

was slight to absurdity ; to him, biassed by his wife's repeated exaggerations, by Constance's mute acquiescence in the same, by his own observations, and by the memory of his sister and her husband, it seemed conclusive.

Bit by bit Helen combated each proof ; the whole fabric was taken to pieces, and lo ! it was built upon sand. He could not help laughing as, one by one, his arguments were demolished.

"You are a second Portia, Mrs. Craven," he cried gaily, for she had lifted a load off his heart ; "and I thank you sincerely for your masterly defence of Winny. Every word you have uttered has caused me immeasurable satisfaction. I am on the high

road to conviction, but I confess that I should like to hear from her own lips that I have been mistaken."

"That I will manage," said Helen, "and, I hope, without wounding her pride, which," with a laugh, "is very sensitive. However, better wound her pride than let her heart continue to suffer. I am afraid you must not see her to-day, but perhaps to-morrow, in the afternoon, when she is always at her best. Meanwhile, I will act as ambassadress. Now, will you come and see Mr. Craven ? He has a new treasure to show you, which he thinks will make you very jealous."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

END OF A SUMMER DAY.

WHEN fades the summer twilight sweet, and rest
Falls on the world from the deep heavens afar,
Behold ! out of the rosy-wreathèd west
Into my casement glows a golden star
Exuberant along the festal brine,
Brightening the bubbles on my vase of wine ;
While, from the beach beneath, a voice rehearses

Fancies and golden thoughts in melodies ;
And all the void unto the raptured eyes
Dazzles with endless drifts of universes,
Throbbing with music, light and life divine :—
Then comes a wind ; and through the shadows dull,
Alone remain in those immensities
A lyre, a broken amphora, and skull.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

BY A PERSONAL FRIEND.



VERY human being has something of his own which is worth contributing to the records of his kind. There is not a life, however short, obscure or commonplace, which does not contain much of interest and importance to historian, sociologist, or scientist. It may be a growing appreciation of this truth which has made the present age so rich in autobiography and reminiscence. Sometimes it may seem to us that the present century can give the future no such enigmas as the past has bequeathed to it. What would we not give for some full correspondence of William Shakespeare's, or for a diary by Milton's daughters detailing his daily life, or a "report" by the keeper of the "Man in the Iron Mask" ? Yet it may be that our own time is keeping its own secrets, which shall lie unheeded till the period for possible solution is past, and that among our contemporaries those in whom our descendants shall take most interest are precisely those who are not prophets in their own place and their own days : who find neither a Boswell nor a

Froude, and who may pass quite beyond our ken ere their true significance is revealed.

Still, we hail with gratitude every attempt to sketch any salient figure in the life-panorama which relentless Time so swiftly rolls past us. Especial gratitude is due to those who, spared beyond the ordinary span of life, can give living colour and warmth to the dry facts of change and progress. It is a wise counsel to the young to be keen and interested observers of all about them, since what they see and hear in youth constitutes a priceless store to make old age valuable and attractive. Even in middle age we begin to reap the fruits of such far-seeing policy. We do not need to claim the attention of the boys and girls about us if we begin to retail our mistiest memories of the Chartist riots, and the foundation of the French Empire, to say nothing of our clearer recollections of the Iron Duke's funeral, the Great Exhibition of '51, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, or the liberation of Italy.

Such a store is set before us by Mr. S. C. Hall, widely known as an author and editor, who has recently beguiled the leisure of age and bereavement by preparing for the world his "Recollections of a Long Life." He introduces his work by saying that he has "lived in eventful times : rather, perhaps, as an

observer than an actor, and is like the waiter, who at a well-furnished table will take better note of the guests than he who is numbered among them." Many will disagree with this humble estimate of his own position, except so far as it may enhance the value of his notes.

Mr. Hall was born in 1800, when social life in England looked very different from what it does to-day: tinder-boxes were universal household gods—link-boys and sedan-chairs were features of every festive gathering, and trains had not supplanted stage-coaches. Mr. Hall tells a story of how a man secured a comfortable breakfast in a fashion which would scarcely answer under the imperious train-bells of York or Carlisle. "When all the other passengers had hurried out to the cry of 'Coach ready!' one man was seen quietly sipping his tea. 'Coach starting, sir,' quoth the landlord. 'But I shan't start,' responded the traveller, 'until I have eaten my egg, which I can't do until I find a spoon.' 'A spoon!' exclaimed Boniface, and in alarm scanned the breakfast-table. Not a spoon was there; rushing out, he stopped the coach and insisted on every passenger being searched. Presently out stalked the traveller and quietly took his seat, submitting to be searched also. Just as the coach started he called out to the landlord, 'You may as well look inside the tea-pot;' and there, sure enough, the dozen silver spoons were found."

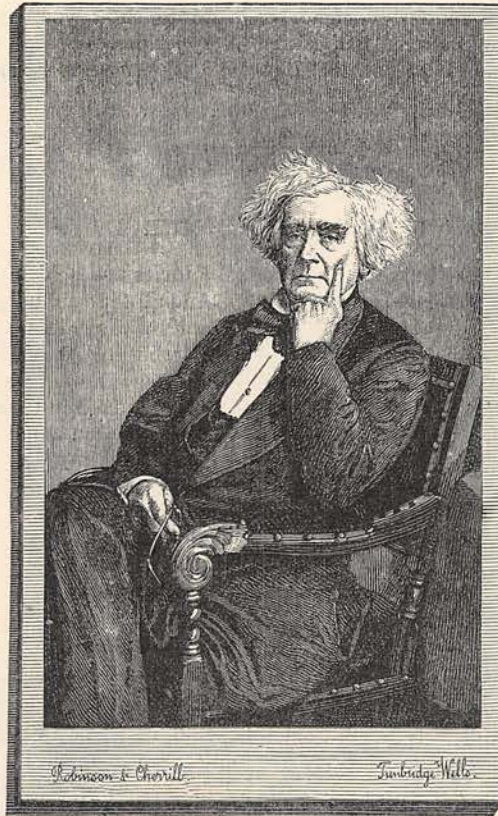
Mr. Hall remembers what the "services" were before the days of cramming and "exams." He reports a good story told him by an aged naval officer, who had been at the taking of a French ship. After the battle was over, it had been his duty, as a matter of form, to report the result. He found the admiral in a mood of great irritation, pacing up and down, pens and paper scattered over the table. "Sir," said the junior, "I have the pleasure to report to you that the French ship has struck, and is our prize." He repeated his words, when the old fellow struck in sharply, "Yes, yes, I know: we've fought a battle and won

it, but the worst of it is to come." "May I ask, sir, what that is?" inquired the amazed subaltern. "Yes," said the admiral, pointing to the scattered papers around him; "there's that letter to write to the Admiralty!" He could win a battle, but he could not readily draw up a report, which would be but a slight task for a Board-school boy of to-day. Another naval officer received a state paper, with a string of instructions. On his return it was his duty to make his report, and he did it satisfactorily, if laconically, by taking the paper that contained his instructions, and adding to each item the single phrase "Done it," "Done it," "Done it."

Mr. Hall remembers when there was fierce opposition to the formation of suburban cemeteries in place of the old town churchyards. Some arguments in favour of the change were startling: Laman Blanchard heard a lady persuade her husband to bury their dead child at Kensal Green, "because it would be so convenient for a picnic."

Mr. Hall's own duties as reporter, editor, and author made him the acquaintance of many celebrities, and he has filled pages of his book with little characteristic bits of their history or experience. He narrates that sitting with Thomas Moore and his wife in their home at Sloperton, he asked the poet, "Will you tell me where you wrote the lines on 'The Meeting of the Waters'—

'Sweet Vale of Avoca'?'—for some say one place, and some another. There are, as you know, two 'sweet vales' where the waters 'meet': a spot is pointed out under one umbrageous tree where the 'neighbours' say you wrote them. I should much like to know." The poet shook his head, and with an assumed solemn look and tone said, "Ah! that is a secret I never tell to any one." But Mrs. Moore audibly whispered, "It was in an attic at Brompton!" A companion story is told by Maria Edgeworth of Sir Walter Scott. When some visitors declared that they must see Melrose according to the counsel of his poem, "Go visit it in the pale moonlight," Sir Walter



*Ever your friend,
S. C. Hall*

observed, "Yes, let us make up a party; I have never yet seen it so myself."

Mrs. Moore furnished Mr. Hall with a delightful story. The poet Bowles (now only remembered by Coleridge's eulogium) had once presented her with a Bible. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so: absent-mindedly inscribing the sacred volume as a gift to her "from the Author." Bowles was one of those who provide their friends with any amount of harmless fun. He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day he presented his twopence as usual to the gate-keeper. "What is this for, sir?" asked the man. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet; "am I walking?"

On another occasion there was a dinner party at Bowles' house. The guests and the dinner were both kept waiting for the appearance of the host. At last his wife went upstairs to see what mischance had delayed him. She found him in a terrible "taking," hunting everywhere for a silk stocking that he could not find. After due and careful search, Mrs. Bowles at last discovered the reason of the loss. He had put both stockings on one leg! But let any of our ambitious young readers remember that these are anecdotes of a forgotten poetaster, not of any of the "mighty men" whose feet are generally as firmly planted on the practical earth as their heads are loftily reared above the clouds.

Mr. Hall has many anecdotes to tell of the low estimation in which artists often find that their craft is held by the common people. Macnee, the painter, told him that he had seen a woman whose soul was in her farm, listen to the arguments of a group of artists concerning art with utter astonishment that such childish things should so occupy the thoughts of bearded men. At length she exclaimed in broad Scottish phraseology, "Save us, Mr. Macnee! if they don't think as much about pictures as if they were sheep!" J. D. Harding, the landscape painter, re-

lated that while he was sitting under a hedge sketching, a shadow suddenly came over his paper, and a voice followed, "I could do that: first you make a scrat here, and then you make a scrat there: any fool could do that!"

Mr. Hall and the sweet Irish lady, his gifted wife, knew Ireland intimately years ago, while that poor country was still groaning under many wrongs which

have already been removed, though not before they had implanted seeds of wrath and woe which bear bitter fruits to-day. Mr. Hall thinks that Irish wit is on the decline. He declares that the old race of car-drivers is nearly gone. Then he proceeds to give a sample of the drollery of former times. A driver was wrapping himself in a thick great-coat because the heavens gave some threat of a storm. "You seem to take good care of yourself, my friend," said his fare. "To be sure I do, your honour. *What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?*"

He considers that division has been the curse of Irish counsels, saying that the history of Irish agitation against England reminds one of Curran's story concerning a lodging where he passed a night: "that the fleas were so numerous and so ferocious that if they had been but *unanimous* they would have pulled him out of bed."

Mr. Hall remembers the feeble first start of great discoveries, enterprises, and movements,

which possess the world so completely to-day that it is hard to believe that, at the beginning of this century, it managed to get on without them. He relates that one evening when he was present at a reception at the house of John Martin, the once famous painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," "there came to the house a young man who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon a grand piano, and excited a laugh when he said, 'You will be surprised if I tell you that is done by lightning.' It was Mr. Charles Wheatstone, then a music publisher in Conduit Street, afterwards Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S. In that doll, perhaps,



Your sincere friend
Anna Maria Hall

the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden."

A "happy thought" gave "a palace of glass" for the first show of the world's industry—the "Great Exhibition of 1851." "The difficulty had been foreseen of erecting a huge structure of brick and mortar, that should be *dry* by the beginning of next year, when a lucky thought occurred to Mr. Joseph Paxton, the head gardener of the Duke of Devonshire. The huge conservatory of glass at Chatsworth was in his 'mind's eye' while journeying by railway from London to Derbyshire: he conceived the idea of imitating it on a gigantic scale—as an exhibition building. He traced his plan on a large sheet of blotting-paper that he chanced to have with him in his travelling-bag. Once made public, every one immediately exclaimed, 'How easy!' and, in fact, when conceived the undertaking was as good as completed."

Mr. Hall has significant words to say concerning the small beginnings whence great endings come. The great Hospital for Consumption at Brompton originated in a young solicitor's discovery of the difficulty of providing suitable refuge for a consumptive clerk. The Nightingale Fund for the training of nurses was started by Mrs. S. C. Hall, feeling that Florence Nightingale's services in the Crimea deserved some emphatic recognition, and accordingly taking counsel with other influential ladies how best this could be done.

Mr. Hall concludes his "Recollections" by a slight sketch of the departed wife, whose fame was of a wider and more "household" type than his own, whose "books for children" were the treasured favourites of those on whose own hair the silver is now thickening. Mr. Hall sets before us the wife, the author, the enthusiastic philanthropist, and yet we may be forgiven for thinking he has dwelt too little on one of the sweetest lights in his wife's portrait—her wonderful sympathy for and influence upon individuals. We have seen scores of letters in which she threw herself into the hearts and lives of young people who had not the remotest claim on her, and who could have presented no points of interest for eyes with less loving insight. To one such, whom then she had not even seen, she could write, out of the midst of her full and busy life, "Will you come and see me, and consider me an old friend, and let me then think for you, as I do for numbers of young people?" And out of that meeting—a crisis in the history of the younger woman—rose a true, faithful friendship, ever watchful for opportunities to shed brightness on a young life in its first independent struggles, condescending to give advice on the minutest details. "I wish you would cultivate habits of neatness and order in all things: this would impose great self-restraint upon you for perhaps a year; but the habit, once formed, would be a blessing to you and to all around you during your whole life. A woman should give—as a means of health and good looks—a certain portion of the morning to the *duties* of the toilet. . . . She ought to be able to find all she wants in the dark, and to fold whatever she puts by. . . . Her bonnet-

cap should be clean and her bonnet-strings properly tied, her gloves mended (*by herself*), and whatever colours she wears should be suited to her complexion. These are the decent duties she owes herself and society. A tenpenny cotton can be as well chosen as a ten-guinea silk. Now I dare say you think this somewhat beneath the consideration of a clever body. Believe me, no. The graces of life are the sweetness of life in high and low."

Her advice as to authorship was always sound and strong. She could warn eager aspirants after literary fame that if they meant "to do any good" they must lay aside their pen for three or four years, and store their minds with something to write about before they resumed it. Her own methods of work were simple and wholesome. "Whenever I used to feel (indeed, whenever even now I feel) my head get hot and 'bothered'—which is not often, thank God!—I never continue at my desk. I place my pen in its rest, and set about a game with the dogs, call up the housemaid and look over the linen, or take up some embroidery, or go to the piano and play over the melodies I love so well; and if I could not do this, I would weed the flowers or dust the furniture: do whatever was most rest for the brain, and sent my thoughts swinging into another train."

And how ready she was to appreciate and inspire! On a New Year's Day she could find time to write: "I ask God to bless you, to increase your power for good, to enable you to put away with a strong hand and a brave heart all temptations which beset young authors and lead them to study popularity rather than truth. You are going on steadily in the right path, and becoming what I loyally believed you would, if you had courage in those early days to forego the temptation of writing until you wrote from the overflowing of a well-stored mind. My little —" (here came in one of the pet names she often bestowed so happily), "nothing of the hereafter can give me more pleasure than the memory of your patience and your obedience to my advice—hard as I knew it was to follow! I was drawn to you, as you know, from the first." Yet, after all this zealous watchfulness and careful guidance, she was ready to recognise that a time may come to any soul when it is bound to go on its own way—possibly lonely and misunderstood. And she could then bind it in allegiance for ever by being strong enough to write: "I have been thinking over my note to you, or rather, a portion of it, and feel that, however I may love you, I have no right to thrust my advice upon you *now*. Forget that I did so, but still believe in my friendship and affection."

Here are her wise words on the debateable land where candour ends and tale-telling begins—a boundary which has perplexed most of us. "It is decidedly your duty under the circumstances you mention to impart the 'something' that has jarred upon you to 'others,' who may be forming 'a different estimate of the individual in your mind to what you believe is the right.' It is possible that the 'others' may be able to see differently, and to remove your impression, while to suffer them to remain in darkness is decidedly

wrong." Then follows a kindly gibe at the reserve which was a characteristic of her young correspondent: "I wish you were an oyster, and I had a good oyster-knife and strength of *wrist* to open you!"

Nobody who had the honour of entering the hospitable home which Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall upheld during their long married life of more than fifty years will ever forget the pleasing picture. Works of art by famous men adorned the walls; objects of interest lay on every hand. There were the flowers and the music which Mrs. Hall loved so ardently. Above all, there was herself, with a kindly welcome beaming from the lovely Irish face, which could never have

lacked beauty, though it had that which throws beauty into the shade—that something which no artist and no photographer could ever adequately catch, and which since her death, in the winter of 1881, has only lingered in the memories of those who loved her.

Mr. Hall's own volumes of "Recollections" are enriched by engravings from De la Roche's portrait of himself, taken in 1847, and from Maclise's portrait of Mrs. Hall, drawn in 1830. But we have chosen to illustrate this paper from photographs taken in later life, showing them both as surviving friends best remember them.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

AFTER THE SPANISH OF ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS.


 VER sands of gold
 Run thy silvern feet,
 Ever fair and fleet,
 Fountain bright and cold.
 All my tears thou takest,
 Heedless of the giver,
 To the rushing river,
 When his need thou slakest.
 Thou art laughing gaily,
 Yet thy smiles betray me,
 Yet thy glances slay me,
 I am dying daily.

Thou stream of my desire,
 I give thee thus my all,
 I let the gift-drops fall;

Flow on, I will not tire;
 For while thy course thou wearest,
 My years thou with thee bearest,
 And my heart is ever singing
 Of the woe that I am bringing.

O fountain fresh and fair,
 On we pass, an equal pair—
 Thou along thy wonted path,
 I through all that ever hath
 Shadowed me.

Wilt thou lisp a liquid lie,
 Dost thou sparkle thus for ever?
 Thou art something less than I,
 For, once ceasing, thou couldst die—
 Ceasing, dying, I shall never
 Cease to be.

H. W. WATSON.

OUR GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.



E continue this month our preparations for the flower display of the next season: our stock of cuttings that was taken last month we now stow away in winter quarters in our greenhouse, which, by Michaelmas, we ought to have filled from end to end with all the plants that will occupy us so much when there is less to do outside. We make a point, however, of giving plenty of air, more particularly at first, and the house itself should be kept thoroughly

clean and dry. We must, too, this month be particularly on our guard against overcrowding: we feel just now so strongly inclined to say, Oh! we must save this plant and that plant, so that almost unawares we get our house more than full. Full of course it ought to be, but not overdone, for the plants in an overstocked house will grow sickly and lanky, and some will, perhaps, die off altogether. In addition, however, to our stock of cuttings, we have perhaps a few large flowers in pots, which are still well in bloom and which, with a little care, we hope will continue so for some time. Among these are sure to be some fuchsias, for we must have noticed these are disposed to continue in flower long after most of our bedding-out plants. A few words, then, on the habits and cultivation of the fuchsia may not be inexpedient. Now it is a mistake to cultivate all classes of the fuchsia in the same way. The old *Fuchsia fulgens*, for instance,