

"He wants the shillelagh," said Mr. Prettyman, taking him by the arm and impelling him into the library.

"Shillelagh!" repeated he, digging one little fist into Mr. Prettyman's chest.

"What fools some people are!" ejaculated the cook as they disappeared. "This comes of all the fuss about adopting a child. Some East-ender has heard of it, and one of them Irish cockneys has got rid of her child in this way. I, for one, won't stay if they keep him."

"Anyhow, you'd better get him something to eat. You can send Mary Ann up with it," said Sampson.

"I'm not a going to wait upon a beggar like that," returned Mary Ann, the parlour-maid, for the Prettymans eschewed footmen.

"I'll take it. I never see such a dear in my life," put in Ada, the housemaid—or Aëda, as she was called by her fellow-servants in broad London vernacular.

The women disappeared, leaving Sampson to his solitary meditations.

"Sampson, come here," echoed from the library. "See if you can get that urchin from under the sofa."

Sampson was a portly man, as a butler should be, and always had a difficulty in stooping. He did his best, however, and saw two bright eyes peering at him from beneath the sofa indicated, and a pair of chubby hands with their palms on the floor. He was about to lay hold on the troublesome owner of the same, when he received a pinch in the calf of his leg.

"The young scamp!" he exclaimed, rubbing the aggrieved member, while his master and mistress laughed, as lookers on will. It was evident that they were not used to children, or they would not have thus encouraged the delinquent; but they had themselves been chasing him from corner to corner before he took refuge under the sofa. The scene was exciting. The child was evidently accustomed to go on all-fours, and the three pairs of legs of his elders could not compete with his staff. His eyes were as watchful and his face as resolute as those of a dog at bay; but he neither spoke nor cried. Not all Mrs. Prettyman's blandishments, her husband's amused promises of reward for better behaviour, or Sampson's threats, could dislodge him from his place of retreat. Four of his five senses had been assailed in vain; it remained for Ada to attack the fifth. She came in with a small tray and took the citadel with the sense of smell.

"Herrins!" cried the hitherto impregnable fortress.

"One of my bloaters!" echoed Sampson, resignedly.

"Yes," subjoined Ada. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for bringing it here; but it seemed the only thing he cared for. Now, Georgie, come and have your dinner."

Ada was trim and pretty, and had a pleasant voice. She and the "herrins" prevailed. The bundle crept from beneath the sofa, glancing from one to the other of his entertainers, yet keeping an eye on his place of refuge, and finally stood before the tray and beside Ada.

"Take off the covers," said Mrs. Prettyman, seating herself behind the child. "You may go now, Sampson. Pray don't speak, Joe, or we shall frighten him again."

Joe was quite as interested as his wife, and watched the proceedings with an amused eagerness. No sooner had Ada removed the covers from two small dishes which contained, the one a bloater, the other the remains of the mashed potatoes from the dinner table, than the child fell to. Ada was for removing the bones, but he managed the work without her aid, by means of his fingers and a knife; the silver fork he did not understand.

"If the bones should choke him," whispered Mrs. Prettyman.

But they did not. He left the "vertebral column" intact, and demolished all the rest of the fish. He carefully examined the potatoes before he began upon them, Ada suggesting that the skins had been pared off, and finally emptied the dish. Ada had secreted a piece of jam tart, which she now produced; but this, after due inspection, he would not eat. He had apparently a cautious soul, that would undertake nothing he could not understand. Jam tart was incomprehensible to him, but potatoes and herring were not.

"The bumps of caution and combativeness well developed," said Mr. Prettyman.

"Tank God for my dood supper!" said the child, to the general surprise and delight. Then he made a sidelong move towards the sofa, as if about to return to that harbour.

But Ada took his hand, and asked him, coaxingly, to come with her, whispering aside to her mistress that she would take care of him.

"Where?" asked the child, with a strong Irish burr, looking inquiringly at Ada, as if he meant, literally, to discover her intentions through her eyes.

"To bed," she replied; and he was so well satisfied, either with her looks or words, or with both combined, that he nodded an assent, glancing suspiciously at Mr. Prettyman the while.

"All right," nodded that gentleman, in return; "but I hope your feet are clean."

"Biddy washed 'em," replied the urchin, taken by surprise, and protruding first one, then the other, to the admiring gaze of the trio assembled, and showing that they were as white as needs be.

Ada drew him from the room with some difficulty, he positively declining to approach Mrs. Prettyman or wish her good night. When he was gone, a discussion arose concerning him. Mr. Prettyman's natural jocularity was laid aside for serious consultation, and his wife's simplicity for common sense. He usually found his pleasure in the innocent jests on her credulity, and she hers in wondering whether he were in jest or earnest; but now there was something tangible to consider, they both tried to meet it. He said, decidedly, that every inquiry must be made concerning the child, and he restored to his friends, if he had any, and if they could be found. It was evident that someone to whom he belonged had heard of her inquiries at the

various orphanages, and had thrust the boy into the house in the hope that he would meet with a good home.

"And why not?" she asked, timidly. "He is a lovely child."

"Inheriting all the instincts of his race; a born fighter, a veritable son of Erin," he replied.

The discussion waxed hot; and had not Mrs. Prettyman been incapable of quarrelling, this "let-one-another-alone" couple would undoubtedly have quarrelled over the innocent George Hope. The fact was that Mr. Prettyman had humoured his wife in her fancy for adopting a child, because he felt sure that it would die out in the difficulty of choice—which it probably would, but for this unforeseen complication. The time-piece struck ten while they were yet talking fast, and coming to no agreement. This was the hour for family prayers, and Sampson appeared with the last stroke, took the Bible and Prayer-book from their seat on their own particular shelf, and put them in their accustomed place. A goodly show of maids and a boy came in, but Ada was not amongst them. It must be confessed that Mr. Prettyman's temper was ruffled when he began the chapter, but it calmed as he proceeded, for was it not about "the little ones," and "the millstone," and "their angels?" Moreover, in the prayers there occurred a special intercession for the orphan.

When they all rose from their knees, and while Mr. Prettyman was saying good night, his wife slipped out and went to seek Ada. She found her at her own bedside, watching the child.

"He has only just fallen asleep, ma'am," said Ada. "I couldn't get him into bed, for he would lie on the floor; so I had to wait till he was asleep, slip off his clothes, and put him in. He is as clean and fair as a gentleman's child, and I never saw a greater beauty in my life. I hope master won't send him away; he might take Tom's place as page-boy in a few years."

"A good idea, Ada," said Mrs. Prettyman, contemplating the boy. She thought she had never seen such a cherub before. He had not been half-starved, that was evident, neither had he been ill-treated, for the face was dimpled with smiles as he slept; still he must be, she feared, the born pugilist her husband prophesied, for the little list that had found its way outside the bed-clothes was clenched and looked alarmingly muscular.

"You will see to him and keep him out of your master's way till he has settled something," she whispered, as she stooped to kiss the chubby cheek.

She sighed as she did so, thinking to herself that it was hard she had no child of her "very own," and feeling drawn towards this waif with that maternal instinct that God has given to most women, whether encircled by olive branches, or doomed to the desert where such are not allowed to flourish.

(To be continued.)

## A SWISS POETESS.

By THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of Hymns of the Present Century.

MANY of our readers have doubtless met with a collection of translations from the German, entitled "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and read some beautiful and thoughtful pieces bearing the name of Meta Heusser. In every German hymn-book for public worship, and

collection for private edification, published within the last forty years or more, pieces by this poetess are to be found. By general consent she is regarded as quite the foremost among the German speaking writers of sacred poetry of her time. Her nationality, however,

was not German. She was a Swiss, and her poetry bears deep traces of the surroundings in the midst of which she was brought up.

"Never has any Swiss writer succeeded in grasping and indicating the intellectual and symbolical relations of Alpine nature in its

sublimity, from its giant mountains to its finest flowers, to the human heart, and to human life, as she has done in her poems. Her sublime mountain songs and her fragrant flower songs are sufficient evidence of this.\*

High up among the mountains she was born on the 6th of April, 1797, and spent the whole of her long life. Her father, Diethelm Schweizer, was pastor of the lonely parish of *Hirzel*, near *Horgen*, above the Lake of *Zürich*, the highest village in situation in the whole Canton, where he died in 1824. Her mother, the daughter of a country pastor, was a pious, simple-minded, yet withal intellectual woman. The worthy couple had five daughters. All the education that Meta enjoyed was received at home. Her father taught her writing and arithmetic; her mother taught her reading, knitting, spinning, and sewing. With the exception of *Klopstock's* poems, and a few isolated songs by other writers, she had no very early acquaintance with German poetry. Her own poetical genius was, nevertheless, early developed. "She could not choose but sing as the bird among the branches." When she did come to know the classical writers of Germany, the beautiful forms of their poems, of which she had little or no previous idea, excited her warmest and most enthusiastic admiration. Sitting at her spinning-wheel with her sisters, we are told, she delighted in learning many of *Schiller's* ballads. By familiarity also with the works of other writers, her memory became a rich storehouse of song, both secular and sacred. The Bible and nature, however, were the two great sources of her inspiration.

In her father's parish, consisting, as it did, only of a few scattered farms and hamlets, there could not be much society, but one notable man lived there. This was *Johann Heusser*, who had raised himself from a very humble position in life, and from poverty, to be the skilled and busy physician of the neighbourhood. Meta Schweizer became his wife. His benevolence must have been as great as his energy and activity, for he received all kinds of patients into his house, particularly the mentally afflicted, and not the patients only, but also their relations, friends, and attendants. The strain was often too much for his warm-hearted and devoted wife, but, amid all her household cares, she sang more than ever, never thinking that her songs would ever be given to the world.

Her poems first began to appear in 1834, in the then recently-started *Christoterpe*, a Christian annual for the educated laity, edited by *Albert Knapp*, the celebrated Swabian poet and hymnologist. They were published under the title "*Lieder eines Verborgenen*" (*Songs of a Hidden One*). They at once became widely known, and highly appreciated. In 1855, a couple of years after the *Christoterpe* had been given up, *Knapp* paid her a visit in her mountain-home with the purpose of persuading her to allow the separate publication of her poems. He went resolved to gain his object, and he succeeded, but only after much resistance on her part.

They were published in 1858. A second volume was issued in 1867. In the first in-

stance they were anonymously issued, but the appearance of two volumes of prose and verse, under the title "From the Papers of a Hidden One,"\* closely resembling the title of *Meta Heusser's* book (*Songs of a Hidden One*), led to the works of the two writers being confounded with each other, and necessitated at last the acknowledgment of her own work by *Meta Heusser*.

The second edition of her poems, issued in 1863, bore her own full name on the title page.

In 1859 she lost her husband. Her outward life then became more tranquil. One of her daughters (she had seven children), who was married and settled in *Zürich*, wished her to come and take up her abode in that city; but she never could be persuaded to comply with this desire.

"Do not try to transplant an old tree," she said.

She preferred to remain in her birthplace with her youngest daughters and her unmarried sister, who was some years older than herself, and receive visits from her children and grandchildren.

In 1874 she lost her sister. She felt the blow so deeply, that from that time it seemed as if the thread of her life were snapped. She had often said to her children, "You know how I love you, and how I live with you, but you are a new generation; only with my sister do I live in my own time." Though in appearance she fell off perceptibly, her inward life was as warm and fresh as ever. In 1874 she had a slight shock of paralysis, in the following summer dropsy set in, and in December, 1875, she entered into rest. She was buried in the same churchyard as her husband, one of her children, and many of her friends.

"Love never faileth," were among the last words of consolation which she addressed to the weeping group standing around her death-bed. These words, which describe her whole life, may now be read upon her tombstone. "Her life at home and in her native village was a chain of loving deeds, which brought her especially into connection with the sorrowful and the tempted. The Word of God and the rich stores of sacred song treasured in her excellent memory were, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the means of consolation and of healing."

In this respect she supplemented the medical practice of her husband. A life like hers, led in a secluded Alpine parish, far away from the busy world and all its concerns, may be looked upon by some as a monotonous one, but it was not so in reality. She herself said, beautifully and truly, that all the same forces are at work in the most lonely corner of the world as are struggling with each other in the great life of the world; and that the one great Helper and Saviour takes an interest in the vast whole, and stretches out His redeeming hand to the individual soul.

In the movements that were going on in the great world, so far from which she lived, she took a lively interest. Her youth was passed in the time of awakening that followed the wars of liberation. In her riper years she lived through eventful times, alike in the political and religious spheres. In the controversy raised by the publication of *Strauss's* "Life of Christ" she took part. Several excellent articles from her pen appeared in the *Evangelical Swiss Times*.

In early life she formed a friendship with the poetess, *Anna Schlatter*, of *St. Gallen*, and her daughters. With the latter she kept up a diligent correspondence. With advancing years their mutual attachment never cooled, but became deeper. It was confirmed by interchange of visits.

There are several of her poems which give us an insight into her beautiful home-life, and

her relations to her children; of two of them we subjoin translations.

The first is called

#### AT MIDNIGHT.

(Between the beds of the sleeping children.)

'Tis dark,—the sounds of busy life  
Are hushed in midnight darkness deep;  
The stars their shining courses run—  
Love wakes, all else is sunk in sleep.

O mother love, in this dark vale,  
O mother love, in light above!  
Be still, O heart, if thy love cease,  
Ne'er slumbers, never sleeps God's love.

On you, the flow'rets of my life,  
My children, hath it ever thought;—  
Sleep on, your angels do not keep  
Their silent watch o'er you for nought.

'Tis Bethel here, God's messengers  
Are ever going to and fro;  
He bids them with His little ones  
Through life as guardians ever go.

Do I, too, feel their gentle flight?  
The mother also do they greet?  
Ah! more the prayer of faith desires  
Than angels' nearness, howe'er sweet!

O Thou who hearest mothers' prayers,  
And lovest children, come and bless;  
Thy pierced hand upon them lay,  
That they may all Thy gifts possess.

Thine are they, for Thou gav'st them me—  
Again I lay them on Thy breast;  
Seal them unto eternal life,  
In Thy love may they ever rest!

Wert Thou not mine, Thou sinners' friend?  
In looking at life's crags so steep,  
I for my children tears should shed;  
But Thou dost love, and watch dost keep.

Lord, fold them in Thy faithful arms,  
Heal Thou sin's early, deadly smart,  
In Thy compassion guide their steps;  
Thou knowest the poor human heart!

Lord! did they share their parents' sin  
As soon as they began to be?  
Thy blood-bought gift of righteousness  
May they inherit now from Thee?

Their names write in the book of life—  
Those new names which the world derides;  
Keep them within thy covenant,  
Unite them when the world divides.

And must I pass through anxious nights  
When their complaining pains mine ear?  
May fairer from the bitter we  
The vict'ry of Thy life appear!

Feed Thou Thy sheep! And may I ne'er  
See them in foreign pastures stray,  
But in the fields of Paradise  
Around their Shepherd stand for aye!

Then slumber in your Shepherd's name,  
His promise He can ne'er unsay;  
His kingdom He will give to you;  
Night flees and dawns eternal day!

The second poem is one to her youngest daughter on leaving school. It is dated 1851.

The lower school thou leav'st to-day,  
My daughter, joyfully;  
Thy brothers from the high school come  
To-day again with glee.

The hard constraint is over now  
Of schools both great and small,  
That now for twenty years for me  
Has held my children all.

\* *Kraus's Geistliche Lieder*, in 19tem. Jahrhundert. A small selection of her poems has been translated into English by H. L. L., a personal friend of her own, one of the translators of "Hymns from the Land of Luther" and separately published under the title, "Alpine Lyrics" (London, 1875). This little volume contains a brief sketch of *Meta Heusser* from the pen of one of her daughters. To this sketch, but chiefly to the account of the life of the poetess written by *Kraus*, the present writer is indebted for the biographical information given in this article. He also acknowledges his obligation to *Menzel's* article in the "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie," a great work at present in course of publication.

† It has recently been revived.

\* Aus dem Papieren einer Verborgenen.

How joyfu'ly do we look back,  
When from some height we view  
With our mind's eye the path we've trod,  
And all that we've passed through!

There what was dark and trying once  
Seems easy now and clear;  
The clouds of trouble and of care  
Behind seem bright and clear.

Yet hast thou all things learnt, my child?  
Is all your work quite done?  
Your elder brothers e'en,—have they  
Through all their school-course run?

As long as man on earth abides,  
At school there still is he;  
And happy he who understands  
Submissive there to be.

To the great children-band there speaks  
One Master ever here,  
Through human life, from day to day,  
In tones subdued and clear.

Come, Meta! much remaineth still  
For us to learn and know,  
And so together hand in hand  
We still to school shall go.

The last piece, of which we shall give a translation, is one of her most characteristic poems. It is entitled

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

All hail to you, ye verdant shades,  
Thou wild and earnest rocky vale,  
Ye Alps, and you, ye flowery banks,  
Now bathed in evening sunlight pale.  
O Nature, what thy symbols mean,  
My heart, childlike, inquires of thee;  
Complaining into hymns resolved,  
Its echo sounds from wood and lea.

As rich in flowers and splendid dreams  
My childhood's path once seemed to be,  
There 'neath my trees a house of God  
Had opened wide its door to me.  
Too soon, alas! 'twas closed again,  
Then flat and void was life to me;  
God's word and hand in Nature now  
No longer could I hear or see.

Yet conscious only of the wounds  
Was I, that deeply pierced my breast;  
On earth no healing balm was found,  
Within my heart no peace, no rest.  
The light of morn so clear, appeared  
O'ercast unto my troubled eye,  
The agitated silver wave\*  
Gave back again my mournful cry.

Yet as in wondrous clearness came  
The Friend of Man, and stood before

\* Und die bewegte Silberwelle.

My soul, who us transforms in love,  
The great consoler's Counsellor—  
As He His faithful hand, that once  
For us hath bled, stretched forth to show  
To me the way that leadeth home  
To God, through conflict and death's woe.

And now, sweet peace brought back again,  
The storm allayed with quiet rest,—  
The light shone round me, I once more  
With smile of earth and heaven was blessed.  
Now doth the world transfigured seem,  
My God's own world it stands revealed,  
Thy Father's gracious Word is heard  
By His child's heart in wood and field.

The resurrection's messenger—  
The dawn—with smiles our gaze doth greet,  
The stars e'en as they rise and set  
Prefigure our reunion sweet.  
Then do the rainbow's glories speak,  
Whene'er the storms have passed away,  
Of God's great covenant of peace  
That He hath made with us for aye.

Thou Love, Eternal and Divine,  
That none of us doth e'er forget,  
My life be ever spent for Thee  
Until my sun on earth be set.  
Then blows Thy breath around my hill,  
And decks it with hope's green array.  
Love bears me as on angels' wings  
Unto Thy home in endless day.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

III.—ST. PAUL'S AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE lofty, dreary-looking walls of what was known as Fleet Prison used to form a conspicuous object near the foot of Ludgate Hill. This celebrated

prison was on the east side of Farringdon Street; on part of its site now stands the Congregational Memorial Hall. It was a "noisome place with a pestilent atmosphere;" and no wonder, for it stood on the banks of the Fleet Ditch—now built over—which here rolled "its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."

The Fleet had many well-known inmates in its day. Thomas Keys, the serjeant porter of

Queen Elizabeth's court, was sent there for getting married—(it was one evening in August, 1565, "by an old fat priest in a short gown")—to Lady Mary Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey. They were an odd couple, Lady Mary being "the smallest woman in the court," and Keys the largest man. Discovery quickly followed the ceremony. "The burly serjeant porter," says Mr. Froude, "was sent to the Fleet to grow thin on discipline and low diet; the Lady Mary went into private confinement; and both were only too eager to release each other and escape from punishment." The bishops had some trouble in undoing the knot, and the incident furnished Elizabeth with "a fresh topic on which to descant in illustration of the iniquities of matrimony."

Dr. John Donne, a poet and divine of the reign of James I., was another whose marriage brought him to confinement in Fleet Prison. His offence was that he had married the daughter of Sir George More without her father's leave. They married, says Izaak Walton, in his charming "Life of Donne," "without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful." His marriage was the great error of Donne's life, and both he and his wife Anne would no doubt bitterly have repented of it if, says Walton, "God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people."

Everyone has heard of Fleet marriages. Down to the reign of George III. degraded clergymen living within the Rules of the Fleet Prison used to ply the matrimonial trade there in the most unblushing manner. "In walking along the streets in my youth," says Pennant,

"on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?'" A sign was in many cases hung outside showing two clasped hands with "Marriages performed within" written underneath. The parson was willing to tie the knot for half-a-crown and a gill of spirits. These marriages were rather unlicensed than clandestine. They were long recognised by all sensible people as a scandal, but it was not till 1753 that a bill was introduced in Parliament declaring such unions to be null and void.

The locality known as *Blackfriars* derives its name from a monastery which once stood near Ludgate. It was at this monastery that the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon was publicly tried before the papal legates, Cardinal Campeggio and Cardinal Wolsey. The court met on the 28th of May, 1529. The queen made her appearance only to protest against the legality of the proceedings; after a solemn address to the king for justice, she appealed to the Pope and withdrew. Justice she did not get, but, like a good woman, when she died seven years after, we find her dictating a touching letter of forgiveness and gentle admonition to him whom she still addressed as her most dear lord and husband.

"The hour of my death now approaching," she says; "I cannot choose, but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do likewise. . . . Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."