

companion, last night, at the theatre. I have, as well as he, a right to ask you if it is indeed so, and to demand an explanation."

"You surprise me," answered Sir Lionel, somewhat haughtily, "I am not accustomed to be thus catechised; certainly the lady whom you saw in my mother's box last night was Ellen Swain—I was not aware that she was your sister; is she also sister to this young man?"

As he spoke both his hearers were confounded: the frankness and openness of his manner at once convinced them, and shame, regret, and confusion were expressed on both their faces as Edward replied "I know not how to apologise for my strange conduct or for the violence of my friend. We were both in great error; can you pardon our imprudence and will you allow me to explain its cause?"

Sir Lionel listened patiently to their story and condescended, though he with difficulty suppressed his feelings towards Arthur, to account for Ellen's present position in his family.

"Of course," said he, "there can be no objection to your seeing your sister, nor have I, or my mother, any wish to prevent her receiving any of her friends."

As he spoke he rang a bell, and writing a few words on a paper ordered that it should be given instantly to Miss St. Clair; and addressing Edward he remarked:

"The name your sister has assumed by my mother's desire, as well as your own change of designation, have been the cause of some awkwardness, as my uncle would otherwise have been able to spare us all this confusion. It is unlucky that he should be out of the way."

"He returns this afternoon," said Edward, "and will no doubt be as much surprised at finding my sister here as I am."

Instead of the arrival of Ellen answering the summons Sir Lionel had sent, the servant returned in a few moments with the intelligence that Miss St. Clair and Lady Lucy were gone out, having left the hotel before breakfast, and as they had post horses to their carriage they were probably gone some little distance.

"You see you are not likely to see your sister, Signer," said Lionel; "I will however take care to let you know the moment she is visible."

He politely dismissed his visitors, who retired considerably disconcerted.

Arthur, who had not ventured a word during the interview, so much was he shocked at his former violence, observed to his friend, as they walked back together: "Ah, Edward, I would I had your coolness, it would keep me out of many annoyances; but to see pretty Ellen, where it was so unlikely she should be, was enough to turn my head you must acknowledge. Heaven bless her—I see she is no longer for me—her star is risen far beyond mine—I was a fool ever to hope she could be destined to one like me. I shall see her no more; yonder proud gentleman loves her, and why should she refuse him? not for my sake, I would not have it so. I shall return now to my business; would I had never had this fatal holiday; it has broken my heart."

"Ah, Arthur," said his friend, "it might have been better for us all if we had never tried to better our condition; we were all so happy at the Lees in harvest time once!"

They wrung each other's hands and parted, each to his several occupations, and both with a heavy heart.

"Ellen," said Lady Lucy, when they returned from the theatre the preceding evening, "you and I must understand each other. You owe me great obligations; I have bestowed such care upon your mind and person, that no one could possibly now recognise in you the peasant girl whom I took from milking cows. I have introduced you to society, of which you never even so much as dreamt, and have placed you in a position to make an excellent match; but I see, in spite of all I have done, you are likely to ruin my romance by your want of prudence. If I had known that it was the brother you told me of, who was the protégé of Mr. Ashe, which I could not do, as I thought this was an Italian, I would not have taken you to hear him, and you would not have exposed yourself as you did. As it is, I cannot permit such a scene again; and I have resolved to place you, for a time, in a convent in the country, till my foolish brother and his *élève* are departed."

"Am I not then to see my dear Edward?" exclaimed Helen, bursting into tears; "oh, madam, do not say so, you cannot mean it. Why should I not, is he not my brother, and do we not love each other tenderly? besides, he looks ill. I must nurse him, attend on him, I will quit all for his sake—Lady Lucy, let me go to him, let me go back to Derbyshire, I am out of place here: I am acting a false part, and pretending to be that which I am not."

"You are violent and absurd," returned her patroness, "and forget all your obligations to me; but I shall not allow you to act exactly as your rustic idiosyncrasy lead you. If your brother is ill, he will, no doubt, be attended to; your disgracing yourself for his sake can do him no good. Probably, you would like also to visit the elegant cavalier, whose steady gaze of recognition so much deranged you. Pray, who might he be?"

Ellen blushed deeply with indignation and shame combined.

"He is my brother's friend, madam," replied she, "and when we were at home and happy, was mine too."

"Very sentimental, my dear," said Lady Lucy, "and, if he was a little more gentleman-like, I might not, perhaps, discourage this attachment; but that is nonsense; I intend you to be a Countess, my pretty heroine, or I should be easily shamed. But I have told you my intention, and to-morrow morning I expect you to be ready to set out with me to Engheim where I mean to place you for a short time to

study your music, and keep you away from all your vulgar acquaintances."

There was no appeal from Lady Lucy's mandate, and accordingly the next day she left Paris as has been related.

British Magazines for March.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

WITHOUT A HOME! why, the combination of these three little words is like the conspiracy of so many gloomy assassins to murder the household Graces—Comfort, Cheerfulness and Charity! Yet in this great Babylon how many loiter through a weary day, and have no home to seek at night. We mean not the tattered beggar, or the homeless wanderer, who subsist on alms, but those who have well-lined purses, the homeless drones, the butterflies and moths of society, who day and night throng the places of public resort and entertainment. Men who live for themselves, the selfish and unsatisfied, who wantonly forego the sweet sympathies of a loving heart, the exhilarating music of children's voices; men whose boasted prudence induces them to lead a life of "single blessedness," and blinds them to the truth that "Man was not born to live alone," forgetting that although "Matrimony hath many cares, celibacy hath no pleasures!" Weak must he be indeed, who, plodding through life in an eternal round of sameness, denies himself the solace of a home, the only reward worth struggling for in the arena of the world, where, like the gladiators of old, every man is armed against his fellow, conquering or conquered, by superior artifice or strength.

As the bird flies to his tree-sheltered nest for refuge and for rest, so naturally does the soul of man, with ardent longing, pine for the quiet of a home. At sea some have been known to fall victims to the hopelessness of reaching this desired goal. The Germans call this malady *Heimweh*, or home-sickness. The English perhaps, more than any other nation, being naturally reserved, and less social in their habits, entertain the most exalted opinion of the comforts and luxury of a home, and consequently feel the deprivation more acutely. That his "house is his castle" is the proud boast of every man who rents the smallest tenement in this land of liberty. The man without a home may vainly extol his freedom from the cares and perplexities of a house and family, and sneer at those who often sacrifice an external appearance to an inward feeling of pleasure; forgetting, poor, lonely, uncare-for mortal! that in the fairest gardens the weeds will spring forth with the flowers. It is true, he avoids the toil of plucking up the weeds; but reflects not that the pleasure of gathering the fragrant bouquet is also withheld from him!

These reflections, with the mingled feelings of charity, thoughtfulness, and melancholy, arose from the accidental encounter of an old acquaintance by sight, in the spacious dining room of a well-known city tavern, where the unsocial and ungregarious habits of the people, had been cared for by the division of the apartment into partitioned attics or boxes.

It was growing late; the afternoon of a fine day had suddenly changed. The rain was dropping silently, but fast, and all without was wet and miserable, like a waning beauty weeping at her loss! The tips of umbrellas clicked occasionally against the panes, and now and then a pair of pattens rang and clattered on the sloppy pavement of the narrow and crowded street. The fire looked cheerful and inviting; but, with all its charms, it was a shelter, not a home.

My acquaintance had drawn his "chair" to the fire, and was "looking at" the daily paper. His half pint of wine was on a small table at his elbow. He was a man of gentlemanly appearance, his slightly silvered hair indicating that he was advanced in years. His grey eyes were sunken, and lustreless; for they had no object to kindle their natural fires, and expression had become almost extinct. A roseate hue, that permanent streakiness resembling the ruddy hues of a pippin, spoke in eloquent language of his habitual neglect in counting the half-pints of port which he listlessly sipped while spelling through the contents of the journal he perused.

We had long since, in our own mind, written him down as the man without a home. We had recognised his familiar face sometimes in the back of a box, on the second tier in the theatres-royal, and again frequently met him at "Offley's," or The Rainbow, or The Cock, in Fleet Street, after the play, taking his solitary supper of oysters, Welsh-rabbits, or a kidney, and washing down the luxuries with Burton or stout, in so slow, quiet, and sedate a manner, that he was evidently intent upon consuming time with his meal. We felt perfectly convinced that that man had a "latch-key" in his waistcoat pocket; and that nothing but a blinking, sickly, consumptive-looking rushlight, or a chamber-candlestick, with a box of lucifers, would greet the gentleman of "uncertain hours," in the passage of the cheerless lodging-house he patronized, and where he was only regarded in the avaricious and unflattering light of a "weekly rent."

Poor deluded, solitary mortal! he was evidently one of those who boast they have nothing in the world to care for, and that when they put on their hat they cover their whole family; forgetting, until it is too late, that there is no one in the world who cares for them. Listlessly dreaming away their days in the pursuit of pleasure, which ever proves to these stray travellers on the road of life an *ignis fatuus*, age and infirmities steal on, and the man "without a home" experiences the *ludicrous* and misery of an aching void, suffering all the agonies, and struggling like an animal in *vacuo*.

Feelingly alive to, and yet unable to guard himself from, the fangs of those who prey upon him in his helpless state, and whose services he cannot dispense with, he learns, alas! the difference between the cold attentions of grasping avarice, and the warm and soothing care of affection. His head rests on a pillow of thorns, instead of down soothed by the gentle hands of love and sympathy!

Peevish, worn-out, and precluded by imbecility from attending his accustomed haunts, it is only by increased fees and gratuities that he can command the reluctant and slovenly attendance of the slatternly servant of the house, who has two other "floors" to wait upon.

At last he hires a nurse, who not only robs but neglects him; and one morning the half-sleepy domestic enters the apartment, and finds the fire burnt out, and the half-drunken nurse asleep, and the lodger dead!—leaving the lodging-house keeper chief mourner,—for he was so regular in his payments!

From the same.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

GOD of the poor man! hear us,
Thou Giver of all good!
At this our humble meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow!
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now!

GOD of the poor man! heed us
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They made us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still!

GOD of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee,
Their broken, anguish'd pray'r;
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

GOD of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck Thy mercy seat!
Take it, Our Father! though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Nought else hath he to offer Thee,—
Oh! make it right within!

GOD of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With Thee, how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us,—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

London New Monthly Magazine.

[From an article entitled "Extracts from my Indian Hunting Diary," by the old Forest Ranger, we select the following extracts.]

ANTELOPES HUNTED BY WOLVES.

I witnessed this morning, a curious instance of wolfish general-ship that interested me much, and which, in my humble opinion, goes far to prove that animals are endowed, to a certain extent, with reasoning faculties, and have means of communicating their ideas to each other.

I was, as usual, scanning the horizon with my telescope at daybreak, to see if any game was in sight. I had discovered a small herd of antelope feeding on a field from whence the crop had been lately removed, and was about to take the glass from my eye for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, when, in a remote corner of the field, concealed from the antelope by a few intervening bushes, I faintly discerned in the gray twilight, a pack of six wolves, seated on their hind quarters like dogs, and apparently in deep consultation. It appeared evident that, like myself, they wanted venison, and had some design upon the antelope; and, being curious to witness the mode of proceeding adopted by these four legged poachers, I determined to watch their motions. I accordingly dismounted, leaving my horse in charge of the sewer; and creeping as near the scene of action as I could without being discovered, concealed myself behind a bush. Having apparently decided on their plan of attack, the wolves separated; one remaining stationary, and the other five creeping cautiously round the edge of the field, like setters drawing on a shy covey of birds. In this manner they surrounded the unsuspecting herd, one wolf lying down at each corner of the field, and the sixth creeping silently towards the centre of it, where he concealed himself in a deep furrow. The sixth wolf, which had not yet moved, now started from his hiding place, and made a dash at the antelope. The graceful creatures, confident in matchless speed, tossed their heads as if in disdain, and started off in a succession of flying bounds that soon left their pursuer far behind. But no sooner did they approach the edge of the field than one of the crouching wolves started up, turned them, and chased them in a contrary direction, while his panting accomplices lay down in his place to recover wind for a fresh burst. Again the bounding herd dashed across the plain, hoping to escape on the opposite side; but here they were once more headed by one of the crafty savages, who, in his turn, took up the chase, and coursed them till relieved by a fresh band from an opposite quarter. In this manner, the persecuted animals were driven from side to side, and from corner to corner to corner, a fresh assailant heading them at

every turn, till they appeared perfectly stupefied with fear, and crowding together like frightened sheep, began to wheel round in diminishing circles. All this time the wolf, which lay concealed in the furrow, near the centre of the field, had never moved, although the antelope had passed and repassed within a few feet of him, and had, perhaps, even jumped over him; his time for action had not yet arrived. It now became evident that the unfortunate antelope must soon be tired out, when it appeared probable that the surrounding wolves would have made a combined attack and driven the terrified herd towards the centre of the field, where the wolf who had hitherto been lying in reserve, would have sprung up in the midst of them, and secured at least one victim. I, however, did not allow matters to proceed so far—I was satisfied with what I had seen, and resolved to turn the tables on my friends the wolves, by making a slight change in the last act of the tragedy, which was now fast approaching. Accordingly, just as the antelope appeared to be driven to a stand-still, I put a stop to further proceedings on the part of their ravenous assailants, by sending a rifle bullet through the body of the nearest skulker, who incontinently gave up the ghost; and his sagacious companions seeing that their game was up, now that "the man with the gun" had taken a hand, made a precipitate retreat, leaving me undisputed master of the field. I might easily have brought down an antelope with my second barrel—for the poor things appeared stupefied with fear—but after having so far espoused their cause, I felt it would be treachery on my part to avail myself of this advantage, and accordingly allowed them to depart in peace.

And now, let me ask the philosophic reader, was it mere instinct, or was it a certain power of combining ideas, and drawing inferences, that enabled a pack of wolves to plan the combined and well-arranged attack I have attempted to describe?

We all know that the natural instinct of the wolf prompts these animals to assemble in packs, and hunt down their prey, either by scent or by speed of foot, and, as long as this succeeds, no other expedient is resorted to. I have no doubt that, in the first instance, the very wolves I saw this morning, had attempted to hunt down antelopes in the usual manner. Baffled however in the chase, instinct was at fault, and the wolf, if left solely to its blind guidance, must, in the absence of other game, have perished.

But hunger, that proverbial sharpener of the human wit, appears also to call forth certain dormant reasoning faculties in the animal, which, under ordinary circumstances might never have been developed. The wolf, finding that instinct has deceived him, refuses to be longer guided by a blind impulse, and begins for the first time to think. He abandons the natural habits of his race, and, in concert with his fellow-wolves, plans and executes an ingenious stratagem, worthy of the reasoning powers of man himself; a complicated manoeuvre, not only arguing considerable sagacity on the part of individuals, but implying that a mutual understanding exists among the performers, which it appears to me can only be accounted for on the supposition that animals possess some power unknown to us, of communicating their ideas to each other. See to it, ye naturalists!

MAHRATTA HORSEMEN.

My escort consisting of six *sewarces*, are well mounted on tall, active, native horses, and armed with swords and long Mahratta spears. Their bodies are protected by a peculiar sort of defensive armour, formed of pads and quilted cotton in the form of a back and breast plate, sufficiently thick to resist a sword cut; and their heads are equally well defended by a heavy turban, bound under the chin by a scarf. During the Mahratta war, this head piece proved a complete puzzle to our dragoons, who strove in vain to make any impression on it with their sabres, till some cunning old trooper hit upon the expedient of dexterously pushing the turban aside with the point of his sword, and immediately bringing down the edge on the exposed part of the skull; after which the unhorsing of a Mahratta warrior became a comparatively easy task.

The quilted cuirass, although an effectual defence against sword cuts, often proves fatal to the wearer, particularly when wounded, by accidentally taking fire, in which case it is next to impossible, without the aid of water, to extinguish the inflammable materials of which it is composed. And on a battle field in India, it is no uncommon thing to see wounded wretches writhing in torture, while their cotton armour accidentally ignited by the flash of a pistol, or the burning matches of those who lie around them, is consuming them in a smouldering fire.

An officer, who had served with "Skinner's Horse" during the Mahratta and Pindaree wars, related to me a curious instance of such an accident occurring.

He was in chase of a party of native horsemen which they had charged and routed. On coming up with the nearest fugitive, he drew a pistol from his holster, and discharged it within a few inches of the man's back. It appears that the bullet, which he afterwards found in the holster, had dropped out in the act of galloping, and the shot, of course, did not take any immediate effect. But, unfortunately for the poor Mahratta, the flash of the pistol, or the wadding, ignited his quilted armour, which by the rapid motion of the horse, was soon fanned into a blaze. His course was easily traced across the plain by the line of smoke that streamed behind him, and before he was out of sight, he was seen to drop from his horse, apparently insensible, and no doubt perished miserably. So much for the defensive qualities of cotton armour.