

"No; you could arrange all that for me," said she.

"Of course." Then there was another pause. She had a pretty good heap of crumbs by this time. "Perhaps," said I, "you do not feel more disposed to help this young man than he to receive your favour."

She scattered the heap of crumbs by a backward sweep of her little finger, rested her elbow on the table and her cheek on her hand, and said, raising her eyes to mine—

"I have no reason to dislike him."

"Nor he you," said I. "His family is indebted to your grandfather for a nice little gift of ten thousand pounds."

"I hope you did not tell him that. Pray don't," she added, as I shook my head; "he would hate me more than ever."

"How do you know he hates you, my dear?"

"By putting myself in his place. If I found I could not manage the estate, and had to give up all and go and get my living as a governess, do you think I should feel amiably disposed towards another who took my place and managed better? Do you think I could like that other? No; I should be the first to put ill constructions on his motives. Did you tell him how old I was?"

"No; I said you were a most estimable young woman, that's all."

She laughed, and said—

"I know exactly the sort of woman he pictures me: one of those clever managing women, gaunt and forty, with a wisp of hair sticking out behind, a scuttle bonnet, and spectacles, sharp features, and thinner even than I am; dressed eccentrically—one of those poor souls that *Punch* makes fun of. But," growing suddenly grave again, "I was not thinking of myself or that side of the question. I was thinking how unhappy this poor Lord Redlands must be, doing nothing, hoping for nothing, having no object in life but to kill time. And it seemed to me," she pursued, "such a pity that I should take this chance of happiness out of his hands, this possibility of getting back his fortune and winning contentment with it, and some higher kind of self-congratulation. It is a pity to see a man sink down like this. I don't know; we may laugh at these idle noble families and their follies, but the subject has a pathetic side all the same. The Redlands did well for their country once, and held a high place in the affection of their fellow-creatures, and it's sad to think they should die out and be forgotten."

"My dear, it is a law of nature that all useless creatures should die out."

"Yes, but it's against the law of nature that a man should be useless," she replied quickly, and with a bright flash of her fine, intelligent eyes.

"Only the phoenix rises from its ashes," said I; "and, believe me, Lord Redlands is not a phoenix, but only an ordinary idle gentleman."

I looked at my watch, and Miss Sylvester, taking the hint, changed her manner, and coming at once to the point in question, said—

"Of course I will take the estate if you see no practical objection."

"One objection only occurred to me," said I. "The sum you are about to invest is no trifle. Old Sylvester gave your father permission to do what he liked with the estate so long as he did not bother him with the details, and I have no doubt he would be as well pleased for you to spare him any trouble. Still, as this is a serious matter, and the first you have undertaken, I think it will be well to ask his permission."

"Yes, yes; by all means. I did not think of that; but it will cause delay."

"Not much. We will not weary the old gentleman with a long letter of explanation—a brief telegram will suit his taste better, he can read it at a glance and reply in one word. That is why I looked at my watch. If I start at once I may send the telegram to-night. Seven o'clock"—looking at my watch again as I rose—it is not probable that we shall get an answer to-night; but on Monday morning you may expect it. Send on word to me when it arrives, and I will drive over at once and conclude arrangements with young Redlands."

With this, I hurriedly took leave of my little friend, and went down to the post office in Loecliff, where I was in time to send this message to old Sylvester, who was then at Amalfi, in Italy—

"Do you consent to Miss Sylvester purchasing the remainder of the Redlands estate for twelve thousand pounds, to be raised on the deeds now in her hands?"

Then I went to the Old Inn, where I found Lord Redlands trying to amuse himself with a county newspaper. I told him what I had done, and advised him to stay in Loecliff until we got the answer.

"I suppose I had better," he said, in a tone of resignation.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

PRESIDENTS AND PRESIDENT-MAKING.



LITTLE more than a century ago the Constitution of the United States was decided on; and the term of office of the first President commenced in 1789, so that the successor to Mr. Cleveland will be the centennial President of

that great country—greater now than when George Washington and John Adams were respectively President and Vice-President over a nation fewer in States, in population, and in all the material elements of national prosperity. The roll of the Presidents is one

not long (it includes only twenty-two names, re-elections having been not infrequent in the earlier years), but it is one which should be more known than it is in the Old Country. And in the time of the political unrest which centres in the "Tuesday next after the first Monday in November," when the elections of electors of President and Vice-President take place in all the States, it may be opportune to glance at Presidents and President-making in the great republic. There is a bead-roll of names—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and Cleveland—nearly every one of which is associated with change, development, or solidification of the nation or the national life in the States. The names of the Vice-Presidents who have not become Presidents are less notable. Burr, Calhoun, Colfax, have notoriety or fame, but there are many whose names recall no memory. In the list of Presidents, however, the reader recalls the name of the "Father of his Country;" and the two Adamses, Jefferson, and Madison, early statesmen; of Andrew Jackson, whose triumphant "progress" had much to do with his re-election; of "Little Matty" van Buren; of Polk, satirised by Biglow:—

"The side of our country must always be took,
And President Polk, you know he is our country."

And in the same "Papers" there are caustic references to other Presidents and other candidates; whilst in the verse of Whittier and others there are suggestive reminders of Presidential campaigns, utterances, and acts.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, "born a subject of the Monarchy, adopted a citizen of the Republic," as he describes himself, has pictured the life of the President of the great American nation. He says that all the Presidents have been poor men, and three of them, to his own knowledge, left office "without means enough upon which to live respectably." In his period of office the President walks about "an ordinary citizen, wholly unattended;" but of every wielder of the great power of the President, the record of the shrewd observer we have named is, "They have all left office poor and pure."

The medium of choice of Presidents which has had this happy result is not that of a direct vote of the people, but of a reflected vote: an electoral assembly, in which each State "has as many votes as it has senators and representatives in Congress," and the vote of the States recorded by this electoral assembly decides for four years who shall rule the nation and command its army and navy. The election has been described as costly and exciting, but the last contest has been stated by an authority to have cost the national committees of all the parties only £120,000. The campaign is a long one, if it be counted only from the definition of the platforms of the parties and the choice of candidates; and the length of that campaign minimises its virulence, and renders it less a decision of the moment and more one which is thought out. From Midsummer to November the

battle is waged on the platform, in the press, and occasionally in the pulpit.

The appointment of the President is, as has been said, by electors—States appointing a number of electors "equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." (In the last Congress there were 325 members of the House of Representatives for the thirty-eight States, and the number of senators is fixed at two from each State.) Any person holding "an office of trust or profit under the United States" is debarred from becoming an elector. These electors "meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for two persons," and they make a list of persons voted for and the number of votes for each—the list to be sent to the "seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate." The latter opens each list, the votes are counted, and the person having the largest number of votes, "if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors, appointed." When, therefore, the election of "Presidential electors" has been decided early in November, as the opinions of each candidate have been declared, the choice of President is practically made. But the electors do not actually give their votes until the first Wednesday in December, and the lists sent in by each, showing the votes cast for President and Vice-President respectively, must be delivered before the first Wednesday in January.* Congress "shall be in session on the second Wednesday in February," and certificates are then opened, the votes counted, and the result is declared.

Taking the present contest as an example, the Presidential electors are chosen on Tuesday, November 6th; and there have been elections of the State officers and State legislatures in the various States for months previously—in the instance of Alabama the State officers having been chosen early in August, and Louisiana even earlier. Still, with most of the States the local elections are concurrent with those of the Presidential electors. There are between the choice of the candidates and the parties and the election of President and Vice-President in December, more than five months' time, and though the decision is practically effected when the electors are chosen, yet during those months the battle is waged, and the party papers endeavour to exhaust their vocabulary of praise and abuse. The nominating conventions are criticised for days together, but less attention seems to be paid to the "planks" of the "platform" by the press, and more to the election speeches, whilst the headings of the news-columns bear for months indications of the struggle. In one newspaper a heading declares the "Irishmen for Grover" (Cleveland being understood); the "Plumed Knight" is a not infrequent title for Mr. Blaine; whilst the nationalities, the professions, the trades, all are combining into "Cleveland and Thurman Clubs," and "Harrison and Morton Clubs." Text-books are provided by the national

* All authorities give this date; but a leading article in the *New York Herald*, in September last, says that the electors, under a recently passed Act, meet "on the second Monday in January."

committees of the parties, whilst new combinations and new nicknames are almost daily made.

Out of this hurly-burly of oratory and agitation, of declamation and occasional defamation, of wit carried at times beyond the bounds of good taste, and of excitement, the choice is made; but the acute observer we have quoted says that the election is "conducted with far less riot and disturbance than unfortunately characterises the appeal" to the English electorate. Less partial observers have in large degree confirmed this statement. The bubbles on the surface are only very slight indications of the strength of the current below. The author of "Greater Britain" believed that "a lifetime may see the abolition of the Presidency proposed, and carried by the vote of the whole nation;" and if this did not come to pass, then "the election will come to be made directly by the people without the intervention of the

electoral college." Twenty years have passed away since that opinion was expressed, and there are as yet no signs of any such change. Later Presidents have had a burden which even the older (and to some the greater) had not. The land is larger, the population is many times multiplied, and there are the questions of trade and of tariff which split up old associations and divide those who were political friends, as well as furnishing problems needing the utmost care of the "platform" makers to steer by. The vast wealth of the States, the rapidity of the payment of its debt, the extent and character of its coinage, are all interwoven in Presidential choice, and hence the appropriateness of that epithet of Longfellow, the "Ship of State," for it has the shallows and rocks on many hands to avoid, and its captain, with many a predecessor great in power, has need of continual care.

THE ART OF DRAMATIC RECITATION.



WHAT TO AVOID.

FEW accomplishments give so much pleasure in the social circle as the art of dramatic recital. Music is its greatest rival; but that noble art can appeal only to those possessed of a musical ear, while for almost all, from the oldest to the youngest, there is interest in the dramatic.

The difficulty of excelling in the elocutionary art is shown by the small number of those who are really great in it. The galaxy of great singers and instrumentalists is considerable; but since Bellevue's

death, and since Leo Ross left the platform, there has hardly been before the British public an elocutionist of imperial reputation. To reach, however, such a standard of excellence as will enable one to afford pleasure in the social circle is within the reach of almost all who are possessed of a tolerably good voice and fair dramatic conception. The following hints will be found to prove serviceable to the amateur student of elocution.

Here, as in so many other cases, the only royal road to excellence is by the arduous way of practice. Let the aspirant take every opportunity offered him of giving a recitation, and consider no occasion too trivial to deserve careful preparation.

The first point lies in selection of a piece. As a rule,

you will be asked for "something funny"; but as neither the taste which prompts this demand, nor the art that satisfies it, is of the highest, you should not always give in to it. Clever mimicry is lower than noble declamation, grotesque gesture than graceful movement, and incongruity of situation than elevated passion. But at first you will be more likely to succeed with humorous pieces, such as Mark Twain's "Humbing a Guide," and David Macrae's "After Dinner Oratory," than Shakespeare's "Closet Scene from *Hamlet*," and Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily." At all events, the humorous is in so great request that you will not find such readings come amiss.

Having chosen your piece, it were best to attend to pronunciation before learning by heart, and accustoming your ear to pronunciations afterwards to be corrected. In almost every piece there will be several words of more or less dubious pronunciation. Examine therefore each word about which there might be the slightest doubt, and be at the pains to consult a standard dictionary.

You may now get up "the book." So many things have to be attended to during the course of recitation, that if the memory effort be at all considerable the full effect cannot be rendered. Perfect familiarity with the words is therefore absolutely essential. Repeat them over so frequently that you shall be able to speak them as rapidly as your utterance will serve. Select the less easily remembered passages, and devote special attention to them.

Articulation must be early attended to. The final consonant of the conjunction "and," and the initial letter of the pronouns "him" and "her" are frequently omitted, with the result of diminished distinctness. The Scotch imagine that it is only their English neighbours who are guilty of the omission of aspirates; but from "John o' Groat's" to the Tweed you will hear con-