

work devouring oranges gleefully. The olive-branches were soon dismissed to bed, rather abruptly. Totty's offer to rehearse her poetry was declined scornfully. The evening promised to be very sombre indeed.

'Who was in the back-parlour?' asked Mr. Jellicoe. Amelia paused, and looked at him; he was very angry, but she seemed to take heart rather from that.

'No one!' she said stoutly. Of course, that was not true; they both knew that; but she was determined to stop discussion on the threshold, and she adopted that improper mode of doing so. She rang for tea.

'Shall I go on reading the *Wrecker's Wife*?' she said as she took a volume from a side-table.

'No!'

'Will you read it, James?'

'No!' He thrust the book away from him angrily. He was in a great rage. The Jellicoes had never, since they were married, had so black an evening.

There was division between Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe—distrust and division. It was a new feeling to both of them; and to do them justice, they neither of them liked it. In a prosaic and homely, but certainly in a strong and solid way, they had entertained most strong affection for each other. Jellicoe was not so absorbed by the money-market and city intelligence but that he had great love for his wife, and his children, and his home; and Amelia, with all her stout placidity, her well-dressed self-possession, and consciousness of dignity and comeliness, had much affection for Jellicoe. If he had been ill, she would have nursed him day and night; poor, she would have toiled at his side, or slaved for both of them and the children too. She would have gone to the world's end at his bidding. This was in her, I really believe, had occasion required it. But now a thick wall of separation was rising between them; and each hour of their silence and estrangement seemed to add a fresh stone to that wall, and to make reconciliation and restoration of affection more and more difficult.

A most doleful breakfast succeeded that night of melancholy. At an early stage of it, Totty was dismissed the table for not being good, or otherwise for being too conversational for the silent moods of papa and mamma. It was a dreadful thing when Jellicoe left his house for the city, without bestowing on Amelia the usual kiss at parting. It had often degenerated, that little tenderness, into a tepid performance of a ceremonial. Custom, perhaps, had staled its romance, but still it was typical of past gallantry and affection, and its pretermission now seemed very sad and cruel indeed. Amelia had something very like genuine hysterics when she was alone, and Jellicoe complained in the omnibus, all the way to the Bank, of having a fly in his eye. His omnibus friends thought him moody and morose; old Crocker, the indigo-merchant, openly prescribed for him blue pill. Certainly his glance was dull, his gait unelastic, and his speech curt. He found nothing to amuse him in his newspaper: his eye first fell on an impassioned advertisement, in which a distressed husband appeared to be conjuring a fugitive wife—appealed to under the affectionate title of 'Pussy'—to return and be forgiven; he next found himself perusing some painful matrimonial law-reports; and then he was struck by a case, brought before Mr. Bingham, in which an old acquaintance, 'the brine in human form,' was charged with a return of his old complaint, of wife-beating. Mr. Jellicoe thrust away his newspaper abruptly. At that moment, I think his views regarding marriage must have been, to use one of his own phrases, rather below par. But 'business is business,' and he was soon running about Throgmorton Street as actively as any broker in that locality.

Mrs. Jellicoe, too, recovered herself. She had an interview with Miss Burke touching the educational success of the Rob Roys, and listened to an effective performance by Totty of *In a Cottage*. She then took lunch at the children's dinner; wrote a letter to Mrs. Perkins, who occupied a small house near the Kensington gravel-pits; was 'not at home' when Mrs. Miss, and Miss Sophia Mecker called to pay a state visit; and then went for a little walk with Totty down the Notting Hill Road. But the dinner was but a repetition of the meal of the previous day—solemn and sad. Mr. Jellicoe seemed bent upon ignoring altogether the presence of his wife; he never once addressed her, and after dinner, occupied himself in the examination of a bundle of papers he had brought home with him from the city.

The evening post brought a letter from Mrs. Perkins to Mrs. Jellicoe, who read it with evident annoyance and disappointment, and then placed the missive in her pocket. Still more to recall the transactions of the previous night, there was heard also a similar single knock at the door. Mrs. Jellicoe left the room precipitately. Talking was now evidently to be heard in the hall. As though acting upon some pre-arranged principle, Mr. Jellicoe, this time, made no stir, did not rise from the table, did not appear to listen. He was intently occupied with his papers. There was quiet at last; the street-door was heard to close, and Mrs. Jellicoe re-entered, pale and angry, looking perhaps frightened a little too. All that night and the next morning, the dreadful state of siege, as between Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe, continued.

The morrow brought Mrs. Perkins, driven by Baylis.

'I'm so sorry, so sorry,' cried that lady, as she entered the dining-room—with an eye towards the cellaret, I think—but I'm quite bankrupt; I shan't get my dividends for another month, and I haven't a rap, Mely.' Mrs. Perkins was accustomed to indulge in forcible language.

'What shall I do?' asked Mrs. Jellicoe.

'Is he cross still?'

Mrs. Jellicoe nodded her head mournfully and affirmatively.

'You've your jewels?'

Mrs. Jellicoe shook her head mournfully and negatively.

'You've the plate?'

Mrs. Jellicoe paused, and looked towards her parent with a puzzled expression. That lady stooped down and whispered in Amelia's ear—I am not quite sure of the word—but it was either 'pawn,' or an even less refined equivalent.

'No, mother, I will not,' said Mrs. Jellicoe, resolutely.

Mr. Jellicoe returned home from the city a little before his usual time. Entering the drawing-room suddenly, he found his wife occupied in the perusal of a letter, or what appeared to be a letter, which, at his approach, she thrust rather alarmedly under the sofa cushion. He contrived to prevent her regaining the secreted document. He lingered about the sofa. The first dinner-bell rang, and Mrs. Jellicoe was reluctantly compelled to withdraw to prepare for that entertainment. Mr. Jellicoe secured the letter. He brightened a little as he glanced at it.

'A clue!' he said, and he put it in his pocket.

He went up stairs to his dressing-room: on the landing was Mrs. Jellicoe. There was an expression of shame and penitence upon her face that was decidedly touching.

'O James!' she said, and she advanced towards him.

'Well, what is it?' He spoke gruffly. He was not a man easily melted.

'I am afraid I've been very foolish.'

'I dare say you have.'

But she had made up her mind, you see; she was not to be put down by his gruffness; she laid her plump white hands upon his arms.

'Very foolish—very wrong—very wicked!' And the plump white hands crept up to his shoulders.

She looked humbled, almost exaggeratedly so. He suffered himself to be led into a small room, which usually went by the name of Mrs. Jellicoe's boudoir. On the floor was a confused heap of brown paper parcels, large and small, some rent open, some yet corded. Mrs. Jellicoe waved her hands towards the parcels.

'James, I've been so foolish!'

Her pocket-handkerchief was produced; her voice broke, and tears dropped down the plump, substantial matronly cheeks. Mr. Jellicoe was moved, but he turned away his glance from his wife, for he had a duty to perform. He produced from his pocket the paper he had taken from beneath the sofa cushion, and commenced to read aloud:

'Important news from America! Alarming fire in Halifax, Nova Scotia! Damages estimated at a million dollars! A vast conflux of goods thus subjected to the unrelenting process of the most urgent and illimitable forced sales! Messrs. Towzer and Sons of Wigborne Street, Portman Square, have been instructed to sell absolutely and immediately the following superb property! By peremptory desire! Leviathan Sale.—N.B. At any sacrifice, they must, they are bound to sell.'

'And you have been duped by such stuff as this, Amelia!' and he went on. 'Richest Moire Antiques! Black French Glacé Ducapes! Lyon Brocaded S'ks! Persian Chenilles! Elegant Mohairs! Furs and Peluz! Magnificent India Gauze and French Sylphide Long Barège Shawls, shipped at £4 10s., only 11s. 6d. each! Solferino Cashmere Robes, a right elegant novelty, shipped at £3 15s., only 9s. 6d., full length!'

'How much do you owe Messrs. Towzer, Amelia?'

A voice husky with penitence and sobs answered: 'Twenty pounds, James!'

James groaned aloud. He kicked open a parcel.

'What's that?'

The voice behind the handkerchief whispered: 'A brocaded silk!'

Mr. Jellicoe read out:

'A grand unparagoned St. Etienne brocaded silk flounced robe, the prettiest and most graceful arrangement, shipped at £15 10s., only £5 19s. 6d.'—Mrs. Jellicoe, business is business, and truth is truth. You're a stout woman—eighteen yards will make a good full dress for you—fifteen, a scanty one. Measure that dress; if there's more than ten yards, I'm a Dutchman.'

Tremblingly Mrs. Jellicoe produced a ribbon-yard measure, and obeyed. The silk measured nine yards and a half. James was triumphant, Amelia very contrite. He disturbed another parcel.

'What's that?' he cried.

Amelia, frightened, screamed in explanation: 'O James, it was so cheap—only 9d.'

'Amelia, I did not expect this,' and he kicked with his foot another purchase of Mrs. Jellicoe's—a bargain—a widow's cap!'

'O James, forgive me; I did not mean anything!' She was on her knees trying to grasp his hands.

Parker tripped in. 'Please 'm, the man's called again. Oh, I did not know master was here; and she tripped out again.

'Tell me one thing, Amelia: Mrs. Perkins went with you.'

'Yes!'

'Remember! this is the very last shopping expedition. You'll deal in future at Old Brown's in Bishopsgate Street, who'll supply you with everything you want, under my instructions and approval. Now, I'll see this man.'

Mr. Jellicoe went down stairs. He found a glossily dressed, pomatumed, whiskered individual, bowing obsequiously, in the back-parlour.

'Our firm has sent again for the money. I called last night, and the night before. It really ain't usual.'

'I don't want the goods,' said Mr. Jellicoe, stoutly, 'and what's more, I won't have them.'

'Our firm really ain't accustomed!'

'I don't want any discussion. I keep one article, the widow's cap. I'll pay for that now. Here's sixpence, a threepenny bit, and a half-penny. I believe 9d. is the figure. I don't care about a receipt.'

'Oh, this here's chaff!'

'Look here: don't flurry yourself. I'm a man of my word. I won't have your goods. I know a thing or two about Messrs. Towzer and Son, and so do the magistrates in Marlborough Street. I warn you, if, in a quarter of an hour, you and your goods are not off my premises, why, I'll throw them out of the window—I'll kick you into the road—and I'll send a policeman after Messrs. Towzer and Son. Do you hear?'

Mr. Jellicoe strode out of the room looking every bit like a man who would keep his word. Somehow, the emissary of Messrs. Towzers seemed to think so too. In ten minutes, he had vacated Mr. Jellicoe's house, taking with him Mrs. Jellicoe's rash bargains, with the one exception.

The dinner was cold—it had been kept waiting some time—but it was eaten with greater relish by the Jellicoes than any meal of the last two days. Good humour was being re-established.

'James, I'm very sorry. You're not angry with me now?'

'No, Amelia,' and he kissed her heartily. 'Only, never shop any more with my mother-in-law—never buy bargains. Get Bob—I'm sure he's old enough now—to help you in adding up the housekeeping-book. I'll allow a larger margin for sundries; and I am sure you can make it come right in future, if you try!'

'And the widow's cap—you won't keep that, James; let me burn it.'

'It shall be your next birthday present, Amelia, if you deserve it.'

She did deserve it, and she got it: and there was an end of Mrs. Jellicoe's mistakes.

[From the Spectator.]

AT TWENTY-THREE.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

Life is delight, each hour that passes o'er
Comes like a meadow's kisses to her lover,
Comes like the fresh breath of the mountain breeze,
Comes like the south wind trembling through the trees:
Or like the song of larks above the heather,
Or like a murmurous hum in sultry weather.—
A dreary bliss that knows no waking sorrow,
A present joy that craves no happier morrow,
When Love enthralled us till we bug the chain,
And Beauty's smile is worth a miser's gain!
When Hope is better than reality,
And Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn-out cynics tell us Life's a jest,
We know its glory and we feel its zest;
Let parsons languid on fat livings preach,
That joy is something always out of reach;
Let pale ascetics deem God's world a gin,
To lure mankind and womankind to sin,—
We reek not if dyspeptic fools agree,
But laugh such croeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth glides swiftly past:
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last:
That the keen rapture, and the wild delight,
The joyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The hopes, the fears, the passion and the glory,
Are transient features of a transient story,—
That love itself—youth's twin—will sea-cely stay
Till life has reached the Summer of its day;
Thou, even she, the maiden of our Spring,
May fade ere Autumn's fruits be ripening?—
Time passes on but leaves its gifts behind,
Best for the heart, and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fall,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall:
Tenth knowledge, virtue—all are ours to gain:
Life stretches onward like an unkown main,
Life stretches upward to the starry maze,
God's gates fly open at our ardent gaze;
A dazzling ray illumines the crystal fœ,
When Heaven lies near to earth at twenty-three.

THE DEATH OF THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE.

A New York paper of Saturday last says:—The telegraph informs us that Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the head of the Bonaparte family in America, died at 2 o'clock yesterday morning at his residence in Baltimore. Mr. Bonaparte had been suffering for some time from cancer in the throat. His wife's mother, Mrs. Benjamin Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., also died in the same house two hours afterward. The father of the deceased gentleman was Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon I. During the hostilities between France and England in 1803, Jerome, the father, was sent to sea, and after cruising sometime, came to this port and thence to Baltimore, where, on the 24th of December, 1803, he was married with great pomp at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, by Archbishop Carroll, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy and eminent merchant.

After the Empire was declared, Jerome returned with his wife to Europe; but as the marriage had not Imperial sanction, the latter was not allowed to land in France. Napoleon had the marriage annulled by a decree of his Council of State, but Pope Pius VII. refused to sanction the divorce, and this refusal has been ever since maintained by the Papal Court. Mme. Bonaparte went first to Holland, but not being permitted to land there, she proceeded to England. On the 7th of July, 1805, at Camberwell, England, she gave birth to a son, who was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the subject of this sketch. On August 12, 1807, the Emperor caused his brother Jerome to become a bigamist, by marrying him to Frederica Catherine, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. On the 18th of August Westphalia was erected into a kingdom, and the extravagant, half-educated Jerome was made king.

In 1852, when Louis Napoleon assumed the supreme control in Paris, Jerome, who had been in exile at Vienna under the title of Prince de Montfort, was called back to France, made a Marshal of the Empire, President of the Senate, and, in the failure of direct succession to the present Emperor, heir to the throne. By his second wife, the Princess of Wurtemberg, were born Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, Prince de Montfort, commonly called Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Mathilde. Jerome Bonaparte was always violently opposed to the recognition of precedence for the child of Miss Patterson over those of the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg; and refused peremptorily to acknowledge his son and his son's children by any name but that of Patterson.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was reared in Baltimore. He entered Harvard College, and graduated from that institution in 1826. Mr. Bonaparte originally intended practising law, but the care of his large estates and his love of agricultural pursuits deterred him from entering that profession. He was married early in life to Miss Susan M. Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., who was a lady of large fortune. He leaves two children, a son, Jerome Napoleon, a graduate of West Point, now a Colonel in the French army, and another, Charles Joseph, born in 1852.

Mr. Bonaparte in his several visits to France was obliged to travel under his mother's name of Patterson. Still he attracted much attention from his singularly perfect likeness to the great Emperor. He has always been thought to resemble him more than the monarch's own brothers did. He was distinguished by the same shape of the head and perfect regularity of features, bronze countenance, and dark, piercing eyes of a peculiar tint. His figure, too, was cast in the same square, compact mould which we see in the pictures of Napoleon. He was always very proud of his likeness to the great Napoleon, and increased the resemblance by being closely shaven. Apropos of this striking likeness to his uncle the Emperor, Jerome Napoleon, on his last visit to Paris, upon appearing in his box at the Royal Italian Opera, was received by the vast assemblage, who rose *en masse* and welcomed him with shouts of "L'Empereur Napoleon le Grand!"

In regard to the validity of Jerome Bonaparte's first marriage, which, if fully recognized by the Court of France, would have given his son precedence over his half-brothers and the Princess Mathilde, there has been a great deal of controversy. The case is still pending in the High Court of France, being diligently prosecuted by the mother, the once lovely Miss Patterson, the reigning belle of Baltimore in her time. She still appears remarkably youthful, and always speak in terms of unbounded admiration of the first Emperor, who so cruelly wronged her.

A Boston woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "Because he was very apt to be drowned when he went upon the water, and moreover, did not know how to swim any more than a goose."