

"Ah! do not imagine, Carey, that I will be unhappy! Married love is not the only form of human happiness. It is indeed the highest, but there are lower grades of contentment. I will accept mine. I will continue to love you, Carey, and that love will always be my bliss. I will rejoice in all your joys. Do not speak of heroism. There is more selfishness in it than you can imagine. One year ago I should have gone mad if called upon to accept what I now accept. I rebelled against this decision, suffering so that I shudder even to think of it. But meditation, the advice of friends, the exhortations of my priestly director, brought me at length to a sense of my duty. I was told and made me to feel that, however we might meet with disappointments, this was not a world of despair; that we must ever look at the bright side of things and thank God that we fare no worse. I am yet young. I have no wish to spend the rest of my days in wretchedness. Such is the spirit of resignation which I have found at last. My life will not be flooded with golden light, but neither will it be steeped in midnight darkness. A soft silvery radiance will permeate it. Do you begin to understand now, Carey?"

I was seized with a great admiration and an immense pity. I believed every word Mimi said, but I thought she veiled her sacrifice even to herself. She was immolating herself for me, but did she not presume too much upon her strength? And could I be so cruel as to force upon her this rôle of Iphigenia?

"Ah! Mimi," I exclaimed, "it is true we are not masters of our destinies. But how can we know them till they are thrust upon us? Mark this, O my dear, before you set the torch to the pyre of your life. Nothing is yet decided. I have never spoken a word about marriage to Ory. Truly and literally, I have never brought my mind to bear fully on the subject. It is not yet too late. Oh! If I knew—"

"Stop, Carey. Do not tempt me again. Remove that fantastic mirror from my eyes. I have no real claim upon you beyond my love. You have a right over me, for you saved my life at the peril of your own. It is, therefore, not for you, but for me, to implore favours. I have one, and only one, to ask. Promise me, at this supreme moment, that you will always regard me as a sister; that you will never allow the love which you have had for me to be an obstacle to free intercourse with me. As I am incapable of envying Ory, there need be no afterthought, no false shame in our undisturbed relations. Promise me that, and all will be well. No, Carey. Withdraw the words you have just spoken. I repeat that neither of us must cherish the illusory hopes which they suggest. Ory will be your wife; I will be your sister. That is now decided, is it not?"

"O Mimi!" I murmured, "how can I sufficiently thank you for these good words? If I had known you before as I do at present, all might have been different. But you are right; you have seen more clearly than I. All that you ask will be granted. Nay, I will say more. Notwithstanding all you have said of my duty and destiny, I would not marry if—"

"What! you would condemn yourself to a life of misery?"

"I would work night and day to drown my thoughts. I would create for myself a new world."

"Then both of us would lose you?"

"And I, Mimi? Alas, how much I would lose!"

"Enough. You once promised to be my hero. You have kept your word. When you made me that solemn pledge, you probably put another interpretation upon it. But Providence has determined its meaning for you and me. Let us bow to His will."

"This conversation has been very painful to both of us, Mimi. I should wish to close it. But there is another point upon which I must speak to you. It relates to your father. I am afraid he will misunderstand everything."

"I hope not, Carey."

"But this Shelton—?"

"Oh! Don't mention him. His name is now hateful to me after all this."

"But your father will hold me accountable for the change. He will say that I have blasted your future."

"No, Carey, he will not. Papa now knows my whole mind. Yesterday, before I suspected that you were coming, I implored him to cease all solicitations on the subject, because it was decreed irrevocably that I should never marry."

"Oh, Mimi!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Listen to that serenade. How sweetly it comes to us through the moonlight stillness."

And gliding to her piano she took up almost inaudibly the distant strain. It was the plaintive song in *La Sonnambula*, so appropriate to the circumstances:

"Ah! non credea mirarti  
Sì presto estino, O fiore!"

She continued playing softly and weaving variations on this theme till far into the night. I sat listening without daring to interrupt her. When at length we parted it was with a close embrace and burning heart.

## XXI.

### APOLOGETIC.

Is the reader satisfied with this solution of an intricate difficulty? Perhaps not. He would probably have preferred sobs, sighs, screams, a swoon and an attack of brain fever, to say nothing

of an aneurism. But I cannot help him. I must relate the events of my story as they took place. It is no fault of mine that Mimi was not dramatic enough to bring on a catastrophe. Some people would call her strong-minded and philosophical. Be it so. I call her religious.

Others will think that I was let off too easily; that I should have been most signally punished for amusing myself so long as I did with the love of two feminine hearts. Here my friends are at fault. I suffered far more than they ever can know, and as I trust never to suffer again. Mimi's magnanimity caused keener regret than her resentment or her reproaches would have done, and the certainty that she condemned herself to a single life on my account was an additional regret. I have not to this day pardoned myself for being the innocent cause of her wasted life.

## XXII.

### GROUPING.

I allowed a whole year to pass before I recur- red to the subject of marriage. When friends mentioned it I put them off peremptorily. I thought I owed the delay an acknowledgement of Mimi's abnegation. But when, at the expiration of that time, I did approach Ory, the event was soon decided. There was a meeting of glances, a pressure of hands, and the union was sealed with a kiss on that white brow which my lips had never yet touched.

Years have passed. Years of gladness, years of sorrow for our household; all of them useful years for me. My business has absorbed my time, and I am pleased with my success in it. Ory has proved a capital manager. The Quarries, which was her marriage portion, I leave entirely to her. She attends to the interior, her father to the exterior.

M. Paladine had a short-lived experience in business. He lacked both capacity and taste for it, as he himself recognized, and he soon made it all over to me. The old gentleman returned to his garden and his books, though regularly, twice a day, he walked or drove out. He went into society a good deal, and was a constant receiver at his own house, where he did the honors with lordly grace and liberality. He still survives, hale and hearty, and, I may add, happy, for now he is an humble believer in religion and looks forward to a more perfect state. He gave us an edifying proof of his conversion by making an *auto-da-fé* of all his anti-Christian works and removing from his library the busts of the principal of their authors.

Neither Bonair nor Gaisso ever returned from the mountains, but we were in constant communication with them. Bonair had thriven in his adventure according to his best expectations. He became one of the wealthiest, as he is now one of the most influential citizens of that country, which has since been transformed from a wilderness into the flourishing territory of Montana. Gaisso proved a prolific mother. In proportion as her children grew, she sent them down to us for their schooling. We have two of them with us at this moment—a boy and a girl—and as lovely children as any one would wish to see.

The years as they passed made ravages among those whom we have learned to love together. My mamma was one of the first to die. I have already consecrated a page to the memory of her virtues. Valmont is as beautiful as ever, but we seldom go there now, because it seems no longer the same place since Uncle Louis and Aunt Aurora were taken away. And alas! the Marigny Rooms are closed. One after one the patriarchs disappeared—Père Duprez, Bonhomme Papish, Mon Poup and dear old Uncle Pascal. M. Paladine, who had been reconciled to them all, closed their eyes and conducted their burial.

Nain still remains my foreman. I have never had the least occasion to repent of the service I rendered him. He is no longer a Vendou. Gaston and Toinette are still with me at The Quarries, but Hiacinte and poor Dada are gone.

And what shall I say of Mimi? One word only, for that word resumes all. She has been and is our sister. She visits us frequently. The old gaiety is not extinct in her yet; there are occasional sallies of wit and railery, but her usual mood is a placid, careful contentment. A shadow may sometimes flit across her memory, and there are times when her eyes look far away in sadness. But the mood is only momentary. She was the godmother of our first child, and all our children call her "Aunt Mimi."

She has been several times asked why she did not take refuge in a convent. Her answer was that she did not consider herself dead to the world. There were beauties which she loved; there were enjoyments there still, in which even she could participate. Besides, she had no admiration for the Heloises who take the veil in desperation, or for the Evangelines who give to God the ashes of a consumed heart.

And now, as I write these last lines, with my little daughter Rita on my knee, I stop to gaze dreamily into her beautiful eyes—so like her mother's. There in those serene depths I see the past and retrace as in a mirror all the events which I have recorded in these pages. But it is for a moment only. The eyes close, and those dear old times vanish forever. In another generation Creole customs, language and traditions will have left no vestige behind. This is the reason that I have attempted to preserve a memorial of them in the present book which I dedicate to the few who, like myself, still take pride in their Creole origin.

THE END.

## INKERMAN.

THE CELEBRATION OF ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.—RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

On the 5th day of last month the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Inkerman was celebrated by a banquet in London, as well as by dinners in every regiment of the British army which took part in that memorable engagement. Many of the officers of the different regiments who served in the Crimean campaign are still on active service, but few, if indeed any, of the subordinate and private ranks are to be found on the present muster-roll of the regiments to which they belonged on November 5, 1854, the period of enlistment seldom exceeding twenty-one years. Many soldiers of the British army who had enlisted for a term of ten years, after its completion emigrated to the country, and during our late civil war, not a few Crimean heroes could have been found in the Union army, while others are now residents in many of our cities, who have come here to follow up the different pursuits in which they had been engaged previous to enlistment.

Among the latter we have to mention a compositor, who is employed in one of our large printing establishments in this city. The regiment to which he belonged is the Twenty-first Royal North British Fusiliers. For ten years he was attached to No. 2 company; his regimental number was 2,875. He enlisted at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 13th of August, 1851. When war against Russia was declared he embarked at Cork for the seat of war on the 13th of August, 1854—exactly three years after his "taking the shilling."

After landing in the Crimea they marched for Alma. The Twenty-first regiment was in the Fourth division, in reserve, and were not called into actual fight; one man of the regiment was killed. After the charge of Balaclava came the battle of Inkerman. On a drizzly and foggy Sunday morning in November, the Russian forces attempted to surprise the British lines with overwhelming masses. Everything was in their favor. It is now matter of history that for several hours not more than 8,000 British troops held the heights of Inkerman against 50,000 of the enemy by the sheer dint of hand-to-hand fight. The Twenty-first regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Ainslie. Arriving at Inkerman, with the Sixty-third regiment on their right, they were ordered to lie down.

Lieut.-Col. Sweeney of the Sixty-third was in conversation with the Twenty-first's commander, when a picket sentry of the Forty-first came up the brow of the hill, exclaiming, "Look out, boys! they'll be on top of you in less than quick-time." Ainslie and Sweeney were instantly on the alert. "How shall we act?" said the Sixty-third's commander; "we have received no orders." "I will charge," said Ainslie. Immediately both officers gave the command to their regiments to charge and cheer. In an instant, with bayonets down, did the two regiments drive right in front into their enemy's ranks, which were speedily broken. Then followed hand-to-hand encounters, and, when thickly wedged together, the butt end of the musket was brought into play, and even the fist was used. In the onslaught Lieut.-Col. Sweeney was killed and Lieut.-Col. Ainslie mortally wounded. This was the first and last battle of those officers. Ensign Hurt of Derbyshire, who carried the colors of the Twenty-first was killed, and several officers more or less wounded. Sir George Cathcart, general commanding the Fourth division, also fell. The command of the Twenty-first, after the commander was killed, should have been taken up by the senior major, but that officer had been previously detached, with a party, on some special service in the vicinity of the Windmill, and the command was, therefore, virtually in the hands of Lord West, who ever was in the thickest of the fray, cheering on his men. His horse was shot, and on foot his lordship contested the ground with his handful of men till the battle was won, when he led the regiment out of action.

During the course of the battle, as mounted officers were shot down one after another, the command devolved on young officers, each acting on his own responsibility. Soldiers of different regiments found themselves mixed up with half a dozen different corps, under the leadership of any officer who chose to assume command. Sometimes no officer was to be found, and every man was left to fight it out as best he could. On this account Inkerman is known as the "Soldiers' battle." Toward the latter end of the fight the compositor alluded to received a bullet wound in the arm, causing him to drop his musket. Being in a thick crowd of his own comrades, who were pushing up a ravine, and hurried on by the pressure behind, he failed to regain his musket. In this emergency he, with the assistance of a comrade, released the musket from the death clutch of a dead soldier of the Thirtieth regiment. The musket was useless, for the charge in the piece was wet. The battle being virtually over, and bayonet charges over also, he assisted out of the field a severely wounded man of his own company and took him to the hospital tent, where the poor fellow was attended to. His own wound was only a flesh wound, though it smarted not a little.

The regiment, headed by Lord West, came out of action, after the battle was gained, and marched into camp. When formed up in front of their own tents, Lord West addressed the survivors in these words: "Men of the Twenty-first Royal North British Fusiliers, some time

ago, when on parade in Dublin, I said that I would have every confidence in the regiment, if ever called into action on the battlefield. Today, my confidence in you has been more than realized. You have behaved well and bravely. I am no flatterer; but your soldierly conduct, put this day to the severest test, is beyond all flattery and praise. The true soldier carries his life in his hand, ready to lay it down at a moment's warning for his sovereign and country, and at duty's call. This you have not failed to do. To single men this should be easy. To those who have wives and children at home it may be somewhat of a trial. Let me assure such that, should they fall in battle, a generous and grateful country will be the guardians of their widows and fatherless children. In the name of our beloved queen and country, receive the heartiest congratulations that can be given for your noble behavior this day." The furnished and well-nigh spent men replied by loud hurrahs! Then they went to their tents to eat a morsel of salt pork and hard biscuits, and snatch an hour or two's rest for they had to do duty in the weary trenches that same night. In such like manner as above related acted every other regiment in the field. To the soldiers' indomitable pluck, and even at the more than reckless- ness of his own life, were the Heights of Inkerman fought and won. In the trenches duty was hard and sorties frequent. Then followed the unsuccessful attack on the Redan battery on the 18th of June, when the general commanding, Sir John Campbell, was killed. Finally Sebastopol fell.

The printer mentioned who took part in all these affairs is Alexander Hewitt, a native of Stirling, Scotland. After the war was over, he went with his regiment to Malta, staying there three years and a half; thence to the West Indies, where the Twenty-first were stationed four years. In Barbadoes, Hewitt's ten-year term of service expired, when he was sent home to be discharged. He received two medals—one the Crimean, with the clasps Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Sebastopol. The other medal was given by the sultan of Turkey. Hewitt came to this country about eight years ago.

On this year's anniversary of the battle of Inkerman he might have been seen quietly and industriously arranging single types in lines and columns—strange contrast to the lines and columns in which he, a single file, figured a quarter of a century ago on the famed Heights of Inkerman.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LUCCA is likely to return to this country next season.

THE probability that Irving will visit America next season becomes stronger.

MRS. SCOTT-SIMPSON has the heroism to deny that this is her farewell season in America.

HERB RUBINSTEIN'S opera, *Der Damon*, will be given for the first time in Moscow during this month.

WAGNER is going to spend the winter in Paestum, Italy, where, it is said, he intends to write a new opera.

MARIE PRESCOTT fainted in Boston lately while playing *Camille* at the Globe. Matilda Heron is the authority for the statement that no well woman can play the part.

T. J. McBRIDE, of New York, has hit upon a happy thought in publishing a little hand-book, for pocket use, giving diagrams of the seats in each of the theatres of that city. It is valuable to theatre-goers.

RUBINSTEIN is indignant at the manner in which his new opera, "*Koepets Kulashnikoff*" (Merchant Kalashnikoff) has been treated by the shrews of the Russian censor, and is half-determined to suppress it.

GENTLEMEN who attend the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, are no longer obliged to wear full dress. This sensible regulation is the result of Manager Mapleson's experiments in Republican America.

MME. PATTI and Signor Nicolini are to enter on their engagement at the Royal Opera in Berlin on the first of next month. Faust, La Traviata and Lucia have been selected by the diva as the operas in which she is to appear.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has just appeared in London as *Mignon*, and the *Daily News* of that city says that the performance "was one of special excellence, and there can scarcely be a doubt that Miss Hawk's *Mignon* will prove as attractive as her *Carmen*."

MIDLE HELLBRON recently refused to appear as *Marguerite* at the Grand Opera with a blonde wig. Lucca, Nilsson, and sometimes Patti sang *Marguerite* in their natural hair. Gounod entirely approved of Middle Hellbron's idea, and sent her his score with the words written by his hand, "*A ma brune Marguerite*."

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Shear, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.