

inclined to believe that La Place's suggestion is not so improbable as it first appeared.

The July diagrams of the midnight sky will also represent the appearance of the heavens at 10 P.M. on August 15th, at 8 P.M. on September 15th, at 6 P.M. on October 15th, at 6 A.M. on April 15th, at 4 A.M. on May 15th, and at 2 A.M. on June 15th.

On July 15th, 1868, Jupiter and Saturn are both above the horizon, the former in the constellation Pisces, in the E.N.E., and the latter in Scorpio, near the south-west horizon. After this month Jupiter will become a conspicuous object, and will be the evening star for some time. He rises on the 1st at 11.47 P.M., on the 15th at 10.50 P.M., and on the 31st at 9.48 P.M. Saturn, though so near the horizon at midnight, will be visible in the early evening hours for some months longer. He sets on the 1st at 1.42 A.M., on the 15th at 0.46 A.M., and on the 31st at 11.38 P.M.; on the 31st he will be on the meridian at 7.10 P.M.—In July the planet Mercury is generally above the horizon during the daytime only, but on the 31st he rises an hour and a-half before the sun. He can be clearly observed by the aid of a telescope, and probably he may be recognised in very fine weather, soon after rising, near the north-east horizon, below Castor and Pollux.—Venus sets with the sun on the 10th, and, consequently, during July she will be invisible to the naked eye. Those, however, who are in possession of an astronomical telescope can see her within a day or two of inferior conjunction on the 16th, before and after which she will appear as a very narrow crescent, similar to a young moon of a day old. During the evenings of preceding months Venus has been the greatest ornament of the north-western sky, and in like manner, in following months she will be a brilliant morning star in the north-east and east, where she will continue for the remainder of the year.—Mars is in Taurus, rising on the 1st at 1.23 A.M., on the 15th at 0.54 A.M., and on the 31st at 11.33 P.M. He is near Aldebaran in the middle of the month, and can be distinguished from that star by the comparative steadiness of his light.—The telescopic major planets, Uranus and Neptune, are not favourably situated for observation.—The moon will be both an evening and morning object till the 13th, on which day she rises after midnight. She will be again visible in the evening on the 22nd, when she will appear as a fine crescent near the western horizon. Full moon takes place on the 4th at 8.39 P.M.; last quarter, on the 13th, at 0.41 A.M.; new moon on the 19th at 9.56 P.M., and first quarter on the 26th at 1.52 P.M. On the 7th she is at her greatest distance from the earth, and on the 20th she is nearest to us. The moon will be near Saturn on the morning of the 1st, and again on the evening of the 28th; she will also be near Jupiter on the morning of the 12th, the planet being to the left of the moon. At 2.29 P.M. on the 16th, she will pass over Aldebaran, but, being in daylight, the phenomenon can only be seen through very good astronomical telescopes. The star will emerge from behind the moon at 2.51 P.M. The observation of an occultation of a large star by the moon is a very striking one, especially at the dark limb, where the star is extinguished with startling suddenness. At the bright limb of the moon such a star as Aldebaran has been observed to hang apparently on the moon's edge before disappearance, and at times has been seen projected on the disk. These observations have been, however, very rare, and are supposed to have arisen from excessive irradiation, produced probably from some optical defect, either in the telescope employed, or in the eye of the observer.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

WE have presented, from time to time, notices of the voyage of Prince Alfred, as commander of H.M.S. Galatea,* with extracts from private letters at various stations. About the very period when English readers were perusing the accounts of the cheerful doings at Christmas-tide and afterwards, on shore and "on board the Galatea," a crime was enacted which turned the scene of joy into sadness. The universal feeling, wherever the tidings of the dark deed came, is expressed in the address presented to the Queen by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, an address, similar in tone and utterance to the hundreds which were called forth from all classes of the loyal community. The presentation took place on May 13, the same day that Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital, when special reference was also made to the dastardly attempt at assassination.

"Most Gracious Majesty,—We, the Lord Mayor, aldermen and commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, approach your Majesty's Throne with feelings of devoted loyalty to your Majesty's person and family.

"We have heard with mingled feelings of horror and indignation that an attempt has been made on the life of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, while engaged, under your Majesty's orders, in the duties of his profession, and in cultivating feelings of loyal attachment among the inhabitants of distant colonies of this country.

"We feel certain that the only effect of such an atrocious crime must be to call forth fresh manifestations of that spirit of loving devotion to your Majesty's person and family which exists among all classes of your Majesty's subjects.

"We fervently pray that the same watchful Providence which guarded the life of your Majesty's son will long preserve your Majesty to reign over a dutiful and loving people."

To this address, as to many others, Her Majesty made a most gracious reply, joining in the heartfelt expressions of gratitude and of prayer, "that the same good Providence which preserved him from the assassin may soon restore him in health and safety to his family and country."

* A picture of the Galatea formed the frontispiece of the March Part of the "Leisure Hour."

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XLVII.—CONCLUSION.

My story is nearly ended; a few words relative to the future history of my several *dramatis personee*, and I have done.

For the sake of perspicuity, I have continued to speak of Mr. Henry Morton by his assumed name of Aston, although some time before Henry Talbot's return from America it had become generally known throughout the village of St. David that Mr. Aston's real name was Morton. It was long, however, before his true name came trippingly to the tongues of his friends, and many of the village folks spoke of him as Mr. Aston as long as he lived.

Early in the ensuing spring Mary Talbot and the Rev. Alfred Sharpe were married in the parish church of St. David. The marriage ceremony was performed by the rector, Mr. Sinclair, and despite the claim of her uncle to act in *loco parentis*, Doctor Pendriggen gave away the bride—the doctor jocosely insisting that since Mr. Sharpe had forestalled him in obtaining possession of the young lady's hand, he should at least claim the privilege of acting as her temporary father. Miss Wardour, and the daughter of Sir Charles Meldrum (the baronet and his family being at the time sojourning at the Grange) were bridesmaids on the happy occasion, and after their marriage, the youthful pair set out immediately to visit Mrs. Sharpe, the mother of the bridegroom, who, it is almost needless to say, was perfectly satisfied with her new daughter-in-law.

On their return, at the expiration of a month, to St. David, Mrs. Sharpe continued voluntarily to perform most of the duties she had heretofore performed as Mary Talbot, until, in course of time, an increasing family of children required her constant care.

Shortly after the return of Henry Talbot, Mr. Morton, whom I must now designate by his real name, revisited Fordham, together with his son and daughter, and nephew, not now as a mysterious stranger, but as the recognised and acknowledged proprietor of Morton Hall. The interview between him and Mr. Foley was unpleasant to both, for many reasons which will be sufficiently obvious to my readers; but, as Mr. Ferret had anticipated, the apparent readiness of Mr. Foley to recognise Mr. Morton's claim disarmed the latter of much of the indignation created by his cousin's unjust and cruel conduct towards his sister Mary. It was therefore generously conceded on the part of Mr. Morton that Mr. Foley should continue to reside at the Hall, and should receive during his life a moiety of the rental of the estates; but that on his decease the entire property should revert to the line of direct descent in the person of Henry Morton, jun., though the wife and children of Mr. Foley were liberally provided for, for their lives.

Old Matthew Budge was still living at the date of Mr. Morton's second visit to Fordham, and during the brief remainder of his life, the old sexton boasted of the excellence of his memory, which, as he averred, had enabled him to recognise Master Henry as soon as the latter entered the cottage, though he had never seen him since he was a boy of fourteen years of age. The old man lived to complete his hundred and fifth year, retaining his health and the use of his faculties to the last.

Eight years elapsed, however, before young Henry Morton took possession of his ancestral estates. His father, Mr. Henry Morton, senior, chose to live in quiet retirement at St. David. At length, to the great joy

of the people at Fordham, and to the satisfaction of the gentry of the country, all, rich and poor alike, the Hall was seen again in possession of a Morton; and shortly after this, the young squire married the daughter of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had been his grandfather's intimate friend.

During the period which elapsed between young Henry Morton's first visit to England, and his occupation of Morton Hall, he and his cousin Henry Talbot visited America. Henry Talbot having conceived a great liking for the Far West, Mr. Morton, senior, resolved not to sell his American property, as had been his intention, but to bequeath it at his death to his nephew and niece. Meanwhile Henry Talbot resided chiefly at Watertown in the capacity of his uncle's agent. He, however, frequently visited England, and on one of these occasions, he took back with him as his wife, his cousin, Mary Morton.

Two years after Mary Talbot's marriage, Miss Wardour became the wife of Captain Meldrum—the only son of Sir Charles—who had, about six months previously, returned from India, where he had been stationed for some years with his regiment. Captain Meldrum quitted the army on his marriage, and settled down at Meldrum Grange, which was presented to him and his wife as a wedding gift, by the old baronet. In course of time, Miss Wardour became Lady Meldrum; but long after her marriage she continued, living so near St. David, to take an interest in the village and its people; and between her and Mary Talbot, now Mrs. Sharpe, who continued to entertain a warm friendship for each other, the schools, and the sick and aged people of the village, were as well cared for after as they had been before the marriages of the two young ladies.

During twelve years from the date of Mary Talbot's marriage, little material change took place at St. David, at least among those of the inhabitants with whom my readers have become acquainted. At the end of this period, however, death began to do his work.

The venerable rector was the first to be called away to his eternal rest. He died, leaving his name and the memory of his goodness to live ever green amongst the descendants of the people, amidst whom he had lived so many years, and who had so greatly benefited by his deeds and teachings. To this day his memory is venerated, and he is ever spoken of with pride and affection at St. David. Mr. Henry Morton, senior, died four years after the decease of his friend the rector, at a good old age. He died at Cliff Cottage, where he had continued to reside ever since he first took possession of it, and, for six or eight years previous to his decease, he rarely quitted the village. He had, in spite of his eccentricities, made himself much beloved in consequence of his kindness to the poor, and his death was deeply lamented.

About the same time, old Mrs. Margaret, who two or three years before had sold her cottage at Hammersmith, and come to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, at St. David, died in the ninety-fifth year of her age. Mary received the poor old lady's last sigh, and caused a tombstone to be erected in the village churchyard, commemorative of her loving faithfulness to the children of her former mistress, and of her faith and trust in God.

On the death of Mr. Morton, Mr. Sharpe became, through his wife—who inherited a large property from her uncle—a wealthy man, and he also acquired a small addition to his income at the decease of old Mrs. Margaret, who, true to her promise, left her two hundred

pounds per annum in the Funds, between Henry Talbot and his sister.

On the decease of Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Sharpe was presented with the rectorship of St. David, which he accepted in preference to the living he had for many years looked forward to—and which became vacant about the same time—both he and his wife having conceived an affection for the people amongst whom they had lived and laboured for so many years.

Jemmy Tapley lived to an extreme old age—a favourite to the last with high and low, rich and poor, and especially with the village children, whom he was ever willing to amuse with his sea yarns. His great pride, however, was to relate the part he had taken in removing suspicion from the honest fishermen of the village. He lies interred in the churchyard of St. David, where a moss-covered stone stands at the head of the ancient mariner's grave.

Doctor Pendrigen remained a widower to the end of his days, and died as he had lived, the only medical practitioner within fifteen miles of the village. With all his occasional brusquerie, the poor lost a kind friend when the honest, rough-spoken surgeon was removed by the hand of death.

Sir Arthur Lockyer went abroad again soon after his visit to Cornwall; but though he maintained an irregular correspondence with his old Eton schoolfellow for many years, I know little of his after career.

One little incident connected with my story remains to be explained. Shortly after Henry Talbot's return from America, his sister, while conversing with him over the troubles and anxieties she had endured during his absence, said suddenly—

"Tell me, Henry, why, in your first letter from America, you stated that you felt as though your misfortunes had been visited upon you in retribution for your wrong doing—or something to that effect? You cannot conceive what pain that expression caused me."

"Did I so write?" replied Henry. "I did not mean to cause *you* uneasiness, Mary. But I was so cast down when I first landed in America, that I *did* sometimes fancy that my misfortunes had befallen me as a punishment for having broken almost the last promise I gave my mother, viz. :—that I would never borrow what I had no certain means of repaying—that was all."

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Many years have not, even now, passed away since the Rev. Alfred Sharpe and his wife—who died in the same year—were laid to rest in the vault of the parish church of St. David, where rest the remains of Mr. Sharpe's venerated predecessor. Their children still live to bless their memory, and the aged villagers still speak of the fair and gentle young governess who came to the village when they were children, and who lived and died the wife of their rector—who was the guide and instructor of their youth, and their supporter and comforter in sickness and trouble in after years.

And far away across the broad Atlantic, and many a hundred miles beyond the Atlantic's western shores—though no longer in "the Far West"—the children and grandchildren of Henry Talbot and Mary Morton dwell along the shores of the great lake Michigan—now no longer navigated merely by a few sailing craft, but crossed and recrossed by large and well-appointed steamboats, laden with produce and passengers from all parts of the world. Large and populous cities now occupy the sites of the small trading-posts, upon

which, long years ago, the weary way-worn traveller, Henry Talbot, gazed from the summit of the hill, rejoicing that he had nearly reached the end of his long journey, but little dreaming of the results his journey would bring about.

The children and grandchildren of the young Englishman are now the lords of the soil along the western border of the lake, and are Americans in heart and soul. Still they retain a fond recollection of their English ancestry, and proudly speak of the little island beyond the Atlantic as of "Home." When *they* speak of the Far West, they allude not to the place where they now reside, but to the land beyond the Rocky Mountain range, whose shores are laved by the waters of the Pacific, and from whose ports vessels now sail across the new highway to the farther Inde.

Reader, I have told my story.

Varieties.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science holds its meeting for 1868 at Norwich, commencing Wednesday, August 19, under the presidency of Joseph Dalton Hooker, F.R.S., Curator of the Kew Gardens. A large meeting is expected, and important papers are announced. This year an innovation is to be made with regard to the excursions, which have heretofore unduly interfered with the business of the sections. The various excursions, geological, archaeological, and ethnological, are arranged to take place on the 27th August, the day after the work is over in the several sections. By this arrangement also a choice of excursions will be compelled, and less difficulty be experienced in procuring tickets, which have too often been secured by crowds of local associates, to the exclusion of members of the Association coming from a distance. Cromer, Holkham, Diss, Thetford, Hunstanton Cliffs, Castleacre, and Caistor Castle are among the places to be visited.

FEMALE MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Mrs. Isabel Thorne, of Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, presented herself at the recent Arts examination at Apothecaries' Hall, in company with sixty-six gentlemen. Out of the sixty-seven candidates forty-seven passed. Mrs. Thorne came out among the first six, and her papers were so excellent that the usual *vivâ voce* examination was dispensed with. Last May Mrs. Thorne finished the curriculum at the Ladies' Medical College in Fitzroy Square by carrying off double first honours in the medical and obstetrical classes.—*Athenæum*. [Our readers are indebted to Mrs. Thorne, formerly a resident in Japan, for the very interesting notes on Japanese life and manners appearing from month to month in the Leisure Hour.]

A LITERARY BANQUET.—There were oysters on the half shell, but these were the only things which had not been dignified with the odour of some literary name. There was *consommé à la Sevigné*; there was *crème d'asperges à la Dumas*; there were *les petites Zimballes à la Dickens*; there were *truites à la Victoria*; *pop à l'Italienne*; there was *filet de bœuf à la Lucullus*; there was *agneau farci à la Walter Scott*; and there were *cotillettes à la Fenimore Cooper*; and the *pièces montées*—"ornamental pieces"—were in all eight, of curious sugar manufacture, most of them labelled "Dickens" in very large red letters at the top and all stuck full of "Dickenses" in small "caps" and brevier from top to bottom. The first and most elaborate of these pieces was called the Temple of Literature, and presented some rather remarkable features. Here was a little sugar statuette at the top and by way of climax, which kept blowing an inaudible trumpet, and was undoubtedly meant as the Goddess of Fame. The deity of the hundred tongues was attired in tinsel of the latest fashion, thus typifying modern fame most particularly, and kept her eyes cast down very modestly in the direction of the name of Dickens, which was printed in large red "caps" upon the pedestal. The piece was composed of two columniated stories, the cornices of which were embellished with literary names rather curiously concatenated. Dickens, Addison, and Byron, with Shakspeare, poor dramatist, inserted between; Bacon, Bulwer, and Dickens, with Carlyle in red letters by way of bringing up the rear of the second division; and then Locke, Swift, and Savage, with Walter Scott, whose name made an ex-