

found with it, furnish a valuable manure. Nothing in the pilchard itself, or in connection with the pilchard, runs to waste—the precious little fish is a treasure in every part of him.

After the pilchards have been taken out of "bulk," they are washed clean in salt water, and packed in hogsheads, which are then sent for exportation to some large sea-port—Penzance, for instance—in coast traders. The fish reserved for use in Cornwall, are generally cured by those who purchase them. The export trade is confined to the shores of the Mediterranean—Italy and Spain providing the two great foreign markets for pilchards. The home consumption, as regards Great Britain, is nothing, or next to nothing. Some variation takes place in the prices realized by the foreign trade—their average, wholesale, is stated to about fifty shillings per hogshead.

Some idea of the almost incalculable multitude of pilchards caught on the shores of Cornwall, may be formed from the following *data*. At the small fishing cove of Trereen, 600 hogsheads were taken in little more than one week, during August 1850. Allowing 2400 fish only to each hogshead—3000 would be the highest calculation—we have a result of 1,440,000 pilchards, caught by the inhabitants of one little village alone, on the Cornish coast, at the commencement of the season's fishing!

At considerable sea-port towns, where there is an unusually large supply of men, boats, and nets, such figures as those quoted above, are far below the mark. At St. Ives, for example, 1000 hogsheads were taken in the first three seine nets cast into the water. The number of hogsheads exported annually, averages 22,000. This year, 27,000 have been secured for the foreign markets. Incredible as these numbers may appear to some readers, they may nevertheless be relied on; for they are derived from trustworthy sources—partly from local returns furnished to me—partly from the very men who filled the baskets from the boat-side, and who afterward verified their calculations by frequent visits to the salting-houses.

Such is the pilchard fishery of Cornwall—a small unit, indeed, in the vast aggregate of England's internal sources of wealth: but yet, neither unimportant nor uninteresting, if it be regarded as giving active employment to a hardy and honest race who would starve without it, as impartially extending the advantages of commerce to one of the remotest corners of our island, and—more than all—as displaying a wise and beautiful provision of Nature, by which the rich tribute of the great deep is most generously lavished on the land which most needs a compensation for its own sterility.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

LUCY CAWTHORNE.—A TALE BY A BACHELOR CLERK.

THE office of clerk of the Carvers' Company I has been filled by members of my family for one hundred years past. My great-grandfather

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was elected in the year 1749. After him, came his younger brother; and, when he died, my grandfather was chosen by nine votes out of twelve; after that, all opposition vanished: our dynasty was established. When my grandfather died, my father went through the ceremony of calling upon the members of the Court of Assistants, and soliciting their votes; and, afterward, the formality of a show of hands being passed, he was declared, as every one knew he would be who was aware of the existence of the Carvers' Company, the successor of his father. The transition from him to myself was so easy as to be hardly felt. When I threw aside my yellow breeches, and came out of the "Blue-Coat School," with some knowledge of Greek, and very small skill in penmanship, I was at once transplanted to a stool at my father's desk; which stood railed off, in a corner of the great hall, under the stained-glass window. The master and twelve senior liverymen, who formed what is called the Court of Assistants, saw me there when they met together; and one patted me on the head, and prophesied great things of me, while I sat, very red in the face, wondering who had been talking to him about me. Another, who had himself worn the girdle and blue-petticoats, some half a century previously, examined my classical knowledge; and, finding himself somewhat at fault, remarked that he was not fresh from school, like me. At length, my father and I attended their meetings alternately; and, as he became old and infirm, the duties devolved entirely upon me. When he died, therefore, there was no change. The twelve liverymen held up twelve of their four-and-twenty hands, and my election was recorded on the minutes.

Carvers' Hall was a place not very easy to find out, for any but the warder and twelve liverymen: but, as few people else ever had occasion to find it out, that was not of much consequence. The portion of the city in which it stood had escaped the fire of London, which took a turn at a short distance, owing, perhaps, to a change in the wind, and left the hall and some adjacent courts untouched. In order to arrive there, it was necessary, first, to pass through a narrow passage running up from Thames-street; then, along a paved yard, by the railing of a church; and, lastly, down an impassable court, at the bottom of which stood the antique gateway of Carvers' Hall. Over the door-way was a curious carving of the Resurrection, in oak, which must have cost some ancient member of the Worshipful Guild considerable time and trouble. There were represented graves opening, and bald-headed old men forcing up the lids of their family-vaults—some looking happy, and some with their features distorted by despair. Out of others, whole families, mother, father, and several children, had just issued, and were standing hand-in-hand. Some, again, were struggling, half-buried in the ground; while others, already extricated, were assisting their kinsmen in their efforts to dis-

inter themselves. The scene was made a section, in order to give the spectator a view of an immense host of cherubim above, sitting upon a massy pile of cloud; through which—the middle point of the picture—the summoning angel was throwing himself down, with a trumpet in his hand; which, according to the relative scale of the work, must have been several leagues, at least, in length. Having passed under this gate-way, you entered a small square yard, paved with black and white stones, placed diamond-wise; and facing you was the hall itself, up three stone-steps, and with a wooden portico.

This solitary building, silent and retired, though in the heart of a crowded city, has been my home for nearly sixty years. I have become assimilated to the place by long usage. I am myself silent, retired, and tenacious of old habits; though I do not think this is my natural disposition. But why do I talk of natural disposition? Are we not all moulded and made what we are by time and outward influences? However, when I was at school I was a cheerful boy, though the monastic life of Christ's Hospital is not calculated to improve the spirits. It was only on entering my father's office that I began to be subdued to the formal being which I have since become. The portraits of my predecessors hang in the hall; they are exactly alike, both in features and in dress, except that the first two wore hair-powder. It was my father's pride that he clung to the style of dress which was prevalent when he was a young man, which he considered to be, in every way, superior to all modern inventions. I was only released from the absurd dress of the blue-coat boy to be put into garments equally provocative of remarks from impertinent boys. The family costume is, *imprimis*, a pair of knee-breeches with buckles; then a blue coat with metal buttons; and a large white cravat, spread out over the whole chest, and ornamented in the middle with a cornelian brooch. The same brooch appears in every one of the portraits. I have worn this dress all my life, with the exception of a short period, when I changed it to return to it shortly again.

If happiness consists in having many friends, I ought to have been a happy man. Old carvers, neighbors, pensioners of the company, every one down to the housekeeper, and Tom Lawton, my only clerk, spoke kindly of me. Theirs was no lip-service. I knew they liked me in their hearts. The world, too, had gone smoothly with me. I knew nothing of the struggles for bread, the hardships and wrongs which other men endure. They appeared to me even fabulous when I read them. The means of getting my living were put into my hands. The company seemed almost grateful to my father for bringing me up to the office. My income was two hundred pounds per annum, as well as the house to live in, and coals and candles, which was more than I needed for my support, though I always found means of disposing of the sur-

plus, and never saved any thing. I was not, however, a happy man. I had always the feeling of a spirit subdued to a life to which it was not suited. I do not say that in another sphere I should have led a boisterous life. My mind was, perhaps, more prone to reflection than to action, although I felt that if I had been more in the world, if I had known more of life and change, I should have been a happier man. But from my earliest days the vanity of life, and the virtue of keeping aloof from temptation, were instilled into me. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was the first proverb which I heard from my father's mouth. These principles, implanted early, took deep root, though, perhaps, in an unfavorable soil. Living also under the same roof with my father, I felt alarmed at every whispering of my own inclinations which was opposed to his wishes, and strove to subdue them, as if I were struggling with the evil portion of my nature. Thus, in course of time, I became what I am; not a misanthrope, thank God, but a timid and somewhat melancholy man. We had no mirth-making in our household, except at Christmas-time, when we feasted in good earnest. My father loved at that time to display a rough hospitality. We had generally two or three nights of merry-making, at which were both young and old people—all carvers, or the children of carvers—and after his death I continued the custom. Often, as I sat with my happy friends about me, some sweet young woman would give me a sly hit upon my obdurate determination to die an old bachelor; little thinking that her heedless words could give me pain, though they cut me deeply, and set me looking at the fire with a thoughtful face. I might have married, perhaps, if I had found a partner; my income was not large, but many men run the risk of a family with less means to support one than I had; but, somehow, I found myself at forty-five years of age unmarried, slim, and prim—the very type of an old bachelor. It was not from indifference, for I was by nature sensitive and affectionate. For women I had a kind of reverence. I pictured them to myself all that is noble and good; yet, in their presence, I only looked upon them timidly, speaking little, but thinking of them, perhaps, long afterward when they were gone.

One result of my reputation for gravity was a number of executorships which had been imposed upon me by deceased friends. Any one would have thought that there was a conspiracy abroad to overwhelm me with proofs of confidence. My stock of mourning rings is considerable. The expression, "Nineteen guineas for his trouble," had to me an old familiar sound with it. At length I was obliged to hint to any old carver who waxed sickly, that my duties in that way were already as much as I could fulfill. There was, however, an old grocer of my acquaintance, named Cawthorne, who would make me executor of his will, in spite of my remonstrances, relieving my scruples by

assuring me that he had named another friend for my colleague, who, it was understood, was to undertake, if we survived him, the greater part of his duties, including the guardianship of his daughter Lucy. We did survive him; and the other executor entered upon his office, seldom troubling me except when absolutely necessary. Thus he went on for some years. The daughter had become a fine young woman of nineteen, with blue eyes and fair hair, rippled like the sunlight upon waters touched by a light wind. I saw her often in the house when he was taken ill, and thought her very beautiful. I fancied, sometimes, how she would look robed in pure white, and holding in her hand an olive branch, as I had seen some angels carved in stone. I have met her ascending the stairs with a candle in her hand, the light striking upward, like a glory on her face, and she seemed to me not to mount from step to step, but slowly to ascend without a movement of the feet. My feeling with regard to her almost amounted to a superstitious awe; for I seldom spoke many words to her, and I think, at first, she thought me harsh and cold. At length her guardian died, and although I had known from the first that in that event his duty would devolve upon me, the fact seemed to take me by surprise. I could hardly believe that henceforth, for some time, she would look to me as her sole protector. However, in a short time, the affairs of my deceased colleague were set in order, and she came to reside with me in the old Hall.

She soon forgot her first antipathy, and we became good friends together. I took her over the old place, and showed her the library and the paintings, and every thing there that was quaint and curious. We had a garden at the back of the Hall, in which she sat at work on fine days. It was not large, but it was nevertheless a garden, and in the midst of London. It was planted with shrubs, and contained two or three large trees, as well as a rustic seat upon a grass-plot; though the grass was not very thriving, on account of the trees shutting out the sun and air. However, sitting here, the back of the Hall had a picturesque look, half covered with the great leaves of a fig-tree nailed against the wall, and with its worn stone steps guarded on each side by an aloe in a green tub. This was her favorite place. She worked or read there in the morning, and in the afternoon she taught two little nieces of the housekeeper to read and write. Sometimes, in the evening, I got an old book from the library, and read to her, and made her laugh at its quaintness. I remember one translation of a Spanish novel in folio, printed in the seventeenth century, which amused her very much. The translation occupied one half of the book, and the prefaces the other. There was the Translator's "Apology for his labor;" "A declaration for the better understanding of the book;" an address "To the learned Reader;" another "To the discreet and courteous Reader;" and

another "To the vulgar Reader," with some others; and, finally, the Spanish novel itself was ushered in by a number of verses in English and Latin, laudatory of the book and the translator, by celebrated men of the period.

On Sunday we sat at church, in the same pew, and often I forgot my own devotions in listening to the earnest tones with which she said the prayers. I thought that she, of all that congregation, was best fitted to speak those words of Christian love. I was vexed to hear an old overseer of the parish, whom I knew to be a bad and worldly man, in the next pew, repeating the same words in a drawing tone; and I could almost have requested him to say them to himself.

Thus, ours was not a very cheerful way of life for a young maiden; but she seemed always happy and contented. For myself, although I was sorry for the death of my co-executor, I blessed the day when she came into the house; and I grieved that I had objected to become her guardian from the first, that she might have grown up from childhood with me, and learnt to look up to me as a father. Living with her daily, and noting all her thoughts and actions, sometimes even when she did not suspect that I observed her, I saw her purer than the purest of my own ideals. My feeling was almost an idolatry. If I had, at forty-five years of age, still any thoughts of marrying, I renounced them for her sake, and resolved to devote all my care to her, until such time as she should find a husband worthy of her.

By an ancient bequest to the Company, we distributed, on the day before Christmas-day, to twenty-four poor people, a loaf of bread, a small log of wood, or bavin, as we call it, and the sum of two shillings and ten-pence to each person. The recipients were all old, decrepit men and women. There was an ancient regulation, still unrepealed, that they should all attend on the following court-day, at noon precisely, to "return thanks for the same;" though that performance of mechanical gratitude had been allowed to fall into disuse by a more philosophical generation. The first Christmas after Lucy came there, she begged me to let her distribute these gifts, and I consented. I stood at my little desk at the end of the hall, with my face resting upon my hands, watching her, and listening to her talking to the old people. Next to the pleasure of hearing her speak to little children, I delighted to hear her talk with the very aged folks. There was something in the contrast of the two extremes of life—the young and beautiful maiden, and the bent and wrinkled old people—that pleased me. She heard all their oft-repeated complaints, their dreary accounts of their agues and rheumatics, and consoled them as well as she could; and, with some of the very old, she took their brown and sinewy hands in hers, and led them down the steps. I did not know what ailed me that day. I stood dreaming and musing, till I seemed to have lost that instinctive dexterity

with which we perform the simple operations of our daily life. Some accounts lay before me which I was anxious to cast, but several times I essayed, and seemed incapable of doing so. As the simple words of our daily language, which issue from our lips simultaneously with the thought, become vague and indistinct if we muse upon their origin, and repeat them several times to ourselves; so by dwelling long upon the idea of the work before me, it seemed to have become confused, and difficult to realize. I handed them over to my clerk, Tom Lawton, who sat opposite to me.

Poor Tom Lawton! I thought I saw him looking anxiously at me, several times, when I raised my eyes. No being upon earth ever loved me more than he. It is true, I had done him some acts of kindness, but I had often done as much for others, who had forgotten it since; whereas his gratitude became a real affection for me, which never failed to show itself each day that he was with me. He was a fine young man, and a great favorite with the housekeeper, who said "she liked him because he was so good to his mother, just as she thought her poor son would have been if he had lived." Tom was fond of reading, and sometimes wrote verses, of which he made copies for his friends in a neat hand. He was a shrewd fellow in some things, but in others he was as simple as a child. His temper was the sweetest in the world—the children knew that. No diving into his coat-pocket ever ruffled him; no amount of pulling his hair could ever induce him to cry out.

Tom was to spend his Christmas Eve with us, and to make "toast and ale," as was our custom; so, when the gifts were all distributed, he left me, and ran home to dress himself smartly for the occasion. I stood at my desk, still musing, till the evening closed upon the short and wintry afternoon. Lucy came and called me, saying the tea was on the table.

"We thought you were fallen asleep," said she. "Mr. Lawton is come."

We sat round a large fire in the old wainscoted sitting-room, while Lucy made the tea—and would have made the toast, too; but Tom said he would sooner burn his eyes out than suffer her to do so. The housekeeper came up, and afterward came an old carver and his daughter. We sat till after midnight. The old carver told some anecdotes of people whom my father knew; and Tom told a ghost story, which kept them all in breathless terror, till it turned out, at last, to be a dream. But I was restless, and spoke little. Once, indeed, I answered the old carver sharply. He had patted Lucy on the head, and said he supposed she would be soon getting married, and leaving us old people. I could not endure the thought of her leaving us; though I knew that she would do so, probably, one day. She had never looked to me more interesting than she did that evening. A little child, worn out with playing, had fallen asleep, with its head upon her lap; and, as

she was speaking to us, her hand was entangled in its hair. I gazed at her, and caught up every word she spoke; and when she stopped, my restlessness returned. I strove in vain to take part in their mirth. I wanted to be alone.

When I sat that night in my little bedroom, I was thinking still of Lucy. I heard her voice still sounding in my ear; and, when I shut my eyes, I pictured her still before me, with her dear kind face, and her little golden locket hung upon her neck. I fell asleep and dreamed of her. I woke, and waited for the daylight, thinking of her still. So we passed all the Christmas holidays. Sometimes it was a happy feeling which possessed me; and sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen her. I was always restless and anxious; I knew not for what. I became a different man to that which I had been before I knew her.

When, at last, I concealed from myself no longer that I loved her fondly, deeply—deeper, I believe, than ever man has loved—I became alarmed. I knew what people would say, if it came to be known. She had some property, and I had nothing; but what was worse, I was forty-five years of age, and she was only twenty. I was, moreover, her guardian; and she had been consigned to my care by her dying father, in confidence, that if she came under my protection, I would act toward her as he himself would have acted, if he had lived, not dreaming that I should encourage other thoughts than those of a protector and a friend. I knew that I should have been jealous, angry, and with any one who evinced a liking for her; and yet I asked myself whether it was right that I should discourage any man who might make her happy; who, perhaps, would love her nearly as much as I did, and be more suited for her, by reason of his youth and habits; not like mine, sedate and monkish. Even if I eventually gained her affections, would not the world say that I had exerted the undue influence of my authority over her; or that I had kept her shut up from society; so that, in her ignorance of life, she mistook a feeling of respect for a stronger sentiment? And, again, if all these things were set aside, was it not wrong that I should take a young and beautiful girl and shut her up in that old place forever—checking the natural gayety of youth, and bringing her by slow degrees to my old ways? I saw the selfishness of all my thoughts, and resolved to strive to banish them forever.

But they would not leave me. Each day I saw something in her that increased my passion. I watched her as she went from room to room. I walked stealthily about the place, in the hope of seeing her somewhere unobserved, and hearing her speak, and stealing away again before she saw me. I walked on tiptoe once, and saw her through the open door, thoughtful—looking at the candle—with her work untouched beside her. I fancied to myself what thoughts possessed her: perhaps the memory of a friend, no longer of this world, had touched her suddenly,

and made her mute and still; or, perhaps, the thought of some one dearer. The idea ran through me like a subtle poison, and I shuddered. I thought she started. I believe it was a fancy; but I stole away hurriedly, on tiptoe, and never looked behind me till I reached my corner in the Hall.

Every one remarked a change in me. Lucy looked at me anxiously sometimes, and asked me if I was not ill. Tom Lawton grieved to see me so dejected, till he became himself as grave as an old man. I sat opposite to Lucy sometimes, with a book in my hand. I had ceased to read aloud; and she seeing that I took no pleasure in it, did not press me to do so. I looked at the pages, without a thought of their contents, simply to avoid her looks. I thought, at last, that she grew vexed with my neglect. One night I suddenly threw down my book, and looking at her boldly and intently, to observe the expression of her features, I said,

"I have been thinking, Lucy, that you grow weary of my dull ways. You do not love me now, as you did some months ago."

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "indeed I do. I do not know what makes you talk like this, unless I have offended you in something. But I see it now," she said. "I must have said something that has given you pain; though it was never in my thought to do so. And this is why you treat me coldly, day by day, and never let me know what I have done."

She came over to me, and took my hand in hers; and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to tell her what it was.

"I know," she said, "I have no friend more kind and good than you. My father died before I knew how great a friend I had in him; but, had he lived, I never could have loved him more than I love you."

"Well, well, Lucy," said I, "I did not mean to hurt you. I know not why I reproached you. I am not well; and when I feel thus, I know not what I say."

"Kiss me, then," said she, "and tell me you are not angry with me; and do not think now, that I am tired of living here with you. I will do every thing to make you happy. I will not ask you to read. I will put away my work and read to you in future. I have seen you silent, looking unhappy, and have said nothing—thinking that was best, as I did not know what it was that made you so; and you have thought, perhaps, that I was vexed with you, and wished to show it by a sullen air. But now I will strive to make you cheerful. I will read and sing to you, and we will play at draughts, sometimes, as we used to do. Indeed, I like this old place, and all that live in it, and never was so happy in my life as I have been since I came here."

I placed my hand upon her head, and kissed her on the forehead, saying nothing.

"You are trembling," she exclaimed; "this is not merely illness. You have some sorrow on your mind that haunts you. Tell me what

it is that ails you; perhaps I may be able to console you. I have not so much experience as you; but sometimes a young mind can advise the oldest and the most experienced. Perhaps, too, you magnify your trouble by brooding over it; you think upon it, till your mind is clouded, and you can not see the remedy, which I, looking at it for the first time, might see directly. Besides," she said, seeing me hesitate, "if you do not tell me, I shall always be unhappy—imagining a hundred evils, each, perhaps, more serious than the truth."

"No, Lucy," said I, "I am unwell; I have felt thus for some time, and to-night I feel worse. I must go to bed; I shall be better after a night's rest."

I lighted a candle, and, bidding her good-night, left her and stole up to bed—afraid to stay longer, lest I should be tempted to reveal my secret. Oh, how could I endure the thought of her kind words, more painful to me than the coldest scorn! She had said she loved me as a father. In the midst of all her kindness, she had spoken of my age and my experience. Did I, then, look so old as that? Yes, I knew that it was not my years which made me old; it was my staid manners, my grave and thoughtful face, which made me look an old man, even in my prime. Bitterly I complained of my father, who had shut me out from the knowledge of all that makes life beautiful; who had biased me to a belief that such a life as his was best, by hiding from me all comparison; till now, when I perceived my error, it was too late to repair it. I surveyed my antiquated garments with disgust; my huge cravat; the very hair of my head, by long training, become old-fashioned beyond all reclaiming. My whole appearance was that of a man who had slept for half a century, except that I was without a speck or soil. I believe they would have admitted me to a masquerade in such a dress, without a single alteration, and think that I had hired it for the occasion. But a new hope sprang up within me. I would change my way of life—I would try to be more cheerful; I would wear more modern clothes, and endeavor, at least, not to make myself look older than I was.

I have known nothing like the peace of mind which these thoughts brought me, for many days. I wondered that what was so obvious had not occurred to me before. I had gone about dreaming in my absent way, brooding unprofitably over my troubles, instead of devising something practical and useful. But I would act differently—I would not despair. Five-and-forty years was, after all, no great age. I recalled to my mind many instances of men marrying long after that time with women younger than themselves, and living afterward very happily. I remembered one of our wardens who married at sixty a young and very beautiful woman, and every one saw how happy they were, and how she loved her husband for years, till a rascal, by slow and artful steps,

won over her affections, and she ran away with him. But Lucy would not do that; I knew too well the goodness of her nature to have any fear of such a result. Then I thought how kind I would be to her—studying every way that could amuse and please a youthful mind; till she, seeing how all my life was devoted to her, would come to love me in the end. I planned out minutely our way of life. I would invite more friends to visit us, and we would go out and visit others. We would play at our old game of draughts together in the winter evenings, and sometimes I would take her to the theatre. In the summer we would go into the country—lingering all day long in quiet, shady places, and returning about dusk. Sweet thoughts, that held my mind until I slept, and lingered, breeding pleasant dreams.

The next day I visited my tailor, who took my orders with evident astonishment. My clothes were brought home in a few days, and I threw off my knee-breeches, as I thought, forever. I felt a little uneasy in my new attire—my legs had been so long used to feel cool and unrestrained, that the trowsers were irksome. However, I supposed I should soon become accustomed to them; and they really made me look some years younger. What would my father have said if he had visited the earth that day and seen me? My hair, however, was less manageable—in vain I parted it on the right side, and brushed it sideways, instead of backward, as I had hitherto done. For five-and-forty years it had been brushed in one direction, and it seemed as if nothing but five-and-forty years' daily brushing in the other, could ever reverse it. I descended from my room, trying to look unconscious of any thing unusual in my appearance. It was court-day: the Warden and Assistants stared at me, and would have laughed, no doubt, if most of them had not left off laughing for many years. Some of them, however, coughed; and one addressed to me some simple questions, evidently intended to test my sanity. I felt a little vexed; for I thought it was no concern of theirs, if I chose to adopt some alterations in my dress. However, I said nothing, but went quietly through my duties. Tom Lawton was there. It should have been a joyful day for him; for they increased his salary at that court. But he looked at me compassionately, and evidently thought, like the rest, that I was going mad. I was, however, amply consoled—for Lucy was pleased to see the change in my dress and manners. I laughed and chatted with her, and she read to me, and sang, as she had promised. Thus I went on for some time; when something of my old restlessness came back. I saw how little she suspected that I loved her more than as a friend; and fearing still to let her know the truth, I felt that I might go on thus for years to little purpose. So, by degrees, I returned to my former sadness, and became again reserved and thoughtful.

One night, I descended from my little room into the garden, and walked about with my

hat in my hand, for I felt feverish and excited. Night after night, my sleep had been broken and disturbed by dreams, that glided from my memory when I woke, but left a feeling of despondency that followed me throughout the day. Sometimes, I thought, myself, that my reason was deserting me. We were very busy at that time, and Tom Lawton and I were to have worked together all the evening, but I had left him; utterly unable to fix my attention upon what I set before me. I paced to and fro several times, when passing by the window where I had left him at work, I heard him speaking with some one. A word, which I fancied having caught, made me curious, and I mounted upon a stone ledge and listened; for the sliding pane of glass which served to ventilate the Hall had been pushed back, and I could hear distinctly when I applied my ear to the aperture. The light being inside, I could not be seen, although I could see his desk. The lamp was shaded, and the window was of stained glass, so that I did not see very clearly. But I had a quick vision for such a scene as that before me.

That form standing beside Tom Lawton, with its hand in his, was Lucy's! The blood rushed to my head. A thousand little lights were dancing before my eyes. I felt myself falling, but I made an effort, and clutched the window-sill and listened. It was Lucy's voice that I heard first.

"Hush!" she said, "I heard a noise; there is some one coming. Good-night! Good-night!"

"No, no," said Tom, "it is the wind beating the dead leaves against the window."

They seemed to listen for a moment, and then he spoke again,

"Oh, Miss Lucy, do not run away before we have talked together a little. I see you now so seldom, and when I do there are others present, and I can not speak to you of what is always uppermost in my thoughts. I think of you all day, and at night I long for the next morning, to be in the same house with you, in the hope of seeing you before I go; though I am continually disappointed. I think I am unfortunate in all but one thing, though that consoles me for the rest—I think you love me a little, Lucy."

"Yes, Tom, I do; a great deal. I have told you so many times, and I am not ashamed to repeat it. I would not hide it from any one, if you did not tell me to do so. But why do you tease yourself with fancies, and think yourself unfortunate? I do not know why we should not tell him all about it. He is the kindest being in the world, and I know he would not thwart me in any thing that could procure my happiness; and then, again, you are a favorite of his, and I am sure he would be delighted to think that we loved each other."

"No, no, Lucy; you must not say a word about it. What would he think of me, with nothing in the world but my small salary, en-

couraging such thoughts toward you, who are rich; and going on like this—laying snares, as he would say, for months, to gain your affections, and never saying a word about it; bringing, too, disgrace upon him, as your guardian, that he had suffered a poor clerk in his office to find opportunities of speaking to you alone, and at last persuading you to promise to become his wife one day?"

"All this you have told me many a time; but indeed this need not be an obstacle. I wish that I had not sixpence in the world. My money is become a misfortune to us, instead of a blessing, as it should be. I wish I might give it away, or renounce it altogether. I am sure we should be as well without it, one day; and if we had to wait a long time, we should still be able to see one another openly, and not have to watch for secret opportunities, as if we were doing wrong. You do not know, Tom, how unhappy the thought of all this makes me. I never had a secret before, that I feared to tell before the whole world; and now I sit, night after night, with him from whom I should conceal nothing, and feel that I am deceiving him. Every time he looks at me, I fancy that he knows all about it, and thinks me an artful girl, and waits to see how long I shall play my part before him. Many times I have been tempted to tell him all, in spite of your injunction, and beg him not to be angry with me because I had not dared to tell him before. I would have taken all blame upon myself, and said that I had loved you secretly before you had ever spoken to me about it—any thing I would have said rather than feel myself deceitful, as I do!"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Tom, in a broken voice, "you must not—you must not, indeed, ever give way to such an impulse. I know not what might come of it, if he knew. It would ruin us—perhaps, be the cause of our being separated forever—make him hate us both, and never pardon me, at least, while he lives. Oh, Lucy! I have not told you all. Something yet more serious remains behind."

"Tell me—what is this, Tom?—you alarm me!"

"Come here then, and bring your ear closer. No; I will not tell you. Do not ask me again. It is, perhaps, only a fancy, which has come into my head because I am anxious about you, and imagine all kinds of misfortunes that might arise to make us wretched. But, oh! if I am right, we are, indeed, unfortunate. No misfortune that could befall us could be equal to this."

Lucy's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not like to go back into the parlor," she said, "lest he should be there, and ask me why I have been crying. He was in his room, upstairs, I think, just now, and he may have come down, and I am sure I could not stand before him as I am. You have, indeed, made me miserable. Oh! Tom, Tom, do tell me what this is?"

"I *can not* tell you," he replied, "it would not be right to breathe a word about it till I have surer ground for my suspicion. Let me dry your eyes, and now go back into the parlor, or your absence will be observed."

Twice he bade her "good-night" before she left him, and each time I saw him put his arms about her, and kiss her; then he called after her,

"Lucy!"

She turned back, and ran up to him.

"I hardly know why I called you back. Only, I may not see you again for some time, and it may be many, many days, before I can speak to you alone."

"Well?"

I trembled for what he was about to say, and in my anxiety to catch his words, I put my ear closer, and, in so doing, struck the door of the ventilator.

"Hark! I thought I heard something moving. Go, go!" said Tom. "Good-night! Good-night!" And she glided across the hall, and was gone in a moment.

In the eagerness with which I had listened to their conversation, I had not had time to feel the terrible blow which I had received. It was only when the voices ceased, that I felt how all my hopes had been shattered in a moment. I relaxed my hold; and, alighting on the ground, walked again to and fro—but more hurriedly than before. I had never dreamed of this: Tom Lawton!

I sat down upon the garden-seat, and wept and sobbed like a child—the first time for many years. I could not help feeling angry with them both. "Oh!" thought I, "Tom Lawton, you were right in thinking that I should never pardon you for this. You have taken away the one hope of my life. I shall hate you while I live. Lucy, also, I blame; but my anger is chiefly with you. In order to shield you, she would have told me, poor child, that she only was to blame; but I know better. You have laid snares for her, and inveigled her; your heart told you that you had, when you put the words into my mouth."

I walked about and sat down again several times. I groaned aloud, for my heart was swelled almost to bursting. So I continued for some time fiercely denouncing my rival to myself; but that night, upon my bed, when I was worn out with my passion, a better feeling came upon me. I grew more calm and resigned to my misfortune. I saw how useless—nay, how wrong, would be all persecution; and I felt that it was natural that the young should love the young before the old. So, with a sorrowful and humbled spirit, I resolved to encourage them and bring about their union. God knows how much the resolution cost me; but it brought with it a certain peace of mind—a consciousness of doing rightly—which sustained me in my purpose. I would not delay a day, lest my resolution should waver. In the morning I walked into the parlor, and bidding Tom Law-

ton follow me, stood there before him and Lucy. Tom looked pale as if he dreaded my anger.

"I expect," said I, "a direct answer to what I am going to ask you. Have you not given your faith to one another?"

Tom turned paler still; but Lucy answered before he could say a word, and confessing all, said she took the blame upon herself; but Tom interrupted her, exclaiming that he only was to blame.

"There is no blame attached to either," said I, "except for a little concealment, for which I pardon you."

Thus far I had done the duty which I had set before me; but I did not feel it to be completed till they were married.

About three months after I gave my permission, and the day was fixed. I saw them the happiest creatures upon earth. They never knew my secret. That Tom had suspected it, and that it was to that he referred when he was speaking to Lucy in the hall, I had never doubted; though the readiness with which I had befriended them had deceived him. He had taken a small house, and every thing was ready. But, on the day before their wedding, my heart failed me. I knew then that I had never ceased to love her, and I could not endure the thought of her marriage. I felt that I must go away until the day was past; so I gave out that I had suddenly received a summons to go into the country, and that it was my wish that the marriage should not be delayed on that account. That night I went away, not caring whither.

I know what were my thoughts in those two days that I was absent. When I returned, the Hall was silent—Lucy was gone; and I was again alone in the old place.

I remain there.

HOW TO BE IDOLIZED.

THE hyperbole of being "idolized" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Sunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and, once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odor of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until din-

ner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife, and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterward, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Among the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savans* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly,

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis, smilingly.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterward read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gaz*, light, in the Malagasy tongue.) To this divinity they are ardent-