

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Anglo-American Magazine.

## ANNIE ELNIDGE:

## A TALE FOR PARENTS.

SOME years ago, I was in the habit of occasionally leaving the large city where I lived, for the purpose of visiting a relation, who possessed and cultivated an extensive farm in one of the midland counties. Mr Elnidge was a man of middle age, rich and well educated. He had been for some years married to a pious and amiable young woman, to whom he was tenderly attached; the only drawback to their happiness being the want of a family. They were as I said rich, and they were also liberal and hospitable; but the style of their housekeeping was more homely and old-fashioned than one is in the habit of meeting in these railroad days. They inhabited a spacious tall-chimneyed wooden-gabled manor-house, in whose ample kitchen master and mistress used to sit down to their evening meal at the head of a long table, filled with their labourers and servants. They did not often, I believe, eat in company with their dependents, but they keep up the old custom of being present at the kitchen supper in order to see that every one was properly served, and behaved with due decorum. I remember particularly one visit that I paid to the Falls, for so Mr Elnidge's farm was called; he was in the fields when I arrived, and his wife received me in a pretty parlour, well furnished with music and books. In the evening Mrs Elnidge with a pleasant smile said to me:—

'My business as a farmer's wife now begins. Here are newspapers and magazines. I hope you will be able to amuse yourself for a while.'

As she spoke, I heard the sound of wheels creaking and horses trampling, mingled with the loud voices of the labourers, and the shrill ones of the shepherd boys—all returning from their days labor.

'What?' I said to Mrs Elnidge, 'are you going amongst all these people?'

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'I always see that they are properly attended to.'

I proposed to accompany her, and went into the kitchen, now filled with workpeople. All arose from their seats and saluted Mrs Elnidge with respectful cordiality; but I remarked that her presence did not seem to cast any restraining gloom on the laughter and cheerful conversation going on. Suddenly however, every voice was silent, every head uncovered, and a freezing stillness fell on the merry party. Mr Elnidge entered, and while he remained, not a word was spoken by his people save in a very subdued tone.

Supper being ended, I returned into the parlour with my host and hostess; and as my intimacy with them was such as to warrant perfect freedom of speech, I remarked to Mr Elnidge the striking difference between his wife's reception and his own. He smiled.

'You think then that these people do not like me, because they fear me?'

'I think,' said I, 'that they love your wife much better.'

'And they are right to love her, for she is all kindness and gentleness, and full of indulgence for their faults; but believe me, they are more attached to me than they think. I know I am severe, I never forgive a first fault, but I try to be flexibly just. Indulgence is a weakness in him who exercises it, and an injury to him who receives it.'

Mrs Elnidge smiled.

'Yes,' said her husband, 'what I say is true. How many good servants are spoiled by having their first offence overlooked. How many children are ruined and rendered intolerable plagues because their parents, forsooth, have not sufficient moral courage to punish them.'

'What?' said his wife. 'If it should please Providence to grant us the blessings of children, would you treat them with the same rigor that you used towards your servants?'

'Most certainly I should.'

When he said this, he believed it, for he had never known the softening power of paternal love. Mrs Elnidge looked sad; and I hastened to change the topic of conversation.

Next day I took leave of my friends; and soon afterwards setting out on a distant voyage, I did not repeat my voyage to the Falls till after the lapse of several years. During my absence I learned that Mr Elnidge at length became the father of a little girl. I wrote to congratulate him, and the impression which our last conversation had left was so strong on my mind, that I ventured to claim some indulgence for the little tender creature, whom I feared he would treat with injudicious harshness. I regretted to perceive in the letters which I had from him, that his principles of severity were by no means relaxed.

At length I found myself once more within the pleasant groves and meadows of the Falls.

It was evening and supper-time when I entered the well-remembered kitchen, there was the same long table surrounded by workpeople, and the master and mistress in their accustomed places. They received me with the most cordial joy, and I soon perceived that something was changed.—The master's presence no longer imposed silence and restraint; a lovely little girl of seven years old, flitted about incessantly, now playing with the servants, now climbing on the knees of her smiling father. In the course of the evening I said to Mrs Elnidge, in a low voice:—

'Well, I think your sweet little daughter seems to have softened her father's severity.'

'Don't say so to him,' she replied. 'It is a fact, but he is quite unconscious of it; he fancies himself as inflexible as ever, but his love for his child is all-powerful.' A few evenings afterwards as the workmen were returning, I heard the calm severe voice of Mr Elnidge say:—

'I will hear no more about it; he is an ill-conducted boy.'

'Please sir to consider for a moment,' said the steward: 'his old mother has no one but him to support her. He will replace the two sheep that he allowed to stray away. We will all help him; and for pity's sake, sir, don't turn him off, for then no one in the neighbourhood would hire him.'

'That is not the question,' replied Mr. Elnidge 'I care very little for the loss of two sheep, but I will not retain in my service a good-for-nothing-boy, who goes to sleep instead of minding his flock; or perhaps does worse, and spends his time in stealing his neighbours' fruit.'

Mrs Elnidge and I approached, and saw a little shepherd-boy named Andrew, standing before his master, trembling, and weeping bitterly.

'Dear husband, don't you think?'

Mr Elnidge interrupted her immediately: 'Don't give me the pain of refusing you, my dear. It is useless to ask me to forgive the boy—I have dismissed him.'

'Oh! pardon, sir, stammered the child,—indeed it was not for myself, it was for

'Take him away, and let there be an end to this,' said his master, in a tone that admitted of no reply.

The boy went away, sobbing as if his heart would break, and all the others sat down to supper. The meal was a sad one. Little Annie did not as usual play and dance around the table; she sat on a footstool at her mother's feet, and I remembered that from time to time she took furtively some hazel-nuts out of the little pocket of her apron, and threw them into the fire.

At length her father bent over her and said 'You're not merry to-night, my darling—What ails you?'

'Nothing, papa,' replied Annie, turning very red.

'What were you doing just now?'

'Nothing, papa.'

'How is that? I thought you were throwing something—nuts, I think—into the fire.'

'No papa,' replied the little girl trembling 'I have not any nuts.'

'What! why here they are in your pocket?'

Annie pouted her pretty little lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

'How is it this?' said her father—'you are telling me an untruth!'

The child's whole frame trembled, she burst into a passionate fit of crying, and exclaimed 'Oh papa, don't send me away! don't send me away!'

Her father folded her in his arms, embraced and caressed, and promised to forgive her. At length she sobbed out—

'It was that I—that I—wanted very much—to eat some nuts,—and I told Andrew to get me some,—and while he was looking for them in the wood—his sheep went astray.'

'So,' said the mother in a severe tone, 'you were the cause of the poor boy's disgrace!'

'Come, come,' said Mr Elnidge—'don't scold her, she won't do so any more.'

'But papa,—Andrew—I shall be so sorry if you send him away.'

'Well, well, darling, call him back to supper, and tell him that he may remain.'

'Thank you, good pappy,' cried the child, kissing him, and then jumping off his knee, 'I'll go tell him.'

This little scene certainly surprised me, for I did not then know so well as I do now, the utter and almost absurd inconsistency of human nature. Another lesson which I learned that evening was, the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of speaking to parents about their children's defects.

I ventured after little Annie had gone to bed, to observe to her father how very lightly he had passed over the grievous sin of which she had been guilty. I said that although by no means an advocate for treating children with severity, I thought the crime of lying should not be passed over without punishment and gave displeasure. I also said that I feared they would find it a bad plan to allow little Annie to despatch the

servants on secret errands of her own. I suppose I was injudicious in making these remarks, for they were by no means well received by either of my friends.

In a day or two I returned to my residence in the next town, and months passed on, when late one evening a servant galloped up to my door and handed me a note. It was from Mr Elnidge, and contained only these words:—

'My child is dying—come, and bring a physician.' Ordering my horse to be saddled instantly, I ran for my own physician, and causing him to mount the horse of the servant who had brought the message, in a few minutes we were galloping at full speed towards the Falls. On arriving, we were shown to the bedchamber, and there a piteous sight awaited us. Annie lay in her mother's arms, her face livid, and her eyes starting from her head: she was writhing in convulsive agony, and uttering now and then piercing cries. Her mother, weeping bitterly asked her some questions which the child did not answer; and her father kneeling before her, was almost as pale as she, while his dark eyes were fixed in motionless agony.

The doctor entered, and without speaking, took Annie in his arms, laid her on the bed, examined her closely. There was an awful pause, broken at length by his saying:—

'The child has been poisoned!'

A cry of horror burst from the lips of every one present—for the servants had collected in the room,—but Mr Elnidge thinking only of his daughter, said—'What is to be done?'

The doctor ordered an emetic, and while he was preparing and administering it, I went into the kitchen to question the domestics, who had been ordered to return thither. Just then a labourer entered and said:—

'Tis all over, he is dead!'

'Who is dead?' I exclaimed.

'Little Andrew the shepherd-boy.'

'Was he poisoned?'

All was silent, until the labourer in reply to my eager questions, confessed that the boy, before he died, had told him that at Miss Annie's earnest request, he had collected wild mushrooms in the woods, that one of the servants had cooked them, and that they had both eaten heartily of them in secret. I sent for this servant, but she had disappeared, and I returned to the unhappy child's room. I told the doctor what I had learned, and he showed me a quantity of small portions of mushrooms which Annie had thrown up.—At that moment she was calm, and lay motionless on the bed; but never shall I forget the agonized faces of the father and mother as they stood gazing on the dying form of their only child.

The doctor beckoned me to the other side of the room, and said in a whisper:—

'The child has but a quarter of an hour to live: try to remove her parents, for the last convulsions will probably be frightful.'

Low as was the voice in which these words were spoken, Mr. and Mrs. Elnidge heard them distinctly, for in some states of excited feeling, the sense of hearing becomes strangely acute; the father spoke not, but fixed his despairing glance more firmly on his child; the mother threw herself on her, and kissing the cold convulsed lips, with passionate fervor exclaimed:—

'My child! My child! they shall not take me from you!'

And so the last fearful moment approached, ushered in, as the doctor had predicted, by dreadful agonies. I spare my readers the description of the parents' woe, aggravated as it was by the bitter, bitter consciousness, that the catastrophe was mainly owing to their own culpable and cruel indulgence, in glossing over the first manifestation of evil in their loved and lovely child.

Mrs Elnidge did not long survive the shock but died, trusting to the atoning mercy of Him who forgave the sin of Absalom's father. Mr. Elnidge lived for many years, a sad and blighted man, but greatly changed in character. All his sternness, as directed against accidental and slight transgressions of his orders had vanished; while any approach to theft or falsehood in these under his rule, was always visited with his severest displeasure.

From Hegz's Instructor.  
EASTERN TRAVEL.

## THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

A CHARMING voyage of fifty-four hours, in an Austrian steamer, brought us from Trieste to Corfu, on the evening of the 23rd October (1852). On entering the noble harbour, or rather bay, we unexpectedly found ourselves surrounded by the tall masts of the British fleet; and, as we glided past the stately bulwarks, and under the lofty bows of those mighty ships it was impossible not to turn our thoughts with pride and exultation to the loved and distant land, the right arm of which lay before us, in slumbering strength, upon the waters. The town of Corfu is situated on a peninsula, at the extremity of which the citadel is built, upon a bold rock, which rises high above the sea. The island of Vido, opposite the harbour, adds much to the strength of the place. The site of the ancient city Coreyra is, perhaps, still stronger than that of Corfu; but a marshy lake, which adds to

its strength as a fortress, rendered it so unhealthy, that it had to be abandoned by the French, who lost many thousand men while attempting to cut a canal near the place.—Than Corfu, it would be difficult to imagine a more thorough Babel. You are awake at early morning by the ringing of all sorts of cracked bells, the delight of the Greek Church. Then yells of every sort and description meet the ear. The hundred and one sorts of fruits and vegetables have as many vendors, each shrieking his own peculiar cry. All the people shout when they talk; and, as one screams loud, others must scream an octave higher to be heard. The dresses are as various, if not so discordant, as the cries; and, of a dozen persons met in the streets, the chances are, that among them there are ten different costumes. The prevailing garb is that of the Ionian Greek, with his blue bag, neither trowsers nor petticoat swinging awkwardly between his legs, and reaching almost to the ankle.—Then the smart costume of Greece attracts the eye—a snowy fustanel, or kilt of vastly voluminous folds, drawn by a sash to extreme tightness round the waist. The wearers have almost invariably lithe and slight figures, and never was ball-room belle more cruelly laced. A richly-embroidered waistcoat and open jacket of brilliant colour, scarlet, green, or blue, and a red cap and long tassel, complete one of the most elegant and showy costumes in the world. Every fashion and mode of covering used in England was there, from black coats to cricket jackets—the 'garb of old Gaul,' the red and the blue of the military, and the sailor's straw hat and duck trowsers, mingled with many varieties of Levantine clothing, of Josephine hues and nondescript cut. The fair authoress of 'The Aesthetics of Dress,' in the 'Quarterly,' might weave another pleasing chapter from the motley scene.

Then there were the priests, those of Rome being glad as in Italy, whilst the distinguishing features of those of the Greek Church are long gowns, high caps, with angular sides and circular crowns, unshaven beards, and uncut hair. The priesthood being unshorn, the laity have to content themselves with mustaches, a beard being considered audacious and profane, when worn by a mere layman. A gentleman told me he lately heard a priest rebuke a person in Athens who had transgressed this rule, telling him his conduct was disgraceful, and that he could not be a Christian. But there is that wanting in Corfu (and the remark applies to all Greek towns), for which no variety of male costume can compensate. The fair form of woman is rarely or never to be seen. Greek young ladies seem to suffer in some respects a more than Oriental restraint, and are seldom to be seen in public save at church where I must confess, an almost total absence of beauty somewhat reconciled me to the loss. Though with faces swathed, veiled, and shrouded, and with forms lost in an immensity of lines, there are no total absence of the better classes of women in the streets of the Eastern cities, and in the bazaars they are to be met with in crowds; but in Greece, matrons of the lower grades of society are almost the only females to be seen; and these, from their dress, or rather from the absence of dress are anything but seemly. Thus it would appear, that Grecian maidens of the present day are guarded as strictly, and confined with almost as much severity, as in ancient times, when the unmarried damsels and newly wedded wives were locked with bolt and bar within those 'upper chambers,' from one of which Antigone could not pass to another, till her ancient guardian had seen that the passage was clear, in case her honour and his credit might suffer by some citizen catching a glance of her.

Happy, the dames of Sparta, who were not subjected to such barbarous seclusion; but there the manners of the East were reversed (though too much so, sometimes,) and the virgins of Lacedaemon went abroad unveiled, whilst the faces of the married women were covered, 'because,' said Charillus, 'the former wished to get husbands, the latter want to keep those they have.'

During our stay at Corfu, the annual races took place. The chief events were neither good enough nor bad enough to present any remarkable feature, and the name of Hope Johnson in the list of riders reminded one of Eglington or Ayr; but when the correct races were over, the fun began. First came a match in which twenty-five excited young midshipmen rode literally against each other upon backs which had cost them for the day about half as much as would have purchased the fee-simple of the animals, which, however, showed abundance of bone. Half a mile was the distance fixed on, and the middies started at 'score,' but when they came to the winning-post none of them seemed to have the least idea of stopping so soon, and on they all went, right round the course.—This did not quite suit Newmarket rules, but no one dissented when it was proposed to run the race over again, and off the shouting lads started a second time. If the first heat was unexpectedly long the second was as unexpectedly short, for the leading horse, thinking very sensibly that he had got enough, of it