

her with a trifling sum, which she unwillingly accepted as a loan, and to satisfy her I gave her this card with my address. I see, I see; she paid back the money a few months afterwards, when she found her husband. It was he she was going in search of.

My mother did not find him, Lady Helen. You were not the only good Samaritan Providence cast in her lonely way. An elderly lady, whom she met in the mail, took her home, and assisted her in her search for her husband—my father—which proving fruitless, after seven years she became the wife of Dr. Thornton, believing her first husband to be dead. Thirteen years ago they found themselves face to face, and—do not think harshly of her—my little sister was dearer to her than life. Concealing my birth from him, she entered with him into a solemn compact to preserve secrecy on the subject of their marriage. It was a voluntary proposal on his part, to repair in a degree the wrong he had done her; for, Lady Helen, entangled in an attachment formed previously to meeting my mother, he had intentionally deserted her.

A sad story, Major Benfield. Poor girl, I remember her well—she was very beautiful; and your father he is since dead?

That I do not know. Benfield was my mother's name—this is his, the only clue I have to him—and drawing the copy of Milton from his pocket, he opened and presented it to Lady Helen.

He was about to proceed with what he had to say, when, looking up, he was shocked to see her face deadly pale. She stretched her hand out feebly for a bottle of essence that stood on a table near, and, closing her eyes, motioned him to be silent.

When presently colour returned to her cheek, and she was able to command herself sufficiently, she sat up, and in a low clear voice addressed him thus:—

If your statement is true, you are the son of my first cousin, Lord Redland, and your proper appellation is Viscount Maldon.

Oh! madam, my father is then alive—you can direct me to him, cried her listener joyfully.

Yes, he is living down in—shire, on one of his properties. She closed her eyes again, and then Frank saw the white lids quiver, and tears struggle from beneath the long lashes.

I see it all now, she murmured—poor George—Frank, she said hastily, as if to speak before the old pride gained the mastery over her gentler feelings, when you have seen and told him all, add that his cousin once Helen Maldon, forgives him, and prays for his forgiveness in return. Young man I was the woman whom your father loved—I have been the cause of all his and your poor mother's unhappiness. Stay—I will tell you. In an angry haughty moment, when he had told me of his love, I sent him from my side, little dreaming to what his pride great as my own—would lead him; but it is all plain to my vision now. Go, and God speed you—and unable to control longer the emotions which this rush of memory caused her, Lady Helen, with kindly pressure, grasped his hand, and left him—how much bewildered, may be well conjectured.

But one great joy stood out from all others—Alice might yet be his; and this reflection was uppermost in his mind, while he travelled, as quickly as steam could take him, to the part of the country where Lord Redland still led his hermit life.

It is needless to describe what passed between the father and son. All substantiated and proved to their mutual happiness, they returned together to London, and a joyful meeting and reconciliation took place at Sir William Allenby's. The world had, of course, plenty to say when Lord Redland introduced his son, and no little scandal fell upon poor Hester. But she was beyond the range of calumny then; and as for the old Doctor, he was not of the world, nor did he live in it, so the tongue of malice could not reach him. It was curious to mark how this gay world whose tongue wagged so busily, struggled and fought for the favour of the young Viscount, and the vexation which the announcement of his engagement to Alice, and subsequent marriage, caused all its votaries. It failed, however, to disturb the happiness of any of the parties concerned; and at length the great world found some fresher subject to occupy it, and left our friends alone.

Lord Redland did not long survive Hester; he lived to see two of his grandchildren born, and then, amidst the tears and regrets of his family and friends, joined her, we may hope, in that better land for which he had many years been preparing.

There are few people so happily mated as Frank and Alice, and it is one of their greatest pleasures to visit and cheer the good old Doctor, who, having long given up practice, resides near the spot where his dear ones lie buried waiting to be called hence.

Sir William and Lady Allenby are quite of one mind now on the subject of their son-in-law and if there is a fault which grandmamma, in her lectures to Alice's little daughters, particularly condemns, it is that of pride.

Society, like silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

THE TRAVELLING RAT.

THE rapid spread of the rat is due to the fearlessness with which he will follow man and his commissariat wherever he goes. Scarcely a ship leaves a port for a distant voyage but it takes in its compliment of rats as regularly as the passengers, and in this manner the destructive little animal has not only distributed himself over the entire globe, but like an enterprising traveller, continually passes from one country to another. The colony of four-footed depredators, which ships itself free of expense, makes, for instance, a voyage to Calcutta, whence many of the body will again go to sea, and land perhaps at some uninhabited island where the vessel may have touched for water. In this manner, many a hoary old wanderer has circumnavigated the globe oftener than Captain Cook, and set his paws on twenty different shores.

When rats have once found their way into a ship they are secure as long as the cargo is on board, provided they can command the great necessary—water. If this is well guarded, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, and will even ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremities they will attack the spirit-casks and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land-rat will, in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes, which in public-houses lead from the spirit-store to the tap, and is as convivial on these occasions as his nautical relation. The entire race have a quick ear for running fluid, and they constantly eat into leaden pipes, and much to their astonishment receive a douche-bath in consequence. It is without doubt the difficulty of obtaining water which causes them in many cases to desert the ship the moment she touches the shore. On such occasions they get, if possible, dry-footed to land, which they generally accomplish by passing in Indian file along the mooring-rope, though, if no other passage is provided for them, they will not hesitate to swim. In the same manner they board ships from the shore, and so well are their invading habits known to sailors, that it is common upon coming into port to fill up the hawser holes, or else to run the mooring-cable through a broom, the projecting twigs of which effectually stop the ingress of these nautical quadrupeds. Their occupancy of the smaller bird-breeding islands invariably ends in their driving away the feathered inhabitants, for they plunder the nests of their eggs, and devour the young. The puffins have in this way been compelled to relinquish Puffin's Island, off the coast of Caernarvon.

HORACE AND BYRON.

FORTUNATELY for the Roman bard, he had friends whose private life and tastes stood out in bold relief from the community in which they lived. In the vast ocean of luxurious rioting, there was one spot left high and dry, though the waves lashed all around in savage fury. A little knot of reflecting and sober minds, whom the general commotion had not materially ruffled, still met, and interchanged observations benefitting their character and station. Among them was the Prime Minister, the right hand of Octavia. A judicious patron and warm-hearted friend, Mecenas loved to repose awhile from the oppressive cares of state, in the midst of that bright galaxy of wit and learning. Ministers of state have, in earlier ages, been known to unbend and relieve the severity of their duties by companionship with those whose destinies they swayed with almost imperial power. Since his time the Treasury has more than once been abandoned for the private circle. But when Pericles forgot for a season the onerous cares of Government, it was not always the sublimity of Sophocles that allured him. It is recorded on undeniable authority, that he was at least as frequent a visitor to the boudoir of Aspasia as the theatre. When Rochester and Godolphin were tired of debate and privy council, they went to sup with the Duchess of Mazarin, and finished up at a fashionable hell in the Strand. Access to this select society saved Horace from many a weakness to which his lively temper was exposed, and from consequences that have been disastrous to all the family of wits. Brilliant parts did not save Savage from ignominious misery, nor Goldsmith, Hook, and Moore from poverty. Had the author of "Childe Harold" been under the influence of similar restraint, we might, perhaps, have been without some of those delineations that will be handed down to the latest posterity as unique specimens of morbid genius. It is not, on the other hand unfair to presume that the creations, pure and noble, which literature might have gained, would have counterbalanced those escutcheons with the bend sinister it now enrolls in its heraldry.—Horace had his patron; Byron needed none.—Independently of the difference of usage and the interval of time that separate the two periods at which they flourished, the muse of Byron instinctively addressed herself to the hearts and sympathies of the people. Of patrician descent, he had no aristocratic hauteur, unless stung by the airs of some vulgar parvenu. With the "profane crowd" that with avidity drank in all his effusions he could not be offended, for he was neither insensible to praise, nor ungrateful when appreciated. No titled writer ever won half the popularity of Byron during his life-

time, none fixed himself so indelibly in people's minds after death. Like the greatest military genius of the age, he lived to see his monument; it stood not on obelisks, it was not carved with storied legends of his fame. On the marble chimney-pieces of the great, as on the narrow ledge of the rustic cottage, his bust was associated with all that is wondrous, and yet wretched, in humanity. Delicate women who, when his merits were discussed, were obliged to sit silent, read his poetry in the privacy of their own apartments, and cherished his memory in the tenderest recesses of their hearts. Happy and contented with his rosebuds and massie Horace, when rusticating, knew no anxiety save that the roses were carefully tended, and the massie broached from the inmost cask of his cellar. To Byron, the world soon ceased to present any prospect pleasurable or inviting.—For him, it was necessary to live in a world himself had conjured up, himself alone could inhabit. The passions of both men were strong for good or for evil; the one was not suffered to follow all the bent of his unbridled will; and the other had not sufficient opportunity for developing the nobler trait of his character.—*Colburn's Magazine.*

THE OLD TINDER BOX.

WHAT an eloquent lecture might be delivered upon the old fashioned tinder-box, illustrated by the one experiment of "striking a light." In that box lie, cold and motionless, the flint and steel, rude in form and crude in substance. And yet, within the breast of each, there lies a spark of that grand element which influences every atom of the universe; a spark which could involve the fierce agents of destruction to wrap their blasting flames around a stately forest, or a crowded city, and sweep it from the surface of the world; or which might kindle the genial blaze upon the homely hearth, and shed a radiant glow upon a group of smiling faces; a spark such as that which rises with the curling smoke from the village blacksmith's forge—or that which leaps with terrific wrath from the troubled breast of a Vesuvius. And then the tinder, the cotton, the carbon, what a tale might be told of the cotton-field where it grew, of the black slave who plucked it; of the white toiler who spun it into a garment, and of the village beauty who wore it, until, faded and despised, it was cast among a heap of old rags, and finally found its way to the tinder-box. Then the tinder might tell of its hopes; how, though now a blackened mass, soiling everything that touched it, it would soon be wedded to one of the great ministers of nature, and fly away on transparent wings, until, resting upon some alpine tree, it would make its home among the green leaves, and for awhile live in freshness and beauty, looking down upon the peaceful vale.—Then the steel might tell its story, how for centuries it lay in the deep caverns of the earth, until man, with his unquiet spirit, dug down to the dark depths, and dragged it forth, saying, "No longer be at peace." Then would come tales of the fiery furnace, what fire had done for steel, and what steel had done for fire. And then the flint might tell of the time when the weather-bound mariners, lighting their fires upon the Syrian shore, melted silicious stones into gems of glass, and thus led the way to the discovery of the transparent pane that gives a crystal inlet to the light of our homes; of the mirror in whose face the lady contemplates her charms; of the microscope and the telescope by which the invisible are brought to sight, and the distant drawn near; of the prism by which Newton analyzed the rays of light; and of the photographic camera in which the sun prints with his own rays the pictures of his own adorning. And then both flint and steel might relate their adventures in the battle-field, whether they had gone down together, and of fights they had seen in which man struck down his fellow-man, and like a fiend had revelled in his brother's blood. Thus, even from the cold hearts of flint and steel, man might learn a lesson which would make him blush at the "glory of war;" and the proud, who despise the teaching of small things, might learn to appreciate the truths that are linked to the story of a "tinder box."

HONOURS AMONG ESQUIMAUX.

THE tribe appeared to be composed of young, active, muscular men; and the women were decidedly better looking, with more vivacity and cheerfulness than any we had met with. I fancied that I could trace the outline of Indian features in several of both sexes—the dress of the women particularly partook in some degree of that worn by the Indian tribes, and differed from the costume of their race along the coast. In the men there was an absence of the labrets; but several of them had the septum of the nose pierced and transfixed with a piece of ivory, some three or four inches long, a blue bead ornamenting either end. Sundry emblems of their success in the chase were worn suspended from their deerskin coats; chiefly the head and neck of the great northern diver, skins of the stoat and ermine, and other small animals, all intended to convey an idea of their individual progress. Tattooing was common among them, and the captors of whales were each honoured with one line extending outwards from the inner angle of the eye across the cheek;

for each one taken, the captor became entitled to an additional mark.

SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

I feel my inability to describe or convey a truthful idea of the bleakness, wildness, or desolate grandeur that met the eye on landing upon the part of the coast which led us to the desired locality. From the beach a narrow vale extended tortuously into the interior through a series of hills, rising range after range from 600 to 700 feet in elevation, unmarked by the slightest trace of vegetation. On ascending one of these hills, about a quarter of a mile from the beach, on its side about 800 feet high from the sea level, we discovered the wood of which we were in search. The ends of trunks and branches of trees were seen protruding through the rich loamy soil in which they were imbedded. On excavating to some extent we found the entire hill a ligneous formation, being composed of the trunks and branches of trees; some of them dark and softened, in a state of semi-carbonization; others were quite fresh, the woody structure perfect, but hard and dense. In a few situations the wood, from its flatness and the pressure to which it had been for ages exposed presented a laminated structure with traces of coal.—*Dr. Armstrong's Personal Narrative.*

A BALL AT A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

AT Hanwell, a ball takes place every Monday night. Shortly after six o'clock the handsome assembly room, brilliantly lit with gas, becomes the central point of attraction to all the inmates, male and female, who are considered well enough to indulge their inclinations for festivity. On the occasion of our visit there were about 200 patients present, together with a few visitors and many of the attendants. In a raised orchestra five musicians, three of whom were lunatics, soon struck up a merry polka, and immediately the room was alive with dancers. In the progress of this amusement we could see nothing grotesque or odd. In the corners of the room whist players, consisting generally of the older inmates, were soon intent upon their game; not a word was uttered aloud, not a gesture took place that would have discredited any similar same assembly; yet not a patient was free from some strange hallucination, or some morbid impulse. Among the merriest dancers in Sir Roger de Coverley was a man who believed himself to be our Saviour, and who wore in his hair a spike in imitation of the crown of thorns; and one of the keenest whist players was an old lady, who, whilst her partner was dealing, privately assured us she had been dead these three years, and desired as a favour that we would use our influence with the surgeon to persuade him to cut off her head.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE WRITER OF JANE EYRE.

I was painfully impressed with the fact that Miss Bronte never dared to allow herself to look forward with hope; that she had no confidence in the future; and I thought, when I heard of the sorrowful years she had passed through, that it had been this pressure of grief which had crushed all buoyancy of expectation out of her. But it appears from the letters that it must have been, so to speak, constitutional; or, perhaps, the deep pang of losing her two elder sisters combined with a permanent state of bodily weakness in producing her hopelessness. If her trust in God had been less strong, she would have given way to unbounded anxiety at many a period of her life. As it was, we shall see, she made a great and successful effort to leave her time in his Hands.—*Mrs Gaskell.*

FEUDAL ANCESTRY AND DIGNITY.

MR Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you; in short, by your mother it is very clear that you (Sir Horace Mann) are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second; indeed I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies: it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere flea bites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond green this evening, did indeed I believe, to enable my genealogy with another execution.

THE WALK OF LIFE A CONTRAST.

WE talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girl, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.