

I might dream over the old, noble deeds of the Elmyrs, from King Richard the Third's day until the present, in the most reverential light possible, still the dreamy vision was ever before me, which I could not then understand, as I was only a little girl of humble birth, with no wealth or even so much as a pretty face to introduce me into the society I so much coveted, of those whom I knew were far above me. Often I have sat on my low window-seat pouring over some antiquated book whose dog-eared covers bespoke frequent usage, reading over and over the old story of one of the Lords Elmyr, who, in the reign of King Richard II., shut up his lady love in a Convent for six years and went off to the wars; and my belief that *this* Elmyr family was descended from that old stock, was seconded by Aunt Langsley in such a resolute manner, that I thought I was doing the heroine when I snubbed my brother Robert, or Bob, as we used to call him, for suddenly declaring in my good Aunt's presence, that he was just as good as any Elmyr that ever walked. It is unnecessary to say that my parents, my two brothers and four sisters did not share in my reverence for our superiors, and Aunt Langsley and I had frequently to keep the defence in the unequal combat, with rather shaking weapons. Once only did the wonder come into my brain, if there were no certainty that the Jones' were not at some far back time of noble extraction, and I made so bold as to ask my father the question. "Yes," said he, as he pushed his book away, "as far back as the annals of our family extend, some hundred years or so, they were all cobblers, and what more noble occupation would you desire than that?"

There was no sarcasm in my father's voice.

Our home was not so quiet as most people would like, but as we made no pretensions to being anything better than we really were, we managed to run along in the groove in which our lot was cast, knowing more of actual happiness, I believe, than most of our more fortunate neighbours, whose parlours did not join their shops, and whose pleasures were not often checked by the Babel of voices which at all hours of the day, and sometimes far into the night, came through the narrow door, and often the loud laugh came floating into our midst, heavily perfumed with tobacco smoke, and sometimes accompanied by a stronger and more disagreeable odor, which then I could not name. I well remember the frequent rambles my brothers, my sisters and I used to take in the pleasant woods together, with my pet lamb Jimmy beside us, who seemed to enjoy our sports as much as the liveliest of us. As I have before stated, ours was a large family, and as our parents' time was mostly occupied with providing for our daily wants, they had no leisure in which to speak of their ancient grandeur, nor even to sigh over some fancied Chancery suit by which the British lion had embezzled their noble ancestors out of fabulous sums. Assuredly, no noble lineage was traceable in our tribe, as all our forefathers had been respectively cobblers, I suppose, from time immemorial, and my mother, even had she been of a name-seeking disposition, had more sense than to boast of this. Despairing of finding anything worthy of note in our family, and being frequently rebuked by all members of it for my

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