

"Go back there? must you?"

"I think I shall be obliged to. You see, my young family is expensive, and as I am a bachelor, and like India, it will be no hardship to me to return there."

"But what is the advantage of it?"

"Higher pay. I am mercenary, and look to the £ s. d."

At this moment Lady Lithsdale gives the signal for the ladies to adjourn into the drawing-room. What a wonderfully short dinner it has been! and yet the *menus* scattered over the table are of formidable length.

The evening passes away amid alternate grumblings at the extreme cold and dismal prognostications of snow. Lady Jane, who is in an acrid frame of mind, owing to Algy's palpably wandering thoughts at dinner, goes so far as to predict that they will be snowed up.

"Should you like it, Miss Vanstone?" she asks suddenly. "There would be a truce to the pheasants," she adds significantly.

"Certainly I should not like it," answers Christabel coldly. "I don't think any one would."

Snowed up, with Mr. Molyneux's perpetual attentions, with Lady Lithsdale's mother-in-lawish speeches, with Lady Jane! above all, shut up, snowed up with Piers! Would *that* be nice? She dare not answer; she knows that it would be—of course detestable.

Meanwhile Piers has strayed from the big drawing-

room, where they are all assembled, to a small ante-room, where a lamp suspended from the ceiling sheds a soft roseate light, and a big fire makes him welcome.

He wants to look his position with Christabel in the face now at once, and establish their relations towards one another once and for ever.

They are cousins; they meet constantly, and they are not to marry. Well, what of that? How many cousins are there who meet constantly, are the best of friends, and do not dream of marrying one another? Why should not he and Christabel do the same, become friends, and nothing more? The girl, so young, so beautiful, so comparatively friendless, so rich, interests him: so he says to himself. Is he to allow that will, directed, as he knows, against his family, and therefore against himself, as the only marriageable man in the family, to come between him and the ordinary rational intercourse of a cousin? Surely not. Hitherto his pride has kept him aloof from her, but to-night the wall between them has seemed to crumble away, and they have been natural and out-spoken as had Myles Vanstone's will, with its subtle poison, never been written. And one ingredient there will be in their intercourse, that lacks in that between her and any other man: she cannot take him for a fortune-hunter, for at his touch her gold will melt away.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the great American romancist, a descendant of an old English family, one of whose members had emigrated to the New World early in the seventeenth century, was born in a house built by his grandfather in Union Street, Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1804. The records of his early life are few, and the meagre information they contain may be best summed up in Hawthorne's own words. "When I was eight or nine years old,"

he says, "my mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in

Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here I ran quite wild, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece, but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakspeare and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and any poetry or light books within my reach. Those were delightful days, for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by-and-by my good mother began to think it was necessary for her boy to do

something else, so I was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted me for college."

Hawthorne had now arrived at the age of seventeen years, and was in due course entered as a student of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where among his other compeers he made the acquaintance of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It was here that he conceived the design of becoming an author by profession. His leisure time had long been spent in scribbling articles, poems, stories, and sketches, most of which he afterwards burned, but some got into the magazines. As, however, the latter either appeared anonymously or under different titles, they did not have the effect of bringing him speedily under popular notice, though he was brought into contact thereby with publishers and others who recognised in these early efforts of his pen the signs of latent genius. The one who, however, took the greatest interest in him at this period was Mr. Goodrich, a gentleman of many estimable qualities, and the publisher of "The Token," the first annual ever issued in the United States, and for this magazine he was encouraged to employ his pen as much as he desired.

It was between the years 1830 and 1837 that Hawthorne began to become more widely known as a man of letters, and it was during the latter year that his "Twice-Told Tales" appeared, completely establishing his reputation.

About this time occurred two incidents which had

an important influence on the life and character of Hawthorne. Hitherto his life had been one of seclusion. "He was fast growing to be as a shadow, walking in a shadowy world, and losing all sense of reality in either himself or his surroundings. . . . The work which he had done in literature had not brought him satisfaction; it had failed to put him into vital and tangible relations with the world." Through the influence of George Bancroft, at that time the Collector at Boston, Hawthorne received the appointment of weigher and gauger in Boston Custom House, and though he held it only a couple of years, during which he had hard work to do in plenty, it enabled him "to realise his ambition of being entitled to call the sons of toil his brethren," and afterwards to "take up his pen once more with a new stimulus and appreciation, and with the certainty that mankind was a solid reality, and that he himself was not a dream."

Love, however, was exercising at this period of his existence a still greater influence upon the man. It was in 1838 that Hawthorne met his future wife, at that time Sophia Peabody, and this resulted in one of the happiest marriages it is possible to imagine. The two lovers were, from the first, in perfect sympathy with each other, and thenceforth the lady became Hawthorne's "true guardian and recreating angel." "She is a flower," he writes enthusiastically, "to be worn in no man's bosom, but was lent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

Sophia Peabody had from early childhood been subject to acute nervous headaches, the pain being, however, of such a nature as to sharpen rather than obscure her mental faculties. "In proportion as it made her physical world a torture and a weariness, it illuminated and beautified the world of her spirit." It had always been believed both by herself and her family that this chronic state of ill-health would prevent her from ever thinking of marriage, and indeed she only consented to let the engagement continue on condition that "their marriage was to be strictly contingent upon her own recovery from her twenty years' illness. . . . The likelihood of a cure taking place certainly did not seem very great; in fact, it would be little less than a miracle. Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished, and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician. When Sophia Peabody became Sophia Hawthorne, in 1842, she was for the first time since her infancy in perfect health; nor did she ever afterwards relapse into her previous condition of invalidism."

The year previous to this happy consummation, Hawthorne had been ousted from his office, and accordingly "resolved to try what virtue there might be, for him and his future wife, in the experiment of Brook Farm." Here he learnt how to plant corn and squashes, and to buy and sell at the market, but was unable to do much writing. "His pecuniary prospects were not reassuring; for he had sunk most of his Custom House savings in the community, and his publishers seem to have betrayed an illiberal tendency happily unknown in that guild at the present day."

Hawthorne was not, however, the man to wait for happiness until he had become a millionaire. His marriage took place on the 9th of July, 1842, and notwithstanding the many trials which they had shortly to combat, the lovers ever remained lovers still.

These married lovers were, three years after their wedding, at the most impoverished period of their life; even their friends considered their finances to be in a most desperate condition, and that to obtain some Government office was "the only alternative to the almshouse." For awhile, indeed, Hawthorne became Surveyor in the Salem Custom House, and life was relieved of some of its immediate anxieties, but this happy state of affairs did not last long. What is described as "a bit of shrewd political manœuvring" on the part of persons professing to be his friends caused Hawthorne to be deprived of his Surveyorship, and brought him back into the domain of letters. Things had reached their worst, and began to mend, as it seemed, in all directions at once. "On the day he received the news of his discharge, Hawthorne came home several hours earlier than usual, and when his wife expressed pleasure and surprise at his prompt re-appearance, he called her attention to the fact that he had left his head behind him. 'Oh, then,' exclaimed Mrs. Hawthorne buoyantly, 'you can write your book!' for Hawthorne had been bemoaning himself for some time back, at not having leisure to write down a story that had long been weighing on his mind. He smiled, and remarked that it would be agreeable to know where their bread and rice were to come from while the story was writing. But his wife was equal to the occasion. Hawthorne had been in the habit of giving her, out of his salary, a weekly sum for household expenses, and out of this she had every week contrived secretly to save something, until now there was quite a large pile of gold in the drawer of her desk. This drawer she forthwith, with elation, opened, and triumphantly displayed to him the unsuspected treasure. So he began 'The Scarlet Letter' that afternoon, and blessed his stars, no doubt, for sending him such a wife."

Hawthorne now bade good-bye to literary obscurity, and at once took high rank amongst popular authors. "The broad murmur of popular applause coming to his unaccustomed ears from all parts of his native country, and rolling in across the sea from academic England, gave him the spiritual refreshment born of the assurance that our fellow-creatures think well of the work we have striven to make good." From the time that "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, Hawthorne, indeed, "became a sort of Mecca of pilgrims with Christian's burden upon their backs. Secret criminals of all kinds came to him for counsel and relief. The letters he received from spiritual invalids would have made a strange collection."

His mental faculties never reached, it is said, a higher state of efficiency than at this time; but there is reason to fear, on the other hand, that he never quite recovered from the strain of that last year at Salem. Thenceforward he was more easily affected by external circumstances, and though he "retained a

solid basis of health and muscular energy up to the time of his daughter's nearly fatal illness in Rome, in 1858," the boundless elasticity of his youth was gone.

Removing to Lennox, in Massachusetts, Hawthorne renewed, however, his literary labours with wonderful vigour and success. "The House of the Seven Gables" was written at this time, and considerably strengthened the favourable impression which had been formed of his ability through his previous efforts. On the completion of this work, Hawthorne allowed himself a few months' necessary rest.

Towards the end of the year 1851, Hawthorne removed with his family to West Newton, not far from his old locality of Brook Farm, and it was here that he wrote his story of "The Blithedale Romance," which received equal favour with its predecessors. This was followed shortly afterwards by the well-known "Tanglewood Tales," and the biography of General Pierce, who was shortly afterwards elected to the Presidency of the United States. The latter work had an important bearing on Hawthorne's subsequent life, as it directly led to his being offered the appointment, which he forthwith accepted, of United States Consul to Liverpool. For the next six years his literary labours were limited to his official despatches and the composition of his various journals.

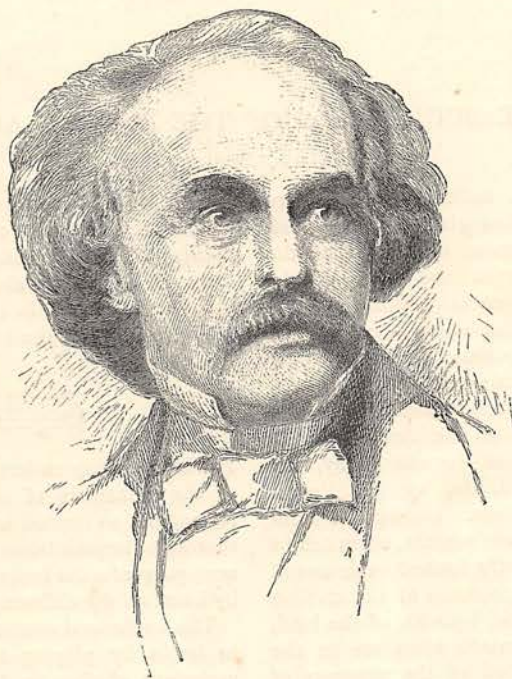
Hawthorne reached England about the middle of July, 1853, and took up his residence at Rock Ferry. It was a long time, however, before he could make up his mind to like England or the English people. In connection with this, the following amusing anecdote is related of him:—"One gloomy winter's day, Mr. Francis Bennoch (who tells the story) called on Hawthorne at Rock Park, and found him in a chair before the fire in the sitting-room, prodding the black coals in a disheartened fashion with the poker. 'Give me the poker, my dear sir!' exclaimed Mr. Bennoch, 'and I'll give you a lesson.' He seized the implement from Hawthorne's hand, and delivered two or three vigorous and well-aimed thrusts straight to the centre of the dark smouldering mass, which straightway sent forth a rustling luxuriance of brilliant flame. 'That's the way to get the warmth out of an English fire,' cried Mr. Bennoch, 'and that's the way to get the warmth out of an English heart too. Treat us

like that, my dear sir, and you'll find us all good fellows!' Hereupon Hawthorne brightened up as jovially as the fire, and (Mr. Bennoch thinks) thought better of England ever after."

The emoluments of his office did not prove so great as both Hawthorne and his friends had expected, but he and his wife had always looked forward to seeing England; and though the work was not altogether congenial to his tastes, he kept to his post until he had become fairly well acquainted, not only with the country of his ancestors, but with its people also. He resigned it in 1857, and sailed for Italy in January of the following year. Here he made a stay of eighteen months, and gathered material for "The Marble Faun" and other subsequent works. Returning to England in June, 1859, he took up his residence for awhile at Whitby, and afterwards at Redcar, where he resumed the literary work which had now for so long a time been laid aside. A twelvemonth later he returned to his old home at Concord, and either wrote or projected several other works. But "his physical energy was on the wane, and he lost flesh rapidly. The first winter, with its drifting snows, imprisoned him much in the house, and the ensuing spring found him languid and lacking in enterprise." Meantime the American Civil War had broken

out, and the enthusiasm which it engendered in Hawthorne's mind had a beneficial effect upon his spirits; but as the summer drew on this improvement had sensibly diminished: "he grew thinner, paler, and more languid day by day." During the winter of 1863 his state became somewhat alarming, and in the following March it was decided that he should make a tour for the benefit of his health, in company with his friend and publisher, Mr. Ticknor. This, at first, seemed likely to prove beneficial, but the enterprise was cut short by Ticknor's sudden death. Another effort of the same kind was made by his friend General Pierce, and they started together for New Hampshire about the middle of May. But on the night of the 18th, Pierce, whose room communicated with Hawthorne's, found that the spirit of the latter had calmly and suddenly passed away.

Sophia Hawthorne survived her husband little more than six years. She remained at the old home, with



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 56.

(From a photograph by Mayall, reproduced in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife." By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

her family, until the latter part of 1868, when they decided to go to Germany. They remained at Dresden until the outbreak of the Franco-German War, which induced them to return forthwith to London. Here they remained, amid a circle of sympathising friends, for two years. In February, 1871, Mrs. Hawthorne had a return of typhoid-pneumonia, from which she had suffered severely before leaving America, and to this, after much suffering, she succumbed, on Sunday, the 26th. The following Saturday "we followed her," writes her daughter, "to Kensal Green, and she was laid there on a sunny hillside, looking towards the

east. We had a head and footstone of white marble, with a place for flowers between, and Rose and I planted some ivy there that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave. The inscription is 'Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' and on the tombstone, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done his work as biographer lovingly and well, and the two volumes he has just issued ("Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife": London, Chatto and Windus) are fascinating reading throughout.

THE BUGLE-CALLS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.



ALL military matters are brought nowadays much more frequently to the eyes and ears of the general public than was the case formerly, and perhaps hardly a family exists, in village or town, but has some connection with members of either the Regular Army, the Militia, or the Volunteers. During the summer months, when camps

of instruction are so frequently formed, the sound of the bugle testifies to the presence of the civilian army throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the inhabitants of a garrison town are in the same way continually reminded of the presence of regular troops by the notes of the bugle. The calls being the same whether addressed to the volunteers in camp or to the inmates of a town barrack, a short explanation of them may be found interesting to those who frequently hear them.

Considering the length of some of the calls, it may surprise the reader to hear that there are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognise the "Dinner Bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack-rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard.

I will first explain, as to the instrument itself, that

the notes are all made with the lip and tongue; there are no keys used, as is the case with most brass instruments: they are all notes of the common chord; and although bugles are always in the key of B flat, music for them is written in the key of C. The notes used (the five words of the language) are—



It will be easily understood that no great knowledge of the principles of music is necessary to play an instrument so limited in its capacity; a correct ear, a thorough acquaintance with *time*—for even dotted semiquavers occur frequently—and a power of learning by heart all the different calls are the chief essentials.

The authorised course of instruction for a bugler is to begin by playing the lowest note with all the variations of time or duration. The same exercises are then taught on the second note, G; these two notes are then combined in a variety of ways, after which the original one-note exercises are taken on the third note of the bugle; and when perfect in that note, exercises are played with the three notes combined, and so on with the others.

This very monotonous work is often to be heard near barracks, and it becomes decidedly painful to the ear when, perhaps, one or two boys out of a class of six or eight play out of tune. I have, however, known a case of a boy turning out a first-rate bugler who never went through a regular course at all. His father was a sergeant, who had left the army, and merely by whistling the bugle-calls, as he remembered them, the boy picked them up, and having learnt how to sound the bugle, reproduced them very correctly. This is, perhaps, rather an unusual case, and, if often tried, would naturally end in the calls being played very irregularly.

There are altogether over sixty different calls in constant use, but it would certainly only puzzle my readers, and occupy too much space, were I to give half of them here. So I will take the commonest of them, in the order in which they might be expected to