

# ANNE BEALE, GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

INTRODUCTION.



MISS ANNE BEALE.

THE diary in twenty-six volumes, of which the following are but a few extracts, was bequeathed to the Editor, who treasures it on account of his long friendship with the author and the high esteem with which he regarded her. The readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* have known and admired her writings for many years and it is with them first of all that the Editor desires to place a few passages of her life.

Anne Beale had, in addition to multitudinous readers, a host of devoted personal friends, for how could so sympathetic a character fail to win the affection of all those who came within the sphere of her influence? These extracts will be of abiding interest both to them and to the readers who make her acquaintance in these pages.

The author of the diary was born in Langport in Somersetshire, her father being a gentleman living on his own property. The distinguished essayist, Mr. Walter Bagehot, and his family were her near neighbours, companions in early childhood and friends of later life. On the death of Mr. Beale, the widow and two daughters were left almost unprovided for, but owing to an excellent education in Bath under Madame de Bellecour, they were happily enabled to support their mother—one as a singer of rare beauty and refinement, and the other, Miss Anne, as a governess in a family in Wales and afterwards as a writer of considerable distinction.

The writer was nineteen years of age when the journal was started.

JOURNAL.

*August 31, 1835.*—And am I really going to do that stupid and commonplace thing, write a diary—going to transcribe, in dull and regular rotation, all the everyday events of my very regular existence? I ask myself, of what use will be such a waste of time and paper? And the only answer I can in conscience give is, "To amuse myself by scribbling things which I may perchance some fine day like to read over." Wonderful, indeed, have been the occurrences of this first day of my journalising, begun, too, upon the last day of the month. Mrs. Hardy and Dodo being at Cheltenham, Miss Wilmot, to use her own expression, declared she would "Do some mischief," to keep which promise, Mr. H., Miss Wilmot, Miss Garner, Martha Jane, Robert, and myself, all went into Hereford, took two hours going there, stayed there another two, and to complete the half-dozen, returned in a similar portion of time. I amused them all amazingly by reading *Sir Roger de Coverley's Ghost*, which is certainly very droll. Dear Bessey is by this time safely housed at Bath, on her way to Canon Frome. I would add, if no unforeseen circumstance has obliged her to lengthen her stay at Langport. I do not envy her feelings, neither am I desirous of possessing mama's, for they are not the most enviable. I only hope dear mama bore the parting well, and that I shall see my sister in good spirits either to-morrow or next day.

*Sept. 1.*—How well do I remember this time last year! I was in Dorsetshire, mama had left for a fortnight, and I kept house for my uncle. That very day Mr. Davis brought me a brace of partridges, the first he had shot, and my skill was put to the test in cutting them up. 'Tis sweet to recall scenes forgotten by all but oneself, which would have been buried in oblivion, save for all-constant memory! But what have I to do with past times, my lay should be of the present, which, unhappily, one never looks upon with so much pleasure as events long gone by. We all went to-day to Homend—I should say, Miss Garner, Martha Jane, and myself went to see them shoot. Miss Poole, and all the family, except Mr. James Poole were out, and he said he would shoot if I would shoot with him. Just as I had promised, some tall, meagre-looking person rode up, and I was obliged to make my lowest *congé* and say good morning. On our way back we met Miss Wilmot, who made us return, and, by the time of our arrival, the tall gentleman had departed, Miss Poole was returned, and the shooting begun. They taught me to shoot, and said I did it famously. Dear Bessey is, I hope, by this time, safely arrived at Canon Frome. How I long to see her, and hear of dear mama, and all our kind Langport friends.

*Sept. 2.*—Mrs. Hardy and Dodo returned from Cheltenham, where they had been five days. I went over to Canon Frome in hopes of seeing Bessey, but, alas, all in vain! I went on the tip-top of expectation, and returned at the very lowest ebb of disappointment, for she was not come. The Hoptons all gone to Bishop's Frome, and the servant told me that Mr. Hopton had sent for Bessey, and no such personage was to be seen in Ledbury. Not a line from her to me, and I think if the Hoptons had heard they would undoubtedly have let me know the contents of the letter. What the reason can be I cannot imagine. May the Great Disposer of all events grant that no increase of



illness of dear mama has detained her. Happily for me I never anticipate evils, but think them quite enough to bear when they do come; nor do I imagine that such anticipation lightens the weight of them when they do in reality arrive. Though sad thoughts came, yet I look'd on the bright side, and was enabled to enjoy the delightful walk we took, when the rest of our party joined me. Indeed so calm and lovely was the evening, that I could not but enjoy every step we took. The moon shining in all its mild pale radiance, and the dim twilight shedding its softened lines around us. Who would not have enjoyed such an evening?

Sept. 3.—To my unspeakable joy had a note from Bessey this morning telling of her arrival. Went over after tea and walked an hour with her. I quite fancied myself at home again with her. Mama, thank God, is better, and no place in the coach was the only reason of her delay. I am more than ever convinced of the benefit of looking on the fair side. How miserable I may have made myself had I been so disposed! Had a long, long, nice chat with Mrs. Hardy in her bedroom, about strange love affairs, flirtations, and certain "*je ne sais quois*," which had happened to me. She gave me capital advice, laughed heartily at me, and sent me off to bed. Dear, kind woman, how grateful I ought to be to her, and to the Almighty for placing me so happily with her. Praised be His Name for all His goodness to me and mine.

Sept. 4.—Walked with Mrs. Hardy to see a poor sick girl, whose mother came to me yesterday when they were out. Poor thing, she has a large family, and this daughter has returned from service as an additional burden upon her. I gave her a shilling, which was all I could afford. How true it is that one half of the world knows not what the other half suffers. Whilst some are rolling in riches and affluence, others are working all day to gain sufficient to keep their families from starving.

Sept. 5.—All, save Dodo, Robert, Fanny and myself, went to Weston. Bessey came over at half past three, and we chatted in my room till half past four. Poor dear child, she does not seem quite reconciled yet to hum-strum, as she terms it. We walked with her beyond Homend, and Dodo

and I returned to this latter place to sketch it, which we did. They came home about eight, and we had over all the Weston arrangements. I cannot think of it, for although I fear much for myself at parting with Bessey, yet I fancy she will be less able to bear it. Would that she were perfectly happy and comfortable, and I should then have little to fear for myself, situated comfortably as I am.

Sept. 6.—To-day is Sunday, and I have not employed it as the blessed Sabbath is ordered to be kept. 'Tis true I went to church twice, but my thoughts wandered, and, instead of continuing "instant in prayer," I thought too much of worldly things. Walked after evening service to Homend, and had a nice chat with Miss Peole. Bessey came over to tea, and we walked back with her. Finished reading *Records of a Good Man's Life*, with which I am much pleased. A simple story, simply told, and containing the history of a truly good minister of the Gospel of Christ. Preaching "Christ crucified," and "bearing his cross with patience."

Sept. 8.—My heart is palpitating betwixt hopes and fears. If it prove fine Thursday, we all go to Great Malvern; if the contrary, alas! we stay at home. The day has been very wet, and our fate must be decided

to-morrow, on account of Miss Wilmot's arrangements. "The night is light, and the moon shines bright" (there's certainly a vein of wondrous poetry in me), yet perchance it may all prognosticate rain to the weather wise. "Disappointments sink the heart of man, but the renewal of hope gives consolation." So did the rain sink my heart, and the moon consoles me. But "what a row about a bit of bacon," and all about a day's pleasure. What creatures of a moment we are! And we anticipate for so long what a single accident may put off. I wrote to Eth. Jenkins, a long owed letter, finished the sketch of Homend, and we had a dance in the evening. Miss W. showed off in the Irish jig, which she does capitally, dear, good-natured creature that she is.

Sept. 10.—Alas! alas! Woe! woe! No Malvern! Rain in torrents—all the night and morning, and during the day at intervals! "Man born to trouble is, as sparks do upward fly," and great truly has been mine. Actually disappointed of an excursion to Malvern! Terrific! I think we all bore it very patiently, and went into the schoolroom with a very good grace. How I watched the passing clouds at six o'clock in the morning, looked cross, sulky, ill-tempered, odious, diabolical, and all about a great blessing to the country at large, after the long drought we have had. Mrs. H. gave us a half-holiday to console us, or rather as a parting afternoon to poor Miss Garner, who leaves to-morrow. Miss Wilmot will return again, after a week's time. The Miss Pcoles came to condole with us, and in the evening we played at proverbs, and got on capitally. So much for a disappointment, row for the moral. How foolish it is to build one's hopes upon a little sublunary pleasure, which may be done away with in a moment. We must always be prepared and composed at all trifling evils, and we shall then be the better able to bear those of more consequence, when it shall please the Almighty to afflict us with them.

Sept. 11.—Got up between five and six to see Miss Wilmot and Miss Garner off. Gave the latter *Mason on Self-Knowledge*. She is indeed a truly unaffected fine girl, and I have enjoyed her society much. She is more than pretty, she is so peculiarly interesting.

Her pale face, blue eyes and pencilled eyebrows are beautiful, and she has a sweet expression, particularly in her deep, deep mourning, which becomes her much. I could not look at her mild, pale face without loving her.

Sept. 12.—Shower succeeded shower, and such provokingly lovely sun between, that prevented my going to Canon Frome. I went, however; and just arrived when they were going to dinner, saw Bessey for a minute or two, and came back again. Mrs. Poole came up to tea, and we hemmed coarse cloths and laughed for three hours. Mr. J. Poole came to fetch her at eight, and we had a discussion upon shooting birds, hunting, etc., which he, of course, commended. It certainly is cruel to do either for pleasure, and I cannot imagine how men can amuse themselves by seeing even the most insignificant animal suffer. It is, however, incompatible with a country gentleman, and will, I suppose, till the end of time be a pastime for them, cruel as it is.

Sept. 13.—Heard an interesting story from real life this morning at breakfast, about poor Mrs. Chamberlayne, my straw-bonnet maker. She was respectably brought up, and her parents tradespeople in London, who had acquired some competence. She was their only child, and was



MADAME DE BELLECOUR.



apprenticed to a straw-bonnet maker. She had an aunt residing at Stretton, wife to a respectable farmer, whom she came to visit. Pretty and nicely dressed, she fixed the attentions of a little sprig of a journeyman tailor living near her uncle's, who managed, by some means or other, to get acquainted with her. He was a man of bad character, a drunkard, and wretched temper, and plain in person. In spite of these disadvantages the lady was peculiarly struck, clandestine meetings were agreed upon, and executed till she returned bewildered to London. The affair was made known to her parents, who, of course, dissuaded her, with some success, from such a match. Unfortunately and foolishly, they allowed her again to visit Stretton. She renewed the intimacy, promised marriage, and he followed her to London for that purpose. Her parents reluctantly gave their consent, and he promised

her a servant to do everything for her that she may be allowed to carry on her trade, and promised fair on all sides. They were married, and what an alteration soon took place! They were unfitting for each other. He engaged no servant for her, and unacquainted with household affairs, from a fine town lass she became a country slattern. He quarrelled with her, nay more, beat her and used her cruelly. She has now three children, and, poor little woman, looks the image of care and despondency. She works at her trade, takes care of her children and household, and appears truly miserable. His conduct is somewhat better, but they can never be happy. These unequal marriages, even in the lower ranks, are never happy. They cannot bring themselves to one another's ideas, and consequently discontent is the consequence.

(To be continued.)



## WHAT CO-OPERATION DID IN OUR VILLAGE.

### PART I.

#### WITH OUR GARDEN FRUIT.

I MUST begin by introducing Agnes and myself to the reader. We are two maids—I was going to say old maids, but that is not quite correct, for we are just at the age when health is strongest, faculties brightest, and judgment soundest, so that we cannot be called aged. But we have little time or inclination to give to sentimental dreaming, nor have we any illusions to keep us from giving the whole of our attention to the business of life. This business of life, as far as we two are now concerned, is to make our living—as good a one as we possibly can, and to help others as we go along. As we are entirely dependent upon our own exertions, having no money but that we earn, no rich relations to appeal to, and of course no children to fall back upon when we reach old age, our position is serious enough to make us take it seriously.

That is the debit side of our account however; on the credit side we have, as I said before, health, and that best of all the senses—common-sense; also we have the will to work as well as some knowledge of how to work, so we do not look forward with fear, knowing there is One above who is watching over us, Who

“ . . . shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.”

So much then for our personality. At the time of my writing we have been five years located in the village of E., and we seem likely to remain there for some time yet to come. E. is an old-fashioned place, situated just within the borders of Norfolk, and is in the very heart of the fruit and flower country. It is not pretty country, being flat, barren of all trees but those of the fruit-bearing order, and it is a country where the wind blows perpetually; still it is

not without a certain picturesqueness, with its broad fields and long canals, its windmills, its red-sailed boats and barges, and besides this there is—as the Scotch say of grimy Glasgow—“money in it.” It was the money that was to be made there which at first attracted us, and in some degree it is that which keeps us there now; but there are also those interests of life in every place, with the kindly associations that gather round one as one makes friends, and there is the absorption of work, the ties that make home, and we all know, be the land ever so ugly, or humble, or commonplace, “east or west, home’s best.”

Having introduced ourselves and located our position, I want now to plunge into that piece of modern history which constitutes my reason for putting pen to paper, believing as I do that the record of what has been done in our village may serve as a helpful example of what it might be possible to do in many other villages, when women bring their energies to bear on the land question, as they now are beginning to do.

I must say that before we took up *petite culture* as a means of earning a living, we had had some experience in flower and fruit buying and selling. I mention this as it is important. The grower who does not know what becomes of his produce after it leaves his hands is handicapped to a great extent by his ignorance. He cannot tell what it is best to grow, what it will look like when it has travelled, nor what uses it may be put to; whereas after a few years of practical work as a floral decorator in the West End of London, and an intimate acquaintance with Covent Garden market and the commission agents there, my sister had accumulated a store of knowledge that was worth much to her as capital.

My experience had lain along more domestic lines; occasionally I had been Agnes’s helper when a pressure of work had made a helper necessary, but I had also gathered



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## PART II.

Sept. 15, 1835.—Nothing happened either yesterday or to-day worth recording in a book so full of matter as this. Storms and little sunshine the whole of the day. Managed to take a sketch of Mrs. Bevens yesterday between the showers. Finished a letter to Floreska, and the hop-yard sketch to-day. Began candles at tea, and the nice winter reading, which is very pleasant. Dodo immeasurably stupid and inattentive to-day, which made me rather out of temper. I find it of no use to be cross, for it only lowers one in the opinion of the pupil, and gives her an undue advantage over one.

Sept. 17.—I fear my monotonous existence will soon tire me of writing a journal, as I am already beginning to miss days. It was very wet yesterday, which made Mrs. Hardy think an intended drive and night at Malvern would be unaccomplishable to-day. We were going to fetch Miss Wilmot, who returned this afternoon from Shiffnal. A heavy fog cleared off, and a sunny, delightful day it turned out. Mrs. Hardy was in a sad way about not going, and really after all ordered the carriage, and would have gone had not her *caro sposo* said it was too late. Miss Wilmot expected us, and was greatly disappointed at our non-appearance. She left Miss Garner tolerably well, and *assez bien réconciliée*.

Sept. 18.—Finished translating *Artaserse*, by Metastasia, in doing which I consider myself to have done a great work, as I never attempted Italian poetry before. I should delight in being enabled to speak the language of that land of loveliness—Italy. The very sound of the letters is delightful. What must be the country! Its paintings, poetry, sculpture, music—the emporium of science. I likewise finished reading *Macbeth*, and with such a tragedy must come the beauties of England, my own dear native land. The first of his plays that I ever read, and I am delighted Mr. Morely was right in saying that I had a store of pleasure to come. His characters are admirable; Lady Macbeth is beyond what one can conceive of blackness in woman, and there cannot in reality be such baseness; still, it is not less beautiful in description. Her urging on her husband to the commission of crime and her midnight walks are beautifully described.

Sept. 19.—Walked over to Canon Frome; poor dear Bessey very poorly, with a wretched sore throat, cough, cold and pain in her chest. I do most sincerely pray she may soon get better. We talked over letters she received in her basket, from dear mama, Mrs. G. Stuckey, and Rhoda Pranker. Mama is not well and, from Mrs. G. Stuckey's account, not ill, as she says she looked very well and in capital spirits. Oh, if anything could but turn up to settle dear mama and Bessey comfortably in the world, how happy I should be! Read aloud Lord Byron's *Giaour*, some parts of which are beautiful, but the style of verse not altogether pleasing to my ear. What a wonderful man he must have been!

Sept. 20.—Went to church twice, as usual, wrote a long letter to dear mama, and walked over to see Bess. Pouring rain all church-time, and the roads so dirty that Mrs. Poole made me go in and get fresh shoes and pattens. Found Bessey better, and stood waiting for a storm to come

on till six. Went back by Homend, and Miss K. Poole, hearing my pattens, popped her head out of the window and made me go in to tea. Had my tea there and a little chat, and walked home very comfortable, having seen an un gallant gentleman, for Mr. J. Poole actually came to the door, but did not offer to see me home.

Sept. 28.—Such wonderful events have happened, that I really have not been able to spare one minute to write these delectable productions. Last Thursday, the 24th, I was surprised to see Miss Bess pop her head into the school-room and walk up to me, not looking very well. When I told her that I was just going to ride to Stoke Park she began to cry, and when I took her into my room quite sobbed hysterically. After some time she told me that she had been in this low state for a week, and had been dosed and talked to by Mrs. Hopton, and all to no purpose, she could not conquer herself. The least thing upset her. I went down to Mrs. Hardy and got some sal

volatile, which I gave her. I made the two children go for a ride with Mr. Hardy, and leave me at home. Mrs. H. came up and talked to Bessey, and asked her whether she should like to sleep here with me that night, as she had not stirred outside the door for nearly a fortnight before. Of course she was delighted, and dear kind Mrs. Hardy trotted off to Canon Frome to tell Mrs. Hopton of it. It was agreed upon, and Bessey stayed, with rather better spirits, that night. Poor child! she took an idea into her head that if she could stay quietly here till Monday, she should return quite well. The next day she seemed very weak, and was almost crying all breakfast-time at the idea of leaving me. Mrs. Hardy told us to walk over with her, and to arrange for her to give her lessons, and then return and spend a quiet evening with us, as she was going to Homend to dinner. Arrived at C. F., I told Miss Hopton and arranged with her; at the same time had a long chat respecting Bessey. Miss Hopton said it was quite distressing, and

they would do everything in the world for her, in short, all that was kind. I returned and had a long chat with Mrs. H. about her, and she fancied she ought to go home. About eleven o'clock in walked my ladyship again, looking as frightened as she well could look. She found herself unable to give her lessons, went to look for Mrs. Hopton, found her and Miss H. gone to Stretton, posted after them, was chased by a bull, came in puffing and blowing, and looking much better. All here went out as intended, and we had a nice quiet evening. After mature deliberation, miss was sent off upon Frisgig to ask leave to stay quietly till Monday, obtained it and again returned. In the afternoon we all went out, Bessey rode Frisgig, and we walked with her for three miles. All went to C. F. to dinner, and we had another quiet evening. Sunday she went to church twice with us, and after evening service walked to Blackway, two or three miles, with the Pooles. It rained a little, but we had a pleasant walk. The miracle morning came, and she walked, I should say rode off, looking very well and in tolerable spirits. I am now in the evening of the day, and not being certain as to her present state can only hope and pray that He Who has promised to protect the fatherless will protect her and make her happy in the situation in which He has mercifully placed her.



MISS ELIZABETH COMPTON BEALE ("BESSEY").



Oct. 8.—Another whole week has passed away, and not a word have I written, preparations have been so busily going on for Bath, and to-morrow we start. I and the two girls spent yesterday and breakfasted this morning at Canon Frome. Mr. Greenfield was there, a very gentlemanlike man. Travelled all over the world, and a most highly-finished person. We played at words, and I tore paper for Mrs. Hopton. Bess and I had a comfortable fire in her room, and a nice long chat. Called into Homend coming back, and took leave of them. Got my album, in which they had all written. Miss Poole composed something especially for me, and said that there was no one else for whom she would have done such a thing. Mrs. Hopton, Bessey, and the children drink tea here this evening, so I shall see her again. I could hardly refrain from crying when I wished them good-bye at Canon Frome, for I shall not see them when I return, which will be in five or six weeks; they will all be gone, and taking leave, even with commonplace friends who have been kind to one, is always painful.

I took leave of dear Bessey, with some hope of seeing her again at my return from Bath.

Oct. 11.—I arrived the day before yesterday at Bath, found them all kind as ever. My birthday it was, and all the girls gave me a beautiful gold seal. Breakfasted with Madame yesterday, and went to Church Street, where they were all assembled. The Eatons all very sweet girls. We took a walk in the park, and Mr. J. was highly delighted. Had a wretched headache, and lay down for two hours. Mrs. Stock staying with Mrs. Eaton. A very singular eccentric woman. We had music in the evening, and I returned here about nine o'clock.

Oct. 18.—I find I have said nothing of Mrs. Stock and her son. They have been staying at Mrs. Eaton's for some part of the time of our visit there. They were there, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Hardy, when we arrived. Mrs. Stock is a very singular woman, but astonishingly clever. She lost her husband not long since, and is now in a widow's cap, but her common style is none at all, and short hair. She wears a man's collar about her neck, and a silk handkerchief. Mr. Stock is likewise a very clever young man, but I think rather conceited. He composes well, and has great conversational talents. They were both very polite to me, and we were very merry. They left us the past week. I called on the Forbes, who were unexpectedly kind. The Cleplanes, Leighlyes, Gales, Barretts, etc., all equally so, and all asked me either to dinner or tea. Went with Floreska to see poor Captain Mastin, who is now quite lonely, both the girls being in Liverpool. He said he wanted me sadly to keep house for him, and appeared delighted to see me. I heard from Elizabeth Mastin, who seems very happy. Had a letter from mama, respecting her going from Langport to Bristol, and wrote to my aunt about it. I hope I may soon see her. Got myself a new bonnet, and Mrs. Hardy gave me a new merino dress, which I have now got on for the first time. The children have begun dancing, and Dodo water-coloured drawing, which I hope she will succeed well in. I walk backwards and forwards from Russel Street to Church Street, morning and evening, and get on very comfortably. The Eatons appear very fond of me, at least they are very kind.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET HETHERTON.

### CHAPTER III.



ONE evening a few days later Dr. Milworth had called to see Lily, who was, however, rapidly recovering. Before he left Mrs. Hetherton had begged him to take a seat by the fire for awhile, an invitation not at all unwillingly accepted. Mr. Hetherton was reclining in his arm-chair on one side of the hearth, an expression of calm content on his fine face; on the other side sat his wife busily knitting. Margaret sat at the table, drawing. Presently Mr. Hetherton raised himself up and spread out his hand to the blaze.

"It is growing chilly, doctor," he said, "I feel the cold much more than I used to."

"Oh, papa," cried Margaret, "do lie back again, I was just busy with your eye, and you are looking quite a different way now."

Mr. Hetherton lay back obediently as desired, saying with a laugh—

"I did not know you were drawing my portrait, Margaret, otherwise I should have been more careful. Margaret is a many-sided genius, isn't she, doctor?" he went on mischievously, but with secret pride all the same.

"Papa, don't tease," said Margaret, laughing.

"The time may come, child, when you will have to lay aside all these arts and sciences," put in Mrs. Hetherton in her quiet way.

"If I marry, you mean?"

Mrs. Hetherton nodded and smiled.

"Then I shall never marry," said Margaret decidedly, drawing vigorously at the same time at her father's abundant locks. Mr. Hetherton laughed.

"You will tell a different tale in time, you haughty dame."

"Just to think of laying aside drawing and music, languages, everything, and making puddings and pies from year's end to year's end!"

Mrs. Hetherton bent over her work with a hurt expression, which did not escape her daughter's quick eyes.

"Are you an advocate for the rights of women, Margaret?" asked Dr. Milworth, with a smile.

"I don't know. I have never thought much about the matter, but I believe I am."

"Oh, Margaret!" exclaimed her mother deprecatingly. To Mrs. Hetherton the "rights of women" had a most ominous sound.

Here a noise was heard in the back premises, a noise of chairs being roughly pushed about, of heavy boots tramping over an uncarpeted floor, and of boyish voices raised loud in dispute.

"I knocked him down," declared one triumphantly.

"No, you didn't, Rob," came in shriller tones, "you just came and gave 'm a thump after Jack had got him under, and that was mean."

"That's not true, you fiddling jackanapes; I'll teach you to—"

Mr. Hetherton and Dr. Milworth burst into a hearty laugh. Mrs. Hetherton looked across at Margaret.

"Margaret dear, go and get the boys something to eat, and tell them to be quiet."

"Yes, mother." Margaret rose, gave a last longing glance at her unfinished drawing; then made her way into the kitchen. By this time the brothers were chasing each other round the table, Rob growling out threats of



## THREE MINSTRELS.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

THREE minstrels wander through the earth  
With harps of sorrow, love, and mirth;  
They clamoured early at my gate,  
They tarry long, they linger late.

Joy entered first; upon her tongue  
Were snatches of melodious song;  
She set my dreams to airiest tone,  
And claimed me for her very own.

I prayed she would my minstrel be,  
And ever sing her songs to me,  
And we through sunny realms would stray,  
And fill with dreams the summer day.

But soon a darker minstrel smote  
His harp with deeper, sadder note,  
And mournful dirges and refrains  
Filled all my world with sorrow's strains.

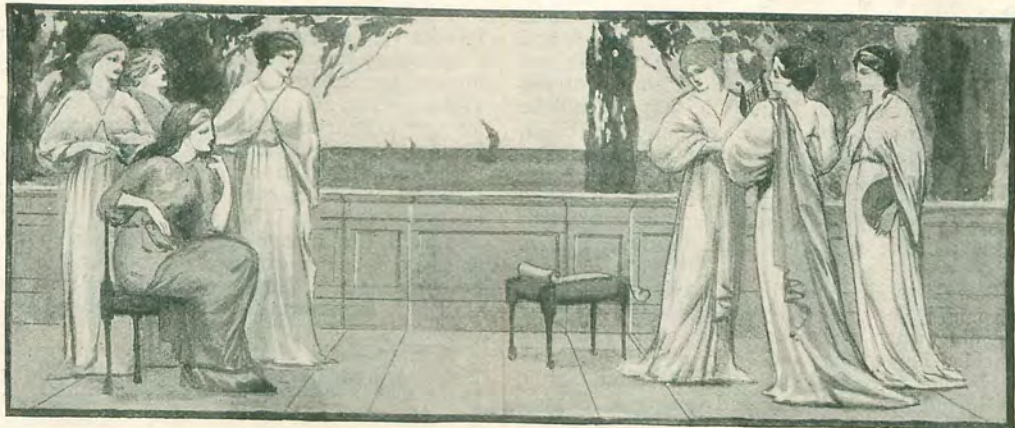
And Joy's clear voice and tender words  
Were almost lost in those wild chords;  
While wailing discords, keen and sharp,  
Clanged from the sombre minstrel's harp.

But Love, the minstrel, came that way,  
And discords ceased beneath his sway;  
He charmed the earth, and air, and skies,  
Recalling early paradise.

Though Sorrow hath her phantom band  
Of viewless minstrels at her hand,  
Who toll, like nuns in twilight dim,  
Their mournful miserere hymn,

Yet dominant o'er every wail  
The chords of love and joy prevail,  
And fain my untaught lips would reach  
The golden cadence of their speech.

They echo strains for which we yearn,  
And sweet refrains which we shall learn  
When we, unlearning Sorrow's tone,  
Have made the songs of Heaven our own.



*Anne Beale*

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

### PART III.

Dec. 11, 1835.—Had a long letter from Bessie describing their stay in Cheltenham. Tolerably dull for her, poor girl, I am afraid. Music from morning till night. They have Cianchettini as a piano master, and Sapio as a singing one, and if they do not improve, why, I should praise them for their ability. Bessie had had three lessons of Sapio. He thought more of her voice than anyone ever thought before. Splendid! equal to anything! magnificent! and similar expressions of admiration were continually in his mouth. She sang duetts with him which he had sung with Catalani, and compared their voices in "Angels ever bright and fair" to each other. As to Bessie, all she

could think of was, if such talent had been given her, why she should not make use of it, and be gaining a competency, instead of strumming all day and gaining comparatively nothing. She managed through Miss Croose to gain an interview with Sapio, and drank tea with him at her house. He said he would forward her views in any way, and would give anything if she would sing at his concert next month. She is considering of it, and is determined to speak to Mrs. Hopton on the subject, which I hope she will do soon. I can see no objection Mrs. H. can have to her coming out as an amateur singer at this said concert. Poor dear girl! would she be enabled to do so? Doubtless the Almighty would support her through it, if it be His will that anything shall result from it.



Cianchettini likewise greatly complimented her on her voice, as did many persons. She thought of mama and me, who have always been so much against her singing in public, and hinted that if she had only herself to consult she would do so and so. Oh, what a proud little mortal I once was! It is, however, gone in a great degree, and, thank God! I see the folly of it. It has been the ruin of thousands, and probably will be the ruin of as many more. And what had I to be proud of? Nothing, the shadow of nothing, if there is such a thing. Proud I was, though, and more so than anyone could suspect. And proud I am even now, for sometimes, even in this scheme, some little remains of my old enemy will arise and baffle all my preconcerted plans, of Bessie's future greatness in her profession by intruding some notion of that profession's not being suitable to a gentlewoman, and similar absurd surmises. I pray, however, that it may be kept from me, and that Bessie will ornament her profession instead of its lowering her.

Dec. 25.—This is Christmas Day, and I again begin to write some account, in a regular way, of all events, though, in truth, I believe the summary way is the best, for I have little to say. Oh, that I could feel as I ought upon subjects of moment, and I would little care what I wrote. This very day, the anniversary of the birth of our blessed Redeemer, I received the Sacrament, and, I fear, added new sins to the list of the many I daily commit. Even in that most holy and blessed ordinance I once or twice, nay, more, felt my thoughts wandering to earth instead of soaring heavenward, and the recollection of dear Bessie and her concert stole across my mind, and interrupted my devotions. How cautious it is necessary to be, for to keep a guard over one's very thoughts at all times and seasons ought to be a law with us creatures of sin. So wily and full of temptation is Satan that he will creep in at the smallest loop-hole, and take away the good and supplant it by placing bad where it once was; and without the goodness of the Almighty and the assistance of His Holy Spirit we could not resist him. Oh, that I could be sufficiently grateful for all the mercies of the Most High, above all for what He did this day, in sending His only-begotten Son into the world to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification. May He, in Whom is all power, help me to feel this as I ought, and teach me, by the help of His divine grace, to walk in the paths of righteousness.

Dec. 26.—Saw Miss Hopton, who is staying a few days at Canon Frome. She gave me a long description of Bessie, confirming what had been before said. Thought it quite right for her to try and gain something more considerable by her voice, told me that all their family, Mrs. Hopton included, strongly advised to sing at Sapio's concert. Miss H. had a letter from Cheltenham saying merely that they would not tell her any news till her return, and adding that Bessie was gone to Bristol. I am so delighted at it, for it will be a most delightful opportunity of consulting with mama. And, at the same time, what happiness for both of them. Dear, thoughtful, nice Miss Hopton told me that she would write me an account of what she could gather, by the cent, which is to be at Canon Frome to-morrow. She dined here on Thursday, Christmas eve, with her papa, and Mr. Graves. The Pooles all came in the evening, and we were very pleasant. The frost is continuing without cessation, and the pool at Canon Frome is entirely frozen over. We went to see the skating there, which was very pretty. We were wheeled about in a chair by the skaters, and then, boy-like, I slid with Miss Kate Poole. The next day we again went to Canon Frome to help Miss Hopton give the school children their dinner. I never carved so immense a piece of beef before. And I had it, and one of the tremendous puddings, entirely to myself, as only Miss H. and I carved. We lunched off the children's Christmas fare. How they did eat, to be sure. Poor little urchins, I can hardly guess where they stowed it all. We took some delightful walks and the roads are indeed inviting. They are dry as a piece of board. The trees frozen, and the icicles hanging on them are exquisite, and no fair lady's ornaments ever rivalled them in beauty. The setting sun for the last few nights has been exquisite. The

moulding of the receding red into the foggy-looking, frosty sky, and then into the hills and fields below, is surpassing grand. Indeed the weather altogether, in spite of the intense cold, is quite exhilarating.

Jan. 1, 1836.—And this is really New Year's Day! It seems to me impossible that another year should have passed away in time apparently so short. What have I done in this whole twelve months for my own real benefit, or that of others? In what have I really improved? I have added more sins to my manifold transgressions, and my heart remains as sinful as ever. Oh! that my good resolutions were not so woefully broken. Oh! that those I now form may not be so badly adhered. May the next year, if it should please the Almighty for me to see another, pass in peace and happiness, not only of this world, but of that which is to come. How many blessings have I experienced from the Divine hand, unthanked for, and unthought of! What ungrateful creatures we are. Were an earthly being to bestow but one third part of such benefits, our lives would be devoted to him, and nothing would be too considerable, too hard, for us to perform in return. Would that I could, in such a manner, give myself up to Him Who made me, preserved me, and finally died for my salvation. How astonishing it seems that the very recollection of such blessings does not make us "Give up all and follow Him." Instead of which, before the morrow is over, my sinful inclinations will again lead me to error, and I shall be again wrapped up in the concerns of this world. Oh, may the God of all mercy assist me and guard me by His Holy Spirit from all kinds of evil, for of myself I know that I can do nothing.

Jan. 3.—The events of the last week have been, 1st, the certainty of Bessie's singing at Sapio's concert. She went to Bristol to see mama, and it was finally settled there. I had a very short note from her the night of her arrival at Cheltenham, merely mentioning the circumstance, without further particulars. She also said she had seen Annie Watson there, and that mama and all were quite well. I am longing to hear more, but she had not time. Caroline told Dodo in her note that she is to sing the famous duet with Sapio, one that he sang, from *La Vestale*, with Mme. Catalani, "Angels ever bright and fair," and "They bid me forget thee." What would I not give to go and hear her, but I fear I have not much chance. I do not think I should mind the expense of coach, if it were not too ridiculous. Mrs. Hopton told her that she would not part with her, for it was for herself she liked her, not for her voice.

Jan. 17.—Oh, what a week of adventures has this been! I can hardly believe myself when I view all the events of it. I will, however, try to bring them in succession before me, and write a connected narrative. I got a note from Bessie, saying that Mrs. Hopton did not approve of my going to the concert, fearing my agitating her. She, however, entreated me to come. I wrote a letter to say I would manage it somehow or other, not in the least knowing the way, as Mr. and Mrs. H. were going to Weston. Last Sunday I wrote it, and Monday morning, in the midst of deep snow, up walked Mr. Richard Poole to say he should be happy to drive me to the concert. Oh, the delight of such an announcement. It seems that Miss Poole had returned quite sorry for me, and had mentioned it, when Mr. Poole said, "She shall have my gig, and Richard can drive her," and this being followed up, to the concert we went. We started about half-past ten, lunched on the road, and arrived at Cheltenham about five. I forgot that Mrs. Hopton had revoked her hard decree, and had invited me on condition that I should not see Bess till it was all over. We had a very agreeable journey, though it did rain part of the way. Arrived at Mrs. Hopton's, I saw her and the Miss H.'s, and heard all accounts, after which I dressed. Mr., Mrs., seven Miss Hoptons, two Miss and Mr. J. Hopton from Kemerton, two Miss and two Mr. Pooles, the rest having gone with the Kemerton party, Mr. Graves, and myself, making in all eighteen, went to the concert. Mr. Sapio called for Bess after we were gone. The performers were all very well in their way, but I could not give any great attention till the primary attraction



came upon the *tapis*. She wore a white book-muslin over white silk, satin shoes, and a very pretty gold wreath in her hair, and well, very well, she looked. She came forward with Sapio to sing her first duet, her heart, she said, jumping into her mouth, but not very much frightened. I suppose I felt as everyone else would do on such an occasion, but I can scarcely analyse my feelings. A strange inclination to cry, and a wish to restrain it, a stranger beating at the heart and stoppage in the throat, in short, all kinds of feelings, which I got great credit for repressing so well. I was, from the first two notes, sure of her, as she soon gained her voice. She sang it exquisitely, and was clapped loudly. The second thing she sung was, "They Bid Me Forget Thee," so beautifully that there was an universal encore. The second time was better than the first. Again, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" was lovely beyond measure. They half encored her again, but thought it too much for her and stopped. She was so completely carried away by the novelty of the accompaniment that she actually lost her place, and recovered herself by only missing a bar. Such a brilliant *début* I scarcely ever heard of, and such is the universal opinion.

We were greatly amused by hearing the remarks of a French party behind us, who were apparently good judges of music. "Elle demeure dans une famille distinguée, à ce qu'on me dit; elle n'a jamais chanté hors de son salon avant, et n'a reçu de leçons que trois mois, c'est à dire de Sapio. Si elle fait ceci en si peu de temps, que fera-t-elle dans des années? Comme elle le sent! C'est magnifique, superbe. C'est un vrai ange"—in singing "Angels ever Bright and Fair." Such were the general opinions, by what we have since heard, of the whole room. As to the musical part of the society, it was beyond belief all that they said. Sir George Smart declared her wonderful, said he would not yet say she was perfection, but she would be; that she was a very nice girl; that, though he was now retiring from the profession, he would do anything he possibly could for her; and that he never saw anyone promise so much. Machin, the great bass singer, said as much. That for years he had not heard anyone sing "Angels" at all like her; that there was no one now singing comparable; and finally begged her to sing at his concert at Birmingham, in rooms that would hold more than three thousand people; that her voice would more than fill it. She was told by others that she stood well, that her appearance was in her favour, that—in short, so

many, that any other girl's head would have been turned. She considers it, however, in the right light—as a gift, and nothing to be proud of. Puffs were in the paper, and very flowing ones. The editor heard her rehearse, and another editor who was at the grand rehearsal declared himself struck dumb, so I expect plenty of paper paragraphs in praise.

March 31.—I have just received a letter from dear Bessie enclosing one from mama. Such events as have been happening to the former have raised a torrent of emotions in my heart. The *soirée* went off well, and she sang well. Mr. Whitman, the manager of the Worcester Music Festival, went to hear her, and was charmed with her voice. After having praised it highly, he said London was the place, and if she went there for the season he could promise her an engagement. There she has now determined to go in the end of April, under Sir George Smart, who, God grant, may become her friend. She is to pay him two guineas for three lessons, and how the money is to be raised I cannot tell. Mr. Whitman advised a concert at Worcester, which she is actually going to give next Wednesday. I am almost afraid to trust myself with the hope of its being a very good one, for she knows no one there, nor is she known, but as yet it promises well. It may at least assist her in her London expedition. I have written to Annie Watson to know whether she can board with her or not, and hope I shall soon have an answer. Mama's letter was enclosed in hers, and contained rather unpleasant news. She was suffering in bed from influenza, but wrote in good spirits. She intends letting the house to Mr. Brown, and will, I suppose, go to Uncle James, who was down to see her the other day, took her to Burleigh, where she spent the day, and all were kind as ever. What she will do if dear Bessey does not get on in her profession God only knows, for I cannot save much for her, and besides the twenty pounds a year for the house she has nothing. Oh, may a merciful Creator, who has promised "that He would never see the seed of the righteous begging their bread," grant that the children of him who is now an angel in heaven may be preserved, and enabled to keep their beloved mother from want. His hand is indeed conspicuous through all our goings and doings as yet, for everything in Bess's life has seemed but a train of circumstances leading on to this end to which she is attaining.

(To be continued.)

## SITE, BASE, SUPPORT, AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BUILDING.

### PART II.



At Limburg-on-the-Lahn the rock rises up partly from the river and partly from a meadow base, the enclosing walls have disappeared, but the rock itself is crowned by a fine cathedral and castle. The cathedral soars aloft into the air, with seven spires, overlooking to the north a rocky precipice rising sheer out of the river, and on the south

dominating the quaint old town. The buildings rise one above the other, and, with the exception of one or two modern structures, which fortunately cannot be seen from the river, the whole forms a lovely group in which nature and art have joined forces to produce a picture of remarkable beauty. How often are such chances ruined by that thoughtlessness which never attempts to suit buildings to a site made by nature so attractive!

As an example of the kind of thing which the modern builder can accomplish, a very talented Scotch architect in his work upon modern house architecture tells us of a case in Edinburgh in which a builder, erecting two rows of houses facing one another in a street, found his buildings brought to a stop by a great precipice commanding a magnificent prospect. It never suggested itself to him that by turning the two last houses at right angles, their windows would command this fine view. No, he just went on as before and stopped the terraces with the usual chimney-breast and blank wall.

The officers' quarters at Edinburgh Castle are as bad; it is sad to see such a magnificent site sacrificed to such a hideous building; it is true it was erected some eighty years back, when art was at its lowest point, and things were as bad in England as in Scotland.

There can be no doubt that the extreme dullness which is such a marked feature about the suburbs of our modern towns is to a very large extent to be traced to this utter inability of builders to make their structures assimilate themselves to their surroundings and natural objects which environ them. Many of the London suburbs were so



## BONE SOUP.

	s.	d.
1s. 3d. worth of raw bones . . . . .	1	3
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of bacon at 5d. . . . .		$3\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of Scotch barley at 2d. . . . .		$1\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of oatmeal at 2d. . . . .		$1\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of onions (sliced), say . . . . .		2
Pepper and salt . . . . .		$\frac{1}{2}$
Sundries and vegetables for stock . . . . .		4
	2	$4\frac{1}{4}$

We must begin making the bone soup the day before it is required, as we must extract all the goodness from the bones to make our stock, so we have the lentil soup for the children on Monday morning, and in the afternoon make our stock as follows:—

Break up the bones as small as you conveniently can with a meat hatchet, say into lengths of three inches or so, then slice up some vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, and in fact put in any vegetable that you can procure easily; the outside stalks of celery and cabbage are excellent.

All these vegetables contain valuable mineral matter, and are good for the children. You will see I have allowed fourpence for this, and that is an ample allowance. Put the bones and vegetables into the copper and add one tablespoonful of salt.

Then add seventeen quarts of cold water and allow this to come to the boil slowly, and then boil the whole gently all the afternoon.

We boil bones because we wish to extract the gelatine from them, and that requires greater heat than extracting

juices from vegetables or meat. Another reason for applying greater heat in cooking bones is that gelatine becomes liquid when heat is applied to it, whereas albumen, which we extract from meat, hardens under the influence of heat.

When the stock is made, strain the liquor from the bones and vegetables, and put the liquor into an earthenware vessel till next day.

Now to make the soup.

Wash the barley well, and leave it soaking while you are heating the stock; put the stock into the copper, and when it is hot, add to it the barley; slice the onions thinly and add these also; allow the whole to simmer one and a half hours. Cut up the bacon into small dice, roll them in the oatmeal and then scatter them into the soup, add a little pepper and salt to taste. You will not require as much salt as for lentil soup as the bacon is salt. Allow the soup thus made to simmer one hour longer, then stir up well and serve hot to the children.

This is our village soup kitchen, how it originated and how it was carried out. There may be found people to say, Is it worth the trouble? The children have done without it, why should they require it now?

To all such I would answer, How do we know that it has not been merely the survival of the fittest who have lived and done without it? And even if this is not so, can we be quite sure that through our ignorance or want of thought for those dependent on us we have not starved the brain or warped the ideas of some grand mind who might have in its turn helped the struggling mass of humanity to live better, purer, nobler lives, and so make this world a fairer place?

MARY SKENE.

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

## PART IV.

April 10, 1836.—I have finished reading another nice book of Abbot's called *His Fireside*, and a delightful thing it is. Just in the style of the other, and equally impressive. He is certainly a most delightful writer, and I never read any works bringing truth more home to one's mind. I have not yet heard from Bessey in answer to a letter written to her respecting her visiting us here. Mrs. Hardy has asked her, and dear, kind Mr. H. has offered to pay her expenses. They are most good-natured indeed, and, oh! how I hope she will come. I heard from Mr. B. Armitage how much she was admired and how praiseworthy she was considered. I have not yet received an account of the concert either, which I am longing to get. Mr. A. said Mr. Hopton left the Hereford Assizes early expressly to drive them all to Worcester. I have read a newspaper account of the *soirée musicale*, and will copy it in here.

"A very delightful entertainment was given by Mr. Sapio at the residence of Mrs. Hopton, Lansdowne Place, who on this occasion in the kindest manner acceded to the adoption of a plan which has of late years been pretty general in the fashionable circles of the metropolis. At an early hour the drawing-rooms, set apart for the concert, were crowded by personages of fashion and distinction, and the performances were throughout of a very high order of excellence. The principal attraction, 'the bright peculiar star' of the evening, was Mr. Sapio's highly-gifted pupil, Miss Beale, who evinced the successful progress of that cultivation of her vocal powers which is alone required to place her in a station of the highest professional eminence, should that indeed be her ambition. The selection of the compositions admirably executed by this lady was most

judicious, and in every respect calculated to put those powers to every varied test of excellence. They were, 'The Lay of Feeling—a scena from Der Freischütz,' Haydn's sweetly simple air, 'With Verdure Clad,' Rossini's duet (with Sapio), 'Ricciardo che veggo?' and Bishop's exquisite ballad, 'And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire.' In each and all of these Miss Beale more than justified the warm but sincere tribute of praise which it afforded us so much pleasure to be enabled to pay to the almost unprecedented effect of her *début* some few months since. But in the ballad, we must own, she more than ever delighted and surprised us. With the sweetest utterance of pure and unadorned melody was combined a natural tenderness of feeling sustained by the noble pride of womanly constancy that gave a charm to the whole air that we have never heard surpassed. We know not the professional singer at this moment who could give the same effect to the same strain; and her auditors evinced their own good taste and their appreciation of the purest gratification that music can impart by the enthusiasm with which they induced its repetition."

April 12.—I have received a letter from Bessie, March 16, in which she declines coming here on account of the near approach of the time for her departure, and her wishing to be as long as possible with Mrs. Hopton. The latter kindly asked me to spend a day or two at Canon Frome instead, which I have declined, feeling sure that it would greatly inconvenience Mrs. Hopton, and that she would not have thought such a step necessary, had not the idea of our disappointment been forced upon her by Mrs. Hardy's invitation. Bess says that the concert at Worcester went off very well, that she got "much fame, and £1 1s. 6d. clear when all was paid." Poor dear girl, it was very little



to repay her for her trouble; but she could not expect very much, being so perfect a stranger. Everything that kindness could devise was done for her by the Hoptons, and presents of all sorts have been made her by them. She goes to London about the 25th, and mama has determined upon accompanying her home. Watson says that board and lodging for Bessie, with them, would be something about a guinea a week. She talks, however, of going as near as possible to Sir G. Smart, and probably will not be with Anne. I am very glad mama is going, as it will not only be the greatest protection to Bessie, but a pleasure to herself. I long for her to be fairly settled in town. What a world, if I had it, would I not give to go and see her; but it is best as it is, and minor disappointments are only preparations to enable one to support major ones with fortitude. It was a trial to write the letter of refusal, but "*C'en est fait.*" What a trial awaits my beloved sister, and how she has borne those she has already gone through. She is deserving of the highest praise. She takes no merit to herself, is not in the least puffed up, but puts all her trust in Him who can alone support her.

April 14.—Passing by Mrs. Baynton's, we saw a poor woman stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless. We were much frightened, and I touched her with a shudder lest I should touch a corpse. She moved and asked for water. Some of them ran into Mrs. Baynton's, and I in the meantime told her to try and rise, little suspecting with what ease she would accomplish my desire. Weakness was certainly not her malady, for she talked a great deal, and sat upright, said she was the last of sixteen children, and the only one who had turned out badly amongst them. She was in a deplorably ragged state, and although I consider her insensibility as feigned, there was reason enough for it. Mrs. Grene came out and gave her a shilling, and I felt to like her more than ever, when she persisted on doing so, notwithstanding the general idea of her deception. She said she was miserable, ragged and poor, and she believed her not in her right senses. I sent her down a flannel petticoat, Mrs. Hardy plenty of bread and meat.

April 27.—I returned two days ago from Canon Frome, and a delightful visit I had. Went on Tuesday with Mr. Hardy and Robert as far as Ledbury, to which place the carriage, with Bessie, Ellen, and Charlie, came to fetch me. Mr. Hardy and R. went on to C. F. and stayed till Friday. On Wednesday the Mr. Graves dined there, and we had music in the evening. Thursday, Mr., Mrs., Miss L. and Miss S. Hopton, went out to stay till Saturday. Mr. Hardy dined at Homend, and we all went in the evening. Dear Mrs. Poole and all as kind as ever. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hopton there. I cannot enumerate each day, but I did not return till Monday, and a happy week I spent with darling Bess, and most kind one and all of them were to me. Mrs. G. Stuckey wrote to B. to say that three or four of her Langport friends had advanced the sum of fifty pounds, to be paid, without interest, at her own time, for her London expedition. Anne Watson took lodgings for them near her, but too far from Sir G. Smart for a continuance. Dear mama, if all things went on well, arrived in London yesterday morning, and Bessey is by this time, I hope, arrived there likewise, having slept last night at Cheltenham, at Mrs. Sapio's. The Hoptons have made her most beautiful presents of everything she most wanted, from "the brodered kerchief to the golden headgear," and she has left kind and sorrowing friends behind her in them. Dear girl, she is most deserving of them, for if anyone was ever divested of vanity or self-conceit after all the praise she has received, she is, and I hope her success will reward her good conduct, and pray the Almighty to give her strength to persevere in it. Her voice is wonderfully improved already, and under Sir G. S. will be still more brought out. She will be very happy with dear ma, and the latter will be likewise benefited by the change, and having one of her dearies with her. Were it not appearing to repine, I could long to be a third, and a happy trio we should be. Miss Williams, Mrs. Hopton's niece, was at C. F. the whole time of my visit, and is a very nice girl. When I went into Hereford to take the coach, she returned with Bessie and Mr. Hopton. We lunched with them, and

she hoped I should be too late for the coach that I might sleep with her. Bessie goes to Gloster for the concert she refused a short time hence, and which was put off because she would not go. She has ten guineas and expenses paid. Mrs. Hardy is talking of going and taking the two girls and myself. I hope, indeed, she will, though I feel almost selfish in taking up room after having heard her so lately, and been with her so long.

May 13.—I went the other day to Moraston with Miss Wilmot, Mr. Hardy and Martha Jane. Mrs. Armitage and her daughter Rachel were the only ones at home, my friend Henrietta being at Cheltenham. It is a very nice place indeed, and kept in the most exquisite neatness. Large handsome fine gardens, and all the requisites for a country seat. Mrs. Armitage was very kind and polite to me, invited me to go again, and I should say from what I hear of her naturally high disposition, was very polite. I had a letter from Bessey, in which she says they are most comfortably settled in London, now near Sir G. Smart. Dear mama very well. The Graves are most kind, and I am sure quite unexpectedly so, for they never could have expected such perfectly friendly attention from people in their situation. Dining, sleeping there, taking Bess in their carriage to have her lessons, in short, doing everything. Not one word about the Gloster concert; but as she says Sir G. Smart advises her not to come out immediately, it must be done away with in some manner or other. The Watsons and Phillips all appear quite well. Oh, how I long to hear again! What can equal my anxiety about her? May she succeed, for what can be done if she does not, I know not. But He who "clothes the lilies of the field" will provide for us. Fifty pounds is a large sum to repay, and is now fast dissipating. No more can be raised without mortgaging the house.

June 2.—Had a letter from mama, in which she describes their goings on in London most accurately, but nothing is as yet done respecting B.'s coming out or doing anything. Something must surely come to her if dreams tell true, for the other night Mrs. Hardy dreamt she was going to be hanged, and I, the same night, dreamt that I heard her sing, and her voice was heavenly. If anything gives one the idea of heavenly music, it is surely when one hears it in a sleeping imagination. Not long ago Dodo dreamt she was going to be married to Canon Matthews, and I dreamt that she was to espouse Mr. John Graves. Oh, how I wish she were really well married and settled. I took a delightful ride with Miss M. Palmer, her brother, and Miss E. Stokes, to Newnham. As a great favour I was allowed to ride old grey, and picked up an old habit, which, with cap and veil, made quite a show on the great big horse. The ride to Newnham is exquisite.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopton, Ellen, Caroline, and A. Maria came, and spent a long day here. They did look so natural. Mrs. Hopton was quite kind and affectionate. She is very anxious about Bessie, and talks of "when she is to return to them," says that she ought to have come out. She has such a very elevated idea of B.'s voice that she imagines she can have nothing to learn. We took the young ones everywhere to show them the lions, and they were all wild with joy. Mr. Hopton kind as ever. I have finished reading Mrs. Carter's memoirs, and am delighted with them. What a pattern of amiability and goodness she must have been! How I should like to be a *bas bleu*, that is, a *bas bleu* of her time, when ladies were so, without pedantry and affectation. There are surely no people of the present day such as these were in that age of science and literature. These seem to have been an assemblage, a constellation of *beaux esprits*, such as never have been since, and in the present (to me) degenerate state of real learning, never will be again. 'Tis true accomplishments are increased to an amazing height, but where are the Mrs. Carters, Hannah Moores, Mrs. Montagus, in short, the many "learned ladies" that then lived? Gone, all gone, leaving a blank behind them, difficult to fill. What is so delightful in Mrs. Carter's life as her constant piety? One unchanging sentiment of gratitude and love to the Almighty reigns through her every action, and raises her above all merely worldly talent.



# Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

## PART V.

June 21, 1836.—A letter from mama, through Mrs. Poole, tells me that Bessie has been confined during a fortnight with influenza, which appears raging in London, as indeed it has been everywhere. It is most unfortunate, but dear B. says it is doubtless all for the best. This has put an end to all present employment—I should say had, as she, when they wrote, was just recovered. Ma had seen Mrs. Poole, and was much pleased with her. Mrs. P. and some of the family come here next week, and we shall be able to talk them over. I had a letter from my Uncle James, stating many strange events. He is, I have not a doubt, going to marry Miss Aplin, and promises to tell me more about her and himself in his next letter. He likewise tells me that Mr. Davis is about to be married to some lady, rich and accomplished. I hope he will be happy, and find, with those riches he has so long sought for, the person to make him happy. I am, indeed, truly thankful that my prayers were answered; and a full explanation took place between us ere I left Dorsetshire, for had such information come upon me, with the feelings I then indulged, it would truly have been a thunderbolt. I am, in a degree, deceived in the opinion I formed in him, and am convinced that he is selfish to a great degree. I would not call him deceitful. No, 'tis too hard a name, as he may have never meant in reality to gain my affections, though he must have seen the degree of influence he had gained. I must not think of it however, but let it fall into the deep waters of oblivion, as some dream of past life, mixed with calm and disturbed sleep. I only again hope that he may be happy, and thank the Almighty for my not feeling more strongly than I do on the subject.

I have heard from Bessey and mama. The former has had many adventures. She was quite recovered, and said Sir G. Smart would not or could not bring her out this season, as there is so much musical talent to compete with. Ma and Sapio both went to him about her, and he expressed great admiration at her voice, and said great things about her. She had had an offer to sing at a private concert, but had not asked Sir G. She talks of returning to Canon Frome till November, but will not go there till August. The Graves kinder than ever. Mr. C. Graves confessed himself in love with her. John Morely at London visited her, made her another regular offer, and declared himself desperately in love. She refused him, stating her opinion of their family in general; he was just as ever. They had been seeing sights, and seemed very gay.

Aug. 2.—How true it is "that hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and I am most decidedly experiencing it at this moment, so sick and sad do I feel. During the last three days, four I should say, have we been expecting Bessey, and she does not come. Three different nights have we been to the coach for her, and it has rolled by us, heedless of me and my wishes. I do begin to get uneasy. No letter, no news to account for this delay. I conjure up

all manner of evils, but cannot form any distinct one. Procrastination is rather her fault, and she may have put off something or other till the present moment. However, I must learn to bear disappointments, especially the small sorrows of life, without repining, only I fancy I would rather bear a great deal than this constant anxiety. I can hardly tell how I have felt these last two nights when the coach drew near. A beating at the heart, with a feeling that she would not come, and then when the certainty came, a trembling, and sick feeling indescribable. The coach, as if to raise my hopes, slackened its pace as it approached, and took a longer round than common as it turned the corner, as if to stop. The people here are very consolatory. Good little Mrs. Stokes sympathised greatly with me, and said I bore it very well. I will not give utterance to my fears, but I only trust dear ma is well, and no illness on any side has done the deed.

Aug. 9.—When I wrote last, it was a week ago, and I was expecting I know not what. I have been terribly disappointed, for after all Bess went straight to Canon Frome, and I got a letter from her to tell me so. Mr. Hopton wrote to her and told her she could come here when Mrs. Hardy returned from Homend. Mrs. Hardy goes the twelfth, and will stay a week, but I much fear Bessey will not come with her, so do not allow myself to hope. My disappointment was, indeed, a trial of patience. One certainly gets hardened, or accustomed, or something or other, to affairs of the kind, for I bore it much better than I should have done some time ago. Increase of years, I suppose, gives increase of power to support them, or custom accustoms. Mama went to my uncle James, so I hope at least, as I have heard from neither of them since their arrivals at the places of their destination. Mama arrived at Mules just a day after B. set off for Canon Frome. They left all their London friends, I imagine, in great grief. Mr. F.

Graves was taken ill, and not able to accompany her on her journey. Poor Mrs. Baynton looked very disappointed when she heard that B. was not coming, as I promised her a song, to which she was looking forward with great pleasure. How I hope she will yet come! I have nothing to write of myself, except that my legs are itching unbearably from these plaguing heat bumps, and I was almost inclined to wish there were no harvest, if they were produced by its arrival. What am I saying? Am not I become authoress with a vengeance? Am I not writing a story, and getting on swimmingly with my play? To be sure I am.

Oct. 23.—After the Miss Longdons left, the two Mr. Jones replaced them, one of whom stayed a week, and amused me greatly. He is an old gentleman of fifty-five (young he thinks), a widower, with two children, a very worthy man, though terribly self-opinionated, vain, and occasionally ridiculous. Very rich, having three thousand a year, and very good-tempered, when, to use a vulgar but apt simile, all the water runs in his own ditch. He paid me prodigious attention, and I verily feared he was going to make a fool of



ANNE BEALE.



himself and pop the question, but he did not. He talked of me constantly, praised everything I did, said I drew exquisitely, play beautifully, had a voice like some famous singer named Grassini, and as to my poetry, which Mr. Hardy showed him, he was enchanted. Read every word through, said it evidenced great genius, great feeling, and great I know not what; so altogether I found myself changed from a very commonplace sort of person to the height of perfection. He hoped I should go and see him if ever I went to London, and was really very kind in spite of his attentions and agreeables; but a conceited man is not pleasant, especially at fifty-five.

*Sept. 8.*—Bessey's concert is going on delightfully, and she has every prospect of success, if distinguished patronage does any good. Their dinner-party, at Canon Frome, took place, and was very grand. Lady Emily promised her patronage, and a short time after invited her to dine at Stoke Park, with Mr., Mrs., and Miss Hopton, where she was most kindly received. She has been there again to sing to some of Lady E.'s titled friends, and has twenty or thirty of the nobility of the county down as patrons to her concert. She went to the Worcester festival, and has been taken great notice of.

*Nov. 20.*—Bessie's concert over a week ago, and I have not written a word about it, in these my family annals. Graceless sister that I am! To begin circumstantially, on the famous 10th, Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. J. and Robert Hardy, with Mrs. Grace and myself sallied forth to go to the concert, all but the two latter having been treated by Captain Hardy. Torrents of rain part of the way there, which did not serve to cheer my spirits, rather depressed with the knowledge that B. had been ill in bed for a week. However, we got to Hereford about two o'clock, and immediately proceeded to Mr. Hopton's lodgings, where, in a few minutes, came Bessie, with Sapio and Machin, in a fly. She looked pretty well, but had only got out of bed the day before. I spent the afternoon with her, which was partly occupied by rehearsing and dressing, though we managed to have a little chat. I dressed her, and I never saw her look so well. A book-muslin, with a fall of bland, and ruffles, and gold band, with her wreath of white convolvulus and gold leaves. She was most interesting. At going to the rooms we met the Hopton party, who joined ours, and the children sat by us, but they had a large party from Canon Frome, of twenty-five, there being every one of the Miss Hoptons, Mr., Mrs., and Captain H. She had an immense deal to do, singing two glees, two Italian and one English duet—"Herz, mein Herz," "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," "Euridice," and "My heart's," etc. She showed a little cold, but her voice was very clear and melodious, and it went off beautifully. She was encored in "Herz" and a glee, and when all was over was thoroughly exhausted. She went into the corner where she had been sitting, and sobbed from excitement and fatigue. She wanted to stay in Hereford with me, but Mrs. Hopton steadily and properly refused, so I was obliged to hurry off to the carriage, and leave her with a heaving heart and bad headache. She was, however, well the next day, and, thank God, has found no ill effects from exertion. There were two hundred and sixty there, but not so many tickets sold. When everything was paid, Sapio and herself divided thirty pounds, the remainder of the profits, as, though given in her name, it was really between them. She had many presents sent her, and the overplus of the tickets she got herself. Mr. Laley sent her ten pounds for ten tickets, and many others gave two pounds for two tickets, etc., etc., which gained her an addition of fourteen pounds to the fifteen, making twenty-nine for herself. The rain was much against it, and hindered many from going who would otherwise have gone, for it was impossible for open carriages to venture out.

Bessie's plans are undecided, as Sir George has not written. Mama, too, has been a long time without writing, and Uncle James, in answer to a letter I wrote describing the concert, says she is either at Langport or in Dorsetshire, making the rounds, and he has been expecting her back a long time. I trust nothing bad has happened, but I think not, or he would have heard; she must be paying

long visits amongst relations she has not seen for such a time.

*Dec. 6.*—Bessie has been here, and has spent a whole week, but, alas! she is gone, and her footsteps no longer tread our threshold. She came upon the impulse of the moment, to settle about obtaining the means for her going to town, by selling or mortgaging the house. We were very gay during her visit, and had three parties, which were made for her. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage and the Longdons to dinner, and two village evening sets. All were equally charmed with her, and declare her a delightful girl, not only in voice but in manner. Mrs. Grace raves about her, and I think she is quite eclipsing me in her favour. She sang delightfully, and was very good-natured and kind about it, as all thought. We went down for her to sing to Mrs. Baynton one evening, and she was highly gratified.

We read *Patronage* whilst Bessie was here, and I admire it much. Miss Edgeworth has spun it out a little too much I think, but the characters are well sustained, and Caroline is admirable if one could meet with such perfection in the human species.

The Hoptons will be going to London in about a week to stay there nine months, and I hope Bessey will go up with them. Mr. Ryall advises selling the house, but it is not settled yet. I trust dear mama is getting better, and all will be well. Bess is much recovered, though not quite well, and I am afraid a London season is not the course for her health; but it must be, and may God grant her success.

*Jan. 15, 1837, Sunday.*—Another year has come on, and not a word have I written during the first fortnight, and nearly a month before, instead of fulfilling my well-formed resolutions of being more regular when the new year arrived. In what way have I improved? Verily, by going backward. I wish I could clearly say I had improved in anything the past twelve months, but I fear my course, even and uninterrupted as it flows on, is little marked with that improvement most to be desired. My mind I feel enlarging in worldly wisdom and sagacity, and my earthly blessings continuing to increase, whilst my friends are kind, my heart 'is warm, my affections unchilled, my heart free from pain, and all life bright and in glowing colours, but through all these blessings, the gifts of a good and merciful Creator, I am not the more grateful, pious, devoted to God or my Saviour than I was the year before. Oh, would that I could say that one more "holy thought and pure desire" possessed my soul, and that that one was a longing after the imperishable riches of a peace beyond what this world can give, and which passeth all understanding. In the excellent sermon Mr. Hardy preached on New Year's day, what questions did he not advise us to ask ourselves, and what advice did he not give! But I fear I have not profited by it, and I go on, little heeding what another year may bring forth, little reflecting that ere it closes I may be in the grave, and all the feelings of this world departed, sunk into the dust, with my body, and those good and evil things which I have done brought before me; and, alas! how much, how very much, do the latter outweigh the former. May the Almighty grant me His grace to repent, and, as I do see that my deeds are unworthy, may He give me His strength, through His Son, to increase in the knowledge and love of Him, that at the close of this year, should I see its close, I may have improved in Christian principles, in love to God, and devotion to His service.

*Jan. 16.*—I must now go a great way back to begin my history since the period when I last wrote, and I know not how regularly to class the events, but must write them higgledy-piggledy. Bessey has been long in London, and two delightful letters have acquainted me with her doings there. The Hoptons, with whom she went as far as Oxford, are settled in town, to her great comfort, and she sees much of them. She has settled herself in Albany Street again, alone, for ma—that is to say, when I last heard—had not arrived. She sees no one but Anne Watson, and with her occasionally A. Burton, who continues his suit, and when she wrote had begged a final decision, by this time given, and I know not how; but I trust favourably



to his hopes, as it promises much happiness to my dear sister, as far as my human wisdom can penetrate.

*Jan. 17.*—Mama having made her tour of Langport and the wilds of Dorsetshire, returned to my Uncle James, with an offer of marriage to plague or please her. It was from Mr. James Gerrard, a far off cousin of ours, and I scarce know what to think of it. She seems to be decided on marrying him, and writes a most sensible letter, stating the numberless advantages in her entering the wedded state. It would not be an advantageous match as far as money goes, but he is comfortably off, and may be more so, and will at least give dear mama a settled home, which at her age is a great thing gained. He has long loved her, it seems, even from a girl, and will make her a devoted husband. I long to hear more particulars. If Bessey and she were both to marry I should remain sole spinster in the family, and must run off myself. I have completed my conquest of Mr. G. Palmer, I hear, having met him at the Park, and received great attentions. Miss G. Stokes declared that the day after their party he had called on them twice, an unheard of thing, to descant upon me. Told her he had met us all walking, but that Mrs. and the Miss Hardys had not spoken, but he did not care, for the prettiest face smiled upon him, and the eyes he loved best looked at him. He talked of nothing else all the evening, which they spent at Bolby tree, and a gentleman staying there said he had been regaled with the same during a drive to Ross.

*Feb. 8.*—Have heard frequently from Bessie, who was alone her last letter, but had escaped illness and was enjoying herself. Mama was expected the last day she wrote to me, having disappointed her the day before, and I am now longing to hear, fearing lest she should have the influenza, having complained of inflammation in the eyes the last time she wrote to tell Bess of her coming. The latter had been constantly to the Hoptons, frequently to both families of Graves, the Crosby Graves having been most kind to her, and the young lady of the family struck up quite a friendship. Sir G. S. still continues to praise her greatly, but nothing as to her coming out had escaped him. He said one day, "You'll do, and will be a very good singer of Mozart's music, which is no slight compliment." But words are worth little without deeds, and the expected season for English singers is now arriving. John Prankard is in town, and has been frequently with Bessie. He wrote me a very long and interesting letter, with many apologies and excuses for not having written before, acknowledging sundry messages which came to him from me through Eliza Ryall. I answered it by a private opportunity, and Bessie's last letter amused me much, for she said he had sent my epistle to her to read, with so many injunctions not to lose it and to take care of it, that she says she means to return it wrapped up in wool and silver paper. He is just the same as ever, and, I think, a most excellent young man—indeed, I know no one more so. He is recovered wonderfully, and hinted at returning again to India when he had finished his studies. I hope I shall see him and all my friends, and be with dear mama and Bessie in about two months' time, when I trust I shall be able to get to London, as Mrs. Hardy fully understands that I am going some time in the spring, and will arrange her plans accordingly.

*April 15.*—I find that I have not kept up this most unjournal-like book, since the commencement of the influenza. And, oh! how terrible that disease was. It went through our house, that is to say, Mr. and Mrs. H., and the three servants, all had it very badly—Mrs. H. was the worst of them all, and we had a very distressing time from her low spirits and nervous fears. I was constantly with her as head nurse, and so much alarmed was she that she almost thought herself dying. For nearly three weeks the house was a scene of sickness and sorrow, but through the blessing of the Almighty it is now again as usual, and

we may thank Him in His mercy that he left our house and friends unvisited by the destroying angel! It was a most fatal disease, and in all parts of Europe raging with almost equal violence. Whole families afflicted by the scourge, and deaths in every house. In London and large towns it was terrific, and the churchyards crowded with funerals, so as to render it necessary to procure other sextons and clergymen to bury the numbers who were laid low. My dearest mama and sister escapéd, though in London, and surrounded by it. The weather was the principal natural cause given for it, and I only pray that the Great Disposer of such afflictions will bless it to the thousands who have lost dear friends and relations by the plague. Nothing has been known like it, since the memorable plague of London, and the mortality, in all parts immense, particularly amongst the aged poor, who had not nourishment to support their strength, which is one of the requisites for recovery. The depression of spirits after the actual disease had departed was very extraordinary, and left the patient in worse than *ennui*, blue devils, and any of those mind-enslaving troubles.

Mrs. Brathwaide Armitage remained here a week. She is also a very nice little woman, and appears amiable and good-humoured, but I do not know much of her. I am going, however, to London with her next month, an arrangement we made when she was here, and which I communicated forthwith to mama, who immediately answered to agree to my coming, and was delighted at such a sweet prospect. She says they are all longing for me, and putting off shows, sights, etc., for my arrival. Bessie has sung in public, and has succeeded very well indeed. When Miss Hopton was here we were in Cope's shop, and she was reading a letter which told her of the approaching event, and, oh! how my heart jumped up into my mouth when she called out to me and said, "Miss Beale, your sister is going to sing at the Hanover Square rooms this very evening!" I know not how I felt, and my state of anxiety was such that I really scarcely knew what to do. I went home and had a violent sick headache, and from that time till Tuesday remained in suspense, when I read in the paper that "Miss Beale had made a first and very successful London trial in the difficult recitation and in 'Oh, Jerusalem.'" A few days after, I should say two days after, they wrote, and Bessie copied the following from the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*. "A young lady of the name of Beale made her debut as a vocalist by singing the air 'Oh, Jerusalem,' from Mendelssohn's St. Paul. Her timidity was excessive, but even under this disadvantage her fine voice, correct ear, and comprehension of the meaning of a very lofty composition, imparted considerable interest to her performance." "Miss Beale made a most successful *début*. She possesses a very sweet voice of a rich though not a powerful quality. Her intonation is good, and she sings with feeling and taste." She was much frightened and nervous, and Mrs. Hopton said she had often heard her sing better. She wore white, and mama said looked very well, but deadly pale. Everyone thought her success as great as she could possibly expect. She is trying to get pupils, and had one or two, I know not which, when I heard. She had the day mama wrote been just introduced to Mademoiselle Carddorri Allan, who was very polite and said she had a fine voice, but still much to learn. Mr. Broadmead had written to say that he had put the house up to auction, and it was to be sold the day ma wrote. They must have money to live on in town, and I only hope and pray that will last till Bessie succeeds sufficiently well to support them. It is a most anxious time, and in a letter from Annie Watson, she says she is not only feeling but looking anxious about herself, and Bessie is not strong enough to bear much of either bodily or mental fatigue. I am longing to see them, and count the days till the period arrives.





# Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

## PART VI.

Sept. 11, 1837.—I am fully determined to begin and write daily some few lines of this nondescript book, till I have written a full, true, and particular account of my wanderings since last April, over the great metropolis, and the little world of Bath. I began my holidays somewhere about the first of May, or latter part of April, when I set off from this to Bath, intending to pass a week there with the Masters. I was welcomed with the utmost kindness by the inhabitants of Sion Cottage, poor Jenetta excepted, who was too ill to see me, though sending me many kind messages. They were delighted to have me, and dear Eth. was quite rapturous in her greetings. I spent a week there, during which time I saw all my old friends, and was prevailed upon by the De Bellecours to stay two or three days more for Floreska's birthday, the last which was to see her F. de Bellecour. I have not written a word about her having been engaged to a Mr. Slater, a young surgeon, whom she had known long, and who was much attached to her. I will say in this place that she is now married to him, and although I have not heard directly from her, yet Eth. Master tells me she seems as happy as mortal can well be. She showed me his letters, and told me the whole history of their attachment, and all that was to happen, and had happened, as far as she could herself foresee. He appears eminently pious, and in every way suited to her, and I only trust she may be as happy as she deserves, for if anyone is thoroughly amiable, pious, and good, it is Floreska de Bellecour—I should now say Mrs. Charles Slater. I wanted her to introduce me to him, but she would not, as she had never introduced him to any one of her friends. Hers was certainly the most primitive courtship and love affair I ever met with, but delightful in its simplicity. I went to Russel Street the day of Floreska's birthday, and slept a night there. It was, as in my olden time, a gala day, and all the girls, amongst whom were many of my old schoolfellows, had, as usual, cake and wine. Isabella Sargent came over with me, and Eth. Master came down and sat an hour after dinner, Miss Willsher, and Miss Davidson dining there, in addition to the regular family. All the girls united with M. and Mme. de Bellecour, in giving Flo a chain, with twenty-three or five different hairs, all their own, linked together with bands of gold, and the initials of each on its band. Mme.'s was in the middle, the de B.'s in the clasp, forming the most elegant and chaste chain I ever saw. Charlotte Brewer had written some pretty verses, and an acrostic, which she read out, and affected herself and Floreska, and also Madame, greatly, and the whole scene was quite touching. Five-and-twenty girls, all surrounding Floreska, who sat on the sofa, and I by her side, all offering a chain, as a true tribute of their affection and love, for such it certainly was, and every youthful face evincing the deepest interest.

If I go on much longer with my description of Bath, I shall never get to London, which will occupy my pen a much longer time to describe. I was fortunate in having a niece of Mrs. Chephane's as travelling companion, who was the means of my going inside, as to gain such a chaperon as I made. Mrs. Hurry paid half my fare, I having been so economical as to intend coaching it outside. Admiral Master saw me down to the coach, and Madame and M. de Bellecour came down to me to see me off, as did Miss Willsher; and the Admiral having confided us to the care of the coachman, and a friend outside, who was very polite the whole way, we started for London, and I once more bade farewell to Bath. Arrived in town after a

long and fatiguing journey, I was met by John Prankerd and Watson, who immediately got a coach, and we rattled off all together to Albany Street. There I saw mama and Anne Watson, all ready with open arms to receive me, and truly delightful was the meeting. John Prankerd stayed and took tea with us, and was then obliged to leave. He is wonderfully improved in appearance—looking very well, very handsome, and very gentlemanly. I had a most terrific headache, and was obliged to lie down upon the sofa. Bessie was engaged to go to a concert with Arthur Burton, and they had tickets for mama and me, but my headache prevented my going. They came about eight—that is to say, Arthur and Bartin Burton—but I was too ill to be able to speak or scarcely to see them, so they went off, and when they returned I was in bed. Bessie was looking very well, as mama and Anne Watson also. They were in very nice pleasant rooms, and a pretty street. Mr. Thorpe came in the evening from his upstairs lodging, but I feigned sleep and did not see or speak to him. Dear mama and I had a cosy evening by ourselves, and I went to bed early.

Now I come to his friend Mr. Binny, some ten years his junior, and an exquisite violinist with great talent. Quite the reverse of Piccini; he is dark, with large, soft black eyes and small face, full of intelligence, and long, foreign-looking black hair. Short and very thin, but an elegant little figure. He was, I think, a young man who might in good hands have been led to anything, for from what he said to us respecting himself he expressed much good feeling. He had been treated unkindly by his parents, and early thrown upon his own resources, was left to his own guidance without the knowledge of guiding himself properly. Susceptible of good and lively impressions, but not knowing how to improve them. I think he was in love with Bessie, poor youth, but absence—and I believe he is now travelling in Germany—will put an end to it, *sans doute*, as I do not fancy foreigners are particularly steady in their attachment.

## LLANDILO.

Oct. 13, 1841.—What a regular, primitive life I am leading! "Immured" (some would call it) with three little children for five or six weeks, and not seeing a soul but the servants and labourers, with the exception of a rare visit from mamma. Yet I never felt so happy, so free from the cares and perplexities of the world, or I should rather say, from its allurements and temptations. I certainly have all the responsibilities of a mother and housekeeper without being one, but this is compensated by the peace and calm of solitude and *real* private life. When the children are all good and obedient, the day passes away almost imperceptibly, and the wonder is, *how* it has fled. First, rising in the morning at half-past six or seven. I wonder whether any little children so young as these—ten, nine, and six—were ever more thoroughly sensible in their manners and ways. Finding pleasure in what hundreds treble their ages would call dull and stupid, and delighting in reading books that many a "come out" miss would throw aside as entailing ennui—history, biography, etc. Oh! how much better it is to endeavour to make little people enjoy rational amusement than to indulge them in hosts of toys and gilt picture-books, and how much better satisfied they are.

Oct. 15.—How very, very pleasant are the three or four evening hours from eight till twelve, when I can sit down and say, "Now I am at liberty, and my time is my own." How strange it is that the more leisure-time one has the less one prizes it; and, moreover, the less one does in it. I feel almost convinced that were I differently situated, I should not go through half as much of my own work as I



do now, though now the whole of my day till seven is occupied about other people's affairs. It is so delightful also to feel happy in being quite alone. How thankful I ought to be to God for giving me a contented mind, that somehow or other has always adapted itself to the situation and circumstances in which I have been placed. Sometimes I fancy myself aggrieved and long for change; but, on the whole, I think I am perfectly contented. There was a service at the church to-day of thanksgiving for the good harvest, and Mr. Pugh gave us an excellent and beautiful sermon—comparing the harvestman to the Christian, the hopes and fears, disappointments and rewards, toils and subsequent cessation from labour of the one being typical of those of the other. It was so well, and yet so simply, written that I have seldom heard a better sermon; indeed, the perfect simplicity and lack of any aiming after effect in Mr. Pugh's sermons are their peculiar charms.

Oct. 17.—Went to church with the children, and on my return called to see mamma, and found her very poorly. Went after evening service, and left my household here, to see her—the first time I have left the children, except for church, since Mr. and Mrs. Williams left five weeks ago. Found dear mamma very unwell still, and complaining more than she has done lately. I never felt to love her so much (and how dreadful it would be to lose her) as to-day, when she was full of love and tenderness for me. I stayed with her till late—at least till eight o'clock—and was almost blown away on my return, being compelled to take Davy's arm most tenderly. I have been guilty to-day of what I reprobate in others. I have gone twice to church and have found that it is more the preacher than the Word of God and prayer that affects me. Mr. P.'s sermons always impress me, and I like his preaching more than other persons'. Another clergyman did his duty to-day, and I felt a kind of discontent and discomfort during the whole of the service, and could not or would not listen with the attention that I ought to have done to the sermons, which were very good. It has taught me, however, a lesson that I shall not, I hope, forget—of the deceitfulness of the heart. I sometimes think that God is in all my thoughts and wishes, and oh! how wofully am I mistaken! Were the tears I shed at night really those of penitence for this sin? or were they produced by other circumstances? I think and hope the former, for I felt very happy when I had, if I dare to say so, made my peace with God. O God, do Thou mercifully forgive me, and change my heart and purify it from worldly thoughts and affections, for Jesus Christ's sake, whose servant I desire to be.

Oct. 18.—Had a long letter from dearest Bessie, who is better, and recovering her voice. Oh! how thankful I shall be if she is once more restored to health after this long, long illness. May the Almighty bless to her the sufferings and misfortunes she has undergone, and may she seek for that peace and happiness which does not rest upon the changes of this life, but upon a higher and holier source. Few have known more of the casualties of existence than she has known, and few more of the smiles of admiration as well as of the frowns of fortune. I am sure her history would make as extraordinary a romance of real life as any of the fictions that are invented to amuse the minds of the multitude (as if both writers and readers had nothing to do but to waste their precious moments in idle nothingness). My dear, dear sister, how grateful I am you were spared to me! I should, indeed, have been desolate had it pleased God to remove you in that dangerous illness; for surely never sisters loved with more oneness of affection than we have done!

Oct. 31.—The other day, during a violent storm, my dear father was forcibly recalled to my memory. I remember that when I was quite young there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Mamma, Bessie, I, all were terrified beyond description, and mamma, as she was standing before the window to close the shutters, felt a flash of lightning strike the steel of her stays and apparently blind her. For the moment, indeed, she was blind, and we all were much frightened, but she soon recovered, and we tried to console each other whilst the storm raged on. We went upstairs, but could not go to bed. Dear

papa had retired early to rest, and after some little time had elapsed mamma determined to go to him. We accompanied her, and found him sleeping as calmly as if all the elements were at peace instead of war. Mamma gently awoke him and asked him if he had heard the storm.

"What storm?" he asked. "I have been asleep."

"Oh," added mamma, "we have been, and still are, dreadfully frightened, for the house rocks with the thunder, and the lightning looks like flames around us."

"And is not God with us now, as well as when earth is at rest? Are we less under His protecting eye in the tempest than the calm?" said papa, with a sweet smile. Oh, how well I remember that smile. "And cannot we trust His providence to preserve us through all dangers both by night and day?"

This little scene made an indelible impression on my memory, and I never hear the thunder roll or see the lightning flash but I think of the serenity of my departed father. How I wish I could have appreciated better that father! Though fourteen when he died, I did not know him—at least, from a thousand little recollections that arise in my mind of what he did and said, I am sure I did not know him. How well I remember our return from Dorsetshire after my grandmother's funeral. Mamma and I had been with her during her illness and death, and about two weeks afterwards we returned home, but were not expected by papa, who was alone. With all the love and ardour of a young heart, I begged my uncle to set me down some way before we reached the house that I might run on before the carriage and surprise papa, whilst he drove slowly up the hill. It was night, and I entered the house softly, unperceived by anyone. I peeped in, and there was dear papa, with the Bible open before him, leaning on his elbow and his head resting on his hand. I rushed towards him and threw my arms round his neck. How fervently he embraced and blessed me and inquired for mamma. He looked ill and was pale—indeed, he was then breaking—and I have a kind of recollection of a cold feeling about my heart when I looked at him and thought that perhaps he might soon follow my grandmother to the grave. From that time he never completely recovered, but I see him now with his mild, benignant eyes and placid countenance, wasting away, the slow but certain decay of age, and of what an honourable age! Oh, how delightful to feel that the impressions strongest on my mind of my beloved parent are those of his constantly reading his Bible and being kind and benevolent to all around him. Never did I hear an unkind or irritable word proceed from his lips, and his life seemed one of love. May the remembrance of such a parent be so impressed upon my mind as to make me long to imitate him and to tread in his path, to endeavour to be more humble, more kind, more spiritually-minded daily, that I may, through God's grace and my Saviour's intercession, meet him where sorrow and sin are unknown.

Nov. 17.—Finished the last proof-sheet of my book and sent the preface. I am almost sorry it is over, for now, if it fails, I shall not have a worthy excuse for doing what my dear friends call "wasting my time." Bessie is safe in Yorkshire, and all the inhabitants of Wighill Park received her as kindly as possible, indeed, she said her welcome was well worth three such journeys. Certainly intercourse with one's friends is necessary to keep up warm attachments. I quite fear I shall lose those delightful feelings that used to be the pleasure of my existence at seeing old friends, for I seem so circumstanced now as not to be likely to visit them. But we know not what embryo events are in the unfathomable womb of time, and many "a change may come over the spirit of my dreams" that I little anticipate. I had a strange, uncomfortable feeling last night which made me think all my increased religious hopes and desires were literally nothing, for I went to bed full of worldly thoughts, dreaming of gaieties that I had fancied I cared not for, and imagining that after all true happiness might be found in the world and amongst its denizens. I woke this morning, however, perfectly changed. All such notions had vanished, and I thought myself vile for indulging them. May the Almighty keep me steadfast in desiring to be His servant unto my life's end.



Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART VII.

*March, 1846.*—Dearest Bessie has been harassed by a week with Lord William and his proud sister, the Countess of H—. I wish they were prevented meeting, since it can lead to nothing but a renewal of old feelings, and consequent unhappiness. There was a large party at Wighill, which must have taken off some of the discomfort. Poor, poor Bessie! Nobody but God and herself know how much she has had to go through during her most trying and changing career; and never was novel so replete with incident and wonder as has been her life. May her trials, as well as mine, bring us eventually to the Kingdom of Heaven, since "through much affliction" must we travel thither.

*April 2.*—Received a note from Bentley, apologising for not sooner deciding upon my book, under plea of business, but promising to do so in a few days. I expect rejection, therefore shall not be disappointed. I said to-night, "Oh, if Bentley would but give me £100 for the copyright, we should be the happiest creatures under the sun!" Mamma replied, "Oh, if we had but one clear hundred a year!" To which I said with truth that I should not then be as happy as I am now with the £60 I earn, because I should not be so usefully occupied.

A letter from dear Bessie. She is gone to a new place, Nostele Priory, for an engagement. God does not desert. My fears were beginning to overcome my faith, and our low finances frightened me; but Bessie has had a present from Lady C. Fox of £5, which, with her engagement, will enable us to go on capitably. May we be more and more thankful for all these mercies! A sovereign from Mrs. Hughes for my church books. My collection increases rapidly.

*Nov. 12.*—High Hollantide Fair; Mr. Gardener came to Llwynhelig to fetch me. He left the Prices' dinner-table, and on our return I went in with him. Mrs. Price insisted on my remaining to tea, and, after much pressing, I did so. Four of the elders gossiped, and G. P. and I were thrown together at the piano the whole evening. Strange that we should be thus again brought into one another's company, after three years of alienation. We played and sung all the evening, and had much very interesting general conversation. He is as gentlemanlike as ever, and much improved in every way. He seems to have read much and usefully since we used to talk together. Old thoughts and old feelings would intrude. What a curious thing is the human heart! In spite of my fancied, nay, at the time real, indifference, for so long—a look, a word, a breath, is enough to recall the past, and almost to renew sentiments so long held back. I must be watchful, for stoic as I fancied myself, all is not as I imagined. This I know, however, that as long as I was engaged to another, no wrong thought ever entered my mind; and now the shadow of her he wronged for me comes between us still.

*Nov. 18.*—A letter from Bessie at Wighill. She is rejoiced at our present comfort, dear girl, and is happy herself, thank God. Would she were here at this moment! Mr. and Mrs. Gardener, mamma and Mr. Rees are at their evening game; Gypsy sleeping snugly on the hearth-rug, and I writing my diary. How much have I to be thankful for! Oh, that I could do anything to relieve the misery of the poor now suffering so terribly.

*Nov. 20.*—We dined at Mrs. Gardener's; that is to say, mamma dined, and I went in the evening. Protheros and George Price. Mamma fancied the latter cool and strange. I did not. We played a game of backgammon together, and are gradually becoming more friendly. Oh, that that sad affair had never happened!

*Nov. 22.*—Such a present from Mrs. Price! A pigeon-pie, etc.—disproving mamma's words, that she did not wish to be friendly. Nothing but presents of late. Game from Mrs. Williams and Mr. Thomas, all helping out our shallow housekeeping. A good sort of honest servant just come. I hope she will suit.

*Nov. 23.*—Met G. P. after church. Told him to give my love to his mother, and tell her I meant to call. He said he could assure me of his mother's love to me, and that she would be most happy to see me. She was at Llandefaisant Church, and we walked home together. She agreed to go and see mamma, upon which I asked her to come to tea. She said she would if George would, who was at home alone. We went in to ask George, and he consented. We accordingly sallied forth together as of old, he by my side, and his mother holding my arm. It seemed so very strange, after three long years of comparative alienation. Mamma was much surprised, but delighted to see them. I could have fancied that the past was but a dream, and that we had suddenly returned to our former position before that wretched affair took place. We had a quiet, happy evening, and one, without any allusion to the past, of friendly reconciliation. He and I played and sang sacred music; the old ladies talked. Why must some shadowy recollection or some doubt, fear, and uncertainty, always dim our happiness?

*Dec. 6.*—Another month has begun, and five days of it passed, and I have not written a word in this book. Since I last wrote we have heard from Bessie, who is going to Asherton, Lady Milton's, for three weeks, where I might have been now had I chosen. Mamma has returned Mrs. Price's call, and remained the day with her. I went in the evening. G. P. from home, and I have not seen him since we met here; but we are very good friends now. I have had an interview with Catharine too, who had heard of our partial reconciliation, and questioned me earnestly. I had nothing to tell. She is ill, poor girl, and sadly out of spirits. She seems to cling to me so painfully.

*Dec. 7.*—Spent the evening at Mrs. Price's. I am quite happy at this friendly reconciliation. It is so pleasant to be at peace with all the world. George went to fetch mamma, and hauled her up in her chair. We were just as we used to be. He so kind and attentive, and I seeming as if the three last years were dreams. I wish they had been dreams; but all is doubtless for the best. Mrs. Price was very affectionate, and we all seemed to forget the past; forgiven it has been very, very long, as far as I am concerned. He said he was become sober now, and I think he is. His errors may have been those of youth and impulse, and certainly he erred for me. God knows, if he suffered, he did not suffer alone.

*Dec. 10.*—Dearest Bessie sent us £10 for "Christmas bills and festivities." How thankful we ought to be to God for giving us health and strength to work!

*Dec. 11.*—A heavy fall of snow. I waded through it more than a foot deep. Have been particularly and forcibly struck with the account of the Governesses' Institution, and felt an impulse to do something for it. May God strengthen this impulse, and teach me how to act. I will subscribe five shillings, and try to become a collector for the one shilling subscription they mention. Oh, England, England! You have noble hearts amongst your children! Nothing is unearned by our generous people.

*Dec. 19.*—A long hole in the ballad again. How much has occurred in a quiet way during the past fortnight, and how much we have to be thankful for! Christmas presents are quite flocking in upon us. Mrs. Williams gave me a beautiful new dress and trimmings yesterday. To-day dear



Victorie sent us a fowl, a new toilet-cover for mamma, some herrings, and a bottle of vulgar gin. Oh, dear! Mrs. Price sent a piece of Christmas beef and eggs, and also a bottle of the same spirituous liquor. They must fancy us gin-drinkers, no doubt. Mrs. Price is so very kind and friendly. She spent Monday with us, George Price, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Rees, and the Popkins. We were so happy. And all seemed so like dear old times. We met again at Mr. Rees' last night. I felt so happy and in such spirits. I scarcely know why, excepting that G. P. and I were together once more as friends, and that everything appeared as of old. I think—I believe—but never mind; I dare scarcely think at all; everything seems so strange and incomprehensible. My mind is in confusion, and I cannot venture to trust myself. Oh, what curious creatures we are! And what a mixture of passions swell our bosoms. Christmas is creeping on, and promises, please God, to be a joyous one. The old year is passing away, and the new one coming. Oh, may my heart be opened to thankfulness for past mercies, repentance for past sins, prayer for future blessings, and supplications for humility and trust.

*Dec. 24.*—Christmas Eve! Mr. Williams gave me a little pocket-book for a Christmas-box. We distributed our yearly sixpences—5s. to ten old women. What a monstrous excess of liberality! Mr. Williams gave away a cow, and there was one given at Dynevor, Mrs. Price a load of coal, so with the club and other things the poor have not been unmindful. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner spent the evening with us. I gave him the *Vale of Tovey*, and her a blotting-book. They seemed pleased. He was low and out of spirits. Perhaps thinking of past Christmas Eves. Mrs. Popkin came and insisted on our dining there Christmas Day.

*Dec. 25.*—Christmas Day. Went to church in the morning and received the Holy Communion. May I be pardoned my wandering thoughts! Dined with the Popkins. They had invited G. Price to meet us; but he had just promised to dine with Dr. Prothero's large family party. He said he was very sorry, and would have preferred the smaller one. He will meet C. L. We had a pleasant, quiet day. Mamma not well. A very nice well-ordered family, and everything feeling and speaking of "Home." We played Christmas games round the fire, and the children all seemed happy. A letter from dear Bessie, also revelling in Christmas festivities and Christmas presents. Thank God for all His mercies.

*Dec. 29.*—Dear little Ellen Lewis came to spend the day with mamma, and we had Courtenay and two or three other bairns in the evening. I played Christmas games with them, dressed them up, and felt a child again. They were so happy, and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Why must the cares of this world come to change all this innocent happiness?

*Dec. 31.*—And thus another year has passed away, and I have made a journal of one year. What have I done that is good? What has been my improvement in that knowledge which is alone of any value? I fear my advance, if any, has been slow and of small moment. Much time wasted in frivolity—much in useless thought—much in carking care and trifling employments—how little spent in earnest, heart-searching prayer and examination. Manifold have been the blessings I have received. I cannot number them; not only the daily blessings, of which we take small account, but signal ones that stand forth and show the hand of God with power. Oh, that I were more thankful—more like unto Him Who has done so much for me! Give a grateful heart, oh, my God! I do desire to grow in grace and in the love of my blessed Saviour, but my own efforts are worthless. Nothing but the grace of God can avail to bring our hearts earnestly unto Him. I feel this daily—hourly—and yet I do not pray for this grace as I ought. Oh, my God! forgive me the sins and follies of the past year—my ingratitude, instability, evil thoughts, evil deeds: forgive me for my Saviour's sake all that I have done amiss, and grant me Thy Holy Spirit to enable me to spend the next according to Thy blessed Word and will, that I may be more holy, pious, and nearer Thee at its close than I now

am at its beginning. Oh, Father of Mercies, bless all those who are near and dear to me! My beloved mother and sister, and all my friends. Shelter us with Thy wings, I beseech Thee, and keep us under their shadow for ever. Grant that we may so walk through this life as to meet in Thy kingdom hereafter, to live with Thee for ever and ever, through the merits of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Jan. 8, 1847.*—The children told me that their papa and mamma were going to the Isle of Wight for three months, and that I was expected to remain with them during their absence. I said that it would be, I feared, impossible, for I could not leave mamma. I daresay there will be a dispute upon this subject again.

*Jan. 10.*—I was greeted almost the first thing in the morning by the children's informing me that their mamma was certainly going to the Isle of Wight, and that I was certainly expected to sleep at Llwynhelig. I again repeated that I could not do it. They were apparently tutored, for they said I had agreed to stay whenever their parents were from home. I said only for a day or two. Lizzie was sent for to her mamma's room, and shortly after I was summoned. Mrs. Williams began at once, and did not mince the matter. She declared I had agreed to stay with the children whenever and for whatever time she was away. I said that I expressly stated a few days only. She got into a perfect rage, and if I was ever insulted I certainly was by her. She declared that she could take her oath that I had made this agreement and would do so—also that it was as much as her life was worth to remain here—to prove which she rang the bell and ordered Dr. Prothero to be sent for. Then she said that both Mr. Williams and herself considered me selfish to a degree; long-headed, calculating, and beyond measure worldly-minded; that she had been warned that I should throw her overboard the first opportunity by Miss Hughes and another lady, and that so it proved; that she had never asked me a favour but once, and then I refused it; that I did my duty—rigidly my duty—and nothing more; that I had acted a most dishonest part on the present occasion, and she wondered how I could do it. I was as calm as possible, stood to my text most rigidly, and asked how she could have lived with me so long if she had found me all that she had. After nearly an hour's loud argument she calmed and began to think, I suppose, that she had gone too far, for I hinted that the sooner we parted the better under such terms. When she cooled I said that mamma's health was so uncertain as to make it sure that were I to be so long absent at night she would have a serious attack of illness and thus frustrate all her plans. She seemed to agree to the truth of this. To palliate what she had before urged she said that her mother, sister, and all her friends, were rejoiced when they found I was going to stay on after my engagement with J. O. was broken off, because they were so sure of my principles, and knew me so well. I took this for blarney and said nothing. How I could be so composed I know not under such numerous accusations, but repeated scenes of a similar nature have, I suppose, hardened me. I never saw her in a more downright passion, or use more unladylike terms. The current turned by my telling her that if Miss Hughes said what she hinted of me, she had said of her that in another twelvemonth she intended to get another governess. Mrs. Williams then showed up Miss Hughes, and declared that she had been for two or three years trying to get me away, and had ended the last time by calling Mrs. Williams a fool for keeping me. I was on the point of telling her—but I restrained myself—that Miss H. had two years ago and more entreated mamma to take me from Llwynhelig as an improper place for any young person to be at. Alas! who is one to believe in this world? As it was, Mrs. W. insisted upon knowing whether Miss Hughes had ever spoken disrespectfully of her to me. I refused to say, knowing that to mamma, if not to me, she had not spared her in any way. Thus we went on for a long time until I was obliged to leave her, having told her first of all that it would have been better to have discussed this matter coolly, for that she knew quite well that whenever she had left for a long time before I became a daily governess, mamma had been taken



dangerously ill, and that our mutual position had been then more uncomfortable than could be described, as I was hovering between my two duties and scarcely knowing how to fulfil either. This she agreed to, and seemed after all to see things as I did. When I returned to the school-room I found my pupils prepared, in any way they were able, to talk of this and take their mother's side. But I was so upset when it was over, and I found no necessity to put a restraint upon all my feelings, that I for the first time in my life actually went almost into hysterics. I left the room at first and thought I had conquered myself, returned and went on with my lessons; but it burst forth again, and I made a regular fool of myself. Lizzie poured two glasses of wine down my throat, and by degrees I recovered with a splitting headache. Mrs. W. sent for me before I left. She was evidently quite cooled, and talked rationally of everything, though she still persisted in saying that she understood me to have promised to remain when she left. I said I would consult mamma upon the subject and let her know if it was possible. I felt aggrieved, but not angry, and we parted amicably.

*Jan. 9.*—So thoroughly knocked up by headache and sickness that I could not go to Llwynhelig. Mamma is enraged at all this. We, or rather she, let Mrs. Gardner into the secret, and we all think that it is really impossible for me to live on in a house where such sentiments are openly expressed, and where, moreover, the standard of everything is so low. This is one's first natural impression. A day or two will doubtless cool it. I should wish to go to

Llwynhelig for the time prescribed and sleep, and then coolly give a three months' notice. I told mamma and Mrs. Gardner so, and wrote to Bessie on the subject. I have prayed to be directed aright, and trust I may be brought through this irreproachably.

*Jan. 10.*—Told Mrs. Williams that I would endeavour to return every evening to Llwynhelig at 9 o'clock during her absence, but that I could not answer for mamma's having no severe attack of illness during that time; on the contrary, I thought it probable she might, especially as she was now suffering from influenza. She, Mrs. W., said she had no doubt she would either have one, or fancy she would. I just hinted at its not being the very pleasantest thing in the world to walk more than a mile every evening at nine at this time of the year, and she agreed, but did not know what could be done.

*Jan. 21.*—Matters have gone pretty quietly during the past ten days. Ups and downs with Mrs. Williams, who seems now to have subsided into the notion of my not being able to remain with the children. Bessie wrote to urge strongly my not acceding, and insisted upon my being firm, so I am quite decided, and told Mrs. Williams how impossible it was. I was the more urged to this resolution by mamma's exciting herself most violently one evening when I mentioned that I intended to submit. She, it appears, did not at all understand that I had told Mrs. W. I would stay, and was annoyed accordingly. I was therefore compelled to unsay my say, and so the matter rests for the present.

## A HOUSEFUL OF GIRLS.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

### CHAPTER XV.



**T**HIS way, please, ma'am. Will you come upstairs?" said the butler, and Nan stumbled blindly forward, past the branching palms, the Indian cabinets, the knight in his glittering armour, past a hundred treasures with never an eye to notice one of them, and a heart beating fast with agitation. The ascent seemed to last for a year, and yet it would be over far too soon; the dreaded moment of introduction would arrive, and, in the name of all that was horrifying and perplexing, what should she do then? By what name should she be announced? What should she state as the object of her visit? What excuse could she offer for her intrusion?

"If I ever get out of this alive, I'll first pay out Miss Chrissie, and then turn over a new leaf for life! No more practical jokes for me!" said Nan to herself, and pulled her bonnet resolutely over her face. The butler had paused, and was looking at her inquiringly, as he threw open the door of his master's room, and waited to announce her name. She croaked at him—there is no other word to describe the inarticulate sound which issued from her lips—then swept forward and the man retired, no doubt thinking the stranger's manner on a par with her appearance.

Left to herself, Nan took a few steps forward, and

stopped abruptly, finding herself in a room which was at once the most beautiful and the most extraordinary which she had ever beheld. In every direction in which she turned her eyes they were greeted by some quaint treasure, which had been brought from the ends of the earth to be stored against a background of tapestry and carved oak panel. It was like stepping back hundreds of years, and finding oneself in an old baronial castle; and the occupant of the room was in keeping with his surroundings. He lay on his couch, staring at her with sunken eyes, a picturesque-looking old man, with a complexion of bleached transparency; a white head, covered by a velvet skull cap, and a wasted form, wrapped in a dressing-gown of embroidered oriental silk. He looked both sad and suffering, and Nan recognised as much with a pang of regret for all the hard terms she had lavished upon his want of hospitality. Yes, indeed! he looked too ill to receive visitors; too weary to be troubled with the commonplaces of strangers. What could she say to explain her own visit? What in the world should she find to talk about?

"Won't you sit down?" said a melodious voice. "Pray take a seat! I cannot wait upon you myself, as you see, but I can recommend that old saddle-bag. It is most comfortable." As he spoke the invalid waved his hand towards a chair near his own, and Nan seated herself upon it in silence, glancing timidly in his face. This dumbness was appalling. She racked her brains to think of something to say, but no ideas were forthcoming; she could only twist her fingers in embarrassment, and wait another lead.

"It is most kind of you to come to see me on such a tempestuous afternoon," Mr. Vanburgh continued politely. "I did not expect any callers. Ladies, as a



know, I think the number of matrimonial quarrels one hears of is almost solely owing to the exaggerated intimacy of the parties. If each would only consider the other as surrounded by a certain atmosphere of conventional courtesies to be rigidly observed, as in olden times, jars would certainly be fewer——"

"*Donnerwetter!* (Forgive me, Gertrud!) Indeed they would!" ejaculated Leo, aghast.

"And I do not intend to have any quarrels," Gertrud concluded with a sweet smile. A few moments' pause, during which she tidily arranged her music-books, and then she said—

"And now I think we had better go to mamma and announce that our engagement is satisfactorily accomplished."

(*To be continued.*)

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART VIII.

*Jan. 22, 1847.*—Received an answer from the Secretary about the Governesses' Institution, and mean at once to become a collector for the shilling subscription, and I hope to subscribe 10s. per year. May God grant a blessing on my labours, and make me useful to my fellow labourers. Perhaps I may be thankful myself to have recourse to the fund some one of these days. Mr. Thomas gave me a shilling, so did George Price. He came with Mr. and Mrs. Rees and Gardner to spend the evening. It seems so curious to have him come here in this way. We played chess. I am only afraid of getting too deeply interested again. I must be guarded in my conduct. Mrs. Price appears to wish to be friendly and has sent me many presents, most kindly. I doubt not everyone's mouth is open; but as long as I act conscientiously I care not what is said.

*Jan. 24.*—Called to inquire for Mrs. Price. Sat some time with her and George. Very kind. He came home with her, and came in for a few minutes to see mamma. His mother very poorly still. He is very thoughtful, and, I think, like me, scarcely knows what to think of this sudden change. I cannot understand how it came on, or why. At all events, we are good friends, and I pray to continue so and that nothing may again break up our kind feeling. A letter from dearest Bessie, enclosing one from Mr. Fuljambe, in which he sends her £20 for her short visit at Asherton, together with every flattering and kind expression, concerning her stay there; saying that she had contributed in all ways to the happiness of a happy Christmas party, and had laboured indefatigably for his niece's improvement. She intends sending us £10, and we shall thus, by the blessing of God, be able to go on comfortably, and pay our bills. May I be more thankful!

*Feb. 9.*—Had a second altercation with Mrs. Williams. She expected me to offer to stay with the children till late at night, and I had not done so. It ended in my offering to remain till after their tea, when Mrs. Lockyer is to go and sleep and see to the house. I never was treated in a more unladylike manner in my life—but let it pass. Deep snow on the ground. Mr. Thomas lent me his pony yesterday. To-day I have not been to Llwynhelig, as the children are doing no lessons this week previous to their mamma's departure. Not that Mrs. W. seems to wish me to stay at Llandilo; at least she has not told me so, and but for the weather I should have gone.

*Feb. 13.*—Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gardner dined with us. I read out *Gwenhlean*, and never saw anyone so interested. Received a letter from Lizzie, granting another week's holiday from her mamma, "to make up for the extra hours required of me during their absence!"

*Feb. 14.*—Valentine's Day! The beginning of a thaw,

luckily for the little birds, who would have begun most frosty nuptials. G. Price came down in the evening, and brought the 3s. 6d. Sat with us some time, just as he used to do. I shall dub him my valentine. It seems now as if there never could have been any coldness between us. Sent seven for the Irish.

*Feb. 20.*—Have begun another book, more for amusement than with any view to publication, though I wish, if possible, to write something that may be of service in my generation. This I mean to call *Fashionable Fallacies*, and would, had I the power, make a useful, moral, and religious book. But there are so many better writers that I cannot hope for success. Still, I pray for the blessing of God on my labours, for He can make the poorest and humblest and most unlearned amongst us ministers of His will. I pray to be made daily more sensible of the shortness of life, and the necessity of "being up and stirring whilst it may be called to-day, lest the night should come upon me unawares."

*Mar. 6.*—Weeks have passed by and I have been unable to write. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left, as intended, last Tuesday week, and we parted very good friends. She was affected at quitting her children, and left many injunctions. We have gone on most comfortably, and I have quite enjoyed my two hours with the dear girls. From five to six, which they call the bright spot of the day, we have been reading out Miss Sewell's last two new works, *Laneton Parsonage* and *Margaret Percival*, which they enjoy thoroughly. The latter appears a most sensible, clear work, and one likely to do good, I hope. The travellers have arrived safely in the Isle of Wight, and are now at Ryde; Mrs. W. not the worse for her journey. Her children look out anxiously for her letters. They are much improved lately, and were never so interesting to me as they now are that their minds are expanding into womanhood. May God give me grace to help to lead them aright and grant them His Holy Spirit to guide them in the path of virtue and true religion. I thank Him for having a clearer view of my duties towards them, as well as for good temper in their daily management. How is good and evil mixed up in the human heart!

*Mar. 29.*—Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned very successfully. We met very pleasantly and affectionately, and passed a nice day together. She found the children looking well, and Carry particularly. She looks better, but says she is much the same. Brought me a beautiful moss agate brooch handsomely set. All seems prosperous and well now, how long to last deponent sayeth not.

Mrs. Price began the old affair with mamma, from beginning to end, about George, Catharine Lewis and me. The first time the circumstances have ever been named amongst us since they occurred now four or five years ago. She said that George had declared to her on his knees before God that he did not consider himself engaged to



Catharine, when he proposed for me, though he had said much more to her than he ought to have done. The conversation began by Mrs. Price telling mamma how much pleased Miss Williams and Miss Jones had been with me the other evening, and that they had both said they did not wonder at George's having fallen in love with me, though they did wonder in the other instance. She said that when Bessie went to her, after our short engagement, and made her acquainted with the circumstances, that she had no idea of anything having taken place, though she suspected it; that at that time there was no prospect of his being able to marry, and that the whole was folly; that I had acted most properly throughout; that he was very unhappy at the time, and that Dr. Prothero had taken him to Blim to speak to him and take him to task; that Dr. Prothero had made her acquainted with the whole, saying that he knew George had proposed for me, but that C. Lewis had a prior claim upon him. Then came the wonderful disclosure. It certainly was a marvellous chain of circumstances, and in reviewing them I can scarcely believe them to have been real. After two years of unceasing attentions on his part and apparent attachment, a fellow feeling gradually sprang up on mine. A fortnight's illness, during which he did everything that could be done for me, completed the conquest of my affections. Dear Bessie came down, and I had my holidays. We were much together, and after many vicissitudes, as in such cases, it all came out. It was after an evening at Mr. L. Lewis'. It seems as fresh as ever in my mind, even now. Bessie was poorly, and mamma had gone with her to her room. We were left alone. He declared himself, and though I "spoke no words," he knew that he was accepted. So much for the sentiment of the thing. Several weeks of enjoyment and happiness followed, then came the difficulties. First, Mrs. Price was said to be on the watch, and was so, evidently: then he was low and out of spirits from time to time. Then he said, when I asked him if he had told his mother as I had done mine, that he considered himself old enough to judge for himself in such matters. I urged the point, and he told me he had complied, and that she was much annoyed, as he had nothing to look to then. Bessie took it up, and insisted upon going to his mother and speaking to her upon the subject. She did so. They had a long conversation, in which it was settled that there were no prospects on either side, and that it had better be given up. I saw him once more, and having given me a ring we parted, determined, I believe, to meet as often as we could. I was very unhappy, but still quite hopeful, thinking all would be right in the end. Bessie was to leave us. She could get no place in the coach, and was obliged to take a chaise to Llanwyrden to meet the coach. I accompanied her there. On my way back in the chaise I resolved to go and see the Lewis', who were then staying for a time at Abermarlais to recover from the shock of poor Mrs. Lewis' death. I did not at once see Catharine, but soon Miss Prothero came, and said Catharine wished to see me alone upstairs for a time. I must defer my "recollections" for a day or two.

Sept. 3.—Went to see Mrs. Price, found her very ill in bed, gave her essence of ginger, which seemed to relieve her. Saw G. P., and his picking up and retaining the rose I had in my hand reminded me of the broken thread of my trying passage of autobiography which I was writing a few days ago and will now take up. It left myself off where Catharine Lewis sent for me. I shall never forget that scene as long as I live. She was in deep mourning for her mother. In a large old-fashioned bedroom handsomely furnished on a sofa lay a writing-table. I sat down beside her and began to talk on indifferent subjects. She came to the point, however, at once for which she sent for me. "Is it true," she asked abruptly, "that George Price has proposed for you?" I drew myself up, and with a slight hesitation, said, "That is a strange question, strangely put." "But I have a reason for asking it," she said, "which, if you will be candid, you shall know: will you tell me frankly?" "I cannot see what right you can have to make the inquiry," I said, feeling rather annoyed at such perseverance. "Because, if he has," she said, "you are

deceived; he is, I am convinced, engaged to another person." I smiled incredulously, and said, "This cannot be—you are mistaken, I am sure." "If you would be more open I would tell you all," she said; but I discovered nothing. At last, "What if he were engaged to me?" she exclaimed. I started. "He is engaged to me, and I can prove it." This fell like a thunderbolt upon me, and I could scarcely believe it. By degrees, however, she told me that she had been nearly two years under a secret engagement to him—bound by him to secrecy—that not even her departed mother had known it. Poor girl! she wept bitterly as she said so. That he had proposed for her before, and she had refused him under plea of his youth. What was she to do now? "Do," said I, burning with indignation. "Write to him, as I shall do, and telling him that you know all—give him up at once." We talked for a long time, and she was very miserable. I felt such utter contempt and disgust that I had then no other feeling. I did what I could to calm her, but I believe she was devotedly attached to him. I went home, told mamma, wrote a few lines of indignant feeling, packed up his ring and some books that he had given me, and returned them at once to him, requesting my letter and one or two mere trifles back on my part. These I received the next morning, with the words, "I was the wretch you think me, but my whole nature is changed—and how?" By degrees, and by means of Dr. Prothero, the whole affair was made known to Mrs. Price, and C. Lewis' brothers and friends, and by degrees the whole became public, not through me—who would not have breathed it for the world—but through the others. He was universally shunned. Cut, of course, by all concerned. I met him at a party at Llwynhelig. At first I did not speak, then we were near one another, and I bowed—at last I asked for his parents, and we finally talked together. For this I was blamed; but I treated it and him throughout with indifference, thinking, poor wretch, that, bad as it all was, he had suffered enough. He seemed anxious to clear himself, but did not know how. Once again I met him at Llwynhelig under much the same circumstances. Occasionally, but rarely, I fell in with him afterwards; but as we were never invited to meet, and we for a long time did not go to his house, nothing passed, till it by degrees all blew over. Then came John Oxenham's affair, into which I was drawn at first by his own importunity, and partly by the hope that it might be the means of putting an end to the feelings produced in everyone by the other, and finally by what I supposed affection, but what was not really such love as one ought to feel, though I cherished no other, I can safely say, throughout our engagement, and avoided every interview with George Price. Once Bessie and I saw him at Llandefisant Church, and he walked by my side, and then only did I experience the bitterness of the past. He was, or seemed to be, deeply pained. I insisted on going the way he was not going—he saw it, and Bessie, pitying him, went the other. I endeavoured to avoid him, from a sense of duty, but paid for it afterwards by feelings I shall not soon forget, and which I experienced more than once upon casually meeting him. The whole wretched affair seems like a painful dream to look back upon. Poor Catharine Lewis was ill and wretched after it. No one but I, who heard everything from her, knew how much so, though everybody knew how she suffered and had been injured. I had scarcely the credit of having felt at all. Little can one judge some people, and me amongst them, by appearances. "Oh, Miss Beale never loved him very deeply!" was the general cry. I would give much to have a regular explanation of all the circumstances. There were some singular passages and warnings during our short engagement, and once I was providentially saved from death when riding.

There was always something hanging over him unaccountable—in short, it was a horrid, miserable affair from beginning to end, but doubtless for some wise purpose. I am thankful that an influx of company at Llwynhelig at the time, my own constant engagements, and my resolved spirit made me get the better of it wonderfully, much and long as I certainly felt it; indeed, I have never ceased to feel it.



also the laws of punctuation. Far better than any rules learnt by heart is the result of intelligent observation in this matter.

Never use a long word, or one derived from the Latin when a shorter or Saxon word will do as well. Do not say "commence" when "begin" answers the purpose. Do not say "assist" when "help" is ready to your hand. Young writers are often very fond of fine writing; it should be severely repressed. Never use any vulgarism such as "under the circumstances," "in our midst." Circumstances are literally the externals which "stand around" a person; he may be "in," but not "under" them. And beware of using the personal pronoun with a thing that cannot belong to you; it is felonious. Say "In the midst of us." People who ought to know a great deal better are to blame in this respect.

Try, even from the outset, to be a purist in point of style. Everyday English abounds in pictorial or figurative expressions, and the ideas contained in these should not be marred by adjectives and nouns inappropriately fitted together. For example, you may write of a view of a

matter being "clear" or "partial," but not of its being "heated" or "violent"; "depths of feeling" may be "unfathomable" or "tranquil," but not "magnificent" or "exquisite." Flights of eloquence may be "lofty," but not "florid." Examples might be indefinitely multiplied, but my readers will catch the idea without further illustration.

When one enumerates the names of essayists, from Bacon downwards—Macaulay, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, and others too many to mention—it must be confessed that women are conspicuous by their absence. Mrs. Meynell, in our own day, has made her mark; but, as a rule, men appear to succeed better than women in this department of literature.

Perhaps it may be reserved for one of my readers some day to attain distinction in the field. Essayists seem to endear themselves in a special manner to their readers; they are delightful companions in the hour of leisure; and if they, like their great prototypes, can suggest thoughts from which others may derive strength and wisdom, they are among the benefactors of mankind.

LILY WATSON.

*Anne Beale.*

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART IX.

*Sept. 23, 1847.*—Mr. Broadmead sent yesterday a parchment, or deed of conveyance for us to sign, having sold the house at Langport for £200 to Capt. Aldridge. The mortgage is £150, so that a small sum will come to us, a trifle less than £39, his bill being about £10. He has not charged us one farthing for his trouble, only costs out of pocket and interest. Please God we shall now be able to pay off our little bills and begin clear once more.

*Sept. 28.*—Mrs. Gardner and Miss Hanbury came to us, and we had our long-intended party, to bid them farewell before they leave us for good. Nothing could have been more successful or pleasant than was the whole affair. We were about eighteen. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Berthlewyd, Mr. and Mrs. Rees, Nat Lewis, Richard and J. P. Lewis, Dr. Prothero, Miss Chesterton, M. A. Pohin, Annie and Edward Thomas, Mr. Vevers and George Price. Miss Hanbury and I made tea and coffee in mamma's room, and sent it in to the drawing-room. After tea we had a little music, but the room was perfectly crowded, and uncomfortable. G. P. sent for his cornopean, and we played duets and sang. It is curious to see how gradually and imperceptibly the stiffness is wearing away amongst us, and that he begins to feel himself in his old place. Evidently more so with us than with anyone else. He is so thoroughly at home and happy again with mamma and me. We had a long round of French blind-man's buff, then two or three acted charades. G. P. and I fell together throughout. We were the only ones who had ever acted charades, and therefore set them going, taking two more with us to play propriety. We had a very good "Matrimony." A mother and children for "ma," an unsuccessful lover for "try," and a successful one for "money;" then a runaway match to Gretna Green for the whole. After these we had more music. The two clergymen and Miss Edwards and Miss A. Thomas heard there was to be a ball. Mr. Thomas sent us beautiful fruit. Grapes, pears, nuts and apples, which, with a few sweet things, made a really elegant little supper, laid out in the drawing-room, whilst there were more substantial things in the sideboard room for the gentlemen. After supper we proposed Mr. and Mrs.

Gardner's and Miss Hanbury's health, which they all drank with a real jovial cheer. It was too much for them both. Poor Mrs. G. was obliged to leave the room. When mamma was out with her they drank her health with musical honours and sang "She's a jolly good fellow." And she was a jolly good fellow, for I never saw her in such spirits. So was I, and so was everybody else. They all declared they had never spent so pleasant an evening. I was very happy, for we were all so friendly, and G. P. and I had quite got over all old scores; and appeared just as we used to be. In short our little gathering passed off most charmingly, to the evident satisfaction of everyone present, and to no one's more than my own. I saw them all off from the door, and G. P. fetched a shawl for me, and took infinite care to prevent my taking cold. I am forgetting my resolution to take infinite care against the approach of a still more insidious enemy. I wonder how he feels?

Dearest Bessie wrote mamma a long letter full of hope and comfort and affection, over which, charmed as we were with it, we both cried like children. She says she is in wonderful voice and overwhelmed with engagements. Two ladies want her for the same month, one of whom offers her a guinea a day! After which, she adds, "I shall flourish off to Llandilo, and we shall, please God, have a happy meeting once more." Nothing could be more delightful, yet when I looked at dear mamma, I could not but feel how uncertain life is, and how little we know what a day may bring forth. Bessie begged her to keep up her spirits for her sake, as she went to work so much more cheerfully when she knew that we were happy. How true that is. Absence is never so painful as when we are conscious that the absent are in distress. Mrs. Rees came down and told mamma she should write to Bessie if she did not cheer up. We got more ourselves by degrees, but I fear Christmas will not be a "merry one."

*Dec. 24.*—Christmas Eve. The bells ringing merrily for Mr. Leyson Lewis' return. The thought struck me this morning, when an old woman dropped me a low courtesy, of how ridiculous that kind of creature-worship is. Why should the poor pay a kind of homage to the rich, because they have got fine clothes on? I like the pleasant greeting of "Good morning! Fine morning!" etc., that I get fifty times during my walks, but not the accompanying curtsy,



as if one was of another sphere, though it is certain I do not get it for my riches.

But the "God bless you" of old Polly Lewis, when I gave her her first Christmas-box, was worth it all. Poor old soul! she will not last long. Her grand-daughter Mary is a good girl, and trying to lead her to thoughts of another world. We did up sundry sixpences for some old women, and sent our humble offering round. I thought of the time when dear papa was besieged by old women at Christmas for half-crowns and shillings. Went in to wish Mr. Garland a merry Christmas. He was going to have half-a-dozen old women to dinner on Christmas Day. Told me that he loved me dearly, and was very affectionate. He said John Oxenham had never written home since. James Thomas came again. Mamma tired to death of him. Read German.

Jan. 1, 1848.—Spent the whole day at Llwynhelig. The children gave me *Corinne* in three volumes. They made their mamma a portfolio, filled with drawings, to which I added three water-colour ones, with which she seemed pleased. We all dined together at five, and had a merry dinner, and some music afterwards. Found dear mamma in bed. She had had a bad day, and not a good beginning to the year. I am thankful to God to be able to place myself and all that belongs to me wholly in His hands. I trust I say this without presumption, and add that I am not anxious for the morrow, but "cast all my care upon Him who careth for me," trusting that He will do for me as He pleases, and knowing that He will do all for my good either here or hereafter, if I do not set up my own will in opposition to His. I only pray that God may be in all my thoughts, and that He will enable me to be of more service to my beloved mother, and lead her mind more and more clearly to Christ.

Jan. 3.—A most melancholy piece of intelligence reached me when I got to Llwynhelig. The children could scarcely tell it me. My dear faithful little friend and constant companion, Gypsy, was dead. I could not have believed that anything of that kind could have afflicted me so much. It shows how the constant attachment of any living creature wins the heart. Tears flowed unbidden, and the whole day I could not stop them, just as if I had lost a human friend. It might have been weakness, but it was involuntary. The children were scarcely less affected, and we had truly a melancholy day. She had been ill some time, but we attributed it to a wrong cause. She dragged herself after me the last few days, evidently with pain to herself, and yet she came. I have not an unkind or harsh word or look to reproach myself with, but I bitterly reproach myself for not having inquired about her on Saturday, when I fancied she was shut up with the other dogs, and when she was really dying, or perhaps dead, in the stable. Yesterday (Sunday) I did not go to Llwynhelig. Oh, how I missed her at nights in my solitary walk home, and how I saw her at every step! If we can feel thus for a dog, what must be our feelings at the loss of a friend that we have been long with; what our remorse for every unkind look or word! Miss Cooke's lines to "Pincher" are perfectly applicable to me, and she felt as I do, and still feel. Poor little faithful Gyp! They may laugh as they will, but never was there a truer or a kinder friend. Dear mamma missed her also, and I shall never cease to lament her.

Jan. 8.—Where has the past week gone? Chiefly in sickness and uneasiness. Dear mamma suffering much still. She does not get better or stronger; only at intervals she seems at all easier. God grant her ease! Dearest Bessie, thank God, says she is better than she has been for years. She is spending a happy Christmas in the old-fashioned way. Servants' ball, at which she danced with the butler and groom, and everyone kind to her. Her anxiety about mamma seems the grand drawback now. The dear Gardeners getting on so well. Everyone in Bembridge in influenza but them, so that Mr. Gardener has his time more than occupied. They are as affectionate as well. Little Carry ill with influenza. I called on Miss Hughes, and she called on mamma. No allusion to what she said about me. She seems much as usual.

Jan. 10.—Poor little Carrie evidently has the measles,

and is very sick indeed with them. Mamma continues very ill, and there is little but sickness anywhere. Poor Mr. Enoch has now lost his wife in typhus fever not two years ago, and I think I must have recorded it here; four children died in one week of scarlet fever, and a few months afterwards the fifth and last. Since this his wife's sister has died under his roof, and before, his second wife's son, the one he has just lost being his third. He is now alone in the world, and when she died was lying in bed with a broken leg. These are indeed melancholy and trying events, and his life has been one of greater misery than I ever heard of before.

Jan. 11.—My dear Victorie ill in scarlet fever. God guard and preserve her. Lizzie and Clare evidently sickening for measles, but will not allow it and give up. Carrie very poorly. Dr. Prothero has been to see dear mamma.

Jan. 13.—Lizzie obliged to go to bed with measles.

Jan. 14.—All three children in bed. The two eldest very ill—Carrie recovering. I have truly had a hard day's work. Found Lizzie very ill this morning, but the measles well out. Clare not so bad. Fed all their pet rabbits out of doors—hare and birds in. Read aloud to them for some time; dressed Carrie, who got up for a few hours, charmed to dine with me upon boiled chicken, after a week's slops. Poor child! "You are very good—indeed, you are very good!" she said, and so they all seemed to think. Dr. Prothero thought Lizzie's a very bad kind of measles, and her fever ran very high. She was very ill yesterday too. I tried my best to amuse them. Mrs. Williams seemed very anxious, and came to them frequently, but all the nursing fell upon me. When I returned I thought I was in for influenza. I was downright ill. Backache, headache, and every other ache. Found mamma very ill also. She does not get on at all—God help us all!

Jan. 15.—Got up better, and hope to escape the prevailing evil, in which everyone is cast—Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. Rees—in short, everybody far and near. I was greeted by Lizzie with "I never was so glad to see you in my life." She is better, and they are all getting on. Had a pretty hard day's work, but felt that I had done my duty to the utmost of my ability by everyone—one of the most delicious feelings one can possibly experience.

Jan. 16.—Sunday. Had some difficulty in getting away from dear mamma for a few hours since she is very ill, and this is her day. I went, however, according to promise to dine with dear little Carrie, the only one up, and they were all well pleased to see me. I felt so all-overish myself, however, that I was nearly useless, and fear I am breeding the influenza. It is quite melancholy to think of the illness existing everywhere. Far and near one hears of little else. May God bless it to all those who are suffering, and grant them grace to repent and turn to Him. It ought to bring our minds nearer Him. May He give my beloved mother grace to cast all her care upon Him. Her sufferings are indeed unceasing. I saw Mrs. Price in bed for five minutes. She said that no sooner was one ailment a little better than another came on. G. P. is better, but has had a bad attack. A nice letter from Mme. de Bellecour. She is as brisk and full of activity at near sixty as she was when I first knew her at forty. Bessie went to see the enthronisation of the Archbishop of York. An imposing sight. She continues well, thank God.

Jan. 17.—Was obliged to acknowledge myself too unwell to go to Llwynhelig. Symptoms of the fashionable malady. Mrs. Price sent to ask for me, and sent me down a delicious jug of lemonade. Dr. Prothero told me I must keep in bed to-morrow.

Jan. 18.—In bed all the first part of the day. Felt better and got up in the evening. Mrs. Price sent again—at least the servant was ordered to come upstairs with Mr. and Mrs. Price's compliments, and a jug of lemonade and a dozen of oranges. G. P. had made the former and bade me drink it, as it was what had done him the most good in his attack. It was especially excellent.

Jan. 19.—Condemned to bed wholly, though not feeling downright ill—pains in the back, tightness of breathing, etc. More lemonades, and a message to know if I could



fancy anything whatever. Dr. Prothero more than kind. Thought dear mamma showed symptoms of influenza. Ordered her not to leave her bed. She in one room, I in the other. Miss Prothero, Miss Edwards, Miss Chesterton, and Louisa Lewis came. Saw them all in bed. Miss Chesterton sent me half-a-dozen oranges and a few flowers, the first primrose I have seen. How delightful are flowers in sickness. Dr. Prothero sent jelly. How kind everybody is. Went in to see mamma whilst my bed was making. She was low and lonely, but not, I think, much worse. Wrote poetry and read German all the day.

Jan. 25.—Went out to try my powers. Keen easterly wind. Called to see Mr. Rees, who has had a most severe attack of influenza and been quite pulled down by it. Called on Mrs. Price. Scolded by all parties for going out. Mrs. Price ill in her room. Wheedled me into doing the agreeable to a Mr. and Miss Thomas who were coming unexpectedly to see her and lunch. Mr. Thomas a clergyman and a sensible man. Talked to them until George Price came in, and he then begged me to stay to

circumstances." G. P.'s eyes were fixed on me all the time, and a discussion followed half-jest, half-earnest, which might or might not be taken literally. We had a very jolly evening.

Jan. 28.—Left the children pretty well, with a promise to take them books and tea-cakes, to which they had taken a fancy. They are very dull, poor dears. Young James Thomas came and played chess.

Jan. 29.—Found to my utter distress Clare in scarlet fever! Did not know what to do, feeling almost terrified, never having had it, and having made such a fuss the last time when Lizzie had it. Poor dear child! I did not see her, but remained the day with Carrie. Mrs. Williams very poorly, but said it was absurd in me to go to Clare as Lizzie was with her, who had had the fever. I did not know what to do, feeling that mamma would be so annoyed if I rushed into it, yet longing to see the child. I told them I would go over to-morrow, Sunday, and stay as late as I could. Mamma was annoyed, as I feared, at my having remained; but I persisted in my resolution of going again,



MISS BEALE'S HOUSE AT LLANDILO.

(The one with creeper round the doorway.)

luncheon with them, which I did. When they were gone, G. P. promised to come and spend Thursday evening with us.

Jan. 26.—Went to Llwynhelig. Found the children getting on, and very glad to see me. They all seem weak, but progressing. Saw Mrs. Williams and Mr. Kirwan.

Jan. 27.—George Price came to spend the evening. We asked James Thomas to meet him. We were very merry indeed. Had some music, some gossip, and then supper, then sat round the fire and talked all kinds of nonsense. Why do I never feel in such towering spirits with anyone but him? And why is he always so especially merry here? He said he thought no woman was here constant more than a week at a time. Mamma asked him what he thought of men. He said he believed there were men who could be constant for ever, but not women. Then he appealed directly to me by saying, "What do you think, Miss Beale?" I felt awkward, looked at the fire, and said I knew nothing about it. "Nothing about it! Nonsense," said James Thomas. "Well, then," said I, "I believe women are generally more constant than men, but more influenced by

and being of what service I might. I prayed to be directed aright, and even whilst I was on my knees mamma suggested my asking Mrs. Williams to let Carrie come to us out of the infection, as she would scarcely weather it if she were to take it. I think the plan a decidedly good one, and shall mention it to-morrow.

Jan. 30.—Awoke so ill that all my Llwynhelig intentions were settled for me. Wrote to Mrs. Williams from bed, entreating her to send Carrie to us whilst the fever lasted. Received an answer evidently full of kind feeling to us for the invitation, but negating it. Mrs. W. says she should be miserable if Carrie were ill away from her, and that if she is to have the fever she must have taken it. Poor Clare very ill. God help her through it, for she will have a hard struggle. I have been wretchedly ill all day. Heavy and feverish. Not a little nervous about scarlet fever. Wrote to ask Dr. Prothero to come and see me to-morrow morning.

Jan. 31.—Dr. Prothero came. Said I had low fever, and must keep in bed. An abscess gathering in my ear. Very painful. Dr. P. came again in the evening most kindly. No better.



assure you that I have never yet voluntarily sneered at goodness, so that in this instance at least you are doing me an injustice. You must believe me, please, for I am thoroughly in earnest."

"Yes, I see you are. I'm sorry that I misjudged you."

"And I am sorry, too. You are sorry, I am sorry, we are both sorry, so now suppose we drop this subject and start afresh. I'd like to be friends with you if you will, for I expect we shall see a good deal of each other in future, and it would distress my uncle if we disagreed. Do you think you could sign a treaty of friendship with me?"

"Well," said Nan slowly, and then paused, too honest to pledge her word without counting the cost, "I could, but I'm not sure that it would last. We are so different. Would you mind answering one personal question?"

"I'll answer fifty with pleasure if it's in my power."

"Then have you known some awful trouble? Has something dreadful, heart-breaking, happened to you which you are trying to cover up and hide from the world?"

Gervase stared at her in amazement which ended in a laugh.

"Certainly not! I have had an absolutely smooth life—too smooth I am afraid, for the growth of character. Now I wonder what made you take such an idea into your head!"

"I thought perhaps your heart was broken, and that was why you took no interest in anything that was going on."

"Do I take no interest? I was under the impression that I took a great deal—sometimes—but I have learned to conceal my feelings. You may not perhaps be aware

that English boys are educated in this fashion, nowadays. At a public school it is considered 'bad form' to be enthusiastic on any subject. 'Not bad' or 'pretty decent' are the superlatives of praise, and anything more emphatic is sure to be snubbed. Perhaps I have been too apt a disciple at that school."

"I call it a hateful school, and if I had a hundred sons I would not let one of them be trained under such an influence. If a boy is not to be enthusiastic when he is young, when will he be, pray? Youth is the time for noble dreams, for enthusiasm which carries all before it. It is the enthusiasm of youth which keeps the world moving. None of your languid half-measures for me!" declaimed Nan dramatically, backing into a flower-bed in her earnestness, and trampling half-a-dozen begonias beneath her heels. "Life is real—life is earnest!"

"It is indeed," cried Gervase laughing, "and so, if you will permit me to say so, is my uncle's gardener, when he is roused! Begonias, I fancy, are his special passion. Miss Nan, you will have to be friends with me whether you will or not, for our natures are so different that we could be of infinite service to each other. You could inspire me with your own enthusiasm, and I, in my turn, could curb and restrain you."

"But, dear me," cried Nan, "I don't want to be curbed!" Then she looked at the begonias, and her face fell. "But I suppose like all disagreeable things it would be good for me, so I'll be friends if you like, Mr. Vanburgh, and take my share of the discipline."

"I feel much honoured. It shall be my endeavour to be as little disagreeable as I can help," said Gervase Vanburgh with his courtly bow, and thus were the deeds signed in a friendship destined to have far-reaching consequences.

(To be continued.)

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART X.

Feb. 1, 1848.—A bad beginning to a month. Very poorly still. Abscess most trying. Dear Clare very ill. Mrs. Williams ill also. Cannot help them if I would. Wrote to Mrs. Williams, and heard from her. Dr. Prothero does not think Clare dangerous, but a very severe attack.

Feb. 3.—Somewhat better to-day, but very weak. Mr. Williams called yesterday, to our astonishment, for he has not been near us now for nearly, or quite, three years. He seemed really obliged by our invitation to Carina, and we were delighted to see him; it appeared like a dawn of kindly feeling amongst us. Mine is genuine. Influenza again, but worse than the first attack. Brought on by going out too soon. Everybody very kind. Mrs. Price sending constantly again. Anne Thomas also—she has been twice to see me, and made me blancmange. I am very weak. Mr. Rees came yesterday. He is better. Everybody is ill. Dear Clare no better, but the symptoms no worse. What can I do to help them? Mrs. W. very poorly too.

Feb. 5.—Have just heard from Dr. Prothero that Lizzie is in the fever, and that Clare has been very ill all night at the crisis. I fear from his manner he thinks her in danger. God help them all. I am too ill to be of the

least assistance, and could almost fear this dreadful fever myself, since it was this day week it began, and Lizzie has only just taken it. But the Almighty knows what is best for us. His will be done.

Feb. 9.—The dear children at Llwynhelig have continued the last four days most alarmingly ill. Dr. Bowen has been sent for. Dr. Prothero has slept every night in the house. Clare has not slept more than an hour the whole time. Her fever has taken a low turn, which is dangerous, and Lizzie's has been low from the first. They are very nervous about them. I am anxious to the greatest possible degree, and am so weak myself that everything is too much for me. This is the first day that I have been able to sit up a quarter of an hour at a time without suffering afterwards. I believe I have had the narrowest escape of scarlet fever. I feel assured that had I gone another day, as I intended, to Llwynhelig and seen Clare, I should have taken it; but God provided for me. I have had low fever myself throughout with every other symptom. Extreme heaviness, sleepiness, cold feet, thirst, etc., and I am sure Dr. Prothero fancied I had taken the infection. Last night I quite gave myself up to it. Miss Chesterton mentioned yesterday that it was the tenth day it made its appearance, and yesterday was my tenth. I was seized with shiverings in the night, felt



sick and ill, and expected scarlet fever in the morning. Thank God, it is not so. Nothing can equal the kindness of everybody. They are resolved to make me strong again. The David Thomas' particularly. They have sent me everything they can think of, and dear Anne has been constantly to see me. Mrs. Price, too, is most kind. The Popkins, Louisa Lewis, everybody. How much I have to be thankful for. May God give me a grateful heart—and oh! may it please Him to raise up my dear children. Mamma is not well to-day. She has been so anxious about me, and has been fussing so much that I fear she has done more than her strength will permit. Bessie, too, is very anxious. She urges me not to think of going to Llwynhelig. The doctors have fastened me here for another fortnight, so I cannot.

*Feb. 17.*—The children from the Lodge called at twelve to know how I am. They said they had not heard of Lizzie that day, but they believed the danger was over. I was satisfied. Mrs. Hughes came, and whilst she was here, the children returned, and told mamma they had heard in the town that Miss Williams was dying, and Miss Carrie had taken the fever. Mamma came and told me she was worse; then Mrs. Hughes said she had heard a similar account, but did not like to say so, as I did not appear to have heard it. I wrote and sent at once to Mr. Kirwan. Waited with the most awful anxiety for the answer. He said I had heard but too correctly. There was little hope of my beloved Lizzie, and Carrie had the fever, favourably as yet. I felt quite distracted. Mrs. Rees was here. I said I must go. Mamma, in an agony of fear still, knew not what to say, neither did Mrs. Rees. Mamma proposed having a fly and going at once to the Lodge, and sending for one of the doctors, and she would go with me. Dear Mrs. Rees sent her husband down to say what he might. He said, "You cannot deceive yourself that you are rushing into infection and danger. You may escape, or you may not. Your own weak state predisposes you for fever. If you go, use every precaution in the way of camphor and vinegar. I know not what to advise." I packed up my night things, sent for a fly, and we dressed. Dear mamma was wonderful. I could not have believed it to be her, she was so anxious for me to do something to quiet my own feelings, and show sympathy with the sufferers. I did not feel afraid, and quite made up my mind to stay. We drove straight to the house. It looked dismal. The blinds down, the new garden half done, the new porch left unfinished. No workmen near. Oh, the vanity of earthly things! Poor Tom, who came, looked wretched. As to Davy, he was miserable. "Very bad, marm, very bad," was his reply, with tears in his eyes. At last Dr. Prothero came, looking as ill as he could look. Mamma spoke to him and asked what I ought to do; said I was come resolved to stay. I never shall forget his answer. "In the name of God," he said, "if you value your life, if you think of your friends, turn the horse's head, and do not come into this house. You can be of no service. In your weak state you rush upon infection certainly. Were it not as a professional duty, I, with a family, could not stay here. I have not had my clothes off for two nights, nor slept two hours for seven nights. You must have some regard to yourself. So, for God's sake, Mrs. Beale, do not let her come." I begged him to go to Mrs. Williams, and say that, if she wished it, I would stay. "No," he said, "I will not tell her till you are gone. She is in that state that she would catch at anything, and might accept you at once. Lady Mary Williams is with her now, and when she is gone, I will make all clear for you, and write to you to-morrow." He said he did not think dear Lizzie could live over the night. She has been delirious more than a week. Knows everybody, but wanders wholly. Mr. and Mrs. Williams both in bed with ulcerated throats, but better. Clare doing very well. Carrie's symptoms favourable. They have three nurses and two physicians. Dr. Prothero insisted again and again that I could not be of service. That the fever was decided typhus, and of a most infectious nature. That it would be madness to rush upon it and take it, as I surely should do. That no one who cared for Lizzie ought to see her, as she was unconscious

of everything, and could only give acute anguish to her friends. Mamma entreated me to turn back, and I consented, feeling that it was madness to go into the house and remain there. I turned away with a heavy heart, God knows, and think I would have risked anything, if mamma were not so dependent on me. May God support them. We stopped at the Lodge. Poor Betsy came to us in tears. She missed the dear child, and loves her as her own. "Oh," she said, "I would give the world to see Miss Williams—dear Miss Williams." Mamma told her she must consider her own four little ones. She said that last Sunday at eight o'clock, Mr. Williams was walking up and down in the rain, sobbing aloud, like a child. At last he cried out, "Betsy, Lizzie is going to leave us—God is going to take her from us." Poor, poor Mr. Williams! I do pity him, for he loves his children dearly. Oh, what a night of anxiety I had! One comfort is, that everyone thinks my going at all madness.

*Feb. 18.*—No change in any way. She lies in the same state. The rest are doing well.

*Feb. 19.*—I wrote to Mrs. Williams. A long letter full of such comfort as I could offer. Betsey Nurse called. She was wretched, poor thing. She says that dear Lizzie's wanderings are heard outside the house. Poor child, she called on her mamma, and said, "Ah, I shall be cut down!" Her mind runs upon her birds and pets. She calls for every one by turns. Has some strange fancy about a child on fire, which she sees constantly. Asks what she has done to be tied down to her bed. Calls for Dr. Prothero incessantly, begs him to get a cart to remove the dirt that is round her. Dr. Prothero seems to have a gleam of hope to-day. May it not prove fallacious! Mrs. Sounds says she was never in her life with such an angel of a child as Clare. So patient, giving so little trouble. She has felt, I trust and think, deeply upon religion. I went out and walked up and down a little. This influenza is very weakening. My legs quite shook. A letter from Bessie from Kippad Park. She seems pretty well, thank God.

*Feb. 20.*—A note from Mr. Kirwan, for Mrs. Williams. He seems to say I should not have given her the faint hope I did, until there was more reason to hope. This came in the morning. In the evening arrived another, saying she is in a dreadful state about dear Lizzie's preparation for the next world, and entreats me to tell her what I think of her mind. Mr. Kirwan says my letter was far, far the kindest she had received from anyone, and had aroused a new train of feelings. I wrote at once what I could about the dear child's state of mind. Said she was all that was pure-hearted and noble-minded—always anxious to do what was right, devoted to her parents and her duties—which she is most truly—but so fearful of any hypocrisy, that it was difficult to know what her religious impressions were. But when God removes the young, He takes them mercifully from the evil to come, and pardons them, I believe, through Christ. Thus will He take Lizzie to Himself, if she leaves us. She was so beloved by everybody, particularly by old people. Mrs. Hughes is so anxious about her. Sending here and there constantly for information, and refusing to go to Edwinstford or elsewhere whilst she is in her present state. Old Dr. Morgan, too, was so taken with her when her parents were away in the summer, that he is most anxious about her. So is everybody. All the servants and workmen love her, she is so free from pride, and so frank. Surely such a character is of itself a preparation for heaven, at her age, when the heavier sins of life have not tainted the mind.

*Feb. 24.*—A harrowing letter from Mrs. Williams, written under the greatest excitement both of body and mind. She is over-wrought and evidently in a wretched state. I know not what to do or say to comfort her. Still less now, for Dr. Bowen has just returned from Highmead with the account of her mother's death! Poor creature, how I feel for her. God have mercy upon her. Dear mamma very ill. In bed all day. These exciting events are too much for her.

*Feb. 25.*—Have seen both Dr. Prothero and Mr. Rees. They both now, thank God, think favourably of Lizzie. There is no reason that she may not get over it. She is quite



sensible. Painfully weak, of course, and her throat still dreadful. May the Almighty be praised, Who has raised her up even at the eleventh hour. Mr. R. says he never saw three sweeter or better children. Even little Carrie, as patient as a lamb, taking and doing everything she is told. They are all doing well. Poor Mrs. W. the worst to-day. Lady Mary has been sent for to break her mother's death to her. Thank God it is tempered by the hope of the recovery of her children. Dearest mother better. Louisa Lewis came in the evening and told me that Lady Mary called on them on her way from Llwynhelig. She was very nervous at having to tell Mrs. Williams. She spoke a great deal first of all of her children's probable recovery, and after some time ventured upon her mother's illness. She saw there was something, and starting up exclaimed, "What am I to hear next? For God's sake tell me the worst!" When the certainty of her death came upon her she screamed dreadfully, but was shortly afterwards relieved by a flood of tears. Lady Mary left her more composed, and Mr. Kirwan says she continues so. Mr. Michael Evans called. As fat and jolly as ever. His merry face seemed a great contrast to all the sad ones we see everywhere. He has a living in N. Wales. Told us all about it, and seemed half inclined to ask me to become its mistress. Did, either in jest or earnest, ask mamma to give her consent if he could get mine, and said, as he went away, "If I write to Miss Beale and enclose a letter to you, you will not refuse your consent." I believe the good little soul, like the rest of his sex, thinks he might marry any woman for the asking.

*Feb. 26.*—Dear mamma very poorly. Complains greatly. Dr. Prothero came to see her. He says they are all doing well at Ll. Lizzie's is like a resurrection from the dead. Mrs. Williams wishes for me, poor thing, but he told her he had forbid my coming, and she was very reasonable about it. In bed, and not a soul with her, not a friend to comfort her at such a time. Oh, that I could go to her! Dr. P. is quite in love with the dear children, as well as Mr. Rees. The change in Lizzie's appearance in these few days is miraculous.

*Feb. 27.*—Poor Mrs. Williams is reproaching herself bitterly for not having been more with her mother of late years. I feared it would be so. So it is. When we lose those we love, then, and not till then, are we sensible of all our omissions and commissions towards them. My dear mother not much better to-day. She has just said that she would wish to end her days as we are now living: we two together and alone, in quiet and peace.

*April 3.*—Money runs very short. I have written to Bessie, entreating her to come now, whilst I am idle and she is voiceless, and mamma is well enough to enjoy her company. I fear I wrote despondingly, but dear mamma's uncertain state and the daily reports of the death of some friend or acquaintance of her age make me sadly apprehensive. I wrote a few days ago, representing this in a very strong light, and saying we would take what money there was left in the bank for the purpose. Dear Bessie, always clear-judging, says she fears it will not be right, that she has three engagements now waiting for her voice, which is beginning to return, and these must clear her debts and help us. She is nearly penniless. We are similarly situated, and owe £5 to good brother Tom. She says she thinks she ought to come when I am from home with my pupils, as dear mamma should not be left. This is too true; but, alas! I shall be deprived of the happiness of being with her after nearly three years' separation. How adverse matters seem! But all is in the hand of God. She is right certainly, unless mamma becomes still more dangerously ill. She went out in her chair, but I had immense difficulty to achieve it. She enjoyed the park thoroughly when in it, and walked a good deal.

*April 4.*—Found dear mamma tolerable, and the two curates with her. She had received a letter directed to "Mrs. and Miss Beale," containing half of what professed to be a £10 note, anonymously sent. She at once set it down as a "folly" affair sent by George Price in return for mine. I examined it well, so did Mr. Morgan. We thought the imitation perfect, still I could not fancy it anything but a hoax. Would that it were "a true bill."

*April 5.*—Actually and verily the other half of a genuine Bank of England ten-pounder has arrived! With the respect of an obliged and humble servant, "the writer." The crest a goat, the postmark London, and no further clue whatever. It is marvellous. What a merciful Providence watches over us! Just as we were in difficulties too. Praised be the Lord for all His loving-kindness. Our feelings were inexpressible. I could only fall on my knees and thank God, and pray for our unknown friend. I sent at once for brother Tom, and paid him my £5. The other I trust mamma will use for many things she wants. It is a wonderful thing, and I only had imagined it could have happened in a novel. Who it can be I cannot for a moment understand. How can we be sufficiently grateful? I wrote off at once to dear Bessie. She will be rejoiced!

*Sept. 12.*—A letter from Louisa King, full of admiration of my poem, which they all think the best I ever wrote. They want more copies to give Mr. Forster, who, it seems, quoted some lines of my last little book with admiration at a dinner at Macready's. This is an honour.

*Sept. 17.*—Have come to a thorough and most satisfactory understanding about the children at Llwynhelig. Carrie had one of her obstinate fits, and Lizzie was pert. I spoke to Mrs. Williams before them. The result was a good lecture when I was gone, and yesterday decided and most proper orders in my presence. She told them she gave me unlimited authority, and insisted on proper conduct as if it were to herself. There was much crying and much pride of spirit, but I have no doubt it will be beneficial. They have become, from illness and other causes attendant upon it, very difficult to manage, and decided measures necessary. Nothing could be more excellent than all Mrs. W. said to them, and everything having passed in their and my presence, there can be no future cavil.

*Oct. 14.*—Some trifling incident recalled to-day most forcibly my dear father to my mind, and one little passage in my early life. Not long before he died, my grandmother died. Mamma and I had been into Dorsetshire to be with her at the last. All was over, and I remember well looking for the first time upon death when her most beautiful of all faces lay shrouded in its coffin. I remember, too, the fear I had of going upstairs alone when her corpse was in the room, and the childish awe I felt steal over me. I remember, too, at this time her love for me and her goodness and kindness to all. She had had many grievous trials, but was firm and patient to the last, and upwards of seventy when she died. Papa was not well, and we hastened home. When the carriage came to the bottom of the hill leading to our house, I pleaded to be allowed to get out, run on, and surprise him while the horse walked up the hill. It was night, and I saw the candle glimmer through the blind. I crept into the house and entered his room on tiptoe. I see him now, though I was a child then, as clearly as if it were but yesterday. He was sitting at a small table by the fire reading the Bible, looking pale, but so composed and serious and lovable that as I jumped upon his neck and kissed him with a devotion almost unusual in one so young, I thought there never was anyone so good. Happy those children whose fondest and strongest recollections of their departed parents are associated, as mine are, with the Bible and all that is holiest. Those mute lessons are never forgotten.





# Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

## PART XI.

Dec. 7, 1848.—This month has begun with another of God's great mercies. Our unknown friend who sent us last April a ten-pound note has to-day sent us the first half of another. Shall we ever dare to despair? This morning only I was thinking how we could possibly give our usual little Christmas charities this year, when we really knew not how to get on at all without running into debt. Who can this incognito be? May God reward him or her for this unmerited goodness. The same seal of a goat, so peculiar as to be unmistakable, the same handwriting, and the same direction to Mrs. and Miss Beale as the last. I trudged home rather heart-sick to-night through pelting rain. The first thing I heard was that mamma was ill in bed. This did not cheer me. The next that this unexpected benefaction had arrived. It is at such times that we feel what gratitude to God is. Why do we not daily and hourly feel as deeply penetrated by thankfulness, since daily and hourly we experience His mercies and loving kindnesses. May my heart be ever more and more sensible of this.

Dec. 8.—We have been terribly frightened and alarmed by the non-appearance of the other half of the ten-pound note. I scarcely imagined that money could have made me feel so anxious and given me such fear and disappointment. If it does not arrive we have no redress, and the note will be of service to no one. Mamma is very ill, and she feels nervous about it also; it would be such a help to us. We must hope for to-morrow's post.

Dec. 9.—Thank God! the money has duly come, with a few additional lines from our kind unknown benefactor. I was so absurdly, almost wickedly, anxious, that I could scarcely ask mamma about it when I came home. I knew how many little bills and little comforts depended upon it. God is very merciful. "Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." I am sure we may say this—as well as realise the fulfilment of the Almighty's promise to the widow and the fatherless.

May 1, 1849.—A really beautiful spring day. Fine weather for the sweeps.

May 2.—Went to drink tea with Mrs. Rees, mamma having at last screwed up her courage. She was very poorly, however, and obliged to leave early. Mrs. Rees knew three old maid sisters at Exeter, who went by the names of "Plague, Pestilence, and Famine," and three bachelors, called "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death." Also five brothers, ancestors of Sir J. Williams, who were said to have but one hat between them. Mamma told a story of a Dorsetshire gentleman, who chanced to go into a wretched lodging-house chiefly frequented by beggars. He found there the names of all the gentry in the neighbourhood written in a book. On one page, in red, were the names of such as were in the habit of giving to beggars, on the other, in black, those of such as did not give. He found his own name amongst the former, scratched it out, and wrote it in black amongst the latter. This recalls an anecdote of Miss Chesterton's. A friend of hers at Bristol was appealed to one day by a blind man, to whom he, and everybody else, always gave. "Please to give me something, sir! I haven't broke my fast to-day," was the cry. He dropped a penny into his hat, and stood still close by to speak to a friend who accosted him. A little boy came up and pulled the blind man's coat. "Daddy, give me fourpence directly, please!" The blind man tried to shake him off, and said "Hush!" but in vain. The boy reiterated his demand, and at last added, "Make haste, daddy; mother's waiting! I wants to buy a lemon. You

know you never will eat line o' veal without lemon!" The fourpence was given immediately, but the gentleman kindly informed the blind impostor that if ever he saw him in Bristol again he would consign him to the police.

May 3.—Mamma ill in bed with violent headache. Most comfortable letter from Bessie; she is in great force. Her voice in fine order, and she receiving due applause for it.

May 4.—Miss Sutherland came and kindly heard me read German. She says my accent is quite correct. She seems to think herself indebted to me for kindness. She is charming. Her aunt has been very poorly, and she is so anxious about her. Dear Bessie has had a windfall of £10 from Mrs. Townshend. She began to despair of funds, and I am sure so did we.

May 5.—A letter from Mrs. Herbert, Ann Slack that was, containing an offer of another situation in a widower's family, at £100 a year, in London! It is very tempting. I wrote to say I could only go as daily governess anywhere. It was accompanied by some droll lines of Mr. Herbert's about bringing the Welsh pearl to light, and a list of necessary accomplishments, made up between him and the widower, very amusing, and constituting perfection. In sad contrast to this is the intelligence of poor Mrs. Hopton's having lost her little boy. She had been happily confined of a girl, and soon after the elder sickened, and died last week. She is sorely tried.

May 9.—Received such a beautiful letter from Mr. —. He seems to be much pleased with my having written to him twice following, and that in his adversity. He seems totally ruined by the imprudent farming of his brother, and reduced from £700 per annum to debts of £300 or £400. It is indeed a hard case. If he does not get the annuity he confidently expects, I know not what will become of him. He does not seem to rejoice at becoming a Government annuitant with many who now enjoy the royal bounty. But he does deserve it, for he is really, what so few are, a literary man, and has devoted his days to hard study and historical labour. His little *protégée*, Louisa Parks, also wrote me a nice letter. She is now become a burden to her benefactor, though I trust she may prove in many ways a comfort. It is sad to see an upright, honourable, kind-hearted man, who has devoted himself to his family, ruined by that family. Yet his brother is, I hear, a most warm-hearted, though hot-headed Irishman. Poor Mr. —'s schemes are numerous. One is to read poetry—Shakespeare, &c.—with young ladies. Another to lecture on history. I think the last the best.

May 10.—Heard from Mr. Berry. He is still in London, and seems likely to remain there. Bessie wants to know what he can have to say to me, now he has left the Deaf and Dumb secretaryship, and I declare I could not tell her. She is above all things anxious that I should go and settle in London and get daily teaching. Perhaps it will end in that.

May 11.—Mrs. Brown has several pupils, and is really doing better than we could have expected. She has put Johnny to school, the master intending to "take out" his tuition in dancing lessons. Carrie's birthday. We were all very snug together during our holiday, and read some amusing chapters from *The Old Judge*, or *Life in a Colony*. The Leyson-Lewis's dined at Llwynhelig, and Mrs. Williams, coming across me as I was going home, asked me to stay for the evening. I refused, as I did not fancy being invited at the eleventh hour. I made mamma my excuse, but the children saw through it keenly enough. Children, too. Lizzie just eighteen, and Clare seventeen. They make me feel anything but childish.



May 16.—Received an immense packet of letters, or rather MS. from Mrs. Herbert, containing a letter from her, saying she had not given up her hope of seeing me in the widower's family; and that he was an exceedingly clever man, and possessed of considerable property. She thought my being there would be a mutual benefit. This was No. 1. No. 2 was a letter from the widower to her, thanking her for writing to me and expressing himself proud of me, as his country-woman. It seems, from something he said, that he had read my poems. No. 3 was an immense packet of six sheets of letter paper, containing fresh comments on the qualifications of the lady, given in the first letter I had. There were four sheets of beautiful quotations on every quality and beauty from the finest authors. Then came a description of the gentleman, his "position" and "residence," in answer to two inquiries I had made about the same. His "position," he said, was on the brink of a precipice—for his "residence" he described his own outward man, most amusingly. It was very clever, very funny, and showed a vast proportion of intellect and reading. It has quite aroused my curiosity. There was nothing said about a governess throughout. I sent the letters on to Bessie, and wrote a few lines of acknowledgment to Mrs. Herbert.

May 17.—A newspaper, directed by the same hand as directed the little anonymous book some time ago, containing a long account of proceedings in the S. W. Railway, of which Mr. Herbert is secretary. There have been examinations made in which the Chairman has been charged with some things, like King Hudson, of which, however, he is honourably acquitted. Mr. — is a great friend of the Herberts.

May 18.—Wonders will never cease. A letter from Mrs. Gardner declaring that I had "knocked her down flat," by refusing Mr. —'s situation. My anonymous correspondent is this said Mr. —, chairman of the S. Eastern Railway, and, I am given to understand, a very clever man and very rich, if the latter is a desideratum. Mrs. Gardner says they have been striving tooth and nail to interest him in me, and to get his situation for me. They managed the former by taking him my books some time ago, which he read, and made minute inquiries about me. She is terribly annoyed at my having refused the situation.

May 19.—Another paper, called *The Railway Record*, containing an account of the whole examination by a special committee of the proceedings of the chairman, directors, accounts and so on. Mr. — had been hauled up by one or two directors, but all that could be found against him was "assumption of too much authority," and he was said to have "come off with flying colours," and no end of cheering. It was an immense affair, and I never thought I could have waded through such a quantity of railway news.

May 20.—Despatched an answer to my unknown's effusions, written, principally, in the jocular strain. Enclosed it in a letter to Mrs. Herbert.

May 22.—Went up to Berthlewyd for the evening, and when I returned found mamma with a dreadful headache, but having another huge packet from London, sent by Mr. Herbert. First there were two hurried sheets in a strain something like the former, but professing to be what they evidently are, "written by a hand of much occupation." Also, I should add, by a mind well stored. Very odd and incomprehensible. I cannot conceive what it all means. In another envelope, directed "Queen's heads and letter paper. Homage to the Poetess," were £25. I started when I saw it, but I cannot accept it. Useful as the money would be, it seems impossible to receive it. I must write a proper note of thanks and apology, and return it, though I feel assured it was kindly and delicately meant. Mr. Herbert directed the little book and papers; the inside writing of the former is the unknown's. Bessie thinks it a marvellous affair; indeed, who can unravel such a mystery? I hear nothing more of the governess question.

May 25.—Dearest Bessie is very poorly at Wighill, but writes in capital spirits. She is alone there with the house-keeper and butler, who are attending upon her like a queen,

she says. This will retard our money matters again. The £25 is a temptation, indeed! I have begun my letter of refusal, but we have such interruptions that it is impossible to write. Dear kind Miss Sutherland came and took the first rough sketch of mamma to-night.

May 26.—Mr. Herbert writes, proposing my coming to London to have a personal interview with Mr. —, and to judge for myself. He encloses a letter from Mr. — of a most touching description, to reach me on the birthday of one of his little girls, in whom her mother had been almost the most enrapt. He invites me to share the goods of this world with them. The journey would be the best thing in the world, and I would keep part of the £25 to pay the expenses. I wrote to that effect. Also to dearest Bessie for advice. I am at a loss to know whether I can go honourably, without first informing Mrs. Williams, and giving her notice.

May 27.—Dear Bessie is very unwell at Wighill still. We are most anxious about her. I am quite fussed by this London affair.

May 29.—Went up with Miss Sutherland, and spent a very pleasant evening at Berthlewyd. She was delighted with them all. On my return again found a packet from Mr. —, in which he signs his name—begs me to come to London without hinting my reasons to anyone—return free—and then make up my mind. He dreads the removal of the "Veil." Bessie's advice is to tell Mrs. Williams beforehand, and give her notice if I wish to act in a ladylike manner. Miss Sutherland says it would be madness, as upon further inquiry I might not find the situation suitable, and should then have disturbed Mrs. Williams to no purpose. So thinks mamma—so thinks Victoire. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." I say, "In the multitude of counsellors there is puzzle," but I think "the many are right here," and that if I go and return free, Mrs. Williams has no need of being told in any light whatever. I am all uncertainty. Dear Bessie is poorly still. I shall meet her in London if I go, and we can settle everything together. May a Higher Power, "Who is about our paths and about our beds," direct us aright.

June 1.—Spent a pleasant evening at Mrs. Prothero J. Lewis'.

June 2.—Catherine Lewis drank tea here.

June 4.—Heard from Bessie. She is better, thank God. Goes to Exton, Mrs. Noel's, on Wednesday, stays there three weeks, then to London. Has a lodging in London which she wishes me to inhabit with her. This will be delightful! She will not hear of my using Mr. —'s money unless I first give Mrs. Williams notice. I must use his money as I have told him or I cannot go, for we are moneyless. I cannot give Mrs. W. notice, unless I know I wish to leave her, which I do not yet know that I shall, and I am come to the opinion that it will be useless to disturb her mind and bring on a war between us in this unsettled state of things, disagreeable as it is to seem, even to myself, to do anything not wholly open.

June 5.—Letters from Mr. — and Mrs. Herbert. The former says he will see me anywhere, but he should prefer doing so in his own house "where the artillery of the eyes of the seven Misses — would be quite protection enough," and where I could judge fairly on all points. This is very honourable. I shall, however, go to Mrs. Herbert first and there arrange other plans. He says he is anxious for the "withdrawal of the veil."

June 7.—The Confirmation took place here. I went with dear Lizzie, now nearly eighteen years old. The ceremony is very interesting, though here there was much to distract the attention and detract from the solemnity. In the first place the Hall was not like a church. In the second the confusion of the two languages, and the difficulty of separating the English and Welsh candidates was considerable. The Bishop is a mild, kind-looking man, just what his character might lead one to expect. I should so much like to know him. Victoire came in, but was quite overpowered by the heat. We went up to Mrs. Rees' to see her and the children and supped there.

June 8.—Spent the evening with the Popkins very



pleasantly. If I leave this place I know I shall be right sorry.

June 9.—Lizzie's birthday. We made holiday, and read aloud Mary Howitt's *Wood Leighton*. I gave her a little *Companion for the Altar*. God grant it may be rightly used. Mr. Rhind, the principal of the Aberystwith Deaf and Dumb Asylum, called in the evening and stayed till twelve. He has been at Mr. James Thomas' for two days. The meeting here is to be on Monday. He has formed eighteen auxiliary societies. Has met with much difficulty and much success. He is a quick, intelligent person, and appears blessed with indomitable resolution and perseverance. He wants me to write another poem for the next Report. The last has travelled with him, and a hundred copies of it, as printed in a small Report, have been left in each town, so my fame has spread thereby. He related much that he had had to go through in his circuit, and it is quite wonderful what he has done alone and unaided, save by his two mute pupils. I trust the Institution may prosper.

June 11.—The meeting for the Deaf and Dumb. It was most interesting. Mr. Rhind spoke clearly and unaffectedly, without any pretension, merely going through the history of the different Institutions, and the mode of instruction. Three of his pupils were there, and were exhibited. They had made wonderful progress, the eldest having been only eighteen months under instruction, and being able to write and spell any noun placed before him, with its plural. Two other deaf and dumb youths, sons of a mason in this town, were present. They had been educated at the London institution. They seemed to enter with eagerness into the examinations of the others, and answered some questions in writing themselves. The quickness of the eye and of the gesture is wonderful. The clever one of the pupils was told to write "Muff," described to him by Mr. Rhind, and he wrote the plural, "Mufes," which, Mr. Rhind said, had been a difficulty he had had with him. He could not understand why all words ending in "ff" should not have their plural in "ves." Mr. Rhind called in the evening, and I promised another poem.

## A JUBILEE QUARTETTE.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

### CHAPTER I.



IT was the eve of the Jubilee of 1887.

"When, when will those tickets come for the War Office? I begin to think that G. G. has forgotten his promise," uttered Lena Lorimer, gazing tragically out of the window, above the little flags and half-dozen fairy lights which she had stuck out on the balcony in honour of the great morrow. "Oh, Grace, how can you go on writing, scribble, scribble, in that calm way!"

The elder sister looked up from the desk, which was covered with paper, printers' proofs, and all the litter necessary to a writing woman—a playwright, in fact—and one of no mean talent.

"Dear child," she said with an indulgent smile, "my pen, like the Irish pig, is the gentleman that pays the rent. If I were to slacken work to look out for the postman, well, I might live in a garret on dry bread and tea, and you would have to go back to Aunt Mary's cottage. Besides, don't be afraid. General Gillespie never forgets! Though, to be exact, he only promised to do his best for us." (This with a slight, unconscious pride in her tone, the faintest reddening on her cheek.)

There was some ten years or more difference of age between the two sisters. Grace, the "working woman," was about twenty-eight. Sweet-faced, slender of figure she was. And, oddly, one of the small curling locks on her forehead was already pure white, contrasting strongly with her otherwise dark luxuriant hair. Her well-shaped, firm-set mouth, the steady but resigned look in her eyes, told her story to any close observer. When their parents died some six years back, Grace Lorimer had come to town to "make her way." And by dint of hard toil, frugal living and forethought, she had indeed carved a path for herself through the thorny jungle that a lone woman must face in the world of labour.

But Lena, when orphaned, was merely a child. Therefore as both sisters were almost penniless, she had been taken care of by an elderly aunt; a gentlewoman of straightened means, and somewhat precise ways. Still, the child was fairly happy there, and had grown up a bright, bonny girl, with light brown hair rippling over her head, a round, merry

little face, and roguish eyes. Three months ago she had come up to stay with Grace. Delighted to see London at last, Lena never tired of its varied crowds and shops; the park sometimes, and occasional treats which her sister was able to give her—now a concert, then a gathering of literary people.

But all the while, as "the child," so Grace called her, was enjoying this new life, the elder was quietly studying Lena's gifts and character; thinking seriously, as the protectress of the little sister—

"What shall she do in life? We all must work—that is clearly one's duty. Whether it be in the way of marriage, keeping a man's house and bringing up children, which is sometimes the hardest of all labours, as it is one of the highest; or whether Lena can take to some profession, some employment. But what? She can neither sing nor paint. She is not a musician, and has not the least taste for literature in any form. Well—I can only keep my eyes open for some post, have faith and be patient. The way will come if she has the will, and she is a dear little soul."

Rat-tat! Rat-tat!

At the familiar sound Lena sprang to the door, and hurried downstairs. Even Grace ceased her writing, and held her pen suspended in mid-air till the little sister rushed back triumphant.

"Here it is! I know his writing. Oh, General George Gillespie, G, G, G, don't say you are going to disappoint us!"

For it must be explained that the sisters' only chance of seeing the Jubilee procession from any window was the promise of their distant cousin, George Gillespie, to do his best, having influence at the War Office. He himself was to ride in the procession, being a man of note, though one of the youngest generals in the British army.

Quickly but firmly Grace took the note from Lena's quivering fingers, tore it open—one card fell out. Aloud she read—

"My dear Cousin,—I am sending a card for you to see the procession from the War Office to-morrow. There have been so many applications that I secured this with great difficulty. Very sorry I could not get one for little Lena, but she is younger than you, and must wait to see the next Jubilee, ten years hence, if, please God! our dear old Queen is spared. Look out for me as the procession passes—"

"There! I knew it! I always knew it," interrupted



the old one should alike be always trying to add some new grace or charm.

How rugged, how indistinct is the first reflection of Christ-likeness in us! Like the rough stones fresh from the quarry, there is little of beauty to be discerned. But when our glad hearts and consciences tell us, "There is something in me which only the Divine Spirit can have implanted; I can discern something of what God is, through the revelation of Himself in the person of Jesus Christ," what an intense longing there will be for greater knowledge and an ever-growing likeness! As the mason cuts, shapes, grinds down, and smooths the rude blocks of stone, and the sculptor adorns them with figures of grace and beauty, so must the disciples of Christ labour unceasingly for the building up and adorning of their characters.

To you who are so anxious to grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God, I again offer a few words from an old writer, with the prayer that they may abide in your memories, and influence you for good. "Watch ye; you have many enemies, and are conscious of their attacks.

Be always on your guard. Watch against evil; watch for opportunities to receive good; watch for opportunities to do good; watch over each other in love; watch, that none may draw you aside from the faith and unity of the Gospel. Be strong. Put forth all the power which God has given you in upholding the truth, and spiritual strength will grow in the using."

Let me add, do not be over-anxious about slowness in your spiritual growth, or envy those who seem to increase more rapidly. Thank God on their behalf, and strive on steadily and patiently. The noblest trees are longest in reaching perfection. Only let your growth be continuous, whether you take the tree or the building as the simile of progress. The one must show life by fruits, the other by growing into a holy temple in the Lord.

The Alpine climber who reaches the summit safely is not the one who scorns to watch against unseen dangers, and loses life for lack of care and patience. Success lies with the persevering one who shunned dangerous roads, though they might seem the shorter, and made each step firm and sure, before taking the next.

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XII.

June 17, 1849.—I scarcely know how the week has passed, but my thoughts have been in London. I hope to go next week, though threatened with a delay. Dear mamma has had inflammation in the eye, which has upset her, but, thank God, it is better, and I hope my presence for the next three days may set her up. I took leave of Mrs. Williams and my pupils yesterday. I really think the latter were sorry to part with me, even for a holiday. I had no feeling whatever that it was for more, and shall go merely for a visit, without any actual intention or expectation of a change, leaving all to the direction of a higher Power. Miss Sutherland's friend Miss Porter is come. I recommended Mrs. Williams to get her to give Lizzie lessons in music and German during my absence. They are the accomplishments she teaches. Lizzie really plays Thalberg's and all the difficult music so well, that I am sure she ought to have better teaching than mine to finish her. I can teach, but cannot play her music to her. I have heard from Anne Watson, who says she wonders, or rather, Mr. Wood is surprised that Mr. — should be thought by anyone a man of large fortune. He does not know him personally, but knows of him. Mrs. Gardner says he "is very rich, of good family, and an excellent man." She and Daddy are in ecstasies at the prospect and hope of seeing us again. She says she scarcely dares to think of it. They are staying with the Miss Sewells at Bonchurch, and her account of them is delightful. The authoress, Elizabeth, supports their school entirely by her writings. Gave an organ and bell to the church, and spends her time in doing good. The two others have set a poor man up in a stationer's shop, and stock it with beautiful drawings, which sell as fast as they can do them. In short, there seems no end to their good deeds. Mrs. Gardner says Daddy is very fond of them, and they of him, but I am still top-sawyer in his mind. Poor Miss Crew has written a wretched letter. She is threatened with an execution, and has lived on dry bread for months past. I sent her letter to Miss Winn, who has promised her a sovereign. God grant she may be made interested in her. Eliza Lockett is returned from marriage and her marriage trip as Mrs. Charles Frederick White. She is at home in London, and I hope to see her.

Ellen Hopton is married. All my friends are going off. Bessie and I must be O. Ms., I suppose, though they say here now that "I am going to London to be married to some young gentleman."

June 18.—A letter from Mr. —, saying they should expect me in London with great anxiety, and assuring me of a welcome from himself and daughters. I wonder how it will end. Also one from poor Miss Crew, stating her distressed condition, her landlord having threatened her for rent. Miss Winn and a friend of hers are going to send her a sovereign each.

June 20.—The last two or three days have been employed in making and mending with Mary Williams. I have been to see all my friends, and this evening we had a *levée* of all the Popkins, Mr. P. included, Mr. Morgan, Miss Sutherland, poor little Mrs. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Rees, also Brother Tom, all of whom were so kind and affectionate that I felt assured I should be leaving most interested hearts behind me, go when and where I would. Dear mamma is better, but far from well. She is low and fussy at losing me, and I only trust she may keep pretty well during my absence. Catharine Lewis most kindly came to ask her to Brywithim during my absence, which was being really good-natured. She seems inclined to accept it. We went to bed later, both of us with sick headaches and not much inclined for sleep. I dread the parting for mamma.

June 21.—After rather a bad night, awoke with rather a sick headache. Bad beginning for a journey. Got up at four o'clock, and had coffee, etc. The dear mother rather better, I hope. We felt, both of us, at parting, even for a month very dolorous. God preserve her in health until I return. Mary Williams and Margaret saw me to the coach. The latter promised to be very attentive to mamma. Rather an uncertain morning. Got outside. No one on the coach. Three gentlemen got up at Llandoverly, one of whom, wanting more room outside, advised me to get in, as it was evidently going to rain. The coachman seconded the motion, and said I should not pay more, so in I got. Travelled to Abergavenny with some good sort of a young woman. There a benevolent-looking old gentleman got in, who soon began to talk most agreeably. He was a Pembrokeshire man, a magistrate, and said he had quite an English church



and English village in his parish, all, as I gathered, done by himself. As we travelled on, he got so communicative and in such admiration of me that I really was abused beyond measure. He intended sleeping at Gloucester, but when he found I was going on, he expressed his resolution of doing the same. By degrees he came to trying to pick out who and what I was. I kept him on the *qui vive* for some time, but at last he came to know all about me, and expressed it as his opinion that I must be a great comfort to my mother and everyone who knew me, and that I was all the happier for being employed. Then he warmed into compliments upon my eyes, and wondered where I got them. In short he was most gratifyingly polite. He gave me a sovereign for Llandilo church and half a sovereign for Miss Crew, saying he was sure I should employ all charity money properly, and he wished he could do anything for me personally. He insisted on my being only twenty-one years old, and not able to take care of myself in London. If he had not been an elderly benevolent-looking gentleman, I should have been somewhat nervous at his compliments. At Gloucester he got me refreshment, and at the magnificent Swindon Station insisted on my taking something. He knew our old friends the Stuckeys of Langport, and many Welsh people that I know. He was continually expressing his distress at the probable termination of our journey, and wanting to know whether we could not arrange to travel back together; also whether, when my sister came to town, she could not manage to go with him to some of the public places of amusement. I did not give him my address, though he told me he should be at the Burlington Hotel. After a really agreeable journey, we arrived at the terminus at about ten o'clock. We stood looking for luggage, when I spied Mrs. Herbert leaning on a gentleman's arm. We embraced and then I turned to him whom I imagined her husband, whose hat was raised. He was a tall, gentleman-like, rather handsome man, dressed wholly in black. "Mr. Herbert, I presume," I said, and held out my hand. It was very warmly grasped. I certainly had not expected to find Mr. Herbert the kind of person he was. He looked very earnestly at me, as if he would read me at a gaze. Then we talked of everything—of my travelling beau, of the journey, of my headache, until my old friend arrived, followed by the luggage. Mr. Herbert took off his hat, and thanked him for his attention to me, in what I thought quite a courtier-like way. The gentleman said he had been most happy to pay me attention, had had a most pleasant journey, and, shaking me by the hand, went his way. We proceeded to our cab still talking. I got in, Mrs. Herbert followed, but the imaginary Mr. Herbert said, "I suppose I must wish you good night," and held out his hand to Mrs. Herbert. "Are you not coming with us?" I asked. "The Lady Anne must forgive me," was the reply, and I at once discovered that it was Mr. —! I said, "This is too bad!" "So it is," said he, shaking my hand most kindly and begging us to go to his house, which was on the way. This we refused. Meanwhile the real Mr. Herbert jumped in, and Mr. — says, "Allow me to introduce to you a much better man." He certainly was the very reverse of Mr. —. Short and merry-looking, but I was almost too ill to speak or hear when we began to rattle over the London stones. We had six miles to go. Miss Hanbury and Miss Slack were at the door to receive me, and I entered a most comfortable-looking house. Tea and supper were laid out, but I was obliged to go instantly to bed. A capital bedroom, with every comfort, was ready for me, and glad enough I was to see it. With every feeling of thankfulness for a safe journey and kind reception, I popped into bed, and so ended the beginning of my expedition.

June 22.—Lay in bed to breakfast. Mrs. Herbert looks as young and pretty as ever. Has a beautiful little boy. His sister a nice, pretty girl of fifteen. The house perfect, so well furnished, and all in good style. It does not seem London, indeed Camberwell is scarcely London. The back drawing-room opens into a greenhouse, and then out upon a pretty garden full of trees and flowers and a nice lawn. I could fancy myself in the country. Dear Miss Hanbury

came over; all visited my bedroom, and Mr. Herbert waited till ten o'clock for my appearance, but was obliged to start then. He came home to dinner, and a very nice, pleasant, little man he is. I was rather tired. We went to see Miss Hanbury, and her brothers and sisters, who live opposite. Mrs. Longmore is just like Miss H., kind and affectionate. It was a sad sight, the two brothers, one blind and deaf, the other very old and infirm. They seemed however, most cheerful and happy. We went upstairs to Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury. They are a charming old couple. He seventy-eight, she seventy-four. He is infirm, but like Mrs. Gardner, and so very gentlemanlike. He kissed just as my dear Daddy would have done, and said he knew me quite well. Mrs. Hanbury looks sixty—is as upright as a girl, and retains all her powers of conversation and memory clearly. She is all over a Sewell, and might well be, as she is, Miss E. Sewell's aunt. We talked of the Gardners, and my fame had so gone before me, that I only feared the "falling off."

June 23.—We all went to the platform of the Tunbridge Wells station, to see the Queen set out for that place. As secretary, Mr. Herbert gave us private tickets, of which only about a hundred were issued. There was no crowd. Mr. — joined me, and confirmed the favourable impression made upon me the evening of my arrival. He is very gentlemanly. He asked me if I had forgiven him. I said, "Not quite." He said I might venture to do so, since, despite of headache, the impression was wholly favourable. He took me to the Queen's carriage to see it, and then brought one of his daughters, and put her hand in mine. She and one younger sister were the only ones there, and were nice-looking girls. The royal party soon arrived, and Mr. — went as chairman to receive them and conduct them to the state carriage. The Queen and Prince Albert walked through a line of ladies, bowing very graciously. The place was decorated with flowers. I stood directly under their carriage, and had a good long stare at them. The Prince and I looked at one another, for he caught my eye as I was gazing at him. He is very handsome, the Queen nice-looking, but nothing more. I felt very loyal, and curtsied very low. Mr. — did all the honours most gracefully, and attended her Majesty to Tunbridge. Mr. Herbert then took me all over the station, and I saw the marvellous and powerful machinery in motion. A very sensible engineer explained all that I had to see, and caused them to cut a plate of iron, half-an-inch thick, as easily as I could cardboard. The iron shavings are as large and long as bone, I mean, as wood. It is perfectly wonderful. Mr. Herbert seems quite a little king amongst them, and they "Sir" him, hat in hand, with much respect. He seems greatly liked. They showed me the door of a new royal carriage, now in progress, which cost £150. There is a painting on it which cost £50, though I question if it be worth the money. In the evening we went again, and saw the Queen and suite return. Mr. — came again to me, and having shut Mrs. Herbert and me up in the royal carriage, stood outside talking to me on all kinds of subjects, from poetry downwards. At last I began the subject. He wanted me to come to his house. He said, for the next few days, he could not possibly visit me. Unforeseen events had engaged him unexpectedly, that he considered the decision rested with me. If I could make my arrangements, he was perfectly satisfied as to my capabilities. Then he wandered off into other subjects, and we got no further than we were before. He caused great astonishment evidently in the bystanders, who wondered, and not without reason, what we could be at. He amused himself about the old gentleman, my travelling companion—then, in his turn, paid some compliment to my eyes. I suppose there must be some new light in them. He paid me several compliments, which were flattering, as he really seemed to mean what he said. He talked very pleasantly, and my general impression of him is not lessened. He is much what his letters led me to expect, only much younger. He does not look forty, and is, I believe, only forty-three. I wonder how it will all end! I like Mr. Herbert very much. He is truly excellent, I think.



Anne Beale

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XIII.

June 24, 1849.—I started somewhat before nine o'clock for St. John's Wood. Met dear Mr. King in the passage, took hold of both his hands, to his utter amazement. He looked at me, but did not recognise me. "Then you do not know me?" said I. "Is it Bessie? No! Annie Beale!" His surprise was inconceivable. I had just such a reception from all the family. Not one of them knew me. "Yes," I said, "I am much altered. I look much older." "On the contrary," said Mr. King, "you look both younger and better." I laughed. They all thought me so like Bessie, and my voice hers exactly. Mr. and Mrs. King do not look one day older than when I saw them seven years ago. The girls are very nice. Josephine very handsome and elegant-looking. I had a most happy day. Mr. King looked, and I am sure was, truly delighted to see me again; so they were all. We went to church in the morning. To my great pleasure, Miss — came. I went up and shook hands with her, and asked her whether she could guess who it was. She said in a moment, "Miss Beale." She is a thorough Irish-woman, and so good-natured. Mr. — and the rest came up to town in a few days. He still continues very low, and cannot exert himself. He is likely to obtain the pension. They are going to reside at Hammersmith. Mr. King showed me some magnificent prints and drawings. He is quite unchanged. So much passed that I should fill a book if I wrote it down. All were full of affection, and longing for me to come to town.

June 25.—We went a party to find out poor Miss Crew, which we did with some difficulty. We passed her old abode, in Cottage Grove, from which she had too evidently been ejected, as it was empty of all furniture. We found her in a miserable close room, over a laundry, and in a poor place. She received me with much pleasure. She is evidently a lady. She told me her landlord had left her her furniture, on condition that she should pay by degrees. Miss Winn and her friends had been there, and each had given her a sovereign. Miss Winn had procured five pounds for her from the Institution. She is seventy-eight, tall and thin, dressed in shabby black. Her few bits of furniture old and miserable. Her niece was out. Strange enough, Mrs. Longman knew her. She said she was at the head of a school and boarding-house, called Loughborough House, and highly respectable, years ago. That her sister married a naval officer, whom she believes to be the identical Captain Rowe given as her reference. It is very satisfactory to have seen the poor old lady, as I can now vouch for what I say about her. I gave her Mr. Roach's ten shillings and Catharine Lewis's two shillings. I think she was pleased to see me, and expressed herself most gratefully. We found Mr. King here on our return. Mr. Herbert received him most hospitably, and he stayed to supper. He looked over my drawings and pronounced them excellent. He would not believe that I had not been studying under Cox. He and Mr. Herbert were mutually pleased, and they made themselves quite merry. Nothing can exceed the kindness of everyone here. Mr. Herbert said that Mr. — had spoken most flatteringly of me, and said I was just the person in whom he could place confidence. There seems no chance of seeing him for a day or two, he is so occupied. Capital accounts from home.

June 26.—Miss Hanbury and I went on an expedition to the West-end, and I find that I am quite as well pleased with smart carriages and smart people as ever I was in my

life. She took me to the Pantheon, where I saw some fine paintings. There is one at the top of the stairs of poor Haydon's—an enormous picture of the Raising of Lazarus. How deeply I felt for him who could have painted such a magnificent picture, yet shot himself from the pressure of evil circumstances. The bazaar is really a kind of fairy land, particularly that part appropriated to the birds and flowers. The new Houses of Parliament are large and splendid buildings on the Thames, and struck me as of fine design and architecture. Mr. King and Mr. Herbert, however, agreed in saying that they wanted light and shadow, and were like a piece of Brussels lace, so fine and minutely worked.

June 27.—Mrs. Longmore and I went, according to a letter from dear Bessie, to look at the lodgings for which she is in treaty. They are in the centre of the gay world, Bury Street, St. James's, and are most comfortable, clean and airy. We can have them at any time, and thanks to the recommendation of Mrs. Owen, poor Mrs. Hemans' sister, the landlord lowered from two and a half to two guineas, to have Bessie. Dear Bessie is better and has been through all the grandeur of Lady C. Noel's marriage, and the ensuing festivities. She seems doubtful as to whether she will take another week's engagement before she comes. We proceeded to Miss Winn's. She was at home, and is a most charming person. We met quite as friends. She began about poor Miss Crew. She said the Institution had made inquiries about her which were most satisfactorily answered, and that she was now known to have been highly respectable. Miss Winn had some idea of trying to make a collection for an annuity for her, which would go afterwards to the Institution. She has all the appearance of one indefatigable in doing good. I am to know if she begins to collect for £500 annuity. She said the niece was a fresh nice-looking girl of about twenty-five. Miss Winn is staying with the widow of Mr. Hewlett, the flower-artist, and the drawing-rooms were filled with pictures of the most magnificent flowers I ever saw in my life, fruit, etc. I parted with Miss Winn most favourably impressed. She is an elegant-looking person about forty, I should think. On our return we visited the arcades. Mr. King came down and took a second dinner with us. Mr. Herbert is most hospitable. Mr. King had been making particular inquiries about Mr. — and had heard him most highly spoken of as a man of great respectability as regards family position and character. This is satisfactory. Mr. King stayed till past eleven, talking most pleasantly on all points.

June 28.—Received an answer to my letters to Mr. — He says he has sent for his children from Hastings, after which I am to hear fully. He seems in a whirl of engagements. We all spent a quiet evening with dear Miss Hanbury, her brothers and sisters.

June 29.—We all went early to the Kings' and had a very nice evening there. I went with Louisa to Mr. Tom Landseer's, where I saw him engraving his brother Edwin's magnificent picture of Deer-Stalking. It was wonderful. The minute work, the fine-pointed instruments, and the beautiful picture rising out of the hard steel, seemed an impossibility. The room is shaded, and the eyes of the engraver shaded also, with a green shade. He is most good-natured, but so deaf he cannot hear a word you say to him. I saw also E. Landseer's picture of Diogenes, which is capital. The cynical-looking dog in the tub, with the large bull-dog and courtier-looking hounds, his visitors, are all admirable. The Kings made me and my friends most welcome. Dear Mr. King is so kind and so gentlemanlike.



June 30.—We all started in a *coupé* for Folkestone. The day was delicious. We went by express, and were only two and a half hours going ninety miles. The country is very pretty. I never was in Kent before, and was much pleased. We arrived about seven, at the Pavilion, a magnificent hotel, where we had the state rooms. Mr. Herbert told me that the lessee, a baronet, paid £1,750 per annum for the inn, which is managed by an Italian. Folkestone is an old fishing town nearly spoilt, as regards the picturesque, by the steam carriages and buildings connected therewith. The sea was delicious and reminded me of Aberayron.

July 1.—Went to church, and after luncheon we went to Sandgate—a most beautiful walk along the beach. The view and day were both lovely, and the sea air, after London, most enjoyable.

July 2.—Sketched all the morning and left Folkestone about two o'clock, not by express, therefore did not arrive till half-past six. It is curious Mr. — does not write. I cannot make it out. Mr. H. says he is so overwhelmed with business that he cannot.

July 3.—Spent a most pleasant day with Eliza White (Lockett that was). She was charmed to see me, and to show me all her wedded happiness. She has a very nice house and is altogether most comfortably married. Her husband seems a very gentlemanlike nice man, and the folly of her brother's opposition to the marriage is most apparent.

July 4.—We all dined at a beautiful place at Forest Hill, a Mr. Brown, one of the railway directors. Such a nice house, small and large drawing-room, very large dining-room and conservatory all opening one into the other. Nice gardens and grounds, and all smelling of the country. I believe I like country better than town after all. They seemed a very nice family. There was a Miss Swan, Mrs. Brown's sister, who was a clever, intelligent girl, I thought.

July 5.—Dined with some more of Mr. Herbert's friends, by name Whately, and spent a pleasant evening.

July 6.—The last day of my stay with the kind Herberts. Mrs. Longmore and Miss Hanbury drank tea with us. We all went for a long walk to explore some of the beauties of Camberwell, which is a very pretty neighbourhood. Mr. Herbert met us. He had been speaking to Mr. — and telling him of my intended departure. Mr. — said that he feared I was hurt at his silence, but that he really had not had a moment's time. He did not seem to enter into anything. It is very odd and very uncomfortable. We had a very merry evening, and I stirred them all up to laughter, such as had rarely been heard, I fancy, at Park House. Mr. H. said he should like me always to live with them, but Mrs. Herbert seemed to think she should not like anyone constantly in the house with them, and she was right.

July 7.—Bid adieu to Mr. Herbert early in the morning, whose kindness I shall not easily forget. Went over to see all the good, kind Hanbury party, and was quite overwhelmed with their good wishes and affection. Mrs. Herbert packed up ham and eggs for me, and they all seemed sorry to say farewell. Miss Hanbury came to go with me, and at about twelve we took leave but not a final one, as I hope to see them all again. We arrived at our nice lodgings on the first floor, where I soon unpacked and arranged all my matters. Miss Hanbury and I sat very pleasantly talking till seven, when a carriage drove up—not Bessie. To my chagrin Mrs. Walker made her appearance,

having come to see if Bessie was arrived. Whilst I was trying to say something, behold the door opens, and in walks the lady. I could scarcely embrace her with all my heart, for Mrs. Walker was to be attended to. However, she soon took her leave, and then I had my dear sister to myself. She is looking pretty well, but fagged to death with singing. We had tea almost directly after when Miss Hanbury left, and we had a luscious long evening to ourselves, talking over everything we could talk of. She ended with a sick headache, which the intense heat did not tend to lessen. We were supremely happy.

July 8.—We both went to church. After church Mr. Berry called. We were quite glad to meet, I am sure.

July 9.—Just as we were going out, Mr. —, his second daughter, and a lady he introduced as "Lady Catharine —," and whom I took for his eldest daughter, came. They were all very civil and agreeable. Mr. — invited us to dinner that evening. It is evident that he did not choose to call on me at the Herberts', since he came here at once. He wished me to see all his children, and said something about making out two articles of agreement, in which Bessie should be arbiter on my side, and Lady Catharine (if she be a Lady Catharine) on his. Mr. Herbert gave a hint that he had some thought of getting married; perhaps this is the lady. We went at seven o'clock. But first of all I must not forget the ladies. Lady Catharine seemed a nice merry person, full of fun and good nature. The

second daughter also a nice girl. When they were gone, Mr. Berry came, and brought me a book. He proposed our going to see the "Reform Club" next Friday. Anne Watson has written to say she will come on Thursday and stay till Monday. Bessie has not had her piano, and Signor Marras came by appointment at five. We talked French and Italian. He seems in great admiration of Bessie and her voice. Then came Mrs. and Miss Wynne, who stayed till six, and then



LLANDILO CHURCH.

we went to dress. Miss — received us. She is a very sweet-looking ladylike girl, timid and quiet almost to a painful degree. There were a French lady and her daughter there, both quite charming. The six other children I saw by degrees. They all seem clever, fond of their father, but evidently all, more or less, spoilt. Truly the office of governess would be no sinecure. Mr. — came home at eight. His manner was most kind to both of us. He took us down to dinner, seated us one on each side of him, and did us all possible honour. But Bessie's impressions of the whole were the best. She said afterwards that she had been quite uncomfortable. Mr. —'s attention to me, his devotion, could only be warranted in a lover, that as for a man wanting a governess paying such homage, it was too ridiculous. That his children and the French ladies sat looking on and wondering. We can neither of us make him out. From something he said about "a lady being in the case," I quite think he is going to be married, and if so, the whole of his proceedings have been preposterous. He is very gentlemanlike, but so very odd. More than incomprehensible. He asked me if I could possibly undertake such a situation as his—I who had been accustomed to the ease and dignity of country life. I could have found in my heart to say "No."

July 10.—Mr. — called, and we had some conversation, of a singular nature, as usual, but more to the point. He asked if I would agree to go to him for a certain number of years, two or three, and then have, beforehand, a certain sum of money down to do what I liked with. I



said, certainly not, as that would bind us both uncomfortably, whether we liked one another or not. I made some allusion to the "lady" he seemed to mention, but he said nothing decided. Still I think he is engaged to be married. The difficulty lies in my seeing mamma, and I scarcely know how it is to be arranged. I fear I should be giving up real comfort merely for an imaginary benefit, as I could seldom see my friends, if ever. He was still very complimentary, but I put a stop to that line.

July 11.—Bessie practises indefatigably all day long, and quite shames me by her perseverance and industry. I am so thankful to be here with her, she is not equal to the solitude of London, and ought not to be here alone. We get capital accounts of dear mamma, still at Bryncethin, and treated with the greatest possible kindness.

Went to the Academy and saw Herbert's painting of Christ in the Wilderness at night. It is indeed a splendid conception. The deep blue sky, the stars, the dark scene, the beautiful, pure, holy abandonment of Christ, as he sits alone upon a piece of rock, sadly calm. It is very fine. Herbert's other picture of "Lear disinheriting Cordelia" is also lovely. Her figure is perfect, as she stands with placid dignity and clasped hands, and sees the crown given to her sisters. Then there are Landseer's, fine as ever. The "Forester's Family," and "The Free Church," in which Josephine King's portrait appears, and in which you see the figures and animals quite standing out of the canvas. His powers are wonderful indeed. Cooper's cattle and Lee's landscapes are amongst the gems of the exhibition. Stanfield, Creswick, Grant, Webster and a hundred others astonish one with their talent, and make one envious of their powers. Webster's "Slide" and "See-Saw" were inimitable. Stanfield's "Tilbury Fort" also. In short, it is impossible to particularise amongst so many. Mr. Berry called. He has been very unwell. Judge Coleman died of cholera. The dreadful disease is spreading. Bessie came to the Exhibition about three. We were all delighted.

July 14.—Went to call on Miss ——. She is a very nice girl, and spoke very sensibly. I quite conceived an affection for her. It appears clearly from her conversation that her sisters have been much spoiled, that they want much

attention, and that five of them at least would require the governess's constant watchfulness. The difficulties thicken at every fresh interview, and I am sure I should break up mamma's comfort wholly by the change.

July 16.—Miss Hanbury came. Bessie, Miss Willis and I went to a morning concert. Nothing very good. We had a quiet evening, dear Anne being obliged to leave to-morrow. We talked over old times until we cried and laughed by turns. Anne told us of events at Portfield, and adventures with mamma and dear papa before our memories. She is just like an elder sister. We had a charming letter from mamma. Brilliant, really, and fresh as the writing of a girl of seventeen. Catherine Lewis has been more than kind to her.

July 17.—Anne obliged to leave at nine. It was a sad parting, and we felt as though it were almost better we had not met. Mr. Berry came at eleven, and took us to see the Reform Club. It is a very handsome building, and one cannot wonder that gentlemen leave mediocre homes, to enjoy the luxurious ease of the sofas and easy-chairs of the magnificent rooms in which they are admitted. The kitchens are really extraordinary, everything done with such order and precision. We had a conversation with the "immortal" Soyer himself, who is a man of "taste," not only in the culinary department but also in the more refined arts. He showed us his wife's paintings, which are clever. She began at twelve, and died at about twenty-eight. He is quite an original in appearance, and just like his picture. From the "Reform" we went to the House of Lords. It is a splendid place, "gold and scarlet array," and all fit for royalty and nobility. We were fortunate in coming in for a debate and seeing Brougham and Lord Campbell addressed by Sir Fitzroy Kelley. From thence we went to the solemn reality of Westminster Abbey, and wandered amongst the mighty dead. "The long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" were truly imposing, and a solemn quiet, unlike the whirl of London gaiety and sight-seeing stole over me. I remembered the feeling of my younger days, when I wished I could spend one moonlight night in the Abbey. We looked at Westminster Hall, and returned home. Mr. Berry was very kind and gentlemanlike. We talked of the deaf and dumb, and the approaching meeting.

## A SPRAY OF MIMOSA.

BY EDITH M. POWER.

### CHAPTER II.



WHEN she had left the room, Donna Mafalda turned to me, her kind old face full of concern and sympathy.

"Oh, my poor child," she began, but I could bear no more. With a hurried excuse about some household matter I had to settle before Donna Ismalia drove away, I got to the door. But once outside all my dignity left me, and I fled to my own room, whence I only emerged for the usual afternoon

walk with Donna Mafalda. In the open air it was easy to avoid the one subject upon which she was longing to touch, and as we came in the carriage rattled up the drive.

"During dinner that evening, I caught both the old ladies more than once looking at me curiously. Both were wondering, I know, at my high spirits and the cordiality which I displayed towards Albina. Perhaps they had expected a tear-stained face and glances of fiery hatred at my unconscious rival. Could they have read my heart, they might have understood better. Donna Ismalia's

speech had shown me only too clearly the price which Ruy must pay for my love, and pride forbade me to put him to the test. Then I thought only that his whole future hung upon a sign from me and that the path of self-sacrifice was too clearly marked to be mistaken.

"And so, my mind made up, I hid away the pain and laughed and talked and took stock of my rival's every word and movement—a handsome heavy girl that she was, with a superb figure, and large limpid soulless eyes under the inky black hair which hung low and loose over her dark brows, slow of speech and awkward of manner but well-bred too in her listless sleepy way, a girl whom a spark of passion might possibly wake into a splendid woman.

"They had told her something of their project, I suppose, for when, on Sunday morning, she came down dressed for church, there was a new sparkle in her eye. She looked well, too, in the dress Donna Ismalia had had arranged for her the previous day, with the hat I had trimmed her set coquettishly on her dark hair.

"We stood for a moment on the terrace, while Donna Ismalia surveyed her with a critical eye, pulled at a ribbon here and there, and then turned away, well satisfied, Albina following her. But with a sudden half-involuntary movement I stopped her, and tearing a tuft of yellow blossom from the mimosa above us, the mimosa under whose shade my brief romance had been played out, with



Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XIV.

July 17, 1849.—I went at six o'clock to dine at Mr. —'s. Found Miss —, who expected her father at five o'clock. By-and-by a telegraph message came from London Bridge, saying he would not return till late. He, two of his daughters, and a lady were gone to Ramsgate with the Duchess of Orleans, that is to say, that the duchess was attended down by Mr. —. We were both equally annoyed at the delay, she quite as much as I. We dined alone, and I like her more and more. Before dinner was over came a violent ring of the bell, and we were told on inquiry that Mr. — had called for his letters and driven on. Miss — looked at me, and we were more amazed than ever. After dinner she wrote a note, to which an answer came that her father would be back at nine o'clock. I had a great mind to go without seeing him, but she begged me to stay. Soon in came Mr. —, leaning on his arm the "Lady Catharine —" of his own creating, who came here with him at first. He made all kinds of excuses, and said it had really escaped his memory that he had requested his daughter to invite me. I could not help showing that I was hurt, although I said it was of no consequence. He left me and the lady alone. By this time I quite understood that this was *the* lady. She began by saying something of the "relation she was soon to hold to the children." And that Mr. — had requested her to speak to me. I did not think she wished me to come. She seemed rather to increase than diminish the obstacles. Said that a person of my poetical mind would feel the drudgery most irksome—that, in short, there were many difficulties. Mr. — came soon, and seated himself on the other side of me. I shall never forget the scene. He looking intently at me, and trying to smooth down every obstacle as it arose, she, as it seemed, allowing them full play. It was evident that he would leave no stone unturned to make me come to them—but whether she was equally anxious, I cannot determine. I said that mamma being my grand object, I must consider her comfort, and that the obstacle of my seeing her seemed insurmountable. "Oh, do not say so," said Mr. —. When I asked how often I could see mamma, or whether it would do for me to be a daily governess, he said he thought it would do for me to be a daily governess—but she negatived that at once, and brought down my going to mamma to one afternoon a week. I said she was a great invalid, and so used to me that I did not know how she would get on without me. Then Mr. M. said he never in the course of life had met with anyone possessed of so much imagination and such rare practical power as I had—then he added he did not think it would be right for a person of my attractions to be walking in London alone. I laughed outright, and asked the lady whether she would fear to go through a few streets alone. She smiled and said no. We talked for about half an hour, during which I fully discovered that with the step-mamma at the head, I should be much tied, and should lose, not only all mamma's, but all my own comfort by a change—to say nothing of the many various kinds of difficulties of the situation. Mr. — sent me home in his carriage, and told me, as I drove off, that he would call. Bessie and I sat up till two o'clock, and came to the resolution of giving it up altogether. In short, I am sure it would never do. There are so many obstacles. One hundred guineas was named salary, but Mr. — said that should not stand in the way. There is a kind of chilly disappointment in it, after the romance of the beginning, but that will pass away. He is evidently a kind, generous, but very excitable and eccentric person.

July 18.—Went down to Camberwell and found them all in disorder. Mr. Herbert had been ordered by the directors

to go and live for at least three months at Blackheath, in a handsome place belonging to the company. They were removing furniture and everything, and poor Mrs. H. was in a sea of trouble, and Miss Hanbury miserable at parting from her boy. I don't know what they will do without the Herberts. So much for the South Eastern! Mr. King came in the evening and took us to the Water Colour Exhibition, which is perfect. Cattermole and Cox have some beautiful drawings. De Wint and Taylor's also are very fine, as well as many others. I was glad to see one lady artist of much merit there, Mrs. Cribble. I have not been more pleased with anything than with this Exhibition, but it makes one so poor and mean in one's own attempts. Dear Mr. King finished the evening with us, having first gone out and brought us in all kinds of good things.

July 19.—Signor Marras came, and seemed charmed with Bessie's voice and progress, which is very fine. He and I talked Italian. He is in great admiration of Bessie, evidently. Mrs. Wynne called and asked us to dine there on Sunday. She is such a nice person. Then came Mrs. Wigglesworth—finally we went off on a publishing expedition. Called on Routledge, Soho Square, who bought the remainder of my *Vale of the Towey*. He says it will soon sell under its new name and price: *Traits and Stories of the Welsh Peasantry*, at 2s. 6d. He said that if it had first been published under a less local title it would have sold better. He thought if it went on as it was doing now, he would publish a second edition in the *Railway Library*, a shilling publication of immense circulation. He showed me two works, one of Howitt's and one of Lucy Aikins, selling just in the same way. It is prettily bound and it is better for them to be circulating here, there and everywhere, and gaining me a name, than to be dying a slow death in Longman's warehouse. We went to Newby's afterwards, who is going to read *Gwenhlean*, but has not much idea of publishing it. He says they are paid £100 for publishing a first novel, and cannot now undertake them as they did formerly.

July 20.—Went to Hammersmith and spent a nice day with Martha Jane. She and her baby made me feel very old. A grand pupil, I call the little one, who is a lovely little child. I went to see the —s. Mr. — was out unfortunately. All the ladies at home. The mother at ninety-one, quite wonderful. Three sisters and the adopted daughter, Louisa. All the acme of Irish good nature, and all receiving me as an old friend. They have a nice house, but they cannot help comparing it with Adbury, where their hearts still are. I lunched with them on an Adbury egg, and had fine fun. I should like to see more of them. I returned late. Bessie came home from a party at Mrs. Wigglesworth's at twelve. She had been singing with great *éclat*. They would not believe hers to be the same voice as formerly, it is so much stronger.

July 21.—Went to Moxon's to ask about publishing poetry: he undertakes none whatever now, said his partner or principal aid, then in the office.

July 22.—Went to St. James's Church, where the Archbishop of Canterbury was to preach. The first person we saw was Mr. Williams, to our utter astonishment. He waited for us, and walked home with us. Proposed our returning to Llwynhelig together, if possible. He came up on business, and does not know exactly when he will return. We went to luncheon with the Wynnes, then proceeded to the Kings', where we finished the evening very pleasantly. Mrs. Wynne was very kind and asked us to dine there to-morrow. The Kings nice and kind as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Godbert were there. The latter told some most ridiculous stories of her visit to France. Mrs. King had a



famous cherry pie on my account, which she remembered my having liked years and years ago.

July 23.—Bessie and I dined at the Wynnes'. We had a most pleasant evening. They evidently look upon her as one of themselves, and are a charming family. They were most kind. Bessie sang beautifully.

July 24.—Mr. King had procured from Mr. Foster tickets for the opera. He came in the afternoon and took me to the British Institution of the Old Masters—or rather a collection of paintings lent by individuals for the benefit of art. There are some splendid paintings. A landscape by Rembrandt, finer than anything I ever saw. Several Clanan-Wilker's inimitable "Rent Day" and "Blind Man's Buff." Some of Cuyps, one of cattle that I think in no way superior to Cooper's, Rubens', and most of the other painters. We returned in time to dress for the opera. Bessie and I went. We got very good seats, and were in no way annoyed. "The *Prophète* is magnificent, both in music and appointment." Garcia's acting is wonderful. She is called the Italian "Mrs. Siddons." Her conception of the mother's part (*Fides*) is beautiful. Tragic to the highest degree and perfectly natural. Miss Hayes, as Bertha, was very well, but nothing in comparison. The opera is gorgeously got up and some of the scenes baffle description and imagination, they are so splendid. The choruses are almost terrifically grand and made me shudder. I cannot overcome my dislike of seeing sacred operas on the stage—and the pretence of prayer. It is undoubtedly wrong and sacrilegious. How Garcia sustained the singing and the acting together, I cannot conceive. Mario, as John of Leydon, the *Prophète*, was also very fine.

July 25.—Went down to luncheon with the —s. Mr. — was really delighted to see me. He is altered, and at first seemed low, but by degrees recovered his cheerfulness, and began to talk on literary topics. He read me some Italian poetry of Signor Rosetti's most beautifully. Then he read me some Swedish, and said he had learnt the language merely to read a very beautiful poem in the original. It is very like German, but softer. He regretted over and over again not having been able to see me at Adbury, where they could have treated me better. I told him I wanted to see him and his, and did not care where or how I saw them. He is wrapped up in his *protégée* Louisa. She sang for me, and has a good voice, but they look upon it as wonderful. He is as simple-hearted as possible. They reckon upon a pension from Government of two hundred a year, but Mr. King does not anticipate it, for Mr. —'s political tenets are different from those of Lord John Russell. Mr. — walked with me to see Martha Jane, and found that he knew her cousin, Mr. Wilmot. Then we walked together two good miles, on my way home, before I got into an omnibus. He confided all his troubles to me. Asked my advice about Louisa. I said she ought to go at least for a year or two to a good school, where she might have masters in return for what she could teach. He said she could never bear to leave home. I know not what they can all do, for their only present certain income is the mother's little annuity of fifty pounds a year.

July 26.—Mr. — came and brought Louisa to luncheon. He was evidently out of spirits, and said he had had the greatest insult that man ever had that morning—a pension from Government of £80 a year; whilst others, his inferiors in every way, had their £200. He said he would throw it up, but I advised him not to be hasty. I cannot, however, enter into all he said here, but must devote some pages another day to reminiscences of certainly the greatest man I have ever known. They lunched with us, and Mr. — dined at three o'clock at the Godberts'. Louisa waited till her aunt called for her, who had been into the City about the pension. She had been advised by friends there not to throw it up, as Government had really no power of giving more just now. I know not how it will end. We were obliged to break our engagement with the Kings, or part of it, for we promised to be there at two to go to Mr. Cooper's, and the —s did not leave till five. We started at once. Found Louisa and her sisters gone before us to their aunt's, Mrs. Walker's,

where we had engaged to spend the evening, and Mrs. King, looking disappointed and annoyed at our non-appearance. We soon explained matters, and she went with us to her sister's. Bessie was very tired, and looking quite ill. We had a very merry evening, nevertheless; Mr. King and I had two games of chess, and to his evident astonishment, I gained the first. He declared he would invite Mr. Staunton, the first player in Europe, to play with me the next day. It was a family party. Mrs. King's two sisters and a brother and niece and her father, quite a wonderful old man of eighty-four. We had a nice supper, and much fun and singing. The Kings are all very nice girls, particularly Louisa. Joe is handsome. Agreed to dine with the Kings to-morrow. Their holidays begin.

July 27.—Mr. Berry called. I had received a letter from Mrs. Williams, giving me a few days more, which he was right glad to hear. I forgot to write that one day last week he took me to the Lowther Arcade to buy presents for the good folks at home, and insisted upon paying for them nearly all, to my great distress, and when I said it made me quite unhappy, he said he was glad of it, as there would be a chance of his being remembered if I were unhappy. Well, he sat some time talking poetry, or, as Bessie said, "dreaming," when I was obliged to tell him of my engagement. Bessie was too tired and poorly to go in the morning. He offered to put me into an omnibus, which I was right glad of, as I am stupid to a degree in London. I went to dress, and Bessie came to me. Meanwhile, Mr. Williams called, and seemed amused at finding Mr. Berry alone in the drawing-room. Bessie explained matters. Mr. W. was going that day, and came to ask whether I should like to accompany him. I told him of my permission for a longer stay, and he soon went, being very busy. He was very kind. I could not bear to leave Bessie and her practising, but her head ached, and she said she would come in the evening. Mr. Berry took me to Regent Street, and then put me into a St. John's Wood omnibus.

July 28.—Mr. — came at twelve. Stayed to dinner, taking a portion of our beef-steak for two. Talked incessantly, of all subjects of interest and learning, as well as his own personal history, till six. Stayed to tea, talked on. I could not pretend to keep pace with him. Then came Mr. King, and Mr. — soon went. His confidence in me is curious and most flattering. Mr. King insisted on replacing my lost shawl, and forced me to sally forth in quest of one. He gave me a very handsome one. He then took me to the Arcade to replace an ivory brooch I had also lost in his company. He talked most agreeably. When we got home it was late. Bessie was in the bedroom, and the drawing-room was dark. I walked through it, stayed some time with Bess, returned with a light, and there was dear Anne Watson. Oh, the surprise and joy! I hugged her like a bear. We had a merry supper of bread-and-cheese, Mr. King joining. I forgot to write that one day this week Eliza White and her brother, John Luckett and his wife, and Miss Gill came. They were weather-bound by a violent thunderstorm for three hours. John is quite unaltered. He had the honour of coming into the world the same day that I did, and has enlightened his generation by some very clever scientific works. It was like old, old times to be with them all. They insisted on our dining there on Monday.

July 29.—Poor dear Anne very poorly with a bad sick headache. Bessie, to our great diversion, poked two pills down her throat, with breakfast on the table. She stayed at home whilst Bessie and I went to church, and was better in the evening. Mrs. King and Gertrude came and stayed to tea, and we walked part of the way home with them. Anne got quite well by supper-time, and we sat up talking till very late. She gave me a pretty purse.

July 30.—Went shopping with dear Anne in the morning. Signor Marras came and told us that a red dressing-gowned friend we have opposite was Lord Compton, who had been making many inquiries of him respecting the young lady who sang so charmingly, to which Signor Marras replied that it "was the pupil of all others who gave him greatest pleasure." Certainly my Lord was determined to hear and



see as much of us as open windows and perpetual gazing can manage. Anne was obliged to leave at three, and we accompanied her in a cab to the City, where Bessie was also to procure some money. This was our last farewell to our well-beloved cousin, for well-beloved and deservedly so she certainly is. We went to the Lucketts' at about six o'clock to dinner. Then we found Miss Gill, a Major Whately, Mrs. Lockett's uncle, and her sister. We had a pleasant dinner. The Major, an Indian officer, took me down, and we had great fun. Conversation turned upon blue stockings, then on learned ladies. He did not know I had the misfortune to have written books, and said it was curious that you scarcely ever saw a good-looking, clever, or rather learned lady, that beauty and talent were rarely united, and that too frequently very clever women rendered themselves very disagreeable by trying to display their superiority. I tried to cite examples of ladies of beauty and talent, but found few. Mrs. Norton and Lady Blessington were quoted, and he yielded, but they were not "learned ladies," but poetesses. We had great fun, and taxed our memories for "beauty and talent" to its

extent. After dinner he came to me and asked me if I had found any lady in whom beauty and talent were joined. I said I had not been considering the subject. He smiled and said that he had had the good fortune to find one. I suppose I blushed, as in duty bound, and took the compliment as it was meant, turning the conversation. Afterwards he said it was too bad to lead him on to such a conversation, but I assured him I did not consider myself as one of the class. How I should hate to be a lioness! There was a Miss Fisher there, who has written one or two novels, and who, it appears, was anxious to meet me. She came up in most friendly style, and shook hands. Said she had read my *Vale of the Tovey* three times over, and felt that every character in it was living and breathing and personally known to her, and that she would rather have written that book than almost any novel she ever read. Bessie sang, to the delight of everyone. Mr. and Mrs. White were there in the evening, looking very happy, and pressing us to come and stay with them. Eliza is wholly unchanged. Mamma continues at Bryncethin in capital condition.

## THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

THERE was once a clergyman who was much exercised in mind as to what method he could adopt whereby the distress caused by poverty and old age might be alleviated in his parish, which was a poor one. The weekly appeal from the pulpit was heard with indifference; the people were so used to being told that it is more blessed to give than to receive. True, they dropped their coins into the bag, but more as a matter of custom than as a duty, and apparently troubled no further until the next Sunday.

In course of time it happened that the clergyman was taken ill and another came to minister in his place. The latter, seated by the bedside of the sick man, heard the story of this apathy, and the need there was for active service amongst the parishioners. He did not say much at the time, but went away to his lodgings and pondered long over the problem.

On the following Sunday he took for the text of his sermon these words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and he spoke so earnestly and eloquently that six women members of the congregation betook themselves, one after the other, to the house of the preacher, each desiring to speak with him alone. They had, unknown to each other, made a resolution to do something for the good of the community in which they lived.

He was so impressed with their earnestness that he arranged that they should meet at his house the next evening to confer together upon the most practical way in which these six poor women could unite in doing good.

The meeting took place at the appointed hour. One, who acted as spokeswoman, said she had thought of a plan which she wished to talk over with the others—a plan which, if adopted, she desired should remain secret for six months. At the end of that time, if it had resulted in good, they would reveal it to their minister.

I cannot give you their conversation; I can only tell you that in the end they decided to form themselves into a band, and to adopt the title of "Conspirators." They had a few simple rules—to do each day one kind action for someone in need and outside of their own homestead; to record each night on a separate page in a note-book the action and the motive.

They were to meet once a week, secretly, and compare notes; anyone with a blank page in her note-book was to pay a penny fine, such money to be given at stated periods for the benefit of someone in need.

It did not matter how small the action, provided it was one of real practical charity, given in the right spirit, without display or hope of reward. Moreover, as they were

"Conspirators," secrecy was compulsory, and there must be no talking of what they were doing.

This small band worked on faithfully for four months; then death claimed one of them, and another fell sick. The remainder, feeling sorely the loss of the others, decided to lay the results of their labours before their minister.

When he saw the note-books, he was amazed at the record of kindly actions done. Feeling sure that others would like to join the "Conspirators," he issued invitations to all his flock, to explain this simple plan. The matter was taken up heartily, and henceforth he had very little anxiety about the alleviation of distress amongst his poor.

Those who had much gave of their bounty, those who had little gave personal service. Some repaired and gave their old garments to those who had none; one read to, or sat up all night with, a sick neighbour; one took charge of a baby while the mother did a day's charing; another wrote letters for an aged mother whose children were far away. These were a few of the records contained in the note-books.

Whether this work is still going on I do not know.

Now our Guild of Sympathy is slowly growing. What are we doing? Are we going to be a band of "Conspirators," or are we still content with longing to do some great and good work, yet neglecting the thousand little opportunities around us? Does each day see a kindly action recorded, or are the pages blank?

When you join this Guild, you really make a solemn promise to do exactly what those "Conspirators" did. You may be poor or wealthy, it matters not. Opportunities await us all, and we only need the guidance of a kindly heart to direct our actions.

And again we are like the "Conspirators," inasmuch as we know that it is helpful to belong to a body, each one of which should do her utmost to live up to the spirit of the Guild of her adoption.

### NEW MEMBERS.

Elmhurst, Dorothy; Thomas, Marie; King, Annie A. K.; Quartey-Papafio, Eliza S.; Macartney, Florence.

Cissy Amos 1s.; E. B. £1; E. B. Saint 2s.; A Constant Reader (Ludlow) 1s.

The above sums have been received as contributions towards feeding the sacred pigeons of St. Paul's, which is daily performed upon the Editor's window-sill. The list of benefactions is posted on the window-frame within sight of the birds.



Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XV.

July 30, 1849.—Awoke sad and low enough. Began to pack early, with a half intention of leaving, but wavering till to-morrow. Mr. — came, and in spite of packing and fussing, sat several hours. Poor man! he might never see me again, he said. He partook of our beefsteak for two, which stretched into a moderate portion for three. I know not when I have felt so much at parting with anyone as with him.

July 31.—Bessie and I went for a walk after I had written to say I should be home on Thursday. Mr. King called and accompanied us some part of the way. We went to Gloster Place, where the Godleys have kindly offered Bessie quarters. It is a nice part of London, but very quiet and out of the way of masters, etc. Two servants are left, and Mrs. G. has left all in nice preparation for Bessie, but I fear she will find it sadly dull and lonely after Bury Street, and I almost hope she may remain there. We returned late to tea, and a sad evening we had, for I got into the despondings. I cannot well reconcile myself to returning to Wales again, to fall into old ways. Everybody tells me I am burying myself alive, lost, etc., and I suppose it is true. Bessie tried to make me philosophical by reminding me that we were sent into the world to work out a given end by a course of duties, and in a position that we did not choose, and that our path was not always to be an agreeable one. I knew it all, but still kept harping upon the string of why I was to be doomed to live where there was so little intelligence or intellectuality. I knew I was murmuring and wrong, but I did not try to help it. I think Bessie and I could live together to the end of our lives, and never have an unkind word between us.

Aug. 1.—Black Thursday. Alas, it is a melancholy day! Bessie and I were both dolorous. We sat down to read the Psalms and lessons, and Mr. and Mrs. King, Joe, and Gertrude came in. Mr. King brought a ticket for the concert to which we were resolved on going. They were engaged for the day and regretted not being able to see me off. It was a sad parting and I could not resist "howl the first." Before I could hope to look becoming again, in came Mr. Berry, who had called twice this week when we were engaged. He expressed his regret at my leaving, and Bessie and he tried to be merry to keep up my spirits. They said such ridiculous things about the Lake of Killarney that I was fain to join and forget my grief. Mr. B. declared that, of all places in the world, he should like to live by the Lake, or at Killarney, with one or two friends. Bessie invited herself to visit him there. He said "the friend" must be one of them "for life," and she ought to like whatever he liked. Then he turned to me and asked me whether I would go to the Lake of Killarney. I smiled, but I am not sure he was quite in jest. He thinks of coming next month to Aberystwith and thence to Llandilo. He gave me the *Baptistery* very nicely bound. He stayed some time, and then offered to come and see me off, which we gladly accepted. We went at one o'clock to the opera concert, thinking to be there in time to get good seats. The whole room was full, and not a seat to be had. Bessie was in great trouble about me, having a long journey before me, and asked some gentleman if he could not make room for one. He said they were as full as they could be. Another, rather elderly gentleman, soon rose and insisted on my taking his seat. He and Bessie began a musical conversation, and he seemed inclined to be very friendly. Many civilities succeeded, in which we rose, or rather I rose and sat down again, prevailing upon him at last to

take my place for a short time, and then inducing Bessie to do the same. Meanwhile, the players played and the singers sang magnificently. Sontag was perfect, and so thoroughly the lady. She sang in German, French, Italian, and English. Her "With Verdure Clad" was beautiful, slightly tintured with foreign accent. La Blache was fine as ever. Gardoni, Mario, and Parodi all delighted in turn, with many others. Thalberg played two pieces splendidly, and was encored in each. I could not well have had a more beautiful *finale* to my London season. Our friend expressed a sentiment at parting—"that these were among the pleasant but melancholy meetings of life, never probably to be repeated"—shook hands with us, and followed us as far as he could, then took possession of his daughter, who looked rather prim, and doubtless thought her father too attentive and us too free-and-easy. I was much indebted to him, nevertheless. I was sick and weary when we got home and fell asleep. Mr. Berry came to tea at seven and tried all he could to keep up our spirits most kindly. Bessie had been following my example of the morning and was as low as I was. We were a doleful pair. He talked for us, and said all he could to amuse. He and Mr. Dixon had a dispute about the train. The latter said it started at eight o'clock, the former at nine. We followed the opinion of the latter, contrary even to the train book, and left in a cab at eight. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and Martha seemed really sorry to part, and I was sorry to say good-bye to them, for there could not be kinder people or nicer lodgings. Mr. Berry pointed out all the grand houses *en route*, but I could not take much interest in them. When we reached the station we found he had been right in his opinion of the time, and he triumphed accordingly. We had three-quarters of an hour to wait. We wandered over the station, sat down in the ante-room, tried to make bad jokes, went to see a beautiful church at Paddington, grew sentimental, and finally took up our abode on the platform. Here we had some fun, really about the guard, into whose care Bessie insisted upon placing me. Mr. Berry thought the guards would have a sufficiency of work if they had every parcel as well as lady given into their especial care. We wandered about in search of this worthy, and then Mr. B. said "there was always a great deal of trouble in seeing a great man." At last we found him, and he promised to take charge of me. We lingered as long as we could about the railway and near the carriage we had fixed upon, into which I had put my wrappings, and where had placed himself since a gentleman with a book in his hand. They stood by the carriage, asking me to write from Gloster, and giving me innumerable directions. Poor Bessie! God knows when I may see her again! It was a hard parting. Both pressed my hand and said, "God bless you!" then the odious whiz and whirl of the engine were heard, and we began to roll off. As we went slowly they walked on the platform by its side; but it soon quickened from its monotonous roll into its fierce, planet-like movement, and I saw them no more. The evening was closing in, and all seemed sad enough, but nothing so sad as I was. I remained some time "in maiden meditation," but my companion began to talk, and I was obliged to answer. He, however, got out at Slough, to my great relief, though he was very gentlemanlike, and I tried to sleep. After some time I managed to get a nap, and dozed and woke again, until we finally reached Gloster. I had a wretched headache. Went from the station in a fly to the Bell, instead of going on by the first mail. It was one o'clock. The fly man rang the bell at the inn gate, and a miserable sleepy waiter came. I asked for a bed-



room, and he told me there was not one in the house to be had. He showed me the dreary-looking traveller's room, where were two candles and an inkstand. He got me a sheet of paper, and I wrote to Bessie. It was cold and wretched. Then I lay down upon the hard hair sofa, with a splitting headache, and at last fell asleep. At seven another waiter came to awake me, and I asked if he could get me some tea. It was a fine bright morning, and my head was better. I wandered about the house, then took my place, and finally got some tea and three small slices of bread and butter. They made me go inside the coach to Ross, with a nervous lady and no end of boxes. At Ross I procured an outside place, with a very agreeable companion—a Scotchman, who kept me, or I him, or both, in constant conversation till near Brecon. He was, he said, of the same profession as Sir Walter Scott—a barrister. Had often seen Sir Walter, and knew Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart personally. He was called "Tory Tam" in Edinburgh, and had a famous Scotch terrier universally known by the name Tory. This was all I could discover of his name, etc. He had known Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, well. Travelled with Wilson, and knew the only remaining sister and nieces of Burns, for whom he had helped to raise an annuity. He gave me much interesting information about Scotland, the Highlands, their present condition, their manners, etc., and seemed highly intelligent. I think I almost always meet with pleasant travelling companions, perhaps it is because I am a chatter-box myself, and never think it necessary to hold my tongue in a stage-coach when I am spoken to. We made a pretty speech about "pleasant journey" and agreeable conversation when we parted, and the old gentleman on the other side got hold of me. He had got up at Abergavenny, and seemed in great distress because he had travelled post from Hereford the night before to be in time for the first mail, and they had never called him at the inn until hours after it had passed. I believe old men are the greatest sinners after all. He would have made, as they say, "strong love" to me, if I had let him, and when we got inside, on account of the rain, was inclined, with his grey hairs and seventy summers, to be quite tender. He made me acquainted with his birth, parentage and education; with his thirty wards—he having been trustee for that number of persons—his wife—for he was a married man—and, above all, his susceptibility of nature, which had always been his weakness; his nephew, too, who had £5,000 a year, and whom he should certainly bring to see me, and preach me one of his best sermons; of how, when he was a young man, he had dreamt fifty-seven times following of the same young lady; and a variety of useful information suited to elderly gentlemen. We reached Llandilo at last at four o'clock, and I was not long in reaching Abbey Terrace. I walked in, to the astonishment of Margaret, and upstairs, to that of mamma, who had given me up. The Popkins were with her, and the general exclamation of surprise was considerable. The mother was looking really wonderfully well, and seems as brisk and active as possible. Our meeting was as gay and joyous as my parting with dear Bessie had been.

Aug. 21.—Dearest Bessie was to leave town to-day. She says Bury Street is almost deserted, even by the street music, and most of her friends have left town. Mr. — is married!

March 24, 1850.—The kindest of letters from Mrs. C. Morris, enclosing a sovereign and promising to do all she can to collect for the needlewomen. Miss Chesterton, who is at home alone, came to tea, and we had a quiet evening together. She begins to feel the want of a home, though very kindly treated at the Popkins'. She wishes to join her sister in a school, or anything to give her that desideratum, a home. When mamma laments my not being in a higher and more lucrative situation, and complains of the little value set by my services here, adding that she could manage to exist without me for my advantage, I tell her, and know it to be true, that no increase of salary could compensate for our happy evenings, and the consciousness of being independent. The present is comfortable, and for the future, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

May 31.—The last day of May, and the end of my volume of diary. I really cannot afford to buy another, money is so scarce. I am better to-day, but still very weak. Dr. P. tells me to drink wine, or anything strengthening. Wine we have none and cannot buy it, but are better off than thousands of others. "The thunder rolls! be hushed, thou prostrate world." What an awful sound it has, but it clears this heavy atmosphere, and takes a weight from the spirits. Mine were very low yesterday, and Mrs. Rees quite overcame me by saying how much she has been feeling for us during our trials, both as regards health and pocket. I believe everyone is kindly disposed to us. Bessie says, "all looks very dark now, but something will turn up." She reminds me of Mr. Micawber. Doubtless something will "turn up." My trust is where alone we can venture to trust—The Father of the fatherless, and God of the widow.

Nov. 6, 1851.—C— asked me to-day whether I would hear her lessons. "Yes," I said, "as soon as you have done the exercise, passage of music, and apology." "That is impossible," was the reply, "but I am sure mamma would be very angry." "Then do what you are told," said I. "Your sisters will help you willingly, and you have no excuse." "I don't choose to do a German exercise with anyone who can't teach it," she said, and I held my tongue. Such an indomitable spirit I never saw. Heard a rather better account of Mr. Pugh. Wrote to Mrs. Pugh and enclosed her the good receipt for strengthening food.

Nov. 7.—I again prayed to God for C—, and for patience, but she is not improved and will not be until this fit can be conquered some way or other. To-day she was so rude and impertinent that I was obliged to give up hearing her lessons, upon which she resolved that her sisters should not do theirs, and did all she could to hinder them, not paying the least attention to one word I said to her. I never saw such a girl when set up in this way—and yet so quiet when in a tolerable temper. I will note down from day to day, this time, that I may see how long the fit lasts. To-day she chose to have the window open, and this was the origin of the complaint, because we wished it shut, and as soon as I shut it she opened it. I do pray to be directed how to manage her, for I cannot do it of myself.

Nov. 8.—C— *in statu quo*. Asked me if I meant to hear her lessons; told her certainly, if she behaved well, and kept her temper. Not having a drawing that she liked to copy, and my refusing to lend her one of mine until she behaved well, caused her to be impertinent again. I said, "Very well, C—, as you will be rude, I cannot undertake to teach you—and you must take the consequences." She told me that she was determined I should teach her, for she would make me. Not being able to do this, she did her best again to hinder her sisters or me from doing anything, and declared if I would not teach her I should teach nobody. When, at the close of the day, I asked her what good she had done herself by making us all lose a day, she said that she had been revenged on me, and made us all uncomfortable. It was useless to reason with her, but I told her quietly that I would not teach her when she was impertinent and called me improper names or got into passions; and she assured me that I should go away. I literally spent the whole day keeping her at bay and showing her that I was resolved not to have her sisters' occupations stopped, if she stopped mine. Whether she is unwell or not I cannot tell, but she is certainly possessed by some evil spirit that nothing but her own prayers for God's grace can keep down. If her sisters tried to divert her attention, she got into violent passions with them and even thumped them; all this the effect of having been yielded to when younger on account of illness. I was quite ashamed of my own want of real patience in the evening. I could bear with a whole day of extreme naughtiness from C—, thank God, unflinchingly, but I was annoyed at mamma's being rather irritable when I came back. She was not well, and disliked my taking to my writing, which I am obliged to do, and this made me cross in turn. Ours, however, was only a momentary gust, soon succeeded by a perfect calm. May God give me entire command over myself.



Nov. 9.—Resisted the temptation to letter-writing. Mamma not very well. Mr. Cheese, second master of Llandoverly College, preached a most excellent sermon. He is in very weak health, as well as Mr. Pugh: chest delicate. Mr. P. looking very ill, and coughing a good deal. To Llandefeisant in the afternoon. C— not there; swelled face, her sisters told her, from keeping the window open. This may have had something to do with her temper.

Nov. 10.—Pouring wet morning. I got soaked. Found C—'s face better, but her temper not much improved. By force of patience got her into a more reasonable mood, and she did some lessons very well, and got through some verses of the debated *Morning* tolerably. When the exercise came, which was a slight German translation, temper broke out again. I explained and explained, but she said she would not do it; called me "horrid creature," and then I told her that I could not consider as my pupil one who called me names, and should have no more to say to her for the rest of the afternoon. She began her teasing system, to prevent her sisters doing lessons, which I, however, got over. Then she told me that if "I knew which side my bread was buttered," I should hear her lessons under all circumstances. I assured her very calmly that I understood her, and that the circumstance of my remaining longer or leaving this year would not influence my conduct to her, or make me relinquish my own self-respect. That her mamma and I would soon have an interview, when I should tell her the facts that she (C—) scarcely did any lessons, was very rude and disobedient, and that her mamma, in all probability, would think my staying under such circumstances, useless, and that therefore she would be the cause of my leaving; but that whether I stayed a day or a year, I would have politeness and obedience from her, or I would not teach her at all. She was more reasonable to-day than she has been before during this fit, and I hope it will soon be over.

Nov. 11.—A most stormy day, and the climax to C—'s misdemeanours. Found her stubborn as ever about the exercise. At last, by force of persuasion, and telling her that I must have it done, she got out her slate at three o'clock, and sat down by my side. They were expecting the Squances to a luncheon dinner. Two lines of the exercise went on tolerably; but whether the intelligence that Miss Squance was not come overturned her composure, I don't know; we could get no farther. I sat an hour, patiently pointing to the very tense of the verb she had to write. She put down, "I has, you has, thou have," etc., declaring she "knew no better." At last I told her she was a naughty, obstinate girl, and she informed me that I was "an odious creature," and the passion again broke out. I said I could hear no more lessons, and told her to let her sisters come and read. She refused. I

pushed her chair away and she got up and gave me a furious blow, succeeded by as many more as she could manage till I got hold of her hands. I told her I would write to her mamma, and she should not go down that evening. This quieted the fit, but not the tongue. I wrote, and she said I was "cutting my own throat," evidently not thinking I should send. I went with the note and poor Lizzie entreated me not to send it, as it would put an end to my staying on. I told her I was very sorry but I must do it, and gave the note to Henry, who delivered it to Mrs. W. I merely requested that C— might not go down to the drawing-room as she had "thumped me unmercifully." When I went back she asked if I had sent, and I said "Yes," upon which she seized on the sketch I was just finishing in water colours, and tore it in two. So ended, with the words, "I will never speak to you again, nor forgive you as long as I live, and I hope you will die in a workhouse," etc., with a fury of passion. God forgive and soften her temper, poor child, for she does not mean it; only she will not restrain herself.

Nov. 12.—Found C— resolute, I suppose, in keeping her word, since she did not attempt to address me the whole day, and as she made no apology but was sulky, I did not speak to her, and shall leave her wholly to herself, until she comes round properly. She did not go downstairs. Thanks to her quiet mood, we had a peaceable day and read that beautiful book, *I Promessi Sposi*. C— took to translating Tasso, very big, and when she asked Lizzie for explanations, L. said, "If Miss Beale had told you to do this, you wouldn't do it."

Nov. 17.—I was thunderstruck to-day at hearing from Lizzie, who had been talking to her mamma, that my departure is quite settled for February next—three months from this present time, and my quarter. Although I was given to expect it, I could not believe it. I had need of all my fortitude and more than all my faith. I find it easy to preach to others, but difficult to avoid trembling for the future, though I know that God will provide for me as He thinks best, and in His good time. Mr. Evans supped with us, and mamma, without knowing of this, told us that Elizabeth had been much troubled by a dream. She dreamt that we were going to leave our present house, and going to Neath, and she with us, but that she had been much distressed about mamma and our new abode. This is an odd coincidence, as she could have heard nothing of it. When I told mamma to-night, she was very much disturbed, and I fear it will quite upset her. May God mercifully make my way clear before my face. We have done all for the best, and from righteous motives in refusing situations hitherto, and I trust something will now be offered for us. I only pray for faith and patience.

## VARIETIES.

### LIFE IN TURKEY.

The seamy side of life in Turkey is its shiftlessness, its neglect of cleanliness and comfort, its despairing acceptance of a condition of apathy, stagnation, and decay.

"One's first impression of a modern Turkish town," says Mrs. W. M. Ramsay in her bright and vivid sketches of *Everyday Life in Turkey*, "is that it has been half-finished, and then allowed to fall into decay. . . . The streets are mere spaces between the houses, ill-paved, where paved at all, and full of holes and pitfalls; streams of water trickle down the centre of many of them—an improvement on some towns where the central gutters are filled with stagnant filth—and children, dogs, and fowls dabble and pick up odds and ends. All the household refuse is thrown into the streets to rot and make the air unwholesome."

WHAT IS LEISURE?—"Leisure," says the busy girl, "is spare time in which one can do some other kind of work."

### ARE YOU A NATIVE?

*Traveller (to an inhabitant of a sleepy little north country hamlet):* "Are you a native of this place?"

"Am I what?"

"Are you a native?"

At this moment the inhabitant's wife, a tall, attenuated and sallow-complexioned woman, appeared on the scene, and turning to her spouse said scornfully—

"Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when ye wuz born, or wuz ye born before ye began livin' here. Now answer him."

WHAT COMPANY DO YOU KEEP?—"A wise man associating with the vicious becomes an idiot; a dog travelling with good men becomes a rational being."—*Arab Saying*.

THE VICTOR.—She who will resolutely remain externally calm and quiet while anger boils within has already gained a conquest which will make future victories easier.



"What is all this, godmother?" said I.

"It means that twenty years ago my god-son made love to the beautiful Wilhelmine Henriette of X—, then a widow, who became, through her second marriage two years later, Grand-duchess of Z—."

In a moment all that mystery, over which I had often brooded, was cleared up as if by magic, and I understood all—my lady's haughty reserve, her appeals to my secrecy and generosity, her refusal to suffer her portrait to be painted.

And as the days of old came back to me like the leaves of summer blown, withered, in my face by the winds of autumn, as I recalled the scenes in the garden, the forest, and seemed to smell the delicate scent of the roses that had nodded their heavy heads to my impassioned tale of love, I knew not what to think or say, nor whether to be sad or merry. 'Twas passing sad, this remembrance in chill autumn of that glorious summer of love and youth, but yet—but yet—I threw back my head and laughed to the mournful accompaniment of the rustling poplars, till the old lady, having got over her surprise, joined in in her quavering treble.

"But why, godmother—why trick me thus, and how did her Highness come to be here?"

As we walked back to her parlour my godmother answered—

"It was but shortly before that the Grand-duchess

Wilhelmine had been left a widow after six months of, so they say, unhappy married life. She was ailing, and her physicians prescribed the air of this district, and so she came here, amongst all the ducal forest houses choosing ours for her abode," continued my godmother proudly, as she seated herself in her arm-chair, "nor would she suffer any attendants with her but one maid, being, as she said, only too glad to forego, for a little, state and ceremony."

"But why deceive me?" I persisted, as the old lady paused to clip a dead leaf from one of her plants.

"Ah, lad, the gracious lady was ever fond of a frolic, and took a fancy to thy honny face, and would have us keep her rank a secret."

"And you suffered the frolic, godmother?—fy, fy!"

"Do you bear us malice, Wolfgang?" she asked gently.

"Bless you, godmother, no—years that have swallowed love may well swallow malice. But the message—what was the message?" I went on with sudden remembrance.

"The message was that carving above the door, lad; she had it done for you."

"A cold message, indeed. And was that all?"

"That was all," echoed the old lady.

And the shadows of evening fell, and I buried the corpse of a love grown cold deep down in my worldly heart with a passing sigh for a requiem.

[THE END.]

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XVI.

Nov. 18, 1851.—Could not get up my spirits to-day. Prayed for strength and faith, and by degrees lost the feeling of uncertainty that hovered about me. C— asked me when I was going to hear her lessons again. I told her when she had made me a proper apology, and done the lessons she refused to do. I tried to be just and right to her, but I could not help feeling that her obstinate bad temper was the cause of all my present distress. Found mamma wretchedly low, and giving way to every imaginable fear. I talked, scolded, reasoned, argued, and at last succeeded in bringing her to see things more brightly. She, like me, dreads the break-up of our present comfort, and an uncertain future. The very cheerful song of the kettle went to my heart, why, I know not. Worked hard, and nearly finished my book. Wrote to Newby and Bessie. It is so wrong not to feel that God will provide for His children. I know it, but cannot half realise it.

Nov. 19.—This day three months my time at Llwynhelig ends. I have been much more in spirits about my prospects to-day, why, I know not, except that God has mercifully cheered me. I found mamma poorly, and not able to go with me to the Rees's to see the Lewis's. I wrote some verses to my little godson, and took them and a net for Ellen. We had a saddish evening, all but the dear good children. They do not leave to-morrow. Victoria says there is no language master or mistress at Carmarthen, and that she thinks I could quite make it worth my while to go down there once a week, where everybody knows me by name. Oh, if I could get on in this way, how thankful I should be! Direct me, I beseech thee, O my God!

Dec. 31.—Ten minutes to twelve o'clock p.m. We are seeing in the New Year. Mamma is sitting opposite the fire, Elizabeth making preparations for a visit home

to-morrow. I have written to C— assuring her that I cannot begin a New Year without voluntarily forgiving her, since she will not ask for my forgiveness, and giving her some good advice. May God bless it to her. I have also done up all the presents for to-morrow. How much we have to be thankful for! Mamma was in bed last year ill, she is pretty well now. I am quite well. The whole year has passed in peace and prosperity. I hope and think I have been drawn nearer to God, and feel more and more my need of a Saviour, and increased love for Him and my Heavenly Father. I pray earnestly to be directed aright throughout the coming year, and above all to be "kept from temptation." I pray for all my friends, especially for my dear mother and sister, and for the recovery of my good friend Mr. Pugh, who, I thank God, is better. I am grateful that I have a thankful trusting heart at present, and hope it may be continued to me. Especially I pray for humility. May I become more and more meet for the kingdom of Heaven. May my pupils grow in grace as they grow in years. May my beloved parent also be daily renewed in the Holy Spirit. I am conscious of much evil, much lost time, and many shortcomings. May God forgive me, and grant me His Holy Spirit for the time to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

12 o'clock.—I am going to read aloud the prayer for the New Year.

Jan. 7, 1852.—I must here record with thankfulness that C— has at last yielded. In my note of New Year's Day, I told her, after expressing my forgiveness, that if she was sorry for her conduct she would greet me as usual on New Year's morning. She did so. I also told her that, as her governess, I must still have the disputed lessons done before I could teach her again, and that although I could not force her to do them, she would be not only better but happier for doing them. Since New Year's Day I have treated her with all possible kindness, but have said



nothing of lessons. She has complained of having nothing to do, and I said I thought she had better do the German exercise. I repeated it to-day, and by degrees she got the slate and pencil, sat down, and did it in less than a quarter of an hour. I corrected it. Then I said, "You had better do the music also, that you may begin your lessons to-morrow." She did the disputed passage in a moment. Thus, after two months of self-will and obstinacy, she is subdued, I hope by the grace of God, for which I entreated her to pray. I am so very glad she has conquered herself, and that we shall part as we ought.

*Feb. 28.*—My last regular day at Llwynhelig. We all went for a walk as usual in the morning till eleven. Then we did what lessons we could, but all felt much disinclined. We tried to console one another with the prospect of frequent meeting, but still after nearly twelve years the break-up is a melancholy affair. I remained to tea with them, and afterwards until nearly dark. I wished to see Mrs. Williams, but she is unwell, and thought it better not. She said she wished not to fancy it was a good-bye; so did Mr. Williams, when he sent me my "wages." It seemed an odd way of leaving people, and certainly one way of getting out of the usual feeling expressed on such occasions, but we are all different from one another. The girls all felt very much, that was evident, and so did I. We hoped to see one another to-morrow at church. I could not take leave of the servants, and hope they will not be hurt, but I shall see them all again. I looked in at the Lodge as I passed, and met Betsey, who seemed very sorry it was all over. She said there would be no hurrying the children of a morning now, against Miss Beale came. In short, it was all very painful, but would have been worse had I been going to leave the country. It was the most lovely moonlight night as I walked home, the heaven studded with stars. I felt somehow as if I was thrown upon the world again, and had to begin life anew. It was a melancholy but only a momentary feeling. I am better off, happier, and have a better prospect of happiness now, than when, nearly twelve years ago, I left the Hardys to come into Wales. Yes, even though then life was opening, and now I know its uncertainties. Most especially am I the happier, because now "I know Christ," and then He was but as an indistinct and half-understood presence. To Him I humbly committed my own future, and those dear pupils I was leaving, there beneath the stars.

*July 9, 1857.*—Mary Thomas, Mary Prothero, and little Ellen came to see me off. A lovely morning. Mrs. Evans and Ann on the steps to bid me God-speed. Mrs. Newman to meet me at Faerfach, Miss Chesterton at Llandebie, Mr. Major at Pontyffimen. We had a most delightful journey together to Gloster. He wished that I were going to London; I wished that he were coming on with me. He said that he felt sad at parting with me. I felt sad at parting with him; and so we sentimentalised a little and separated. Waited an hour at Gloster. Slept from Gloster to Bristol, and then wide awake through dear old Somerset. Brick houses, windmills, flat lands, and fat willows, and beautiful church towers all reminded me of where I was. Glastonbury and Bridgewater stations, and finally the Langport Junction, and then Langport. A man at the station asked if I were for Mr. Prankerd's, and then a young voice exclaimed, "Miss Beale," and two beautiful boys greeted me—young Prankerds—and another big boy, a visitor. Then came my old friend John striding down, tall and eager as ever. He jumped into the omnibus, and gave me a greeting like a real brother. He scarcely looks altered, only grey in his whiskers. Up the old street by the old houses, all so natural and yet so like a dream. Many looking out of their windows to see me arrive. Then a kindly welcome and a kiss from Mrs. Prankerd, though a stranger, and a hearty salute from John, and a new introduction to the children, and another beautiful boy of seven. Then to my bedroom, looking out upon the old moor, and the Aller hills, and the poplars, and garden of long ago. A dream, all a dream. The seventeen intervening years a shadow. Then the housekeeper, the daughter of old Betty Tilley, whom we knew of old, and

who died at ninety-three. The daughter knew us at Portfield. Tea and a long conversation with Mrs. Prankerd on religion and education, and then reminiscences with John. Mrs. Prankerd, a remarkable woman, wholly given up to serving the Lord. Heart and soul in the work without hypocrisy, but worldly things, I fear, rather neglected. Not in bed till past twelve, after this day of travel and excitement.

*July 10.*—Up at breakfast by half-past eight. John as natural and affectionate as ever. Mrs. Prankerd not very well. Wrote to dear mother. At eleven we three, the servant and Archy, went for a drive. First of all I saw Mr. Paul. The only remaining friend of my dear father, and one of his pall-bearers. He looks well, and not aged, but as if his memory failed. He seemed glad to see me. We drove through North Street, the inmates of the principal houses of which are all changed. As I passed, the old ones came back to me as out of a dream or picture. Here dwelt one old friend—dead—there another, and another. We went home by the hollow where I used to sit with my school-fellows; by the Ham Common, where we used to gather violets, on to Wearne, where my father's property lay. John pointed out some houses that used to belong to us. Here I sketched, whilst he visited patients, and dear Mrs. Prankerd talked of vital things with a poor sick woman. Then to High Ham, where is a beautiful new church, such a lovely rectory, and a real English village. A school-house built in the reign of Elizabeth, a large stone as high as the church, built for boys and men to play balls, etc., against, and a square in the middle to play in. On to the top of Ham Hill, and, oh, such a view for seventy miles! On one side Wiltshire, with Alfred's Tower on the horizon, built to commemorate his victories over the Danes. On another, Bridgewater and Taunton, with their lovely towers and steeples. On another, the Quantock hills. In the foreground the rich Somersetshire fields and trees, and lanes and villages. On to Aller, that picture of an English village. Oh, to see the real farmhouses, like gentlemen's seats, the cottages covered with vines and evergreens, the gardens full of flowers, the trim laurel hedges and hedgerows. It was delicious. On to Aller Church, with its old monuments, in which is the font wherein Guthrum, the Danish Prince, was baptised. Sketched this and then home, after a drive that I can never forget. In the afternoon Mary Prankerd came, and we met as sisters long separated. Strange those childish associations, never broken. We talked for ever of everyone. She looks quite as well, and almost as young as seventeen years ago. Strange again. We are contemporaries. I suppose we view one another as children, and the past and intermediate become a mere dream.

*July 11.*—With Mrs. Prankerd and Archy in the morning, across the old moor to Lizzie Durman's cottage, in the midst, or what once was hers. There was the river, the cattle, the hayfields—the old, old scenes. Archy once more covered me up with good Somersetshire hay, and I felt as if my childish days were renewed. When we came in Mrs. Draper called. She looks much as usual. Not so altered as one would fancy the bringing-up of seven children would make her. But she has found the promise to the widow and fatherless sure. Then Mrs. and the Miss Murleys came, and Miss Ryde, all to see me. I was not so much interested in them, because they were not old friends, and their father is in London. Then Mrs. Prankerd and I went to Hurd's Hill to call. Mrs. Bagehot still confined to her room, so could not see her. Langport quite altered by the station, and so much improved. Being so far, we walked on to the turning to Portfield. There were the old roofs, the old paths, the old trees, and the new house on the hill, staring me in the face. I could not have gone on for worlds. I felt the tears welling up, and dear Mrs. Prankerd proposed going to a house, and leaving me, evidently that I might give free vent to my feelings, and walk down alone, but I turned homewards, knowing it was useless and childish. Strange that the simple sight of the home of one's childhood should produce such feelings. Then we went to see Mrs. Paul. Warm-hearted, loving as



ever, with her hair greyer, and that was all. Her four sons married since I saw her. And poor Edward, my dancing-school partner, a paralytic.

July 12.—As wonderful divisions exist amongst the Christians here, from Church to Plymouth Brethren, this dear family are divided. They were all Plymouth brothers and sisters, but a split arose amongst them, upon which John returned to the Church, and goes to Curry, not liking Mr. Henslow. The children go with Weller to the Independent chapel. And Mrs. Prankerd goes nowhere, waiting to see, she says, "The will of the Lord respecting the brotherhood." This sounds bad, still, they are all in earnest, and she's certainly an angel on earth. I drove with John to Curry Rivel through Muchelney. He stopped at the old Abbey, and I saw the train whiz past. On to Curry where my forefathers worshipped. Another lovely English village, with a real Somersetshire church. Sat in the Munccktons' pew. William, his wife and eldest daughter there. It all seemed unreal, and I could scarcely attend to my prayers, thinking of the past. I find I described the church in my book as smaller than it really is. After service, Mrs. Muncckton took me over it. Showed me the chapel that former inmates of Portfield had built as sole landed proprietors—and in which the seat still is—monuments to the Walsh family, who married my grandmother's sister, one of the co-heiresses of our ancestors—and various other things. In this church is a mediæval monument, and the arms of Henry VII., who helped to beautify it. Also some fine Gothic arches, and splendid screens. William went through much archaeological detail. Asked the clerk if he remembered Mr. Beale. He said he did, very well, and looked so pleased when I said he was speaking to his youngest daughter. We shook hands heartily twice. Forgot to write yesterday that I went to see Mrs. Hart, whose tarts and sweetmeats I devoured when a child, and that she was as glad to see "Miss Ann Beale" as possible; and said she did often ask about us. Also to see Mary Sugg, an old servant who married from our house, and who cried heartily, as did I, with such questions of "Mrs. and Miss Elizabeth." She has lost five out of seven children. This afternoon to Huish Church. Its splendid tower and architecture in wonderful contrast with the wretched Welsh churches, little better than barns. A dream again. The old pew where papa, mamma, Bessie and I used to sit, filled with strangers—and few faces that I knew. Miss Bond recognised me, and made me go to her pew, where were Mrs. Major and two grown-up girls that I had never even seen. A new rector, not much liked, but he preached a good sermon. Huish House very pretty. Mr. Broadmead's occupied by Mrs. Bagehot, and poor Mrs. Broadmead out of her mind. The Hanging chapel and arch, picturesque as ever. Our own old house, made one with the next house, and occupied by a smart bachelor lawyer. New windows, and all very nice, but it cost me a pang. Truly on earth we have no abiding-place. Mrs. Prankerd's and Hill House unchanged. Went with Mrs. Major to her daughter-in-law's, on the hill. A pretty new house, overlooking from behind the view we used to see from ours, and the river, meadows, and distant line of hills lovely as ever. And the Muchelney bells coming to me across the river, as they used to do when I sat amongst the willows and apple-trees, listening. It was a peal of wedding-bells to-day. Oh! the dreams of life. On to see Miss Warren, where I stayed when I was last here. She is more altered and aged than anyone. Her kind sister gone to another home since last I saw her. Horatio married, and his house quite a mansion. Going down the town, passed Mrs. Norman, and she would have me go in to see Mrs. —, whom I had never seen, but who knew me well. Her husband, once Bessie's ardent lover, was not at home, but wishes to see me. They have a beautiful house and grounds, where Bessie might now be—happy escape! He, poor fellow, is a confirmed drunkard. He was not in. His wife welcomed me cordially. A very fine young woman. Home to a quiet evening, a walk on the moor, and scripture family reading and prayer.

July 13.—We all went again to the old moor. There

we were tumbling the children in the hay and they us. We could not manage Prankerd Hodson, so we appealed to a young farmer to help us. He threw him down, and we covered him up. This brought another farmer forward, master and father. He asked some little question, and I entered into the following conversation with him: *A. B.*: "Perhaps you knew Mr. and Mrs. Beale?" *Farmer*: "To be sure I did. We were near neighbours." *A. B.*: "What is your name?" *F.*: "Locke. We used to live at Wick." *A. B.*: "I am Mr. Beale's youngest daughter." *Farmer*: "Don't say so. I be very glad to see 'e." Here we shook hands most warmly. "Mr. Beale used often to come to Wick, and knew my father and grandmother. Ah, Portfield is altered now. It used to be a very pretty place. Where are your mother and sister? Are either of you married? No! well I do wonder at that. I should say now you was about thirty." *A. B.*: "A little more than that." *F.*: "I said to my son just now that if I had been he, I should have helped the young lady down in the hay, not the young man; but he was too bashful for that." This was real Somersetshire. We ended by another grip of the hands, and he gave me an invite to go and see him. When we got in, we dressed to make calls. Left cards on Mrs. E. Luckett, who has just lost a sister, and went on to Hill House; that grand place that used to be so awful to me when I was a child. Found Mrs. Stuckey at home, and very kind. She is now nearly eighty years old, and her manner, which used to be proud and austere, has softened by time. She asked me to go over the grounds, particularly those opposite, part of which was once our old garden; and said she hoped to see me again. She was anxiously expecting Indian news, like everyone else, having friends there. On to Mrs. Prankerd's, where my dear foster-sister, Rhoda, had just arrived from Taunton to see me, and carry me back with her. This was the first time I was fairly overcome. We wept like children. Her first words were, "How is mamma?" She always called dear mother "mamma Beale." Mrs. Prankerd left us, and Mary busied herself by getting me wine. The house is the only one utterly unchanged. Mrs. Prankerd *mère* will brook no alterations. It was like returning to childhood, and our own old house opposite bringing back the days when we were all children together. I have not so realised the past before. It was no longer a dream, though all the intermediate years seemed dreams. Mary and Rhoda, the old playmates, remembering all that I did. But I cannot even write these things. Rhoda returned with us to dinner. William Paul and his young wife called. A very handsome couple. When I was here last, he and I were rather thought to be carrying on a flirtation. He has four children. After dinner a rush for the train to Taunton. And about eight o'clock Rhoda and I arrived at her charming house in the crescent.

July 14.—A pleasant breakfast. Mr. Reeves rather like his sister, Mrs. Prankerd, in person. Rhoda is quite charming. So natural and ladylike and quite the Rhoda of old. They have such a nice house, and some beautiful pictures—originals. They look upon Mrs. Prankerd as an enthusiast. Colonel de l'Hooste called. He is a gentlemanlike, handsome man, godson of the Duke of York, and an old Indian officer. I found that he knew Colonel Hardy and the Masters in India, so he and I were quite at home. He also had the Indian news, which is very anxious. Twenty thousand of the native troops revolted and Delhi still in their possession. I do not wonder. If we interfere with their religion and prejudices, what can we expect from a conquered people? In the evening we went to drink tea with a Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, an old gentleman of seventy-five, with a third wife of forty-two. Most clever agreeable people. We drank tea in the garden under a huge horse-chestnut. They quite adore Rhoda, and she certainly is a charming woman. Mr. Jacobson is an amateur artist, and sketches in water-colours beautifully. He has a house full of pictures—Claudes, a Domenichino, Teniers, and I know not what besides. His wife sings very nicely, and we had a very agreeable evening. There were two old ladies there who made themselves very pleasant, and all were most kind to me. Invited me to come and visit them, and all sorts of things.



manliness out of me when He made me, and gave me womanish ways instead. And I have never fought them down as it must have been meant I should do. But I will begin again, I will work harder—things must take a turn, and then I can meet her and she will not despise me. Child, God has no more awful punishment than when He lets those we love despise us. Send another letter, tell her not to come yet—not just yet. Let me have one more chance.”

Hermie was sobbing at his side, pulling at his arm, trying to urge him back to the sofa. She knew he was not talking to her, knew he was hardly aware she was there, but her sensitive spirit, leaping at his troubles with him, was bowed down with the knowledge and weight of them. How she loved this man—this grey-haired, blue-eyed man at her side! Hardly the love of daughter for father, her feelings for him had in them something of the passionate, protecting tenderness of a mother for a crippled child.

“Lie down,” she said, “there—let me move these pillows—that is better. She must come—she should have come long ago. And I told her to be sure to come by the next boat. Now lie still, I am going to get your lunch.”

The exertion and emotion had tried him exceedingly. He lay still, still, his face to the wall; and now his mood brought a tear from under his eyelid. It was too late! She would have started! Ah, well, praise God for

that, God who took these things out of our hands. She was coming—he might give up for a little time and lie with his head on her breast; she who had always forgiven him would forgive him still and clasp him to her, and call him “Dear One.” Then all he would ask would be the happiness of dying before the world began again.

The happy tears rolled down his cheeks. Hermie, tip-toeing back with her tray, saw them and was filled with dismay. What had she done by this interference?

“Darling,” she said, dropping beside him, “don’t mind, don’t mind. The letter is not posted yet—Bartie was going to take it in this afternoon. It is not mail day till to-morrow. We will not send it.”

Not posted! Not posted! She was not coming—she might not know of his extremity, his need for her! The chill wind passed over him and dried his tears, dried his heart.

“Here is the letter,” the poor child cried, “don’t look like that, darling. I would not vex you for the world. Shall I tear it up?”

He looked at it piteously. Oh that Bartie had it, riding with it through the bush, summoning her, summoning her!

“Shall I burn it?” said the poor little girl.

“Yes,” he said, “burn it.” His voice was lifeless, his eyes stared dully at the wall.

(*To be continued.*)

Anne Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

PART XVII.

July 15, 1852.—Mr. Reeves took me to see John Norman. I found him a portly man, of forty-nine, with eleven children. There is more of the old Norman stiffness about him than Burford. He told me that the latter had left London and gone to settle at South Sea. Mr. Porch Porch, Mr. Reeves’ eldest brother and Mrs. Reeves’ *mère*, came at twelve. They are a singular family. The mother is an off-shoot of the Sheridans, and possesses their talent, as to the rest apparently. Mr. Porch is a very good poet—dreaming, unpractical, like his sister, and like her, deaf; being amusing and intelligent, but peculiar. The mother is a wonderful old lady, still full of anecdote, and capable of talking incessantly. I do not wonder at Mrs. Pranker’s peculiarities, having been brought up under such influences; but hers have taken the right direction: seeing as I see things, I should wish her more judgment; but perhaps the fault is in myself. They are all clever. The afternoon brought John and his wife, young Hodson and Johnny. They are going to place him at a Wesleyan college. Every grade of Dissent appears to the mother better than the Church. Dear Rhoda has had her trials amongst them. She appears eminently practical, and has had to see her husband’s father and brothers ruined themselves, and ruining others with them, for want of straightforward dealing, I suppose. Like Sir John Paul, whose marriage settlements, it seems, Mr. Reeves, senior, drew. Such men bring a sad stain on religion. We left at about nine, and arrived at Langport quite tired.

July 16.—A morning of calls with Mrs. Pranker and John in the country. The most interesting to me were

Ernshill, and the Munccktons. First, however, dear Mrs. Bagehot called here. She was not much the worse for her broken arm, but it is still in splinters. Plain white hair is the only alteration in the fascinating woman of past years. The same peculiar charm of manner and elegance of figure, but, I fear, increased wildness in the eye. At Ernshill I saw Mr. and Mrs. Maddison Combe. When last I saw them twenty years ago they were lovers, just beginning. They were engaged for years, and at last, after Mr. Combe’s death, they married and came to this fine old place. She seemed really glad to see me, and asked me to go and stay with her. She is handsome as ever too. All the people seem so very little changed. On to the Munccktons’, where I saw them and their five children. Wild-looking little things with a nice elder sister, all anxious to welcome their father’s old friend and “first love,” Annie Beale. One little one threw her arms round my neck and said that she loved me very much, and knew me quite well. The same old house enlarged, where thirty years ago William and I met as children at the marriage of his mother with my cousin, and where I was left to console him. Dreams again! We returned home very tired, and I fell asleep on the sofa and really dreamt.

July 17.—Mrs. Pranker and I went to make more calls. Murley’s first. Mr. M. not yet come home. I could only feel an interest in them through him. Then Mrs. Paul—not at home. Broadmeads at dinner. Bonds at home, and just as if twenty years had not passed when their hearty welcome used to sound. On to Mrs. Pranker’s, who is just returned. She is much afflicted, but the same upright figure, and somewhat stern manner. She has neuralgia in her face and suffers dreadfully. She said it



seemed but the other day when I was a child of such a merry kind, that I could not stand still on one foot without being ready to hop upon another. Mary said I was like mamma when years ago she had a transparent bonnet white with jasmine, such as I have now. On for a little walk, and into a small house where an elderly woman recognised me, who turned out to be Mrs. Rogers, wife of our old gardener, who died of apoplexy sixteen years ago. He used to be said to have such an appetite that a leg of mutton was nothing for him. She asked for mamma and Miss Elizabeth. Mrs. Prankerd stopped at a cottage under the Hanging Chapel. I asked my usual question, "Do you remember Mrs. Beale?" "Dear, yes. Be you Mrs. Bale?" "No, I am her daughter." A great shaking of hands. "Be you Miss Elizabeth or Miss Anne? Be you married! Well! Mrs. Bale used to give I many a thing. Kind heart as ever lived. Kind soul. My name's James. 'Mary,' she'd come and say, 'I've brought some clothes for the children.'" These are pleasant encounters. I ought to be thankful for parents who have left a good name behind them. In the evening dear Louisa Prankerd came, and we had our reminiscences.

*July 18.*—The boys insisted on my going up the river with them, and Mrs. Prankerd and Mrs. Norman joined. They enlisted a young Paul, a Murley and a Stuckey, and it seemed as if I had literally returned to my childhood, when their fathers were the youthful rowers. Dreams again! The old river, the exquisitely beautiful white water-lilies, the rich meadows, the lonely church towers of Langport, Muchelney, and Huish—the boat—the young voices echoing—the gardens stretching down to the river—all, all so like the past, yet so unlike. I sketched and joined in the revels of the boys, and heard Mrs. Prankerd pouring forth her enthusiastic views with all her heart to Mrs. Norman, but all in a dream. Drank tea with Mrs. Draper, and saw her daughter Emma. Like Eliza, but not so nice. More affected. Poor Mrs. Draper labouring still, but thankful to God who, to her as to us, has righteously kept His promise to the fatherless.

*July 19.*—Went to Curry Church with John, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Roberts. Saw the Munccktons. To dear old Langport in the afternoon. Wandered about in search of Mrs. Prankerd's pew. The church is much altered and improved, but Mr. Henslow unfortunately very unpopular. He preached strongly on baptismal regeneration, and does not seem likely to draw minds to Christ; but really one is bewildered by all the ultra doctrines one hears. Went home with dear old Mrs. Prankerd, the only one of her family still faithful to the Church. Returned and went into the churchyard, where I looked for my dear father's grave. I believe I found the little headstone, but the initials rubbed off, and no grave at all. All flat above. I walked about until Mr. Henslow appeared. Not knowing him, I did not at first speak, but he took off his hat and I spoke. He said, "Miss Beale, I believe, of whom I have heard so much!" I bowed and said I was looking for my father's grave, and asked if I might be allowed to put a stone or to have it renewed. He said, "Of course." He added that he knew me in the literary world, and was very glad to make my acquaintance. He seemed kind and courtly. Asked me if I knew Mrs. G. Stuckey and his dear friend, Colonel Michell. I knew them both. I then spoke to the sexton and clerk, and they said they were both new; but the clerk remembered us, and I him. I hope we may be able to afford to erect some token to our dear and pious father's memory.

*July 20.*—Went up to see dear Mrs. Bagehot. No wonder everyone loves and admires her. She is as fascinating at seventy as she was at forty. She was most affectionate to me. After I returned we went to our grand picnic to Burton. John Prankerd organised it. Poor fellow! he is obliged to organise everything domestic. He has a religious but not a domestic wife. Enthusiasm all directed to one channel. He is obliged to make the best of it. She is wonderful, certainly—a problem. We all went in an omnibus, with lots of boys in addition. Pauls, Munccktons, and others, to the number of forty-five, all joined us at beautiful Burton, the spot given to Lord Chatham by Sir

William Pynsent. I had quite forgotten all but the graceful monument in honour of Lord Chatham. This picnic was in my honour, and they drank my health, and that of Burton Pynsent in connection with my book. Mr. Bullock, a clergyman and clever and eccentric man, was there. I had much talk with him, also Mr. Murley, William Muncckton, who helped our memories with his antiquarian love, and others. Dear Mrs. Bagehot drove over to join us for an hour—sweet and affable to all. But Edward Paul was almost the most interesting, with his paralysed side and still youthful face. I prevailed on him to join us, which he did, on condition that I should sit by him, which I did, and he said he had never enjoyed Burton so much. Indeed, we all enjoyed it, and the kindness and attention of everyone to me was something wonderful. I hope it will not make me vain, and that, knowing God has given me certain powers of loving and being loved, I may use them to His glory. But how I shall return to common life again after all this I know not. The evening was glorious. The broad Somerset levels stretching far, far into the distant hills, the sunset over the horizon, the mellowed woods, the old house—the scene and its associations were beyond description attractive. We had tea at seven, after our three o'clock dinner, and wound up the very agreeable day by a late return, when the dews and shadows were falling heavily.

*July 21.*—I spent the day with Mrs. Paul. John and his wife came in the evening, and several other old friends. Poor Edward seemed quite cheerful, and Mrs. Paul declared she had not seen him so for ages. I walked with him in the garden and we talked a great deal. He is now undergoing mesmerism, and hopes much, but they do not seem to hope with him. It is very sad. He told her he was suddenly seized with loss of speech in the bank, and afterwards his side was paralysed.

*July 22.*—Went to see dear Mrs. Bagehot, wrote two letters for her, and tried to convince her that she was mistaken about her letters. She walked with me to Hill House, where I received an invitation to go to Mrs. Coles' children's feast at Ilminster, but could not accept it. Then we went to see Miss Jones, formerly companion to Mrs. Bagehot, and governess, etc., now with a paralysed arm, living most comfortably at Mrs. Hart's, supported by legacies from various members of the Stuckey and Bagehot families, and by their present kindness. Truly God is merciful. Then to Mr. Murley's to finish the day. Saw his eight children, all born since we left Langport. The eldest girl very clever with a surprising talent for drawing: the third a great musical talent. A fine family, but "divided against itself" religiously. Mr. Murley, kindhearted, gentlemanly, and nice as ever. Mrs. Murley tried by family cares, and not knowing how to manage her daughters. They devoted to their father, but not to her. John and Mrs. Prankerd and William Muncckton came to dinner. They were all so good to me, young and old, that it was delightful.

*July 23.*—Dearest Bessie in London, having gone there from Northiam. At about twelve, John Hodson and I set out for Glastonbury. Such glorious weather. Somerton, and the road to Butleigh, came upon me like a dream again. We met Mr. Valentine, an old friend of mamma's, to whom John introduced me. We passed poor Butleigh, where there was always a noble welcome from a noble-hearted man years ago, who did so much for us as our friend and guardian, and who is now gone, and his daughter, bred in affluence, left to struggle for her bread. We found her in her new home. Glad to see us, but overpowered at first, particularly when her child began to cry at seeing me, her mother's old friend. Poor Eliza! Few have known greater trials than she has. Perhaps she is more comfortable now than for years. She has a very pretty house and a promising school. Her daughter is very good and affectionate. Miss Paul, my friend Mr. Paul's sister, is a most efficient partner, though, to me, a most disagreeable woman. A regular strong-minded teacher, that none of them like. Eliza is so mild and subdued, that when I think of her as the proud, somewhat stiff, only child and heiress, I can scarcely believe my senses. She has not heard from her husband for ten years, and does not know



whether he is alive or dead. We slept together, and talked over the past. She is not in good health. She is weak and has no appetite, but John Prankerd says, quite different from what she was—so much better and more cheerful.

*July 24.*—Eliza and I had more talk together about everybody and thing. If Miss Paul were different, I should feel more comfortable about her; but we cannot have everything, and she is a good teacher. They have fourteen boys in one room, all in good order, and as many girls in another. God grant her success. A friend of hers kindly sent me to the station, and she and Susan accompanied me. We felt that this short meeting was better than nothing. Bessie and she were schoolfellows and friends: she the eldest. She does not look very much aged, but so quiet and gentle—with the old black curls, every other hair grey, and dressed in black, which she wears always. There is something most touching in her manner and appearance. She has gone through almost everything. Such is the state of the church in their village, that they have all left it, and joined the Moravians. A monotonous curate preaching baptismal regeneration, etc., has sent half his flock away. What are the English clergy about? Half the people going to Rome, the other half far beyond Geneva. I returned to Langport by train, and found all well. Letters from Bessie and Mr. Latimer.

*July 25.*—Made some calls with Mrs. Prankerd, and wound up by visiting old Jenney Lenthall, now ninety-six years old. Mamma had written about her family, who used to be at Portfield, and little expected that she was alive. She remembered us all well. Asked if mamma was married again, and which daughter I was. She has been bedridden for years. I gave her a shilling. Mrs. Prankerd thinks she was the means of her conversion. God only knows; but I did not like the manner in which she put all kinds of religious questions, eliciting "Yes, ma'am" from the poor old soul. I would not be uncharitable, but I begin to think these Plymouth Brethren are much deceived

in many ways, though quite in earnest. At four Mr. and Mrs. Combe called for me in their carriage, and we came to Ernshill. This is a beautiful place and park, but no deer. Twenty years ago I was in the way of their first love-making. They were engaged fourteen years—constant through everything. They have a large establishment, and I felt almost nervous at being alone in a great wing of a great house, conjuring up Mr. Combe at every moment till I fell asleep.

*July 26.*—To church. The incumbent, Mr. Gruber, Archdeacon Denison's right hand, was ill, and we had the celebrated Dr. Wolfe. He is a curious specimen of a Church of England divine. A German Jew, converted first to the Roman Catholic faith, then to Protestantism. First, Low Church, now High Church, and preaching such sermons as one wonders to hear in a pulpit. But, as one of Mr. Combe's servants said, "Dr. Wolfe does keep us awake, which is more than Mr. Gruber does." With a strong German accent, he enunciates most strangely. His sermon a tissue of German anecdotes, to illustrate that God was everywhere, with a most illogical beginning on "a word, three syllables in English, two in German, and one in Arabic," which turned out to be "nobody." He married Lady Georgiana Walpole, and a queer couple they seem to be. He has the small living of Isle Brewers, but has not much right in the English Church, I could fancy, although regularly ordained. In the afternoon we went for a walk. Mr. Combe took me all over the immense house, and showed me his improvements. We had a quiet dinner and evening.

*July 27.*—Sketched the house in the morning. Mrs. Combe started for London at one. I had luncheon-dinner with the children. They asked me to come again next year. She was most kind. The children and young Haze went with me to the Munccktons' in the brougham. Dear little children they are. All the kind Munccktons in expectation. They were waiting dinner. Afterwards we went for a lovely drive through beautiful Burton and Curry.



MOTHERHOOD.



# Annie Beale.

GOVERNESS AND WRITER.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

## PART XVIII.

July 28, 1852.—William, his wife Barbara and I, started for dear Dorsetshire. We stopped to lunch at Mr. Webber's, Mrs. Munckton's brother's, and then on for upwards of twenty miles. No sooner did we get upon the Dorset hills than I felt a new life. Oh, that air—those views! We reached the top of dear Lowdown hill about two o'clock. Saw two carriages coming up, full of smart people. The first we knew nothing of. In the second was a gentleman I thought I knew, but passed him. Barbara and I were running down the hill. Half-way were three ladies out of the carriage. Two of them were Elizabeth and Anne Damen. I stood before them. They curtseyed. I said, "Don't you know me?" They looked. "Was it, could it be Annie Beale?" Oh, such greetings! Then we flew back to Robert Damen in the carriage, and enacted a similar scene. They were all going to a picnic at Lord Bridport's, and would have turned back, but we promised to follow them. Oh, the childish days amongst those hills! The old farmhouse in the bottom, the substantial belongings, the old friends, the everything! We found Mrs. Gerard, Sarah, and Lydia at home, all in a whirl of amaze at seeing me. Dear Mrs. Gerard hugged me maternally, and insisted on my staying with them, which I could not do. We, however, did not go to the picnic, but remained till seven o'clock. That dear old Lowdown! I longed to stay there. So peaceful, so pure, so bracing. Sarah declared I was not a day older. William Munckton enjoyed it as much as I did. He too spent much of his boyhood amongst the Gerards, and he is as true as steel. So is his wife. Not ashamed of old friends. They gave me rich bread and cream for tea, such as I used to have when a child, and I felt as if I was just ten years old once more. Brisk and joyous as a lark. The sunset on the hills was glorious. All was glorious. How they asked about dear mother, and whether she would come amongst them again, and longed to see us all. There is a something in family connections, however remote, that nothing can equal. We arranged a picnic meeting of Gerards, and departed quite late. On our way home we stopped at Crewkerne to see Kate Pearce. Found her with seven children. Two nice girls of fourteen and sixteen, and the youngest twins. Her husband is getting on in the world. She overwhelmed me with cousinly embraces, as did her children, but we could only remain a quarter of an hour. We did not reach home till midnight.

July 29.—Saw Mr. Utterman. An old man now, of immense wealth, yet still dressed as a shabby, or, at least, a plain farmer. The old house and all its belongings just what it was forty years ago. No change, and yet, they say, he is worth half a million of money. His poor daughter and son live with him. He is one of the few remaining who remembers papa. He held the mortgages on Portfield. William Munckton showed me all dear papa's churchwarden's books, kept for years at Curry. Mr. Sedgwick, the old vicar, told the present one that, during the most stormy parish meetings, papa always went on with his accounts and minutes as calmly as if nothing were going on. Miss Gambling, Mr. Utterman's daughter, and my old schoolfellow, is very nice, and good to the poor. In the afternoon a smart moustached young man called with an invite for me from mamma's oldest friend, Mrs. Scott Gould. The young man, Mr. Barrett, her nephew, very pleasant. He is the presumed heir of her immense wealth. She is worth at least, they say, ten thousand a year. I remember her, as a child, stealing a

lollipop for me, as Sophia Barrett without a penny. In the evening we drove to Ilminster to see Mrs. Uphill, Mrs. Gould's sister, also mother's old friend. At her house, as a child, I wrote my first poem on a waterfall. We found her very much altered. She had had paralysis of the brain; but, oh, so glad to see me! She has four orphan grandchildren, a brother and sister, living with her, all supported by Mrs. Gould. The dearest little children in deep mourning, who put their arms round my neck and wished they could come to school to me. Poor Mrs. Uphill! She has lost all her children but two. Robert died insane, and his wife of decline. It was rather a melancholy visit. Again we were not home until nearly midnight, tired out with excitement.

July 30.—Again we started about ten o'clock. Arrived at Mr. Webber's about twelve, then on to Hinton Park by three. All the children went, and all the little Webbers. Mr. Webber had arranged with the steward that we should have our picnic in the cedar piece, opening into the gardens. Such magnificent cedars! We drove right through the park before anyone else came. Then the Webbers arrived. Then came Aunt Sally and two little Pearces. She was overjoyed to see me once more. Found me the same Annie she knew as a child, so she said, and so they all said. She looks little altered, considering the lapse of years. Mary and John came next with the o'd familiar "cousin," and the old affection, breathing of Dorsetshire old times—new milk and fresh hay! Oh, youth, youth! as Bulwer has just written. Then came Mrs. Gerard of Lowdown, Elizabeth Damen, and Robert and his wife. I had seen them before. Then arrived George and his wife, Mr. Pearce and his son; and, finally, Mrs. Munckton's other brother, Mr. Webber, a very nice, gentlemanlike man, with a fine voice. How we wandered about the gardens, how we drank tea, how we talked of old relations and friends, how we sang, and how we lingered till dark beneath the gloomy cedars, was a subject for a family picture. Dreams again. So strange to feel surrounded by intimate and near connections and relations after so many years. It was like a return from India. The two heads of the families gone—Uncles George and Anthony—and many scattered branches, but those remaining much the same. Warm country-bred hearts still unworldly amidst a world of change. The excitement of it all was almost too much. William Munckton called it "sounding the tocsin," and all the clan came around me. He said I looked like the chief as I headed them all down the village in the twilight. Then such a parting again by the old cross at Hinton. Kissing all round, and again and again. It was—well, it was nearly dark. This was all our antiquarian William's planning, who rejoices in old friends as in old stones. All the inquiries for mamma and Bessie, the entreaties that we would all come back to Dorsetshire, lasted till the end, and I fairly said good-bye to Aunt Sally for the third time as she returned to the old cross. Again it was midnight when we got home, and I was half dead with fatigue and excitement. The Muncktons so very kind. All my relations well-to-do in the world, and grandly dressed. Seemingly getting on as they travel down the hill. Thanks be to God for all His mercies.

July 31.—Started again early for Taunton. William had an inquest below Taunton, and we went with him so far. On our way into the town we stopped at a stone-cutter's and engraver's to look at the monuments. Bessie had sent me a sketch of the tombstone, which was just similar to the one I liked at Mr. Gruber's church, and there was the facsimile of it here. I chose it at once, and



William has promised to see it erected, and that the date and motto should be properly put, and my dear father's memory so far honoured by his children. I shall be thankful, and so will dear Bessie be, to do this duty to one so good, near and dear. May we meet him at the resurrection of the just. On to Mrs. Elizabeth Norman. Saw her and three dear little children. She just the same, and handsome as ever. Asked Bessie and me to go and stay with her at Christmas. Her husband, a very clever artist, was a military man. Mrs. Munckton, Barbara and I dined with our dear sweet Rhoda. She and her husband nice as ever, and kind as kind could be. Did not get home until late as usual, half-killed with excitement.

*Aug. 1.*—We went to Moredon to a luncheon-dinner. Mrs. Gould received me with open arms, as mamma's old friend should do. She is a wonderful woman. Looks quite young and handsome in her handsome black. Hers is a strange history. After a struggling youth, to marry a man of large fortune, and to find herself at fifty-five in possession of ten thousand a year, and undisputed mistress thereof. With her are two nice unaffected girls, her nieces, and a Miss Parke; also her nephew, and supposed heir, who draws like an artist, and has never had a lesson. After dinner we went to see the very old church of Stoke St. Gregory, that her husband gave £200 to help renew. It is one of the many fine old Somersetshire churches. The incumbent came to meet us, and to pay due respect to the rich lady. He was a very nice man. I drove with Mrs. Gould, and she recalled the last and only time I remember seeing her, as a child, when she pocketed some lollipops for me out of old Andrews' chest. When we returned, she called at two or three places, whence popped out as many curates, lodging therein, and invited them and theirs for the following week. One seemed sweet upon one of the nieces. The said nieces have been engaged to two curates, and Mrs. Gould promised three thousand pounds with each. Curates wanted five thousand and the living of Ilminster, in her gift. She wisely declared they should have neither, and they retired from the field and the nieces. They are such good girls, too, and she makes them work and be useful. They are all at her beck and call. When we returned, we went over the place, and saw Mrs. Gould's beautiful horses and dogs, all of which come and surround her at her call. Such carriage-horses and dear dogs! And such a pretty place, with a view on all sides of forty miles of rich Somersetshire country. It stands on a height, and commands green pastures in summer and a waste of waters in winter—a perfect keep, as Miss Parke said. Mrs. Gould told me that she sometimes felt overpowered by the weight of the responsibility that had fallen upon her. But she holds her own well and wisely. Supports her family, but does not let them get the upper hand. Her brother lives with her, but was in Paris. It was he who learnt from Mr. Munckton that I was to be in the country. The Muncktons quite enjoyed their day, and all this "outing" has done dear Mrs. Munckton good. The Barrett girls received me as an old friend and treated me as such. Mrs. Gould showed us a silver trowel presented to her upon her laying the foundation-stone of the Ilminster schools. She seems very charitable, and does a good deal of good with her wealth. She is shrewd and clever, and although not a woman of high education, is very sensible, a first-rate woman of business, and sees, as the saying is, as far as most people "through a barn-door." We left late, and again got home at midnight.

*Aug. 2.*—During the past week, I forgot to write that Mrs. Munckton and I drove round the lovely English village of Curry Rivel, to call on numbers of people who knew us either by name or personally in days of yore. This morning John Prankerd was to have come to church and fetched me, but was prevented. We drove to church, and I returned to dinner. Then I had to take leave of the dear Muncktons, children and all. It was a sorrowful affair, but partings are the necessary evils of meetings. They sent me to Mrs. Paul's, where I was to have dined, to meet Charles Paul by special invite, my childhood's playfellow. He came up from Bridgewater on purpose. He was the ideal of my painter Charlie in my novel. As a child he had a wonderful

taste for drawing, poetry, etc., and lame and sickly these were his amusements. I wondered how he would grow up. Lame and sickly still—an artist and poet by taste, a banker by necessity. Somewhat, apparently, disappointed in life, and cynical, silent, and they say, conceited; but it seemed to me simply conscious of superior parts not cultivated. We had a happy day. Poor Edward much the same. Dear Mrs. Paul so kind! So strange that "Charlie" should be so like what I expected. Found the Prankerds well, and glad to have me back.

*Aug. 4.*—Again to Mrs. Bagehot's to luncheon-dinner with her, Miss Jones, and the Miss Watsons. Very pleasant. We were so quiet and happy, that Mrs. B. ventured to ask me to dinner for one day, to meet her husband and son. The latter is a clever writer in the *National Review*. Back to dress for an evening party at William Paul's. Mrs. Prankerd had declined going, but John went with me. It was in my honour, and I was the grand lady of the evening. Here I met for the first time Mr. Hill, who bought our house, and lives in it. He is a bachelor of about forty—handsome and gentlemanlike. Nothing could exceed the kindness of William Paul and his nice, pretty young wife. Poor Edward was there. I was taken down to supper first, etc., etc., and so honoured in my native place. Indeed I have been much honoured, and hope it will not set me up. Mr. Hill asked me to go and see the old place. We did not leave till late.

*Aug. 5.*—Went up to see dear Mrs. Bagehot, and made one or two other visits in the morning. At middle day set off by train for Moredon. The boys went to the station with me. In about a quarter of an hour found myself at Athelney station, near where King Alfred lay concealed, and let the cakes burn. Mrs. Gould sent her coachman for me, who entertained me with a talk upon the crops and his mistress. Was welcomed most warmly, and informed that there was to be a large party. When I went to the drawing-room a lady, I thought a stranger, arose and came up and kissed me heartily. This proved to be kind Mrs. Jacobson of Taunton, Rhoda's friend. Her husband was upstairs taking a nap, and had been prevailed upon to stay wholly because he found I was expected. They said he was quite as much taken with me as I with him. Indeed, the dear old gentleman received me as an old friend, and we had no end of conversation. He is as clever as can be. A large party soon assembled, and Mrs. Gould was a most agreeable hostess, and her nieces and nephew very nice and unaffected young people. The bride-elect of the latter was among the guests. There were many of the neighbouring clergy, with one of whom I sang, and who yawned insufferably. There was some good music. The only one I had met was Mr. Hill, the possessor of our old house, and one of Mrs. Gould's attorneys, and a great favourite of hers. He is handsome and gentlemanlike, and the fact of his occupying our old house seemed a link between us. Sophia Barrett seems to fancy that, despite of disparity of years, he would have no objection to her aunt, with Moredon and ten thousand a year, and small blame to him. However, I think she is too wise. We had a pleasant evening, and did not get to bed till late. Mr. Hill slept there. Dear Mr. Jacobson and his nice little wife went early.

*Aug. 6.*—Breakfast at ten. Moredon looking lovely in the bright sunshine. All the fine Somersetshire meads stretching far below, and the blue sky above. After breakfast took a sketch in Sophia's album. Anne writing a letter by my side on the grass. William looking on, and Mr. Hill and Mrs. Gould in the background. It was delicious. When finished, walked with Mr. Hill to see a fine view, then into the house and finished the sketch. Had an early dinner, after which William took me to see his studio and gave me some very clever sketches. He ought to have only a shilling and a brush and he would achieve fame and fortune. Dear Mrs. Gould and the girls so nice and kind. Mr. Hill offered to drive me back to Langport, so accordingly I bade farewell to Moredon, and set out with him who now lives in the home of my childhood. Dreams again. He had a pleasant drive through the low lands by the sluggish river and willows. He talks



pleasantly and sensibly too of what ought to be a man's views in life; if he felt it he has no designs on Mrs. Gould or her purse. He dropped me at Hurd's Hill where I was to dine. Dressed *au plus vite* for dinner, and was introduced to Mr. Walter Bagehot, the only son, and a genius. I never saw such eyes in my life. Large, wild, fiery, black, clever, and quite strange enough to make anyone fear his mother's unhappy malady in him. He himself very strange also, but as amusing and original as possible. I passed a delightful evening. Dear Mrs. Bagehot quite herself, and seeming so happy in her son and husband, both so nice. It was a pleasant circle, and we laughed and talked till eleven o'clock most agreeably; I wished it longer. Dear Mrs. Bagehot gave me £5 for Bessie and me from herself and Mr. Bagehot. They were so very kind, and the Miss Watsons too, so agreeable. I wish they were not Unitarians. No wonder Mrs. Bagehot is anxious. Yet she says her husband can quote, chapter and verse, any part of the Bible you can name. When I got home it was late, and all but John were gone to bed. He and I had a little talk. He, too, in his way is a character. Straightforward, honest, radical, truly English, and, though a young man, a remnant of the old school.

*Aug. 7.*—My last day at Langport. Went in the morning with John Prankerd to see the old house on the hill. Mr. Hill was at home, and very polite. Fortunately for my self-possession all was so changed but the view that I could scarcely recognise it. The two houses and two gardens thrown into one. All improved and enlarged, only one or two of our old bedrooms the same. The one where my dear father died, and the room where Bessie and I slept as children. Both were lumber-rooms, and except for the back window looking out on that beautiful view of plains, river, and distant hill, there was small trace of the past. In the front room a plate-glass window usurped the place of the old panes. The "best bedroom" of yore was raised and turned into a sitting-room, our little parlours into offices into which I did not enter, and so on. The dear old apple-trees I used to climb and claim all cut down. The bower and trim walk turned into lawn fifty times as pretty, still wanting the association of twenty years ago. The orchard garden stretching down to the canal, amongst the willows of which I used to sit, turned into grand kitchen gardens of Mrs. Stuckey's. All the old landmarks destroyed. In spite of years, absence, and the world, all my childhood comes back upon me, and I question whether this Somersetshire visit has had the most pleasure or pain. At all events, it has been one of great excitement. From our old home, having bid adieu to Mr. Hill, we crossed over and wished Louisa and Mary good-bye. The latter gave me a mat, and we all hoped to meet again. It was pouring

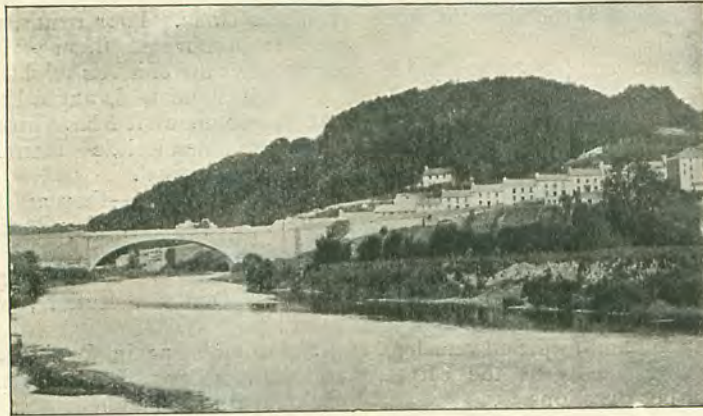
rain, but I went on to Miss Warren's, Bond's, Murley's, Paul's, etc., and bade the farewells that were again as painful as the meetings had been exciting. Dear Mrs. Munckton, Mr. Murley, and Mr. Paul, came to a farewell dinner, and Mrs. Murley in the evening. John got out some of his best wine, and so we wound up all together. Mrs. Prankerd most affectionate and kind, and everyone the same. I feel that I have been too much excited all through this visit. Mr. Murley was very anxious for me to have spent some time with them. May God bless and preserve all these my old friends, and may we be reunited in His kingdom above.

*Aug. 8.*—Up early to pack. I forgot to write yesterday that dear Rhoda came up for a few hours to bring her mother-in-law, and to say good-bye. For the first time this morning George Suer came just before I was to start. Such a wreck! He kissed me and said he was too ill to come before. All the effects of drink. I bade good-bye to dear Mrs. Prankerd and the children. George Suer went with me to the station. *En route* looked in upon Mrs. Paul, and ran up to Hurd's Hill to have a last kiss from Mrs. Bagehot. On the platform Mr. E. Bagehot came to wish me good-bye. Then Mr. Murley and John Prankerd came rushing down. We waited some time, and poor George Suer amused himself and us by counting up the years ago when they were all in love with Bessie. I got into the train, and as it set off one after another of them stood along the platform as I held out my hand and gave me a last shake. I see their figures now. Kind warm hearts they all have. May God bless them. I had Mr. Souch part of the way, whom I did not know before, and after he got out I was happy in completing my journey through those dear Somersetshire levels alone. It was very sad, but my mind was in such a whirl that I scarcely knew how to separate reality from imagination. All seemed such a dream! But I thank God for having been permitted once more to revisit my native place. An uneventful journey brought me to London about five. Bessie was resolved I should come to London, and thanks to the kind exertions of good Dr. Prothero my holidays were extended one week, Ellen Lewis being with mamma. Awaiting me in dear old Bury Street were my darlings, Bessie and Anne Watson. I have nothing but relays of friends. Friends everywhere. They were well, as is Mrs. Dixon. Bessie looking so much better, I should scarcely have believed it possible. We wore the hours away by talking over Somersetshire.

*Aug. 9.*—Bessie and Anne to church in the morning. I not till the afternoon. We had a quiet Sunday. Dearest Bessie has been to North Cray for some days. Also to see Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor. She has not been long in London. Her anxiety is still my health.







LLANDILO.

## ANNE BEALE'S LOVE-STORY.

EXTRACTS FROM HER PRIVATE DIARY, 1848-52.

EDITED BY CHARLES PETERS.

THE author of this touching love-story was well known as a writer of stories for girls, but nothing that she ever wrote approached in beauty and interest the real love-story of her life which is here given. Anne Beale and her Rector are both dead now, and so are their contemporaries, so that there need be no hesitation in printing such private experiences which were left indeed in diary form to the Editor for him to use as he would.

After a good and full life, Anne Beale passed away at the age of eighty-four on Easter Tuesday, 1900, greatly beloved by readers of her works and by personal friends. Wherever she lived or visited, she became the object of affection on the part of all classes of society, and was known especially to the very poor, who loved her for much material and spiritual help.

These extracts refer to early years in her life, when she was about thirty-two years of age, and were written partly in London, though chiefly in Wales.

*Oct. 21, 1848.*—Mr. Pugh dined with us, and I was really quite charmed to see him again. We were very friendly all round, and he told us a great deal of his travels. He is studying German and Italian hard, and each of us read aloud extracts in both languages. He said that my German accent was quite wonderful for a self-taught person. He promised to come again and give me a lesson, and I in return was to give him one in Italian. His health, he said, was decidedly better, and he thought that he should pay another visit to Germany next year. He told us that the two Italian sisters who had waited on him actually shed tears when he left, though he could scarcely speak a word of their language, and had little in his power to be of service to them. Our leg of mutton and ground-rice pudding went off very well, and it was quite cheering to have Mr. Pugh with us again so much better in health.

*Feb. 11, 1849.*—A note from Mr. Pugh full of kind feeling and anxious wishes for my health. He hopes I will not overwork myself, mind and body; he says he has found the difficulty of struggling after knowledge, and now that his health has been taken from him, he hopes to seek more earnestly after that "better knowledge" which may not pass away with life.

*March 30, 1850.*—Mr. Pugh preached us a very good sermon on Easter Sunday, but he ended, much to the general sorrow, with an address to all, concerning the amusements arranged for the morrow. Mr. Addison has been trying to get up a coracle race, a pony and donkey race, and a few other diversions for the holiday on Easter Monday; and the people have taken heartily to the idea; but Mr. Pugh is sadly vexed. Mr. Addison sat opposite

him when he preached, and truly the reproof was directed not only at but to him. Mr. Pugh said he felt bound to clear his own conscience by warning those who seconded such amusements, and by expressing his regret that they should thus be brought for the first time into the town; he added that he was quite certain that those who joined in the amusements would one day repent of it. Everyone thought it a pity that he should have said this, as he did no good and got himself laughed at. Assuredly, also, there is no harm in the "races," such as they are. Doubtless he was right as regarded himself, but he erred in judgment, I feel sure. The Methodists have also denounced the festivities, and this occasioned some to say there was "to be a race between Mr. Pugh, the clerk, and the Methodist preacher." Victoire was coming in for the day, but will not do so now as she would not like to fly in the face of Mr. Pugh, nor should I, though I see no harm in the good folks amusing themselves.

*April 1.*—I took a holiday, and a wet one it assuredly was. The clouds had more effect than our good vicar's sermon. Mamma and I went to church in the morning. Afterwards Louisa and Bella got hold of me, and we joined Ellen Lewis and went to Mr. Rees's garden, where, when the sky cleared, we saw the coracle race very plainly. It was really a pretty sight, four of those ancient relics of the Britons, yclept coracles, scudding along the water, with their one rower, as lightly as birds. One rower had an upset, but only got a wetting for his pains. The winner was our old friend James, with whose wife we used to lodge. When the race was over, we all came back here, and from our windows saw the ponies running and the donkeys "what wouldn't go." Whilst we were shouting with delight, in walked Mr. Pugh. He wanted to know whether I had holidays when we might read German. Alas! I have none. He seemed nervous.

*July 31, 1851.* (London).—Mr. Pugh came to London early in the morning. Mrs. Dixon recommended him to a lodging next door, and he had all his traps sent there. He looks much better and is in capital spirits.

*August 1.*—Mr. Pugh came after breakfast and took me to the British Institution. He seemed to enjoy it very much, and, without knowing very much about painting, made some good remarks upon the pictures, which are very beautiful. He was obliged to go to Downing Street to Dr. Tait,\* and therefore left me. Found Bessie and Mr. Pugh both grumbling, the latter very nervous and poorly. We cheered him and made him get merry.

\* The Archbishop—then Dean of Carlisle.



## Anne Beale's Love-Story.

August 12.—Found Bessie alone. Mr. Pugh went to dine with the Dean of Carlisle. Came in after his return.

August 14.—Had much fun at breakfast. Mr. Pugh declared his intention of going to Dr. Tait for the day. Bessie said he ought to devote himself to us and take us to Greenwich to eat whitebait. He went off and soon returned, having made his excuses to the Dean, who was very jocular about "the ladies" whom he was going to escort; who would by no means detain him; and said he no longer wondered at his bearing the delay in town so patiently. Bessie said her whitebait fancy was merely fun, and other amusements were proposed. At last we set out with the intention of going to Greenwich merely for a row. The sun was very hot and Mr. Pugh fidgety. We went to Graves's, where he bought a nice engraving of his friend the Dean. Then we came to the Academy, and he and I went to see the pictures, whilst Bessie returned to her other engagements. We stayed some time. On our way back Mr. Pugh astonished me by a nearer picture of his mind than I had ever seen before. His nervous nature makes him fancy that everybody dislikes him, and he imagines himself to be a bore to everyone until he meets with such men as Dr. Tait and others who seem to think well of him. Much more, he said—all I should fancy arising from an over susceptible temperament naturally ambitious, easily daunted and worked upon by illness. We had settled to go to the Surrey Gardens, but Mr. Pugh had conscientious scruples, and after much discussion and the symptom of a quarrel I gave in and we changed our mind. Bessie had a stall for the opera and was subjected to a lecture from Mr. Pugh for going to such an entertainment, which he repented of when she had left us and when I told him that the opera was to her as good as a guinea singing lesson. He said it was very difficult to decide what was right or wrong in such a case, but he thought the accessories of the opera ought to be discouraged. Going down Pall Mall and doing our best to talk German, he looked out in the dictionary for "spectacles." He found "*Schauspiel*," and began "*Eine paar Schauspiele*." I said, "That is 'theatre' or 'play,'" and we literally shouted at the absurdity of the mistake. We had an early tea, and after it a dispute about the Surrey Gardens, which we had decided upon going to. Mr. Pugh changed his mind, and fancied that they were not the sort of place a clergyman should go to. I argued the point and finally settled it by proposing "The route to California." We went at eight and were very much pleased. After we returned we had supper, and then he went to bed. I sat up in a fidget expecting Bessie. She came at last and Richard Lewis, whom she had met at the opera, with her. She had been very fussy about the opera and had wished herself at home, feeling so awkward in the stalls by herself. But when Richard went to her they enjoyed the music together.

August 15.—Mr. Pugh and I went to church at eight o'clock for the last time together. We have been nearly every day during the week, and I very much like the eight o'clock service. We had a merry breakfast together, and at eleven Anne Watson came. We all dined at two, and regretted Mr. Pugh's leaving. Anne declared she should not have known him as the grave Vicar of Llandilo—he was so altered and merry. Mr. Keightley and Louisa Parke came just as Mr. Pugh was going away. We went to the drawing-room to wish him good-bye and *bon voyage*, and most sincerely do I hope that he may return from Germany better and stronger. He is an excellent man and one truly who "serves with all his heart." Mr. Charles Jessop and his sisters called. Mr. Keightley brought me *I Promessi Sposi*, *Eusebio* in Spanish, and an accented *Ariosto*, *La Nouvelle Héloïse* besides as loans. He told me a great deal about Italian and Spanish



ANNE BEALE.





*pronunciation.* We had a quiet evening with dear Anne Watson.

*August 16.*—Received the Sacrament at eight o'clock, and liked the hour very much. All was so calm and quiet.

*Sept. 3* (Llandilo).—I hear that Mr. Pugh is to return this week, and that he is not so well. The German waters do not agree with him.

*Sept. 4.*—Mr. Pugh returned this evening. He looks very ill; they say he has caught a violent cold in the chest. That God may preserve him is my prayer. If his illness ends in chest complaint, I fear it is hopeless.

*Sept. 5.*—Mamma went with me to church. She is wonderfully better. I saw Mrs. Pugh, who seemed so glad to see me; she said her son was not so well, but, she hoped, not much worse.

*Sept. 21.*—Mr. David Pugh greeted me so warmly to-day after church and seemed so glad that we had seen so much of his brother in London that I was quite pleased. His brother looks wretchedly ill, and it makes me quite unhappy to think of him. I wish I had not seen so much of him in London, as I like him so very much better since than I did before.

*Sept. 29.*—Mr. Pugh called on mamma, who says he looks very ill and still complains of his cough.

*Oct. 9.*—I had a letter from Mr. Pugh. It was very nice, and I took it as a good omen. He says if he gave B. T. advice at all, it would be not to enter the Church with his views and after his wildness. I think Mr. P. seems better. God grant he may be so; but he looks very ill.

*Oct. 11.*—I thought Mr. Pugh looking wretchedly ill in church to-day. I am sure he ought not to give up wine, and am determined to write to him about it. I am sure he is as low as he can be.

*Oct. 15.*—Mamma dined at Mrs. Rees's, and I went in the evening, and we played chess and ate turkey and apple tart and custard. Mr. Rees had met Mr. Pugh and evidently does not think that he will recover. May God grant that he will! I could resist writing no longer and accordingly wrote him a kind of doctor's note. He has no idea how to attend to his own case, or to diet himself or anything.

*Oct. 19.*—Went to church and heard Mr. Morgan preach a charity sermon on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Could not help looking at and thinking of poor Mr. Pugh, who looks so very ill and for whom I feel a most warm interest. Prayed for him, but as usual wandered very much. Found a letter from Bessie, in which she advises me not to write to Mr. Pugh. I knew her motive—worldly, but I daresay good. Still if I could do him any service I hope I should not be kept by mere formality from writing, though at the moment I repented having sent my last letter about his health. Mr. Thomas came and said that Mr. Pugh was going to give up duty and keep another curate. He is low, I am sure. I wish I could see him.

*Oct. 23.*—An excellent and comforting sermon from Mr. Cheese. Mr. Pugh not at church, but his mother there. Heard that he had had a very bad pain in his side yesterday. But the servant told me that he was much as usual to-day, only afraid of the cold and frost.

*Oct. 24.*—I cannot help asking people about Mr. Pugh, though the answers always make me unhappy. The Lodge children said he had not been at the school since his return. Betsey says that everybody thought him in a bad way; yet, somehow, lately, I have believed that he will recover. God in His mercy grant it!

*Oct. 26.*—Mamma and I went to church. Mr. Evans gave us a plain good sermon upon faith. God grant me a more abiding faith. I thought Mr. Pugh looking better and more cheerful. I pray daily for him and hope he may be spared to us. With God all things are possible. A note from Mr. Pugh. Not at all favourable. Cough worse, weaker, appetite bad. I wish he were anywhere out of this wretched climate. It seems like sacrificing himself. But God can save him even here if He chooses.

*Oct. 27.*—This is a hard and bitter frost. I called on

Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood walked home with me. A kind letter from Mrs. Gardner and Dadd. She is going to tell everyone that I am wanting a situation, and says that I am not to despair. But my thoughts are not for myself; poor Mr. Pugh is uppermost in them. Thomas came. She had seen him this morning in the carriage. Dr. Prothero had told him to go out. He looked like death, and everybody thinks he is failing fast. I wish I could feel less, as it quite upsets me; or I wish I had not seen him of late. I can think of nothing else; could not even write this evening, and made mamma quite wretched. This frost will kill him. May God for Christ's sake have mercy on him, and restore him to his poor mother and his friends!

*Oct. 28.*—More bad accounts of Mr. Pugh. I cannot really bear them; I never felt so much about anyone in my life; and not to be able to be of the least service, and he sitting all day alone in his study because he is too weak to talk and his mother cannot read to him! If he would only go to Torquay away from this dreadful climate.

*Oct. 29.*—Mr. Thomas came in full of the success of his horse, Marengo, at the Cambridge races; talking loud and big and long till one could not bear it, and then suddenly breaking out into lamentations over Mr. Pugh's precarious state. He says nobody thinks he can get better, and the doctors have all given him up. I really cannot bear these things, and I am sure they will make me ill if I stay here and hear them. I wish I was a hundred miles off! Clare remarked to-day how ill I looked. So does everybody, and it is literally nothing but fretting. I'm sure if it were my own brother I could not care more. May God spare him to his poor infirm widowed mother.

*Oct. 30.*—Went to church. Met Mr. Hughes's servant. His master very weak. An excellent and comforting sermon from Mr. Cheese, which did me good. We were quite cast down by receiving no letter, as usual, from Bessie. But at 2.30 one came—the mail was late. Went to Llandefaisant; met Mr. Evans. He full of Mr. Pugh and its being now too late, he feared, to go to Torquay. Dr. Prothero recommends it. I wish he would go. R. Lewis came in the evening. Still Mr. Pugh and his fears "that he is not long for this world." If people knew how they harrowed my feelings they would not say such things. Morning, noon and night he haunts me, and yet nobody is more ready than he to depart and be with Christ. Oh, my God! give me more strength of mind and faith!

*Oct. 31.*—When I came home, was charmed to find a most satisfactory and kind letter from Mr. Pugh. He says he has acted upon my and Mr. Hughes's advice about diet; attends to it, eats frequently, and is better and stronger for it. May God grant him restoration to health and make me of further use in advising him for his good.

*Nov. 1.*—Hard frost still. Mr. Popkin had been to see Mr. Pugh. He had no idea of finding him so ill. Oh, that I could do anything for him! What with one thing and another, I am afraid I am getting ill myself, as everybody says how ill I look. I must be more trustful and leave my friends' as well as my own affairs in the hands of God. Mamma, too, is very poorly. Both last night and this morning I prayed very earnestly for strength of mind and resignation. I never spent four more wretched days than the last. But to-day, I humbly thank God, I have been quite myself, hopeful and trusting. Everything seems to look brighter. The first good thought was that dear Mr. Pugh might still recover; the second, a resolution to write and do everything I could about a situation and to leave the rest to the Almighty. The first thing the girls told me was that their papa had been to see Mr. Pugh yesterday and did not think so badly of him as the rest of the world. There was comfort in this. To-morrow is the Holy Sacrament. May God accept my free-will offering of myself without the necessary preparation which I have been unable to make.

*Nov. 2.*—My dearest mother and I went to church and received the Holy Sacrament, I trust to "our great and endless comfort." Mr. Pugh administered the wine, but his voice was so weak and his cough evidently so painful, that I do not think it was right of him. Mrs. Pugh said he



was very little better, and seemed very low about him. God grant him restoration to health is my earnest prayer.

*Nov. 3.*—A note from Mr. Pugh, most kind and beautiful, but so evidently written under the thought of his approaching end, that it upset me. Then came Maria Thomas, and said Dr. Prothero had told them this morning that he did not think Mr. Pugh would be long amongst us. Then good Mr. Evans, who had seen him yesterday, said that he was a shade better, but that he feared he was going; that his state of mind was beautiful; that all he prayed for was, if he lived, to do more for Christ. Poor Mrs. Pugh cried bitterly to Mr. Evans. God grant her resignation.

*Nov. 4.*—Heard rather better account of Mr. Pugh. Wrote to Mrs. Pugh and enclosed her some good recipes for strengthening food.

*Nov. 5.*—Received a message from Mr. Pugh to inquire after mamma's health. He says he is much the same.

*Nov. 7.*—Have heard often from Mrs. Pugh lately. No better news. Alas! my heart begins to fail me, and I, like the rest, should give up all hope were I not quite sure that the Almighty can raise him up even now if it pleases Him. Mrs. D. Thomas, who really loves and appreciates him, was here. She says that he has been, as it were, sacrificed; that he has often rushed about from place to place in his parish for hours and hours without food till he was exhausted, and then had tea instead of dinner, and so on, utterly careless of his health, and forgetful of the support for his tall thin body; seldom or ever touching wine or anything strengthening. He has begun to be careful too late.

*Dec. 8.*—Dr. Prothero says Mr. Pugh cannot recover, and that it is too late for him to go to a milder climate. And yet I have more hope than ever I had! How odd it seems. He also said that Mr. Prothero was very ill.

*Dec. 16.*—The only news of any kind to-day is good news, thank God! Mrs. Pugh sent this evening to say that Mr. Pugh is decidedly better. I pray that his improvement may continue, and that it may not be the mere treacherous sunbeam of the April day of consumption.

*Feb. 20, 1852.*—Mr. Pugh sent a guinea for the deaf and dumb, and Mrs. Pugh 5s. He is much the same, but had had a better night.

*March 13.*—Determined at last to go and see Mr. and Mrs. Pugh. The idea made me quite nervous, for I had never visited them before. Started at 12 and arrived before 1. Distance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Such a beautiful walk. Primroses covering the hedgrows, and such a bright sun, and such a bitter east wind—it has been blowing for a fortnight. I was shown into the dining-room, an old-fashioned room with old-fashioned furniture, looking out upon a lawn. A very pretty house with beautiful peeps of trees and hills from the windows. It was so quiet, that it was almost a relief to hear a bell ring. I felt quite excited. Mrs. Pugh seemed very glad to see me, and said Mr. Pugh would be the same. We talked a little, and then she asked me

to go upstairs. He was in his study reading, on a long sofa chair. He looks very pale and thin, but not so much changed as I expected. He was very glad to see me. We could not talk much at first, but afterwards the conversation flowed fast enough. Mrs. Pugh left us together for, I should think, nearly an hour. He did not cough at all, and has no hectic colour or increased brightness of eye, but the old, kind, mild expression. His perspiration seems the worst symptom, but Dr. Prothero said that the disease was not increasing at present in spite of the terrible winds. He keeps in study and bed-room, which are close together. I had some primroses, the first he had seen. I think he was affected by them. I know I was when he showed me the blue spectacles (*Schauspiele*) about which we had so many jokes in London. I was once or twice nearly giving way. I made him laugh by commenting on his room, and all the nooks and corners in which his things were stored. He said he would not wish to have been without this illness. He had had time to think of eternity and of the great work of salvation, and said he never found his time pass heavily, that on the contrary the days were not long enough for him. He does not suffer much pain as a rule—only occasionally. Dr. Prothero said this morning that the disease was not worse, judging from the expectoration. He looks forward with hope to going out when this trying month is over. He is perfectly prepared for whatever may happen. It is evident that he is in imminent danger, still there seems to be a prospect, if not of recovery, at least of amendment. God can do it if He will. I am so glad I went. Mr. Pugh asked me if I was not very tired, and his mother begged to send me home in the carriage, but I refused. She showed me the pictures hung up in his room; one of his friend, Mr. Girdlestone, another of the Queen and Prince Albert, a friend's church, and so on. He seems to have a very kind servant to wait on him, and every possible comfort. After I left him, promising to come again, Mrs. Pugh and I had a long conversation and luncheon. She seemed hopeful about him. Then Mr. Pugh (David) came in. He is down as chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He is very anxious about his brother, as well he may be. I had already paid a very long visit, so soon took my leave. Mr. Pugh and his beautiful Newfoundland dog walked with me a long way. The dog and I at once made friends. Mr. P. seemed so glad to find I did not think his brother looking so ill as I had expected. We talked of him and of many other things. When we parted the dog would follow me, and follow me he did to Llandilo, in spite of the efforts of the market women to take him home. He remained till the evening, and then the coachman called for him, much amused at his following me instead of his master. What a "trembling, hoping, lingering" thing is this hovering between life and death! Oh, may God mercifully restore him.

(To be continued.)







TULIP-TREE BUD.

half and then bent double, and a pair of large pale green bracts enclose the leaf.

If we take away the bracts and the outer leaf we find

\* It may be well to explain that the beautifully-striped rose-coloured wood so highly prized by cabinet-makers for inlaying purposes, and which is known as tulip-wood, is the product of a Brazilian tree, *Physcalymma floribunda*.

deep orange. The tree is a native of North America and may be met with from Canada to Florida. In our climate it seldom ripens its seed, although it produces cone-shaped fruits which remain upon the tree until late in the autumn.\*

The North American Indians find its light firm timber suitable for making their canoes, but in England its chief use is for carriage panels; it has a fine grain, on the polished surface of which designs can be accurately painted. It is therefore in much request for the heraldic decoration of vehicles.

The buds of the tulip-tree are always the latest in my garden to unfold, and their arrangement is singularly protective. Each leaf is folded in

another smaller leaf folded and sheltered in the same way, and beneath that another leaf, and so the bud contains the entire leafage of the twig. This curious arrangement is shown in the drawing, where one leaf is represented as fully expanded, one still folded in half and some only just emerging from their protecting bracts. As each spring returns I love to watch this unfolding of the tulip-tree buds, so delicately fresh and tender are the young leaves, while the whole arrangement shows creative wisdom and design for the protection of the fragile leaves in their early stage.

When summer begins to wane, the tulip-tree is the first to show yellow tints as a sign of its coming glory. A few early frosts cause the leaves to deepen rapidly in colour until the huge tree is a blaze of golden yellow, and when the sun shines upon it, the whole garden seems to be illuminated. I have a large painting of the tulip-tree in its autumnal beauty, which, standing upon an easel in a dark corner of the drawing-room, has a similar effect of lighting it up as with rays of sunshine.

I always regret the short time in which we can enjoy this glowing foliage; the first high wind or severe frost loosens the leaves and gradually a rich golden carpet is spread beneath the tree. I do not allow this to be cleared away until we have watched the various changes of colour from chrome yellow to red brown. Finally the leafy *débris* is removed, and the space beneath the tree becomes the feeding ground for innumerable birds throughout the winter. On a frosty day in December hundreds of rooks may be seen greedily enjoying the wheat and barley which I have had strewn there for their benefit.

Stately pheasants take their share of the good things and a busy squabbling crew of smaller birds flit to and fro and satisfy their needs. So the grand old tree becomes a rallying-place for all my feathered friends, and, being in full view of our windows, affords us many a pleasant glimpse of nature.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

## ANNE BEALE'S LOVE-STORY.

EXTRACTS FROM HER PRIVATE DIARY, 1848-52.

EDITED BY CHARLES PETERS.

*March 14, 1852.*—Saw Mr. D. Pugh after church; he said his brother was just the same—no worse, and asked about the dog. This has been a quieter and better Sunday. I am always better for seeing dear Mr. Pugh and feel more inclined to holy things. He was the first to make me clearly see and apprehend the blessings of redemption. For some years I have not valued him as I ought, and now that he is likely to be removed I could sacrifice almost anything to keep him here or do anything in the world for him.

*March 15.*—Little Protheros very good and did very good lessons. Walked to Dynevor to beg a bunch of violets for Mr. Pugh. Saw the housekeeper and the dearest little tame bullfinch.

*March 23.*—Dr. P. told me this morning that there was no hope for Mr. Pugh. I wish I could feel less the probability of his being taken from us. The weather has suddenly changed to the warmest and balmiest of spring days, after five weeks of east winds. I trust it will do him and all invalids good and give him renewed strength.

*April 9 (Good Friday).*—At church, thank God! Mr. Pugh worse, alas! Mr. Cheese said he feared that this new attack will hasten his end. Everybody has now quite given him up. May God have mercy on his poor mother and all who love him, and grant them resignation. Llandilo will never look upon his like again. And yet I can scarcely believe that he will be taken. My thoughts have been wandering everywhere all day. Surely I am tempted always by wandering thoughts. I took a lonely walk by

the river, which did me good. The water was so pleasant and all so peaceful and calm.

*April 11 (Easter Sunday).*—Awoke with a bad cough and cold, but got up in time for church. Mamma accompanied me. Neither of us well. Never spent so melancholy an Easter Day. Dear Mr. Pugh was prayed for for the first time. His mother and brother were there, and I could have "wept rivers of tears" with them. It was almost too much—particularly when Mr. Cheese in his fine Easter sermon alluded to the death of the Good Man and described it so painfully, minutely, as to bring Mr. Pugh irresistibly to the mind. True it was in connection with the glorious resurrection, but too harrowing for near friends. The Sacrament was comforting. Mr. D. Pugh said his brother was much weaker and looked so hopeless that it was wretched to see him. A letter from Bessie. She has had influenza at Asherton, and must give up engagements. They want her to return to Wighill to nurse, which will be much better for her than straining her voice. Dear Anne Watson sent us a pound, nominally as a loan. It was truly a Godsend, for we divided our last shilling at the Sacrament; the first time we ever gave so little as sixpence each. We sent poor Miss Jones a dinner of fowls, which we were glad to hear she had been wishing for. I was regularly ill. Downright influenza. After a dismal evening, at nine o'clock the church bell suddenly began to toll, evidently for a death. As the bells here never toll but for the rich, except at the funerals, the thought of Mr. Pugh at once occurred to us and shot like an arrow through



both mamma and me. We felt almost certain that he was no more. My first feeling was one of intense weakness, almost of giddiness; my next that if he was released, it would be sinful to grieve over one who was sure to be happy. Then I felt that I was ill and might keep my bed. Mary came home and mamma could scarcely ask the dreaded question; but the answer was "Lord Dynevor." It seemed like a convict's sudden reprieve, and we both cried for joy. For there could be no sorrow for Lord Dynevor, who was nearly ninety and had been deprived of all his faculties. But for Mr. Pugh it must also come, and God grant us grace to bear it with resignation.

*April 13.*—A letter from Miss Mitford, beginning, "My dear Miss Beale," instead of the "Madam" of the previous one. She says she is so crippled with rheumatism that she has to be lifted step by step upstairs, and yet she writes with all the freshness of a girl. Her correspondence, she says, is so large as to be past description. I met the Greenhill coachman. Mr. Pugh quite confined to his bed. The man seems to have no hope and says Mrs. Pugh begins to give him up. Why does every word spoken of his probable departure to a better world shoot like an arrow through my heart?

*April 15.*—The first thing this morning I heard that Mr. Pugh was better, and again this afternoon from the coachman that he is better—but his breath so short, and this evening Mrs. Wood told us that Mr. Evans said he would not last many days. May God help!

*April 17.*—Mr. Evans came in; said Mr. Pugh was not so well, but so calm and happy. He spoke as if he was merely going to another country—so cheerfully and peacefully. And so he is. Death is but the passage over a troubled ocean to another land.

*April 18.*—This day (the Sabbath) is memorable for one of God's especial mercies. We were just sitting down to dinner when the letters arrived. I opened Bessie's—she not very well—then I opened one from Marianna Cooke, which I thought merely forwarded one of Bessie's. It began by saying that she had been requested by a friend to enclose mamma a note of the Bank of England for £20. We were struck dumb. Tears of thankfulness prevented our even going on with the letter. Mamma laughed and cried by turns. At last we read on, and Marianna said the gentleman wished to remain unknown and had requested secrecy both to us and Bessie, to whom she had written about it, knowing what a relief it would be to her mind. May God give us thankful hearts. This is another proof of the sin of despondency. With a Father in Heaven Who is as merciful as powerful, and promises to give us enough for our daily wants, we yet for ever despair. Not that I have

done so lately, I thank God. I have felt that we should be guided aright and provided for. Would that I could devote my energies more entirely to God and heavenly things.

*June 6.*—I forgot myself again to-day in defending myself against mamma, who thought I should not have excited myself about Mr. Pugh. She, too, who never thinks of consequences and reckons costs in sticking up for a friend! However, our dispute ended amicably.

*June 21.*—A great fair. To our great joy Lewis came from Peterwell. All well there. He insists on my returning with him next Thursday, and so it was speedily settled. Mamma is to follow next week as she could not bear a dog-cart. Mr. Evans said he would write to me about Mr. Pugh regularly. He is my drawback from leaving home, though I shall perhaps be happier far away as I can do him no good here.

*July 15.*—All is over! My beloved friend and pastor is gone from this world. On returning from our walk this evening I found a note from Mr. Evans containing the melancholy intelligence. He died yesterday morning, the 14th, at nine o'clock. His last words to Mr. Evans the day before (Tuesday) were: "Jesus is all in all; He is altogether lovely; the chiefest among ten thousand." He is in heaven if the Bible is true; if not, as St. Paul says, he was "of all men the most miserable," since he spent his life in teaching its doctrines and following its commands. Strange that on my way home from our walk I should have felt sure that I should find a letter containing the painful news. It was a presentiment. We all wept for him, and Victorine, who loved and esteemed him, wept with me, and lamented him as he deserved. So did mamma. Oh! how can I be sufficiently thankful that I am here. It would have killed me to be at Llandilo all this sad, sad week. I see the hand of Providence in my coming here. I quite prayed to be removed from this last heavy trial. He was the friend of all others in the world that I esteemed the most entirely and whom I really loved as a brother. He is "gone before," and may I so follow the sweet savour of a holy life that he has left behind him as to rejoice him in the mansions of eternal glory. Christ was "his all in all." May He be mine, and may this short life be so passed by me as to lead me to heaven, when those dear friends from whom we are parted in the flesh will be with us for ever. "And what is life that we should mourn—why make we this ado?" Truly, our dear Mr. Pugh is now experiencing the happiness of a better world. I will not weep more for him but for his unhappy mother and brother, who are left behind him. May God Almighty support them and grant me resignation.

(To be concluded.)

## VARIETIES.

### SHE FOLLOWED THE DIRECTIONS.

A magazine writer recently told the following story:—"I was tuk that bad last night," said an old Irish-woman to the Lady Bountiful of her parish, "that I thought the life 'ud lave me."

After due inquiry into her symptoms, she was given a packet of arrowroot with minute directions how to prepare it.

As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," Biddy said, she did.

"Then make it just like that," said the friend, "and add a little sugar."

Biddy departed, to return next day with the information that "she was like to die afther atin' what Miss Norah gave her, and with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down, it wint so aginst her."

She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.

### A GARDEN PARTY.

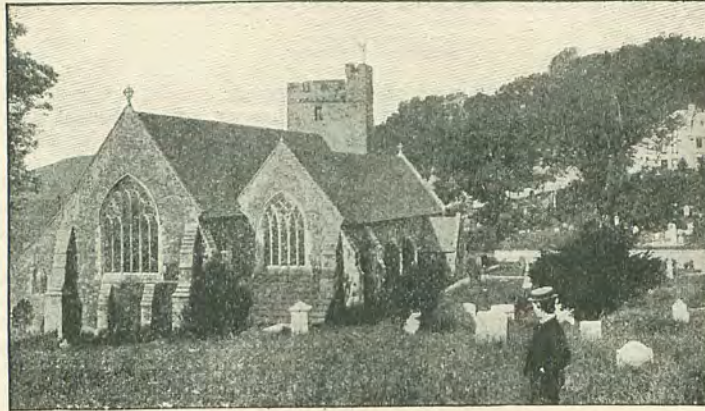
"It is to be merely a little garden party," explained the prospective hostess. "We dine *al fresco*, of course."

"I have heard of the gentleman," replied Mrs. Gaswell with well-bred indifference, "but I think I never met him."

COMING CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.—Birds and beasts are all more or less sensitive to coming changes in the weather, and by observation of their movements, sure warning of change may be obtained. Among other instances it is observed that sea-birds, as stormy weather comes on, fly inland in search of food; wild fowl leave the marshy grounds for higher localities; swallows and rooks fly low before and during bad weather; frogs are unusually noisy before rain; and sheep huddle together near bushes and trees.

BEAUTY IS POWERFUL.—"Beauty," says Steele, "has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began; the philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly that almost every one of them has left some saying or other which intimated that he knew too well the power of it."





LLANDILO CHURCH.

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EXTRACTS FROM HER PRIVATE DIARY, 1848-52.

EDITED BY CHARLES PETERS.

*July 20, 1852.*—Several days have passed since I wrote and though all has gone on—on the surface—the same as ever, there has seemed to me every moment a void. I cannot realise that my dear and valued friend is really no longer in this world. Whenever I am inclined to laugh or to feel as usual, a vision of him comes across me lying still and cold, and his heavenly smile and kind words haunt me continually, although I do not grieve for him as I should for anyone else, knowing as I do that he is happy. It seems unfeeling to live on pleasantly here when there is so much affliction for him at home. The election was divested of its noise and gaieties out of respect to his memory, and everybody laments his loss. So gentle and good, yet taken from this world as all those who are purest and best always are, and in mercy because they are not congenial with the gross worldly spirits around them. Mr. Rees has come to fetch his wife and they will return home to-day. I am grateful to be here still and spared the miseries of to-morrow. To feel that funeral procession so near would have been dreadful.

*July 21.*—This has been one of the most wretched days I ever spent. In the first place we were all upset this morning by the departure of Esther, the nurse. She has been six years with Victoire, and has nursed the three youngest children. She neither ate, drank, nor slept for grief, and when the leave-taking came, it was most trying. Charlie went to wish her good-bye and came back crying bitterly, and that set off Arthur, who began to sob. Then Helen began, and I could not help shedding tears for sympathy. She went to Carmarthen with brother Tom, and when they were gone I went in search of Victoire, and found her on her bed in a perfect agony of hysterical weeping. It was a full hour before mamma and I could quiet her. She could not bear to look at baby in his crib, who was so fond of Esther. Then Alick declared he would be quite good if Esther would come back. I never saw more heartfelt sorrow. After this was over came all the sad feelings of Mr. Pugh's funeral. I saw it all in imagination, and truly suffered all the pangs of friendship and the sorrows of the final parting. Still, how thankful I am to be here. When I knew that all must be over I was more reconciled. How strange that seems! At that distance and yet to have the whole scene vividly before the eyes, and only to be resigned when the honoured remains were committed to the parent earth. I have never felt the loss of any friend so much since I lost my own dear father in my childhood. I pray so to "follow the example of their most holy lives" as

to meet them again in a better world, where they most assuredly are.

*July 23.*—The *Welshman* contains a highly flattering review of my book, and in the same paper is the account of Mr. Pugh's funeral. So much for the contradictions of life. He who would have rejoiced the most truly at my success is no more, and his journey to his last resting-place is described in the very paper that marks a new phase in my existence.

*July 24.*—A nice note from Mr. Evans, giving me a melancholy account of dear Mr. Pugh's funeral. All the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood accompanied his remains to the grave, and showed the last respect to him who so well deserved their reverence.

*July 30.*—Mamma is so poorly that I am quite afraid she will not bear the journey. I went to the inn to see Mrs. Thomas, who managed to tell me most of the Llandilo news. Dear Mr. Pugh died most peacefully. He asked Dr. Prothero how long he would live. The answer was, "Perhaps a week." "Oh! Shall I be so long before I go to glory!" he exclaimed. He said to Mr. Griffiths, his former curate, on taking leave of him, "Preach Christ, only Christ—Christ until death."

*August 14.*—Walked over to Greenhill after dinner. All the way I could think of nothing but my first and last visit there. It was, I think, last March, and I gathered a bunch of primroses, which poor Mr. Pugh took. Now the honeysuckle covers the hedge, but I had not heart to pick it. When I got to Greenhill I scarcely knew how to command my feelings. I was some time in the drawing-room alone, fortunately. Then Mr. Pugh came in. He began hurriedly to talk of indifferent subjects, and I joined in as best I could. Soon an allusion to something that recalled his brother brought a flush to his cheek and tears to his eyes and mine. Mrs. Pugh came—very composed, but still very tottering. She had been out into the garden for the first time. They insisted on my staying to tea, and I went upstairs to take off my bonnet. Then Mrs. Pugh began about her son by saying how much he used to talk of me. She said he died very happily and without pain, and that during his long illness never had a murmur or a frown been heard or seen. He did not recognise them two hours before he died. She said she could not believe that she should never see him again. She did not realise his death. She found occupation the only thing. The moment she sat down to think all was over with her. We had tea and grew cheerful by degrees. Little allusions were continually made to the departed, but with less pain and



effort. When Mrs. Pugh left the room, Mr. David Pugh and I spoke of him. He evidently loved him very dearly and conjured up a hundred regrets that he should have gone to Homburg; in short, as we do, fancied that he might have lived had other measures been resorted to. I stayed till past eight, and they sent me home in the carriage. Mr. Pugh brought the big dog to see me, and he knew me at once. He said they would both have walked home with me had I walked, but his mother's plan was best. It was a painful yet a pleasing evening. I saw poor dear Mr. Pugh in imagination the whole time and almost felt as if he were present.

August 15.—I went to the Sunday-school. Since the marriage of Mrs. Griffiths and Mrs. Morgan, teachers have been sadly wanting. I took the first class, Mary Anne Popkin's Bible class, and a very good one, of big girls. It was a painful thing for me. When I first came into Wales, twelve years ago, I went from *Llwynhelig*, every Sunday, at Mr. Pugh's request. I have not been since mamma came into Wales, as I went to her on a Sunday instead. I saw Mr. Pugh coming up to speak to me, walking to church with me, and paying me every kind attention in his power. And now he is gone assuredly there is no one to replace him.

## A SCOTS THISTLE.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "Lisbeth," "Cynthia's Brother," etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.



MRS. BETHUNE never had a stranger visitor than the plain Scotch doctor who was ushered one afternoon into her drawing-room. Outwardly, she found him rough and careless in dress, brief and gruff in manner. He was a person on whom she would not have bestowed a

second glance in any house but her own, but he was Bethia's uncle—her husband's brother-in-law—she was bound to receive him. And perhaps because she desired to impress him—perhaps from motives more unmixedly vain, to let this odd, queer countryman see how great a great London lady could be—she kept him waiting till she had made a toilet. It was a new dress—worn for the second time—shining, after the momentary fashion, with beads of gold and silver. It was picturesque, with an Oriental effect, and it suited the languid grace of the wearer.

Dr. John saw that she was a beautiful woman—he did not deny her that grace—but it had not the subjugating effect on him she intended. He seemed to be looking beyond this exceedingly fair exterior for something that corresponded within, and she was suddenly uncomfortably conscious that he could not find it. He had the generosity to let her know, and she had the quickness to perceive from the very first minute that he was not there to be cajoled, beguiled or befooled, and she felt for him the respect of her sex for the man who will not be deceived.

"I have intruded on you to ask an explanation about my niece Bethia," he said in his plain, blunt way.

"Oh, poor Bethia! How is she? It was a terrible shock to hear of the accident. Those dreadful newspaper boys, you know, who shout out all the horrors under one's window, and Ball had the want of tact to bring me an *Evening News* just as I was dressing for dinner. She was crying all the time she was doing my hair. I couldn't eat a bit, I assure you, and by some

strange carelessness I had no telegram till quite late next day! It was such a relief to know she was well and safe, though I cannot but think she brought this trouble on herself by her shocking conduct in running away."

"She brought it on a good many others too, then," he said grimly. "Ten gave up their lives that night, and as many more were maimed and crippled. I give God thanks my little lass was spared with nothing worse than a broken arm, but this is the first day I have been able to leave her, and, in the absence of her father, I come to you to know why she left this house."

"How can I tell you why she left it?" said Mrs. Bethune in considerable agitation—"except that she entered into a vulgar conspiracy with a servant to frighten me because I felt it my duty to speak to her as a mother. I have dismissed my maid—the best I ever had—on her account. But no doubt Bethia has given you her own version."

"She has said nothing, but in her delirium I gathered that there had been trouble. I've been near losing her; her health will be an anxiety to me for months—perhaps years to come. Before questioning her I thought it fair to you to ask an explanation. If my girl has done wrong I will try to bear it."

"Wrong!" she echoed with increasing excitement. "I don't know what you count wrong—people's ideas are so different, but I know she has nearly broken my heart. Oh, I little knew what a serpent I was warming in my bosom when I gave all my love and confidence to my dear husband's child! He will be wretched when he knows what I have borne. To encourage her step-sister in a vulgar intrigue, the bearer of letters and messages to a man in a shop—a hateful foreigner! Oh, I would rather my darling girl was dead than that she should be so evilly influenced."

"It does not sound like Beth," said Dr. John quietly.

"Of course you won't believe me! You take her part against me and my child."

"That will be the young lady she spoke of as Claire?"

"My darling Claire, upon whom all my hopes were fixed! It is my one consolation that she has seen the error of her ways. I trust in time I may be able to forgive Bethia, though it is a poor reward for all I have sacrificed—all I have tried to do."

"Perhaps"—he steadily steered through all this sea of words—"I may be permitted to see the young lady?"

"I see no occasion for that!" She drew up her head. "I cannot have my poor darling disturbed and unsettled just when I am weaning her mind——"