he seemed alarmed, but when the plaster in drying began swelling and irritating his cheeks and forehead he was both horrified and greatly enraged. He bounded to his feet with his hair on end, and, while endeavoring to get rid of the plaster, exclaimed:

"You are an impostor, a scoundrel, a monster!"

"For heaven's sake, Capellmeister!" stammered Danhausen, confused and stupefied. But Beethoven, without allowing him to conclude his sentence, vociferated furiously:

"Blackguard—cannibal!"

"Permit me to—" said Danhausen.

"Keep off," roared Beethoven. Flinging his chair away, and catching up his cloak and hat, he rushed towards the door. Danhausen ran after him to offer his excuses. But Beethoven, without deigning to hear a word, exclaimed: "Be off, you villain, knave, assassin. Take care never to come near me, for I will strangle you!"

Having uttered these words, he went out, swearing and stamping his feet, with his face all plastered over with white, like that of the spectre in "Don Juan." The door was slammed violently to, and the unfortunate painter, terrified and confused, could still hear at a distance the maledictions and imprecations which the composer was hurling at his head. After that Beethoven would not hold the slightest communication with Danhausen. Every time he saw him, even at a distance, he flew into a passion, and avoided him as much as he could.

It was not long, however, before Danhausen did take a cast of the great composer's face, after all, and that, too, without exciting any outburst of rage. Beethoven was dead!