

A PRINCESS FAIR

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

OUT from her casement a princess fair
 Leaned to watch the waves below;
 The salt wind played with her golden hair,
 As she watched their ebb and flow.

Each glittering wave was blue and gay,
 And salt as any brine may be;
 The lady's eyes were blue as they,
 And her tears as salt as the sea.

The princess leaned from her casement wide
 She said: "You are very fair, oh Sea!
 And I would that your restless, azure tide
 Were flowing fathoms over me."

STRAY GLIMPSES OF THACKERAY

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

IT HAPPILY does not always follow that one cares for an author in exact proportion to the sale of his books, or even to the degree of their merit; otherwise some of us might be overpowered by friends and others remain solitary all our



MRS. RITCHIE

lives long. It also does not follow that people who write books are those who see most of each other. On the contrary, authors as a rule prefer, I think, playmates of other professions than their own, and seldom keep together in the same way that soldiers do, for instance, or dandies, or lawyers, or members of Parliament. Lawyers, politicians, soldiers, and even doctors, do a great deal of work together in one another's company; but the hours do not suit for literary people, and one rarely hears of five or six authors sitting down in a row to write books. They are generally shut up apart in different studies, with strict orders given that nobody is to be shown in. This was my father's rule, only it was constantly broken; and many people used to pass in and out during his working hours, and of course one way and another we saw a great many people of different sorts.

ONE of the most notable people who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street, Kensington, is a guest never to be forgotten by me, a tiny, delicate, little person, whose small hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly! The hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it spring the well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Charlotte Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little "barège" dress, with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress; the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss Brontë, for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle himself, was there, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste; "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys" says the philosopher. Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to the sofa and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and silence to cope with it at all. In one of my excursions crossing the hall I was surprised to see him opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time, nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterward, when one day Mrs. Procter asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet "Jane Eyre" at his house. It was one of the dullest evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation, the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation and the gloom, and how, finally overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room and gone off to his club.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The editor expected that he would be able to present an original article by Mrs. Ritchie, but her manifold literary and domestic duties prevented, and the above "glimpses" were revised by permission from "Macmillan's Magazine" and substituted. The JOURNAL hopes, however, to publish the expected article by Mrs. Ritchie in a future issue.

MY father was very fond of going to the play, and used to take us when we were children, one on each side of him, in a hansom. He used to take us to the opera, too, which was less of a treat. Magnificent envelopes with unicorns and heraldic emblazonments used to come very constantly containing tickets for the opera. In those days we thought everybody had boxes for the opera as a matter of course. We used to be installed in the front places with our chins resting on the velvet ledges of the box. For a time it used to be very delightful, and sometimes I used to suddenly wake up to find the singing still going on as in a dream. Alas, I never possessed a note of music of my own, though I have cared for it in a patient, unrequited way all my life long. My father always loved music and understood it, too. He knew his opera tunes by heart. I have always liked the little story of his landing with his companions at Malta on his way to the East, and as no one of the company happened to speak Italian he was able to interpret the whole party by humming the lines from various operas. "Un biglietto-Eccolo qua," says my father to the man from the shore, "Lascé daren! la mano," and he helped Lady T. up the gangway, and so on. He used sometimes to bring Mr. Ella home to dine with him, and he liked to hear his interesting talk about music.

AT the back of the house in Young Street was the study where my father used to write. The vine shaded his two windows, which looked out upon the bit of garden and the medlar tree and the Spanish Jessamines, the yellow flowers of which scented our old brick walls. The top school-room was over my father's bed-room, and the bed-room was over the study where he used to write. We kept our dolls, our bricks, our books, our baby-houses and most of our stupid little fancies in the top room. My little sister had a menagerie of snails and flies on the sunny window-sill. These latter, chiefly invalids rescued out of milk-jugs, lay upon rose leaves in various little pots and receptacles. She was very fond of animals and so was my father—at least he always liked "our" animals. Now looking back I am full of wonder at the number of cats we were allowed to keep, though De La Pluche, the butler, and Gray, the housekeeper, waged war against them.

ON one occasion a friend told me he was talking to my father and mentioning some one in good repute at the time, and my father incidentally spoke as if he knew of a murder that person had committed. "You know it, then," said the other man, "who could have told you?" My father had never been told but he had known it all along, he said, and indeed he sometimes spoke of this curious feeling he had about people at times as if uncomfortable facts in their past history were actually revealed to him. At the same time I do not think anybody had a greater enjoyment than he in other people's goodness and well-doing. He used to be proud of a boy's prizes at school, he used to be proud of a woman's sweet voice, or of her success in housekeeping. He had a friend in Victoria Road, hard by, whose delightful household ways he used to describe, and I can still hear the lady he called "Jingleby" warbling "O du schone mullérin" to his great delight. Any generous thing or word seemed like something happening to himself. How proudly he used to tell the story of his old friend Mr. F., of the "Garrick," who gave up half a fortune as a matter of course because he thought it right to do so, and how he used to be stirred by a piece of fine work. I can remember when "David Copperfield" came out hearing him say to my grandmother "that little Em'ly's letter to Old Peggotty was a masterpiece." I wondered to hear him at the time, for that was not at all the part I cared for most, nor indeed could I imagine how little Em'ly ever was so stupid as to run away from Peggotty's enchanted house-boat.

But then my father was Thackeray, and I am I.

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER

TEACH her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body he intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life, who show in their appearance that their habits are bad.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.