

the number of closets; and particular attention is directed to the cupboards built in the walls under the deep window seats,—convenient receptacles for papers, magazines, and many things that it is useful to have closely at hand, yet untidy to have what housekeepers call “lying about,” and which is meant reproachfully, as if lying about was a crime.

The architect and designer of this house, as here shown, upon a lot not more than twenty or less than seventeen feet wide, is Mr. Wm. A. Bates, of 190 Broadway, and his estimates of cost are given underneath the ground plan. Details and finish are matters of individual taste and resources. Our architect, who is also artist as well, with a loving eye for delicate and graceful effects, has carefully elaborated many of the latest ideas in architectural ornamentation, and structural completeness. The lattice effect, for example, in the corners of the dining-room windows, and also forming the arch in the entrance hall, the latticed windows, the deep window seats, the overhanging walls, the low-set doors and the timbered ceilings are all modern revivals of old ideas, which, however, in being modernized and combined with new appliances for comfort, have been rendered greatly more attractive to the luxury-loving men and women of the period.

Whoever plants a tree does a good thing; but whose plants a home with foundations set in purity and honor does much better, for he has planted that which shall live, and bear fruit forever.

The Home of Dorothy Vernon.

LONG ago, when I was a boy, there hung in our sitting-room a framed picture that was a source of never ceasing admiration on my part, and never ending mystery as well. The picture represented the rear of an old turreted mansion beautiful in itself and picturesque in its environment, perched on a natural elevation above a winding river that was spanned by a venerable bridge. Its style was unmistakably Gothic, with a hint of the early Norman in the stone turrets and towers, square battlements and deep-arched casements. The castellated manor-house filled nearly all the background, with the river rippling around it and the tall ancestral oaks tossing their branches around the ivy-covered walls that were now all aglow with the radiance flashing from the windows. In the foreground was the exquisite figure of a young girl in the ruff, farthingale, and coiffure of Queen Elizabeth's time, stealing along the terrace, with a guilty look behind her, toward a gay-looking cavalier who stood by the head of a noble steed half concealed by the foliage of some low shrubbery.

What did this picture celebrate? Evidently it was an elopement of some kind—but whose? That was the puzzle. No one whom I asked about it knew. Many well educated and traveled people who came to the house, noticing the picture, would ask its subject, but there was never one who could give any satisfactory answer to this question of mine. So it hung there for years—a beautiful mystery, none the less interesting, perhaps, because it remained unsolved.

One day at last the solution came. I was reading in the “Reliquary,” a story by Silverpen, “The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon,” and then I knew that the grand old mansion with

“The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,”

and the light streaming from the wide windows, was Haddon Hall. The graceful girl could be no other than Lady Dorothy herself going forth to her lover, Sir John Manners.

That love story and elopement of Dorothy Vernon is one of the sweetest, most romantic idyls of old English life. A

halo of tender interest has gathered around the beautiful English girl who stole out into the moonlight like Jessica to join her lover. She was the youngest daughter and co-heiress of the rich Sir George Vernon, sixth lord of Haddon, called from his magnificence the king of the Peak. Her mother was a Seymour, a relative of King Henry the Eighth's third queen. Dorothy was nobly-born, generous and high-spirited, and possessed withal the pride of the old Vernons who had been marrying Bohuns, De Veres, De Avenels and Talbots before the Tudors wore a crown. Tradition delights to dwell upon her as the most beautiful of all beautiful women. If the portrait at Haddon is a true likeness of her, tradition is not far out of the way. The eyes blue as English violets, the exquisite mouth and the slender, graceful figure that does not look a whit less graceful in that trying style of costume in which it is dressed, all bespeak her of the highest patrician rank. Yet it seems that there was something of the wild bird in Dorothy. She loved the woods, the wild fowl, horses, and wild gallopings over the meadows, and long ramblings along the river side, and in the grand old park. In one of these flights or rambles she met the man to whom her heart went out in all its wild and ardent yet steadfast love.

John Manners was a gentleman and the son of a gentleman. His father was Earl of Rutland, and the family name is found among those illustrious ones on the Abbey Roll. But he was a younger son, and, moreover, between the house of Vernon and the house of Manners there was a hatred like that between the Veronese houses of Montague and Capulet. The knowledge of this family feud does not seem to have affected this English Romeo and Juliet, or else it only made their love the sweeter, for in a few weeks they were plighted lovers.

Wrathful enough was the stern old king of the Peak when he discovered that his favorite child was the affianced of a son of the rival house. And the connection was not only opposed by the lord of Haddon himself, but also by Dorothy's older sister and her step-mother. The young beauty was forbidden to meet her affianced again, and was so closely watched that the irksome confinement was almost like imprisonment. Dorothy's proud soul chafed under the restraint, and the ardor of the cavalier instead of being diminished rather increased by being deprived of the presence of his mistress. Disguised as a forester, Sir John lurked in the woods around Haddon for several weeks, obtaining now and then a stolen glance, a hurried word, a pressure of the hand from beautiful Dorothy. At one of these secret interviews, the young girl consented to elope with her lover.

The time chosen for flight was on a certain festal night when a throng of guests, called together to rejoice over the approaching marriage of the eldest daughter of the house to Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, filled the hall with mighty doings. Music and the murmur of gay voices go out into the dark night. In the broad halls, under lofty roofs of oak, tall, gallant figures and fair, high-bred faces gather in the lamp-light. Graceful feet shod in daintiest morocco trip it merrily over the polished floors. In the great banquet hall there is lordly feasting. The dais is in its glory. It is carpeted with velvet and canopied with tapestry of azure silk. Under the canopy stands the master of the Hall, Sir George Vernon himself. In truth, a fine old English gentleman, tall and kingly in his robes of state, with his silver beard and hair falling upon the purple velvet of his doublet.

The noble lord of Haddon is in one of his best moods. The usual sternness of his fair, proud Saxon face with its blue keen eyes is subdued to something genial and kindly. The colossal form which, cased in armor, had rode with two hundred retainers, all wearing his badge and colors, to welcome

Queen Elizabeth to London, and which had stood over the heroic Sidney when he breathed his last, bent as gracefully to noble dame and damsel as though his silver hair had been golden. Grand and handsome enough he is in his high ruff, his velvet doublet, his silken hose and his low-quartered shoes with the diamonds sparkling at the instep. One of the old staunch kind, vigorous and mighty, and ever true to the motto of his race, which, carved in gold over the fireplace of the dining-room, had ever been the guide of his life, "Dread God and honor the king."

And as the master of the great hall is loftier and grander, so is its young mistress lovelier and statelier than all others under the noble roof. There she stands now in the great ball-room, tall and slight and graceful, looking like a royal lily in her ball dress of lace and satin and velvet. The costume would have been trying to most young faces and figures, but the high sleeves, the jeweled stomacher, the high ruff and the portentous skirts are wonderfully becoming to Dorothy Vernon. The young girl had never looked as lovely as to-night. The faint pink of a sea shell is on her cheeks, her eyes are like stars, and as she stands outlined against the dark blue-green tapestry, rich with the elaborate pictures of an Elizabethan hunt, she looks almost angelic. There are beautiful faces around her, and forms that a Venus might have envied, dressed gorgeously, but the angel face and the rich robes of that tall, slight girl outvie them all. Dorothy Vernon is the queen of the evening.

Noble cavaliers throng around her; Sir John Manners, the noblest of all, is not there; but she seems not to mind that. She laughs and jests with each one of her admirers, and is gay and playful as a child. Her musical voice rings through the halls with a silvery cadence. The old knight is merry, too, for his daughter is kinder and gayer than her wont, and leads him round the rooms, her arm in his, laughing and chatting as though she had never a thought of the morrow. See how his eyes brighten as he looks at her. How proud he is of her! What a lovely picture they make—the grand, stately noble and the queenly girl, against the paneled walls of their ancestral home!

The festivities do not wane. More boisterous grows the revelry. There is mighty feasting in the banquet hall. The tables are loaded. Great beeves roasted whole in the huge fireplaces. Juicy joints, boars' heads and enormous flagons load the sturdy oak. The minstrels play. There is no stint of food, of wine, of joy, of merry laughter; all goes merry as a wedding bell.

Midnight comes and the sports go on. No one has tired. The stringed instruments play old dances and horns blow softly. The old king of the Peak, gay as a young gallant, dances with the rest. Suddenly he misses the bright face of his youngest daughter. Where is she gone? he asks, and they notice how restless the knight has become.

"It is nothing. She but tore her dress and has gone to her room to put on a new attire."

So they tell him, and the old man is comforted for a time. But she is gone a great while, and he grows impatient. He thinks he will go to her chamber. No one hinders him. He finds the dainty room empty. She must be on the terrace with some of the gay cavaliers. So he thinks, and the baron smiles, for he is thinking of the old days when he too was young.

Meanwhile Lady Dorothy, all in her ball-room dress of lace and satin, her long, pale gold hair gathered under her scarlet coif, and stopping only long enough to catch a heavy mantle from the table, stole through one of the long windows out to the balcony, passed down the ten stone steps and out through the door known ever since as "Dorothy Vernon's door," into the garden. The music screams after her from the windows, the leaves rustle under her feet, and from the

branches of a yew tree an old owl hoots his dismal clarion. But she heeds them not. On, on with hurrying steps and swiftly beating heart, till she reaches the low wall at the end of the sycamore walk, where her lover with two swift horses is patiently awaiting her.

A touch, a spring, and they are swiftly speeding over the frozen ground toward Leicestershire.

"The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
About the cedars that girdle them, rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.

"All is silent within and around;
The ghostly house and the ghostly trees
Sleep in the heat, with never a sound
Of human voices or freshening breeze.

* * * * *

"It is a night with never a star,
And the Hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
Then grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.

"A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into light,
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight."

It is scarcely necessary to say, perhaps, that inauspicious as was this elopement it did not end, like many others, in blighted hopes and broken hearts. Sir John was a true lover and a noble gentleman, and though his beautiful wife died young, she never regretted that midnight flight. They had four children, and the oldest, Sir George Manners, inherited Haddon Hall, where he resided most of his life and "kept up the good old mansion at the bountiful old rate."

The charming Dorothy has shed an influence over Haddon that is all pervading. Her name is attached to many of the rooms and portions of the old baronial hall. We may still wander in "Dorothy's garden"; we may still pass through the fine avenue called "Dorothy's walk"; while "Dorothy Vernon's door," with its bold, handsome stone balustrades and its overhanging boscage of ivy and sycamores, has heard the whispers of endless pairs of lovers, and has been transferred to thousands of canvases. Above all, the memories of its grand ancestral chiefs, of De Avenels, and Vernons, and Manners, of baronial frays and kingly roisterings, of deeds of noble daring, of minstrels' fame, is the memory of the young patrician beauty who turned her back on its splendors and its greatness to fly with the choice of her heart. The throng of visitors who every year wend their way to the Derbyshire manor-house care very little, even if they know anything, about the old knights of lordly fame who feasted and held royal revels in the great halls, who fought with their bannered hosts at Crecy, Agincourt and Flodden, and whose grim effigies lie in the dim, ancient chapel. They all talk of Lady Dorothy, and the sternest utilitarian will find his heart touched as he stands beside the tomb of the beautiful girl whose love story and elopement have given a charm to the whole locality, tingeing it with romance.

Haddon Hall stands to-day the finest specimen, without any exception, of the old baronial hall in England. Its history has been one of peace and hospitality, and it has therefore escaped many of the ravages incident to the warlike periods. The ancient mansion has a free and easy look about it, as though it had ever stood aloof from war and carnage and had given its attention only to revelry and good cheer. And still there is nothing of the reckless air of a roisterer about the building. Its machicolated battlements look down with a sort of dignity upon the beholder, and there is a grandeur about the time-worn walls and massive towers that would

rebuke all attempts at familiarity. Like an ancient dowager, the stately, proud old dwelling-place occupies its elevated seat, and with all the haughty repose of its lofty lineage greets the visitor who, coming up the valley of the Wye, is rather surprised to find so grand and picturesque a structure meeting his eyes from between its groves of oak and yew and sycamore.

The approach to Haddon by the avenue is usually lauded by tourists. The park with its hundreds of deer and its wide-spreading trees, the silver stream with its wooded margin, and the fair green sward, with the Hall itself in the distance, complete a landscape such as can rarely be enjoyed except in England. The road twists in and out, and you get many views of the same scene, every one you think better than the other.

The Hall is not at present occupied, nor has it been for many years, but the owner, Charles Cecil Manners, sixth Duke of Rutland, a descendant of Sir John and pretty Dorothy, freely opens it to the public. The traditional story-book housekeeper of the English nobleman is there to show the visitor over the premises—a portly, well-fed-looking lady dressed in a heavy, rustling black silk, whose dignity was rendered all the more impressive by the bunch of keys at her side. Following this stately silk-clad dame, one is conducted through all the rooms of the Hall, and is afterward permitted to wander through the terrace and gardens.

The buildings of Haddon are all of stone, some of them of undoubted Norman origin. The exterior is very interesting and imposing, turrets and towers, odd little bay windows with diamond-shaped glass, square battlements, queer-looking animals, and heads carved out of stone being seen in every direction. The court yard is a large square place paved with huge blocks of stone, and surrounded on every side by buildings. Opposite the gateway are the stone steps that lead to the state apartments; to the right is the chapel, and to the left the hall proper, with its minstrels' gallery. The structure is not a lofty one; there are second-floor rooms in every part of the building, but only one third-floor room, the highest apartment in the Hall, which is in the Eagle tower. From the summit of this tower there is always a banner flying. In its silken folds glows and glistens a gaudy peacock, the singular armorial insignia of the Manners family.

The first room usually shown to visitors is the so-called Chaplain's room, in the east wing. The room possesses no particular historical interest, although it is one of the oldest portions of the building. In it are preserved, among other relics valuable for their richness of design and for their antiquity, a pair of remarkably fine fire-dogs, a warder's horn, gigantic jack boots and a black leathern doublet worn by some trooper of Cromwell's time, a number of matchlocks, and several pewter dishes out of which some of the old lords used to eat. Close by is the chapel, which is entered from the court-yard by an arched doorway, opening into a small ante-chapel. At the west end of the nave is a very fine and large vestment chest of thick timber, having two shields of arms carved on its front. The arches and pillars are of the Norman style. Against one of the pillars is a circular font of massive construction, on which is a curiously constructed cover. The large high pew, with carved railings in the upper portions, which has been used by the several noble families that have owned the Hall, occupies each side of the chancel. The carved panels and the traces of gilding it contains show, along with the remains of paintings on the walls, how magnificent in its palmy days this place of worship must have been. We could imagine pretty Dorothy sitting here on a Sunday, pranked in her bravest attire, looking at the figures in the stained glass windows, or perchance nodding as the long, dry discourse grew formidable in its thirtieth and thirty-

secondly. Most of the stained glass was carried away several years ago, but in the east window there still remain a number of fine figures.

On the opposite side of the court-yard is the banqueting or great hall, the floor paved with large blocks of stone, and the walls hung with armor, mural paintings and magnificent stags' heads and antlers. The room is forty feet in length and twenty-five in width, and is of the full height of the buildings, with an open timber roof. You enter it through two open doorways in the massive and time-worn oak screen that separates it from the passage. The screen, which is very high, also forms the front of the minstrels' gallery over the passage. Here on great occasions were ranged the singers who discoursed sweet music to those that made merry in the hall. At one side, on a little raised platform, is the old banqueting table, a large oak plank, now worn and decayed; a long bench, supported by wide legs, answered for seats. Over the upper end of the dais was a canopy, beneath which sat the lord and his family and honored guests. There is a curious relic preserved here. It is a rude iron clasp—or bracelet—suspended from the wall opposite the table, and every one who could not or would not drink was obliged to have this ring fastened around his wrist, and the liquor that he did not choose to pour down his throat, was poured down his sleeve. This punishment was also the penalty of any other breach of the law or decorum of the festal board. Those were the good old times when ale flowed as freely as water, and when the owner kept open house and table, and every traveler was welcome. Lighted by torches held in brackets on the walls or in the hands of liveried servants, the great table spread with cheer, and the dais crowded with ladies in reticulated head-dresses and robes of cloth of gold and brocade, and grim, iron-clad warriors who "carved at their meals with gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred," while the minstrels discoursed their music, the apartment could not help being picturesquely beautiful.

Behind the table a flight of steps leads up to the state apartments, while a separate door conducts one to the dining-room. We enter the latter apartment, which is one of the most beautiful and interesting rooms in the building. The end opposite to the entrance doorway is entirely taken up by a Gothic window of eight lights, filled with glass disposed in an elaborate geometric pattern. In some of the lights are shields of arms in stained glass, one of which displays the arms of Vernon with its quarterings. The room is wainscoted, the upper row of panels throughout the room being filled in with exquisitely carved Gothic tracery and with heraldic bearings. Over the center of the fireplace are the royal arms of England, with the supporters, a greyhound and griffin, and one side a shield bearing the three feathers of the Prince of Wales and on the other the arms of the Vernons, supported by a lion and a bear. Below these is the famous motto of the ancient house, "Drede God and Honor the Kyng," carved in Gothic capitals. From the windows of this room enchanting views are to be had, overlooking as they do the lawns and terraces and the romantic grounds and woods of Haddon.

The drawing-room, situated over the dining-room, is hung with grand old tapestry, above which is a frieze of ornamental moldings in parquetry work. At the left side of the room is a delightfully recessed or oriel window, from which the most beautiful views of the terrace, the foot-bridge, the river, and the grounds are obtained. Here, according to tradition, Dorothy Vernon was accustomed to sit, watching slyly for the figure of gallant Sir John in his woodsman's dress, striding toward the trysting place in the garden. The memory of her presence is everywhere. In the fireplace is one of the most curious of existing grates,

the alternate bars of which terminate in *fleur de lis*, and a pair of exquisitely beautiful fire-dogs, the two bosses on each being of open metal work of the most chaste and elaborate design and workmanship. In these beautiful remains of the past, Haddon is especially rich: the pair in this room and the two remarkably fine enameled bosses in the chaplain's room, are the most elegant and interesting.

Crossing a corridor we were next introduced to the ball-room, a magnificent apartment one hundred and nine feet in length and eighteen feet wide. There seems to have been a famous oak tree growing in the garden some time, and the semicircular steps which lead from the corridor to the ball-room were sawed from the trunk of this tree. The old room is silent and deserted now, but in the olden time it was lively and gay enough with balls, receptions, and festivals. Faded Queen Bess once tripped across this shining oaken floor, in her huge ruff and monstrous farthingale, and bluff King Hal, in slashed doublet and trunk hose, took a measure here, his partner in the dance being fair Mistress Vernon, who in her girlhood had been Anne Talbot, a great-granddaughter of Shakespeare's immortal hero, "brave John of Shrewsbury." This room is wainscoted throughout its entire dimensions with oak paneling of remarkably good architectural character.

Of all the rooms we liked this one best, and next to it the ancient state room or pages' room. The walls of this last are covered with paintings and portraits of the various noble families who have owned the hall; De Avenels, Vernons, Manners, all look down from the ceiling, fierce and warlike in ring armor and in plate armor, in flat helmets and in high-topped helmets, and some in the more graceful and more modern garb that Vandyke and Lely loved to paint. Most of the old knights look grim enough. Now and then among the armed warriors and the stern statesmen are seen fair and girlish faces that look all the lovelier from the contrast. A figure arrayed in cloth of silver, with a cotehardie of velvet, and the brown tresses combed under a coil of gold, from under which beams a face of rare loveliness, that the old housekeeper informs us is lady Avice, daughter of Sir William de Avenel, who gave her hand to Sir Richard de Vernon, and thus carried the estate of Haddon with her into that ancient and honorable family, as far back as the days of Edward the Third. Lady Dorothy's portrait claimed our chief attention. We could have stood there hours and gazed at that beautiful face, radiant with its golden masses of hair and starlight eyes. Not many English ladies of her time could have vied with Dorothy's proud loveliness, we are sure. Her portrait is the gem of the collection at Haddon.

The ante-room is a small apartment hung with paintings, and having around the upper part of its walls a cornice embellished with the crests of the Vernon and Manners families. The interest, however, attached to this apartment rests in the strongly barred doors which open from it on to a flight of stone steps, leading down to the terrace and winter garden. This doorway, known far and wide as "Dorothy Vernon's Door," is the place through which the spirited heroine passed on the night of her elopement. At the top of the opposite flight of steps, known as "Dorothy Vernon's Steps," she was received into the arms of her ardent and true lover, John Manners. It was through this doorway, then, that not only the lovely Dorothy passed, but with her the fine old mansion itself, and all its broad lands, into the hands of the noble family now owning it.

The next room shown was the state bed-room, in which the royal visitors found lodging whenever they honored the hall, as they often did, with their presence. Two hundred years ago it was called the blue drawing-room. The apartment is hung with gobelin tapestry, the subjects being illustrations of *Æsop's* fables. The state bed is fourteen feet

and six inches high, and is furnished in green silk velvet and white satin, exquisitely embroidered and enriched with needle-work. Although faded and moth eaten, it is one of the finest beds in existence. Henry VII. slept in it almost four hundred years ago. Queen Elizabeth's august person has reposed under the gorgeous canopy in the old time. George IV. is said to be the last person to have slept in it.

The kitchen and range of domestic offices of Haddon are very large and extensive, and show, more strikingly than any description, the marvelous amount of cooking that must have been carried on, and the more than princely hospitality observed by its owners in the old days. The kitchen is an immense square room, the floor composed of large stone blocks much worn by passing feet, and its ceiling supported by massive beams and a central support of solid oak. Two enormous fire-places are in the room, each large enough to take in the carcass of an ox. Stoves, spits, and pot-hooks by the score, dressers of every fashion, tables of oak, six or seven inches in thickness, and every possible appliance for keeping open house in the most lavish style, are seen about the room. Adjoining the kitchen are other rooms for meats, the storage of ale and wine and so forth. We could not help picturing the scene on some of the ancient Christmas tides—the huge spits impaling great joints before the fire, the seats inside, the ovens full of bread, the people dressed in the quaint costume of the time, the traveler made welcome, and the home-brewed ale always flowing. It must be a splendid sight to see the logs blazing in the huge fire-places, and the firelight dancing on the walls—a sight, in fact, worth going across the ocean to look at.

Of course we visited the gardens, which are elegant and grand to this day, and must have been something wonderful at the time they were constructed. The upper garden is a lawn, one hundred and twenty feet square, from which rises a wide flight of stone steps with stone balustrades, leading to the terrace and winter garden. The terrace is one of the glories of Haddon, and extends the full width of the upper garden. From it the finest view of the south front of the hall is obtained, a superb sight. The winter garden is planted with yew trees many centuries old, whose gnarled and knotty roots may be seen curiously intertwining and displacing the stone edges of the parterres. We wandered about the grounds several hours, drinking in the deep beauty of the scene and letting our imagination run rampant upon the past. The old hall never seemed so beautiful as when we turned away for the last time and saw the gray walls and turrets and the green foliage around them framed in the light of the setting sun. The old house seemed restored to the freshness of its youth in the golden refulgence, and we stood with something of a gaze of the Sir Launfal in our eyes. With a group of feudal knights riding up to the gate, or a train of ladies on their palfreys going to hawk in the meadows, those meadows so beautifully green of the Wye, the scene would have been perfect. That picture is a grand complement to that other one that hung in our boyhood home—the hall at midnight, the light shining from the windows upon the oaks and sycamores, and the solitary figure of the graceful girl stealing away from the light into the gloom.

Haddon has been a prolific theme for writers and an endless source of inspiration to poets and artists, and it will doubtless continue long to be so, for no older place can be more picturesque or romantic. It was a favorite haunt to Mrs. Radcliffe, who laid here the scenes of her "Mysteries of Udolpho." Allan Cunningham, the Countess de Carabella, and numerous other writers, have made the place the theme of some of their most pleasing productions. The hall and its hospitable owner, Sir George Vernon, was the subject of one of William Bennett's most successful novels,

"The King of the Peak." Most of its attractive features have been painted by D. Cox, Nash, Cattermole, Harding, Raynor, Morrison, and a host of other inferior artists. "The good old days" of English country life is not better represented than by the home of Dorothy Vernon, with its great banqueting hall, its hospitable kitchen, and its ivy-clad towers.

H. M. GEORGE.

My Mirror's Tale.

I'm looking at myself to-night,
Upon my mirror's face.
It is a foolish thing to do,—
And yet I may find grace,
If, in my inmost heart, I know
I search for faults this glass may show.

'Tis not a lovely face I see,
Not winning and not young ;
It shows the lines and traces of
A heart by anguish wrung.
A face o'er which the storm-cloud past,
To leave it calm and clear at last.

The rosy bloom of early youth,
That once had rested there,
Has gone ; a few gray threads shine in
The darkness of my hair.
This tells me I have reached the stage
Where youth blends with maturer age.

I wonder, as I gaze at it,
Noting each feature there,
How some, in loving tenderness,
Have dreamed to call it fair.
Yet *love* can find a charm and grace,
To beautify the plainest face.

Image upon the truthful glass,
Showing myself so clear !
Tell me,—have low'ring clouds of doubt,
Left deathless traces there ?
Are lines of cold and cynic pride
Seen on the face I stand beside ?

Have lightning blasts of care and woe
Blackened the heart within,
And pictured in the dark-gray eyes
Glimpses of guilt and sin ?
Oh, tell me nay ! For I have tried
To cast all wicked thoughts aside.

Much have I suffered ; but those days,
I trust, have purified
My soul ; and driven from my heart
All foolish thoughts of pride.
Closely I scan my mirrored face
To find upon it saving grace.

I care not for the partial lack
Of beauty that entralls,
If on my face the glowing light
Of truth and culture falls ;—
If in my eyes the spark divine
Of love for all mankind will shine.

I will not ask for radiant orbs,
If in my own I see
The flash of true intelligence
Of wit and repartee,
I only wish for eyes that glow
With pity for another's woe.

I'll pass in calm indifference
O'er crimson flush and hue,
If health but glows upon my cheeks,
If curves of lips are true,
And shadow forth a soul too pure
To speak false words framed to allure.

And thus I'll scan my mirrored face
Each day ; and hope to find,—
Upon the tell-tale glass to see
A meek and gentle mind ;
If, like a veil of priceless lace,
There falls sweet peace upon my face.

LISETTE CLAYTON BERNHEIM.

Wedded.

(See Steel Engraving.)



NE of the most noted of the English painters is Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. This distinguished artist was born in 1830, and when a mere child was remarkable for his passionate love of art. He received his first instruction in Rome, and subsequently studied in Berlin, Florence, Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort. When elected president of the Academy he was knighted by the queen.

The first picture that won for this artist fame was his celebrated painting "Cimabue's Madonna carried through the Streets of Florence," now in possession of Queen Victoria. He has been a remarkably industrious painter, and among his noted works are "Phryne," "The Music Lesson," "The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the bodies of their children,"—a wonderfully fine painting—"A Negro Fête in Algiers," "Helen of Troy," "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Summer Moon," and "The Odalisque," now in the Vanderbilt Gallery.

Our charming picture "Wedded" is after a painting by this renowned artist, and represents a Roman and his young bride. The artist evidently intends to convey the impression that this is "a match of affection." The attitude of the husband plainly indicates that he wedded his lovely bride for the same reason that Othello married Desdemona, "because he loved her," and, as he kisses her hand tenderly, he seems to say,

"She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls,
The water nectar, and the rocks fine gold."

That the young wife is happy in the affection she inspires is evident, as she lays her head confidently on the shoulder of her husband, asking no greater happiness than to love and be loved.

The painter has told the story of wedded love beautifully and impressively, and has succeeded in giving to his production wonderful effect. The figures are remarkably fine, the bride being lovely in her classical beauty, while the husband is a fine specimen of manly vigor and strength. The picture is full of tenderness and beauty, and is conceived and executed with the rare skill for which the artist is justly celebrated.