

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Household Words.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

ABOUT three weeks after their encounter by the river, Robin and Alice appeared at Ike Branstons breakfast table together.

'Father, we are married,' said Robin, without any repentant, theatrical demonstrations; he stood firmly, holding his wife by the hand.

'O, indeed, married?' echoed the old man.

Carl's face had worn its down-looking expression ever since Alice administered her last rebuff, and it did not lighten at this news, as may be supposed. Mistress Margery Pilkington had not thought it necessary to communicate to her cousin that the charge he had confided to her tender guardianship had evaded her watchfulness and disappeared one morning early; therefore Robin had the felicity of breaking the ice with his relatives. His father received the announcement without evincing surprise or displeasure; he looked quite cool, but nobody who knew Ike Branstons liked his cool manner; it meant evil.

'Uncle, don't be angry with Robin, for my sake,' Alice pleaded softly; she understood the dangerous warning of his countenance.

'Angry! I am never angry; daughter, take a seat; Robin, have some coffee; Carl, help your brother,' said Ike with his circular smile, which was a triumph of bland hypocrisy: he laid an unctuous stress on the changed position of Alice as his daughter; he used to call her niece; never by her name, which was also the name of his deceased wife. Robin, without a suspicion of the genuineness of his father's cordiality, threw off his rather proud yet anxious restraint, and glided into conversation with him about his intentions.

'And pray where have you pitched your tent Robin; where are you going to live? You begin housekeeping, of course?' asked Ike gravely.

'Why, yes—I suppose so. Can you recommend me a house, sir?' his son said, with great cheerfulness.

'There is an excellent mansion to let in Great Howard Street—if it would not be too small for you—rent between three and four hundred; it is beautifully furnished, and nearly new. The Earl of Monypence had it for a few seasons. Here, my dear, is something towards your housekeeping expenses; and, with exquisite grace and urbanity, Ike handed his daughter-in-law a five pound note, which he had been ostentatiously extracting from his pocket book, as he suggested a residence for the young pair. Carl seemed inwardly diverted at the irony of his parent, but he kept his eyes on the morning paper, except for the instant when the bank-note was presented, but he did not succeed in seeing its amount, and was rather afraid that a spasm of generosity might have seized the old man at the sight of his younger son's beaming countenance. Robin, in the same doubt, thanked his father warmly; but Alice was uneasy, and was relieved when the dismal hall-clock struck ten, and Ike and Carl rose to go to their office.

'Let me know where you settle down, Robin: I suppose we shall see you from time to time; I don't like family dissensions, you are aware; good morning; and with a hurried yet expansive hand-shaking Ike ushered his younger son and Alice out into the street; Carl gave his brother a cool nod, and, overlooking his cousin altogether, marched away, as if the most pressing affairs called him.

When Robin and Alice had got a few hundred yards from Ike Branstons house, Alice whispered—

'It was only a five-pound note, Robin.'

Her husband looked surprised for a moment, and then broke into a merry laugh.

'We ought not to have expected anything better,' he said. 'Never mind, Alice, I'll turn photographer, painter of portraits for the million—anything. Let us go and look at that cottage we saw advertised in yesterday's Times—it will suit our fortunes.'

'I'll be as happy as a queen there, Robin,' Alice gaily responded, and she stepped out cheerfully, as if her heart were lightened of a load; she was, indeed, glad that no form of dependence on her uncle was to mar her new life; and to be free of him and poor, was preferable to a luxurious slavery.

The cottage in question was far enough out of London to look pleasantly rural in its little garden, fenced off from some meadow fields by a wire fence, and hidden from the road by a very high, thick, and closely clipped hedge. It was an old cottage with pebble-dashed walls, and a porch so overgrown with creepers as to resemble a gigantic bee-hive; its windows were fantastically pointed, its chimney twisted, and its rooms low and picturesquely inconvenient, but Alice's fancy beautified it in a twinkling. The parlor should have a pale green paper, and crimson carpet and cushions: here should be Robin's books—he had quantities of books—there his piano; the pretty statues which he

had given her, and the handsome French clock, would ornament the chimney-piece.

'It will do beautifully!' the young wife exclaimed; they might look at twenty houses, and not find another so exactly suited to them in every respect. To be sure, Robin struck his tall head twice in passing through the chamber doorways, but that gave Alice the opportunity of standing on tip-toes, and kissing away his rueful look, and of whispering what a bonnie, happy little nest she would make of it for him. So the cottage was taken and furnished, and, still in the glow of 'Love's young dream,' Robin and his wife took possession of it.

It was a very easy, indolent, untroubled life that they led for the next six months. The summer evening walks over, the long dark lamp and fire-light hours came, when Robin read out some new book, while Alice sewed; and the little green and crimson parlor was a picture of home happiness worth seeing.

One evening, laying down his volume, he said: 'By the bye, Alice, my half-yearly allowance from my father is nearly a month overdue. This is the first time I have let the day slip. I'll go to Wormsley to-morrow.' Alice said it would be very acceptable, as she smiled and shook out a little cap of delicate flimsy lace, that she was busy concocting. Indeed, for a week or two back, the money in her house-keeping purse had been ebbing very low, and there was no corresponding flood.

The next morning Robin went into town by the omnibus, and waited on Mr Wormsley, his father's banker, to draw his money. The banker received him with a stiff courtesy. He said that he had not received any instructions from his respected friend, Branstons, to pay it; indeed, he had understood from that gentleman that Mr Robert's allowance ceased from the day of his marriage, on which happy event Mr Wormsley begged to congratulate him.

Inexpressibly mortified and embarrassed, Robin returned home and told his wife the result of his expedition. She was dismayed. 'Then we have nothing, absolutely nothing to depend upon!' she said. 'Even this cottage furniture is to pay for! What are we to do, Robin?' Her husband made three or four turns in the little parlor, with a rather overcast expression, not unnatural in a man who finds himself suddenly deprived of all his means, while his cares are on the increase. It was with a rather doubtful air that he said at last, 'I'll try photography, Alice; everybody loves to see his own portrait.'

'But who will come out here, so far from town, to have it taken?' said the young wife, with a glance of regret round her pretty room.

'Nobody, pet, but listen. I have a plan in my head, only I want you to help me to perfect it. I must engage a suitable place in town; the 'bus will carry me backwards and forwards.'

'No, Robin, no! You will be away from me all day; I cannot bear that,' interrupted Alice, shaking her head. 'I must be with you wherever you are. We must get lodgings where we can be together.'

Robin kissed her. 'I shall like that the best by far; but it seems a pity to leave this nice little place,' said he.

'But we must, Robin!' responded Alice, quietly. How often does that tiny word, 'must,' overrule choice, inclination, desire!

And the change was made accordingly, not without some regrets expressed, and more restrained. There was incessant traffic from dawn to dark in the quarter where they fixed their new abode; and a plate affixed to the door-post of the lodgings announced to all the stream of passers-by that a photographic artist had his residence above. A large frame full of portraits also embellished the wall of the house; and Alice, from her seat in the window over it, could see many people stop to look at it. She watched eager for customers, but customers were not eager to come. By way of attracting the public eye Robin took portraits of the post-man, the two Lascar sweepers, and several other public functionaries, but without much effect. His friends came in relays, and smoked a good many cigars, and were taken 'free gratis, for nothing,' several times over, but that could not be regarded as a profitable speculation.—His first guinea, earned professionally, he received from his father, who would sit to him and pay like other people. The old man affected to think that his son was getting on famously. 'I saw lots of people round the door when I came in,' said he, with a flourish of his hand towards that locality. 'I suppose they are waiting until you are disengaged.'

'I am afraid not, sir,' Robin replied, with his light-hearted laugh; in fact, father you are my first patron.'

'But you have made a fair start! Things look respectable about you, and respectability is all in this world; never forget that. I dare say you find Alice a thrifty manager? I never allowed waste in my house. How is she to-day?'

'Not well, father. But will you not go in and see her?'

So Ike Branstons paid his compliments to his daughter-in-law, conversed with her for ten minutes in a fatherly way, alluded pathetically to the dignity she was going to confer on him in making him a grandpapa, advised her to take care of herself, and departed a luminous example of paternal decorum, without his son

having found either opportunity or courage to mention the withdrawal of his allowance, and the painful inconvenience it was likely to be to him. Ike had a prescience of what Robin wanted to say, and staved it off skilfully; he did not want to come to an open quarrel with his son, for respectability's sake; but his heart was so bitter against him for the time, that he would have seen him starving with pleasure.

(To be continued.)

HERNE BAY.

ON that northern part of the Kentish Coast which looks straight up towards the German Ocean, is situated the town of Herne Bay—a watering-place of increasing popularity. On the east are Margate and Foreland; on the west the Isle of Sheppey. By water it is about eighty miles distant from London; by land sixty-four miles; about eight miles distant from Canterbury; four from Whitstable; and four from Reculver. It stands on the most healthful picturesque seaboard of Kent, commanding a fine view of the expanse of the ocean: and its adjacent inland scenery is singularly beautiful. It is becoming a favourite sea-side resort, not for Londoners only—but, thanks to the facilities afforded by railway, it is now visited by persons from greater distances, and from all parts. A writer has described Herne Bay as having 'no attraction on the score of gaiety, fashionable equipages, splendid shops, nor any of those glittering allurements which Brighton and other watering-places possess; but on the other hand, it is a town where visitors may do as they like, unshackled by the rules of strict ceremony, and where there is no sense of a cold formality to check the mirthful spirits of those who seek the sea-side to recreate and enjoy themselves.' Another writer says, 'Herne Bay is pre-eminent above all other watering-places for the gentler customs of life. The view from the bay is noble and exhilarating; while nothing can exceed the beauty, the charms, and the picturesque variety of the adjacent country. Within an easy drive of Canterbury, you have some of the most memorable spots in Kent—memorable by their fine historic associations.' But let us examine briefly into the origin of Herne Bay. About the end of the last century, temporary barracks were erected on the rising ground east of the present town, for the reception of soldiers, and as a means of safeguard for the coast. From this period a house was occasionally added in the neighbourhood of the present Ship Inn, where a structure had stood for the accommodation of fishermen, and perhaps of smugglers, upwards of two hundred years. The inhabitants of Canterbury, attracted by the encampment, and by the healthfulness of the place, were frequent visitors; and about fifty years ago, under the special patronage of Lady Hales, the first bathing-machine upon the beach signified the incipient watering-place:—then by degrees the eastern part, now called the old town, indicated the serious purpose of growing into importance. In the year 1830, some few gentlemen of enterprise and capital, induced by the natural advantages of a spot so pre-eminently adapted to be the site of an extensive town, went boldly into the undertaking of making Herne Bay—first purchasing of Sir Henry Oxenden the freehold land on which it was determined to build on a scale of extent and elegance that should render Herne Bay one of the most important of English watering-places. Drainage so requisite to occupy a first consideration, was perfected on an extensive plan—the object being to obtain in this particular a thorough means of purifying and cleansing with every tide, by laying a main sewer of ten feet diameter, and with such ramifications as would serve the entire town.—*Watson's Guide to Herne Bay.*

THE EARTH'S JOURNEY.

IN winter we are nearest the sun and in summer farthest from it; for the differences in the seasons is not occasioned by the greater or less distance of the earth from the sun, but by the more or less oblique direction of the sun's rays. The length of the path travelled over by the earth is estimated at 567 019,740 miles, and, as this immense distance is passed over in a year, the earth must move seventeen miles a second—a rapidity so far exceeding our conceptions, that it gave very just occasion to the pleasant remark of Lichtenberg, that while one man salutes another man in the street he goes many miles barehead before catching cold.

THINGS THAT IT'S BETTER TO DO—It's better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitied with a mother-in-law than the small pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BORROWER.—How very provoking, my dear fellow? If you had but come yesterday, you might have had the money! How true is this through life!—Whenever we ask for anything, the only Yes we receive is in 'Yesterday!' In begging favors, To-day always means a Day-to-late!

MUTINY IN INDIA.

We have further news from India, which may be summed up as follows:—

The army which was to have arrived before Delhi about the 26th of May was only occupying the surrounding heights, after a serious engagement, on the 8th of June, in which it gained some advantage. General Anson died at Kurnaul, on his march to Delhi, and is succeeded by Sir P. Grant, an Indian officer.—There were still daily defections of whole regiments, besides incessant desertion, all over the Bengal presidency; and even at Lucknow, under the able hand of Sir Henry Lawrence, the city was to 'Go Delhi' and the telegraphic communication between Delhi, Agra, and Calcutta had been cut off; and the losses by the mutiny and all causes were computed at about 28,000.

PROGRESS OF THE MUTINY.

The following letter is from Bombay, and is dated June 11:—

The intelligence of the fortnight from the Bengal presidency may shortly be summed up as follows:—Many more regiments have mutinied, with more or less violence, but the military authorities have been, for the most part ready and alert, and the crisis may be said to be past. Delhi has not yet fallen, but we are in daily, almost hourly, anticipation of hearing that such a blow has been struck at that centre of revolt as will annihilate the display, if not the spirit, of disaffection throughout the country. Having premised thus much, I will take up my story where I left it at the close of my last letter, and will write in detail of the occurrences at the various military stations where disaffection has declared itself, or seems yet likely to do so. And first of the great city of Delhi, which has now been for a month in the hands of the mutineers. Of the number and names of our countrymen and countrywomen who have fallen at this place by the hands of the rebels we have still but imperfect accounts. Many persons, regarding whom the gravest fears were entertained have since made their appearance at one or other of the neighbouring stations, and we may hope that the list of those thus preserved will be largely increased, as the native landholders have shown themselves in many cases disposed to give shelter and protection to the fugitives. But the hardships and danger to which they have been exposed must have told severely upon the poor women and children, who escaped with little but their lives from the fire and the bayonet, and many a tale of hairbreadth escapes from sudden and dreadful death will be told to anxious relatives in England. I much fear, however, that the number of those from whom no such consolatory news can be received will, after making all deductions, still be very large. I sent with my last letter the list of the English whose safety had up to that time been assured. To that list is to be added the name of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who it was feared had fallen, but who is safe at Hansi. With regard to the officers of the three mutinous regiments—the 38th, 54th, and 74th—I have tried in vain to reconcile the lists which have been published of those that have escaped and those that are still missing, the same names not unfrequently appearing in both, and that in one and the same paper. In the present state of uncertainty I am loth to give the name of any officer as irrevocably lost. I did not, however, observe the name of Lieut. Holland, of the 38th, among those of the refugees at Meerut, Umballah, or Kurnaul; nor those of Colonel Ripley, Captains Smith and Burrows; Lieutenants Butler, Waterfield, and Edwards; Ensign Angelo, and Surgeon Dopping, of the 54th; nor of Lieutenants Revelly, Hvsloy, and Addington, and Dr. Batson, of the 74th. Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, has undoubtedly fallen; and there appears only too much reason to believe a report, emanating from a letter written to the Rajah of Jullundur by his agent at Delhi, and published in English by the Deputy Commissioner of the former station, that on Wednesday, the 13th of May, two days after the outbreak, upwards of fifty Europeans, of both sexes and all ages, were discovered in their hiding-places and massacred. What the King of Delhi has been doing all this fearful time we do not know, unless from the letter above alluded to, which represents him, probably with truth, as having agreed to all the propositions of the armed mutineers, and allowed himself to be placed at the head of the movement. By his own presence and by that of his son he endeavoured, but without effect, to restore confidence in the bazaars of the city, and to check the wholesale plundering that was being carried on under the reign of terror.—The civilization of fifty-three years has been destroyed in three hours, writes the agent; adding, with an exaggeration pardonable under the circumstances, 'it is like the atrocities of Nadir Shah.' The soldiery are represented to be without a leader, but other accounts tell us that they have elected to the supreme and second posts of command the native officers of the 3rd Light Cavalry. Under this or other leadership they had the temerity to advance from city and attack a portion of the force collecting to crush them. On the 30th of May a detachment of the European force at Meerut, the Car