

position, even at a sacrifice of vulgar comforts. One is despised otherwise."

Agnes thought, valiantly, how little she would care for such contempt; but she said nothing just then.

Euston Ferrol happened to differ totally from his mother-in-law respecting the merits of the proposed alliance; he cordially gave his consent and blessing. Nothing more? A twenty-pound note to the bride; which gift rather incensed Mrs. Ferrol, who had hoped for, at least, a fine wedding from his Belgrovan mansion.

But his approbation having decided the matter, Agnes entered upon a tranquil engagement-time, and when its limit drew near, in the early summer, she begged hard for a quiet wedding, without guests or finery. Neither could be, she knew, without dangerously involving her mother's scanty finances, concerning which that good lady would have cared little, provided she could indulge her favourite passion for display. Many of the bills for Mildred's *trousseau* yet remained due, particularly a large sum to Madam Jupon. Agnes was resolved that no fresh debts should be incurred for her. Whatever her own fingers could accomplish, in the way of work, she toiled through personally. What could not be paid for at once, she would do without. It must be confessed that this rule narrowed her wardrobe materially; but do you suppose that the bridegroom reckoned her worth by her number of silk dresses?

One of Horace's last days in England was chosen for the event. Few beside the clerk and pew-opener—a frosty-faced woman in black bonnet, who deemed it incumbent upon her to cry over the 'ansome couple—were aware that a wedding was taking place that morning in the quiet church; no parade preceded or followed; no formal *déjeuner*, with its pompous drinking of healths and division of bride-cake. To say truth, the pew-opener aforesaid was rather scandalized at the simplicity of the affair, and perhaps thought her tears waste fluid over a pair whose union was not more splendidly celebrated. And there were other dissentients from the manner of the proceedings. Miss Araminta Puff, the confectioner's daughter, pronounced the cake "extravagantly small," and Miss Twiddle the milliner confidentially observed that "she never see a plainer drest bride;" and Mrs. Vellum, wife to an adjacent attorney, "never heard of a shabbier wedding in all her existence;" which opinions were likely much to injure the new Mrs. Wardour!

Horace and his mother went up to London next day. The troop-ship lay at Gravesend, and his detachment was already on board for India; he had but a few hours more of English life for many a year. Large were his resolutions concerning the new phase of existence opening before him. He would now quite cast off the old extravagant habits which had well-nigh ruined him; and, severed from former associations and companions, he would endeavour to practise economy. Nay, he was sanguine about it: a little self-denial would save money towards the purchase of his company; he would *yet be a prosperous man*; and, perhaps—his brow darkened at the recalled scene—he should

be able to return to his stern brother-in-law the money paid for him so ungraciously that its gift was almost as much an injury as a benefit.

Hugh went with him to the transport. "You're not looking well, old fellow," Horace said, as they stood on the deck together; "nor speaking like yourself: what's the matter?"

"Up-hill work, that's all," was the reply, with a sickly smile, "more than I can undertake being on my shoulders at present; but I hope it may lighten, else I don't well see what is to be done. Ah! Horace, you have a clear stage before you. I'm fairly committed to the course now; and I would not care, except for the shackles upon me."

"Shackles!" repeated Horace, doubtfully. "Why, Hugh, unless you are in debt, I don't understand the phrase: and, by the way, my dear fellow, that reminds me of an old obligation; I have no use for money on board ship, and may draw on the agents for three months' pay due when I arrive at Calcutta:" so Hugh was fain to accept the sum he had given his brother on the terrace at Castle Loftus.

"The fact is," he said, "we set out on too expensive a scale. So there is a dismal discrepancy between outgoings and incomes; and my poor Agatha is wearing herself out with the effort to economise."

"Courage!" exclaimed Horace, wanting to say something cheery, just to disguise the brimming fulness of his heart. "Rome was not built in a day. Faint heart never won—; but you have the fair lady already, you lucky fellow! I wish you'd let me write a cheque for you on Cox's. I have some of the exchange money still."

Hugh had some difficulty in preventing the generous fellow from doing as he proposed; it would have relieved him of a prodigious deal of slumbering sympathy. They talked further of their plans and prospects, these brothers, sitting together on the quarter-deck, and looking over into the dark shining shadow of the great troop-ship upon the water.

But there is a cry that the last boat is going ashore; and, with a fervent wring of the hands, they part. The breeze being favourable for going down Channel, even that slow old tub the "Benares" travels rapidly towards the blue water, hearings of which soon extinguished patriotic regrets and all other sentimental sensations, in the bosoms of Lieutenant Ferrol and his companion subalterns.

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

UNTIL lately, the American publishers and the American public evinced all that susceptibility upon this subject which an assembly of horses might be supposed to feel on the introduction of any allusion to such topics as a bridle. But our British pirates have for some time past shown themselves so bold, and plundered Jonathan as effectually as he ever plundered us, that the worthy man is at last awakening to more correct ideas on the question of property, though we entertain small hope that he will ever be induced to discriminate equitably in this affair between what belongs to

his own country and what belongs to others. As the quadruped we have mentioned, however, frequently derives benefit from the obnoxious curb, and, when stumbling, may even be supposed inherently to recognise its utility, we are not without some lingering belief that Jonathan will ultimately see and acknowledge that the present nefarious system only enriches a few unscrupulous adventurers on either side, and is injurious equally to authors and to literature on both.

Even at the present day, the Americans may be considered to have made some approaches towards the establishment of a copyright, or at least granting some allowance to British authors. Ten years ago, this was so unheard of, that when a New York publisher gave twenty dollars for the last number of an English serial then in vogue, he was in danger of being tabooed, if not put down by the whole trade; and, like the Irish lawyer who was threatened with disbarment for taking a half-guinea fee, when a whole one was the regular price—but got off by declaring that it was the last sixpence the unhappy client had—was indebted for his escape solely to the confession that it was a stolen copy. He had not paid the author, he explained, for transmitting the sheets, but some imp or rogue in the printer's office for purloining them. The explanation was considered satisfactory, and held to reflect credit on his ingenuity; though he subsequently incurred such suspicion by paying fifty dollars *direct* to a British *litterateur* for translating a novel of Eugene Sue's, when, had he waited a few weeks, he might, in common with the whole trade, have "appropriated" the work from London for nothing, that he was obliged to emigrate to California to avoid the penalty. Now, however, matters are changed. Messrs. Harper of New York are recorded to have given Mr. Thackeray as much as ten dollars a page for the sheets of his recent work, in advance; and another well-known publishing firm in the same city, is said to have made an attempt upon that gentleman still more remarkable. According, we believe, to Mr. Thackeray himself, an emissary of the house was despatched for the purpose of waylaying him so soon as he embarked from Liverpool. Formerly it was the custom for enterprising American newsmen to board vessels on their arrival from Europe, and lay the passengers under contribution with wonderful pertinacity. But here was a manœuvre bolder still; and Mr. Thackeray, it is alleged, amid all the horrors of sea-sickness at the vessel's side, was interrupted by the indefatigable emissary in a like position, belching forth the information that he "would find the A—s liberal men to publish with."

Messrs. Blackwood, and the proprietors of some of the British quarterly Reviews, a few years ago adopted the expedient of securing copyright in America, by engaging some native to write an article or a few pages for their journals, and leaving his countrymen exposed to all the perils of a transatlantic law-suit if they infringed. American authors have, on the other hand, resorted to the manœuvre of coming over here, and obtaining protection until their works shall be published in America. But all measures against pirates on both

sides might more effectually be supplanted by the adoption of some such modification as a royalty on either side. Were some allowance, like a tenth, made by both parties, the claims of authors might be satisfied. But a compromise of this nature is improbable; the Americans have long since reprinted every novel of the slightest standing in British literature; and unscrupulous London publishers have stolen theirs not less unceremoniously, even when the works were of the most trashy description. Jonathan, therefore, at all times averse to restriction, is not likely now to consent to any legislative measure, and he assuredly will never concur in the demand that British authors should have the same protection in his country as they receive in their own.

Some enactment on both sides is, notwithstanding, at present desirable, and must every day become more so. Under existing circumstances, literature suffers equally in either country. In America, chiefly devoted to works of fiction, few authors receive aught beyond the most wretched recompense, while the productions of all British novelists are to be seized on gratuitously; and in England, works of a higher order in vain seek a mart, while those of transatlantic origin may be appropriated for nothing.

FUENTE DE SANGRE.

NEAR the little town of Virtud, in the extreme southern part of the department of Gracias, republic of Honduras, Central America, there exists what is known as the "Mine" or "Fountain of Blood." From the roof of a certain cavern there is continually oozing and dropping a red liquid, which, on falling, coagulates and exactly resembles the human vital fluid. Like blood, it speedily corrupts, and emits the usual odour of animal decay; insects deposit their larva in it, and dogs and carrion birds flock to the cavern to feast upon it. In a country like Central America, where scientific knowledge can hardly be said to exist, a *freak of Nature* of this extraordinary description could not fail to become an object of great and superstitious wonder, and many weird and marvellous stories are current concerning the "Fuente de Sangre."

Frequent attempts have been made to obtain a portion of this mysterious liquid, for the purposes of analysis, but in every case without success, in consequence of its rapid decomposition, whereby the bottles containing it were broken. By largely diluting it with water, Mr. E. G. Squier, formerly Charge d'Affaires from the United States to the Republics of Central America, succeeded in taking back with him to New York two bottles of the liquid, which were submitted to Professor B. Silliman for examination. It had, however, become exceedingly offensive, through having undergone decomposition, and a thick and fetid sediment was deposited, which contained abundant traces of original organic matter. The peculiarities of this liquid are doubtless attributable to the rapid generation in this cavern of some very prolific species of coloured infusoria.

One of the first accounts received of this singular