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BOMBO AND HIS LAND.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

ONE who travels for the love of it, who has a passion for adventure, will some time surely be lured by the tropic splendors, the burning heats, the strange animal and vegetable life, and above all, by the mysteries of Africa. I entered Africa from Spain, crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, and landing at Tangier. I had thought of journeying through the Barbary States, going down into Egypt, and ascending the Blue Nile. However, I left Abyssinia for a future journey, and directed my course toward Senegambia.

I believe people think that to travel in Africa one needs a great retinue, ox teams, dozens of guards, and servants, and in general, all the paraphernalia of a state progress. I never made set tours in this style anywhere; and when I was in Africa, I found I could journey about, going as I pleased in an humble way, making myself at home, and having with me only a servant or two. It will be seen at once that I did not ape Livingstone, or De Chaillu; I was neither geographer nor author. I went to please myself, and my ambition was small.

At Nun, in Southern Morocco, I came across Bombo, a full-blooded negro guide. It seemed to me then that I engaged

him for my major-domo, but now, in the light of past experiences, I have come to believe that Bombo engaged me as a sort of banker. From the hour when we concluded our bargain on the public square of Nun, Bombo to me was Africa, and Africa was—Bombo. There had been a time in this person's history when a string of China beads and a paper collar had constituted for him entire full dress. That day had gone by. Bombo wore hat, shirt, trowsers and shoes; he knew the meaning of money; he knew everything; or at least he thought he did, which served about as well.

Bombo was able to tell me when to travel and when to delay; what to eat; where and how to go; what to provide; and how to conduct myself. He did all this with the utmost humility and self-devotion of language, and an unmitigated contempt and suspicion for all other "brack folk," and before I was aware he had become the immediate disposer of myself and all that was mine.

Under Bombo's supervision I sailed from Nun to Saint Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal. Bombo was a Senegambian. The people of Senegambia may be divided into foreigners, as French and English who have come there for trade;

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power to inflict torture upon man, though all seem to have a strange power over their prey.

The jelly-fish are said to be the principal food of sperm-whales, which find a good feeding ground in a locality near the Azores, the place where the gulf stream begins to slacken, carrying with it great quantities of these creatures. Since the substance of the medusæ is almost entirely sea-water, it is hard to see how they can afford nourishment to any large animal. One evening after Professor Forbes had been lecturing upon these lower forms of life, demonstrating that after the evaporation of the water in the jelly-fish, a mere film only of solid matter—the least pinch, as it were—remained behind, a Scotch farmer came to him and acknowledged that he had spent in vain a vast deal of time and trouble, for he had carted upon his farm from the seashore hundreds of loads of jelly-fish, and had spread them

on his lands for manure. "My dear sir," said the Professor, "you could have carried in your side-pocket all the fertilizing substance contained in those hundreds of cart-loads."

One of the most singular properties of these *Acalephæ*, or *medusæ*, remains to be mentioned. They emit the phosphorescent light of the waters of the ocean, so familiar to voyagers. As the ship passes through these bodies, many of them minute, though countless, the disturbance is sufficient to set the ocean in a glow, and the bright path of the vessel may be traced for a mile or more. The numbers engaged at once in such an illumination must be inconceivably great, for there are instances on record of vessels passing through hundreds of miles of the shining waters. The phosphorescent tract for the entire distance would reasonably be regarded as measuring one collection or system of *Acalephæ*, a vast shoal of jelly-fishes.

A ROSE FROM CASHMERE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

BREAKFAST time, and New-Year's morning. Miss Hamilton came slowly down the staircase, guiding herself by the gilt and walnut balluster, rather than by sight, for her soft dark eyes seemed fixed on objects hundreds of miles further off than the *Psyche* in the stairway niche, the famous painting of *Belshazzar's Feast* against the wall, or the Pompeian vase out of which tropic vines rioted luxuriantly in the summer warmth of the house. New-Years and birthdays are seasons to set reasonable people a thinking; and on this first morning of the year Miss Hamilton was twenty-one. Several matters were to be settled for her before night, several beyond those she knew of in fact, and had that merciful veil which hides even our nearest future been that moment lifted, sorrow and

anxiety might have mingled in the girl's steady gaze.

The family were waiting for her by the ruddy glow of the low down grate in the dining-room. Cora Loudon, running forward with a delicious bouquet in hand, stood on tiptoe to kiss her friend, and presented her floral tribute with the usual wish for a happy New-Year, and many glad returns of the natal morning. Aunt Rac Loudon came next; she laid a proper little kiss like a snow-flake on the top of Miss Hamilton's forehead, and presenting a packet worth much more than its weight in gold, remarked, "Wear them at the dinner to-day, my love; such lace admirably suits your style." The paternal Loudon came next in order; he shook hands affably with his ward, and saying, "Permit *me* also to offer a birth-

day gift," unfolded from its linen coverings a magnificent Cashmere shawl. It was no ordinary wrap, such as a few ten dollar bills may easily purchase, but a dainty product of oriental looms; its soft delicate shades and patterns melting into each other, its wonderful firmness and beauty suggesting rather the skill of elf or genii than human art. "It is but suitable, Rose of Cashmere," said Mr. Loudon, with elaborate courtesy, "that you should have a gift from your earliest home."

Miss Hamilton flung the rich shawl over her shoulders, while all admired its texture and design. "Let me see it on you, Cora," she said, "I want to know just how it looks;" but Cora slipped quickly out of reach, exclaiming "Not for the world! I look like a witch in a shawl. Admire it in your glass, my dear; I certainly shall not have it on after you have shown so splendidly in it. It fits you like your name, Gulnare."

"Gulnare is too far off," said in a low tone George Loudon, the only son of the house, stepping forward to relieve Miss Hamilton of the shawl. As he took it he whispered, "My gift shall be offered by and by."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Loudon senior, bustling up to the table, and himself handing his ward to her chair, saying, "and after breakfast, Rose, I shall wish to see you in the library."

Rose knew very well what he wanted; on this day he would deliver up to her his trust as her guardian. This knowledge did not disturb her appetite in the least, her fortune was not painfully great; the burden of it on her hands was not likely to prove wearisome. Agur's petition had been granted to her, even if she had never offered it up.

Opposite Miss Hamilton at the table sat Cora Loudon, prattling incessantly of how many calls they were likely to receive; wondering if the New-Year's dinner would be an absolute success, and what would be likely to happen during the gayeties of winter. George Loudon, seated beside his sister, looked now and again from her shell-tinted complexion of pink and pearl, her sparkling blue eyes and fluffy yellow

hair, to Miss Hamilton's clear cut face, thoughtful, resolute, yet tender; the red blood flushing up in her clear olive skin, and the unfathomable depths of eyes that seemed often looking leagues or ages away.

The parental Loudon did not encourage conversation at the breakfast table; he felt that it interfered with the grand business of eating. Thus his son was driven to resort to thinking, and had often indulged in likening the family group to birds. His respected father thus became a grave and venerable owl, ruffling and frowning at the follies of weaker things; he himself, in his legal black suit, was a gentlemanly rook or daw, demurely helping himself to whatever plunder came handy. Cora was like nothing in life but a canary bird, in love with its own whistling; Aunt Rae was a portly and gorgeously feathered parrot, long lived and oracular; and Miss Hamilton was assuredly a bird of Paradise; and alas, she had that radiant creature's predilection for flying against the wind! George believed in flying *with* the wind. Then there was the old myth that the bird of Paradise has no feet, and cannot be lured to alight and tarry in any home. George wondered frequently if this bird could be won to seek some secure bough and betake itself to nest building.

Meanwhile, as usual, the head of this family concluded his meal first; looked uneasily at his paper for a few minutes, and then, according to custom, begged to be excused, and betook himself to his library. Ordinarily, the library held him but a brief space, his bank drawing him toward it, both body and soul; but to-day was a legal holiday; banks were closed, and Gulnare Hamilton was twenty-one.

After a time there was a decided little knock at the door, and Gulnare came in. Mr. Loudon sat near the open fireplace, with a table covered with papers at his elbow; his ward chose a window commanding not only her guardian's position, but a choice morsel of Chestnut street. She stood in a flood of winter sunshine; she had come from the land of the fire-

worshippers, and even the blaze of summer suns seemed to fall on her as a benediction.

"You are to-day, as I understand it, twenty-one," said Mr. Loudon, turning his chair a little, and placidly regarding his ward. "This is the period set by General Hamilton for the lapsing of my control over you and your fortune. I do not think I have ever made that control in the least harsh or vexatious."

"By no means," said Miss Hamilton, cordially.

"It is only proper," continued the banker, in his ponderous tones, "that you should now be fully informed of some family matters, which have not hitherto been made a subject of conversation. Your father is General Hamilton, as you are aware, an officer of the East India Company, and, as you also know, you were born in India. Your mother was a Cashmerian, with whom your father—a—became acquainted—a—fell in love, if you will allow me to mention the matter thus, in one of his journeys. Their marriage was a civil marriage, which many men in your father's position found it convenient to ignore when fortune recalled them to the mother country." Mr. Loudon paused, and a dark-red flush slowly mounted over Miss Hamilton's throat and cheeks.

The guardian hastened to repair his error, if he had made any, and opening and shutting his hands with the finger tips pressed together tent-fashion, continued:

"A very improper course, I should say; and not such as would have been adopted by your father—a very remarkably honorable and correct gentleman in all matters, as I am informed—though I never had the pleasure of meeting him. He lived happily with your mother until her death, when you, their only child, were about three years old. A year after this your father was on the point of returning to England and marrying a lady of rank, selected for him by his family. We will suppose that General Hamilton's family were proud people, and that the lady of rank had views of her own, with which you were incom-

patible. Indeed the General's friends at home knew nothing of your existence, and it was desirable to leave them in that ignorance. Your father felt that India would not be a proper place to leave you; and in England you might put in an inopportune appearance, therefore he decided to send you to America."

"Yes!" cried Miss Hamilton, in a sudden passion. "I was in his way, and he deserted me! He abandoned his eldest child because her mother was a Cashmerian, and not a lady of rank! Ah, I see!"

"Softly, my dear girl. I must say that I believe if the General had foreseen what a handsome, accomplished and exceedingly elegant woman you would grow up, he would have thought twice before he severed the connection between you and himself. But don't blame him too severely, he made a provision for you."

"A pecuniary provision," said Miss Hamilton, coldly. "As for his foreseeing any attractions in me, making it worth his while to maintain his fatherly relation, that would not have been a proper motive: his *duty* was plain; why did he not perform that duty?"

"People have various ideas of duty," said the banker, calmly.

"And right, and justice, do they have different ideas of those?" flamed the lady.

"Yes; different ideas of all these things. Suppose you permit me to go on with my story. General Hamilton knew of me in a business way. He did me the honor to believe that I was a man of probity and sense; and he committed to me the guardianship of yourself and your fortune. He left the choice of a home, and instructors, and the course of your education entirely to me. You came to this country in charge of a lady's maid who was coming to her relatives; her name was a—a—I forget what."

"Matilda Jerrold," said Miss Hamilton.

"Yes, so it was; I forgot that you had seen her once since; you have really a remarkable memory, my dear; you are quite a remarkable young woman every way. Your income has been one thou-

sand dollars per annum, which I have expended on you. When you came here, my wife having just died, and Cora being a lonely little creature, my sister and I concluded to bring you up together, and this relieved me of a deal of trouble; for your being with my own daughter, whatever was proper for her was proper for you; and I was saved a thousand perplexities. I think I have dealt with you fairly."

"You have, indeed," said the listener; "but you must in these last years have spent much more than a thousand dollars on me yearly. My education and dress have been expensive, and I have continued my studies much longer than Cora, never thinking where money came from."

"Perfectly proper, I am sure," said the banker. "As you say, the income has been overrun lately, but for seven or eight years it was not all used, and so there was a surplus to meet later demands. As for board, that has never been reckoned; you have been a great benefit to Cora, and incidentally to me; for though I have never corresponded with General Hamilton concerning you, he has thrown a good deal of business and influence into my hands, which I know came to me on your account. Now, there is the whole story. To-day, by the General's orders, I put your fortune into your own keeping, and I hope you will manage it as safely as I have done. You will still make this house your home until you marry, and any advice or assistance which I can render you is cheerfully at your service. I have here all your accounts and statements carefully made out, and if you will wait until I look them over once more, I will trouble you to sign a few papers, and that will end business for New-Year's day."

Mr. Loudon turned toward his table, and Miss Hamilton, with her hands lightly folded, stood watching him with an intentness that showed a mind busily at work. Sixteen years had she lived under this man's roof; every want had been provided for; she had received no unkind looks nor words; worldly, to his

very heart's core she knew him; honest she believed him; as for any strong sympathy or affection between them, that was an absurdity. Love and hatred seemed alike banished from this household; everything began and ended at money's worth. If she were to die to-morrow, thought this transplanted Cashmerian Rose, Mr. Loudon and his family would be decorously sorry, and would attend her obsequies with scrupulous care; there would be six months of crape and mourning garments, and there would be the end of it. Indeed, she could not accuse herself of any more intense affection to any of the Loudons. She had a nature of oriental passion, but no one had stirred it as yet. If ardent feelings wear out humanity, and our loves feed on our vitality, these Loudons were likely to last forever, there being no consuming flames on any of their altars.

"Now, if you please, Gulnare," said Mr. Loudon, "you must put your real name, and not our English substitute, to these papers."

Miss Hamilton sat down by the table, pen in hand, and deliberately looked over the papers.

Mr. Loudon nodded approval.

"Most women would have signed recklessly, in a blind faith in me; you want to know what you are about. That is right."

One by one Miss Hamilton signed the various documents, Mr. Loudon looking on.

"You write a fine bold hand, a trifle masculine, but much more readable than Cora's sharp-pointed chirography. There, thank you; that is all."

"Tell me," said Miss Hamilton, rising, "does my father know whether or not I am alive?"

"He *infers* as much, since I have not refunded this capital," replied Mr. Loudon.

"And in these sixteen years he has made no personal inquiries about me?"

"They might prove so exceedingly awkward, you know," said the banker. "There is the lady of rank and her family, who know nothing of you, and might object to you seriously. There

are all the Hamiltons, who were never consulted about that first marriage. The General felt that he must cut himself off absolutely and entirely from the first part of his life, and he did it very sensibly."

"And put his own child into the hands of a stranger whom he had never seen! You have been an excellent guardian to me, sir; but how did he know you would be?"

"He had a faith in human nature, which the event has justified," said Mr. Loudon, blandly.

"He had a disregard for his daughter which nothing can justify," retorted Gulnare, hotly.

"We won't discuss that, it cannot be altered."

"On my own part, dear Mr. Loudon, permit me to thank you for your faithfulness and kindness to me."

"Not at all. It is much easier to be kind than cruel. I got along in the way most agreeable to myself. I will know how great value you set on my past exertions by seeing how far you accept my counsels in the future."

The door flew open, and in dashed Cora.

"Papa! aren't you done with Rose? If there is any more stupid business, put it off until to-morrow; it is time we were dressed for callers."

"Rose is quite at liberty," said Mr. Loudon, sorting the papers on his table into two packets, and putting each in an oil-silk wrapper. "Shall I put your papers in the safe at the bank, Rose?"

Miss Hamilton's answer was made as Cora unceremoniously pulled her out of the library.

"There's one thing," said Rose, as she gave an indignant glance at the refreshment table, "I shall not offer any one wine, and I shall tell them what my opinion of it is. I think it is scandalous to offer wines to our callers. It may be their ruin!"

"New-Year's without wine!" cried Cora.

"Yes, New-Year's without wine," returned Gulnare. "The New-Year's wine may drag some mother's hope to a gutter, or make a man a devil."

"Bless me! Well, people as handsome as you are, Rose, may afford to be absurd and crochety. I couldn't," and Cora vanished in her dressing-room.

Callers all day, and then the state dinner in the evening. Mr. Loudon had a dining-room for high occasions. The walls were fairly crusted with pictures; the ceiling was a magnificent piece of fresco. The state table seated fourteen, and the table and the chairs had drifted from some baronial hall of the fifteenth century. The carpet had been made for the room in Persia; and the table service, unique and stately, fitted the solemn old-time beauty of the ancient paintings and furniture. It was Mr. Loudon's one pet extravagance; and when on festal occasions he placed his own family and nine chosen friends at this board, and served them with a feast fit for the gods on Mount Ida, he soared to the highest happiness which he was ever likely to attain.

George Loudon had handed Miss Hamilton into dinner. He wore in his button-hole that sweetest of sweet things, a Marechal Neil rose, for which in its perfection he had searched every green-house in the city, and which, just as dinner was announced, had been brought to him by a florist's messenger. To say that George Loudon was in love with Miss Hamilton, would be to flatter him; he liked her exceedingly, and intended to marry her. He was resolved to make known to her those intentions during this gala dinner. A gift of himself and his future legal prospects he considered the most magnificent and appropriate present which could grace the beauty's birthday.

"And so," he said, while the dinner dragged on its tedious splendors, "I must congratulate you on being now your own mistress. You have reached your majority, and come into possession of your little fortune, and the freedom which is more precious than that fortune. I suppose the next thing will be to choose for yourself another and younger guardian than my father, and put that newly-acquired freedom into his hands. The belle will marry."



"HE SAW HIS ROSE LYING ON THE FLOOR."—Page 18.

"Perhaps so," said Gulnare, with a rushing serenity.

"Blessed lot!" said George, laughing. "There is only one man in the world can attain to it without gaining my undying hatred."

"Or your profound commiseration; I should be exacting."

"That would only make the lucky man's captivity sweeter."

"I should begin," said Gulnare, as George bent toward her, his breath

heavy with the wine he had been quaffing in dozens of New-Year's calls, "by demanding from him a vow never to touch cards nor wine."

"And how, if he would not make that vow?" said George, drawing back a little.

"Then he and I would go our separate ways," she said.

"And suppose some dozen or so lovers all went their ways?"

"They might go; I would never yield my point."

"And suppose time should be passing on; even belles grow old?"

"I would trust to grow old gracefully."

"I can prophesy something," said George, who had taken wine enough to ruffle his general good temper; "you will see the folly of such demands, and drop them."

Miss Hamilton shook her head.

"Or you will settle down as a country parson's wife."

Miss Hamilton kept her calm eyes fixed on him, and gave no sign.

"Or you will find yourself becoming—an old maid!"

Miss Hamilton graciously bowed.

Such a wonderfully handsome head! George Loudon began to get nervous. He knew the signs of these state dinners. Presently his aunt would rise, and the ladies would sweep out of the room, and the gentlemen would tarry for their wine. That was the way Mr. Loudon managed his hospitality.

"There are men whom you could trust to conserve your interests and consider first and only your happiness, without these vows," he said. "One such at least worships you. I offer you no sudden passion, but the honest love of years. I bring you no festival gift but this simple rose"—he took it from his coat as he spoke—"but with it I offer myself and the warmest feelings of my heart. Take it as a pledge, and when I meet you in the drawing-room an hour hence, let it be in your hand, a sign that you can offer me for my devotion a fair return."

Miss Hamilton dared not refuse a flower so publicly proffered. George

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Loudon's manner had not differed from the manner of others at the table; his voice, in the general hum of conversation, had reached no ear except her own. The rose was pressed into her hand. She must reply speedily, for Miss Rae Loudon was evidently about to lead the way to the drawing-room.

"I take it," she said, "in token that you, as a friend, are willing for my opinion's sake to make the promise against wine and cards which I have mentioned."

She grew chill as she spoke. Suppose George Loudon did love her, and would give her that promise, could he exact, and could she give, love in return? Certainly she had no love for him now; he might go to the antipodes to-morrow, intending to stay forever, and it would not ruffle her feelings in the least. She was about to give back the rose frantically, but the ladies were rising, and George was saying earnestly, "You can never be cruel nor exacting."

"I can hold resolutely to what I say," she retorted.

She had risen from her place; behind her came Cora, the coquettish, all smiles and graces; and then Vina McWhorter, who had been making "a dead set," as Cora phrased it, at George Loudon for a six months. The other and elder ladies preceded them, and George, with bows and overflowing courtesy, escorted the fair trio to the door.

"Be merciful," he whispered to Gulnare, as she passed him.

"I shall be consistent," she replied, with stately grace.

Next to her came Cora, smiling at Gulnare's hauteur and Vina's *empressèment*.

"Be sure you drink my health, Mr. Loudon," cried Vina, as she glided from the room.

"I shall do so with all my heart," said George.

The hand which held the Marechal Neil rose swept slowly backward, and Gulnare dropped George Loudon's fragrant pledge before his eyes. Why not? He had defied her—had persisted in asking her love and rejecting her stipulations. But was this love, that could

be proffered fearlessly for a lifetime, so small a thing? and was George Loudon so wedded to his wine? A shade of sadness fell over Gulnare's face.

As for George, he saw his rose lying on the floor, but his eyes, fixed on Vina, never flinched, nor did his smiles change nor his voice falter. He was used to coquettes, and he set Gulnare down as playing the usual game, making courtship interesting, and meaning to yield by and by.

Gulnare had, however, dropped George's token once and forever, and truth to say, felt somewhat relieved. She could not love him, were he as zealously temperate as Father Matthew himself; but they had been brought up under one roof; she did wish he would sign a pledge—and marry somebody else.

By the time they reached the drawing-room Gulnare was taking herself to task for not being supremely happy. A cloud of discontent hung over her, impalpable to others, but plain to herself; and she was ashamed of it. She stood apart from the groups of ladies in the parlors; she was thinking, weighing her woes and her blessings. She had no relatives, no kin in all the wide world, who cared for her. Her father had certainly omitted many paternal duties; had left her to strangers, and showed very little personal interest in her. What a thing it must be to have a wise, loving and honorable parent, not like Loudon, senior, but such as she had read of in books! But now she compelled herself to look at the other side of the picture. She was well-born, and exceptionally well educated; she had vigorous health, and a full share of personal attractions; she had a competence, and was untrammelled mistress of herself. Surely hundreds in this city of her home might envy her position that New-Year's Day. As she stood there, unconsciously conspicuous under the flaming light of the chandelier, crowding happy thoughts and glorious ambitions lent tenfold charms to her beauty. Gulnare wore the glory of her native land, the namesake rose, as her fitting ornament. A dark crimson rose glowed against the heavy folds of her chestnut hair; crimson roses

looped the lace flounce of her garnet silk dress; a necklace of carbuncles, which had been her mother's, clasped her throat, and as her warm southern blood had ever shrunk from the chill of northern winters, she had flung about her shoulders a cloak of white satin, quilted, and trimmed with swansdown. "How perfectly gorgeous you are, queen Gulnare," laughed Cora, coming to her side.

"You don't seem to consider that such gorgeousness might outshine you," said Vina McWhorter.

"No," said Cora, "it is just a good contrast. Rose is too splendid for ordinary life. I shall be married ages before she is. You won't mind, will you, Rose?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Hamilton. She forbore to add that marriage was not the end and aim of her existence; she never vexed Cora, nor was vexed at her. In perfect smoothness, without a particle of community of feeling, she had grown up beside this blonde piece of prettiness, admiring in her all that was admirable; becoming the receptacle of all her confidences; toning down her follies sometimes by good advice and good example, esteemed by Cora as her "most intimate friend," and on her own part, wondering what a truly intimate and accordant friendship would be.

"If you please, Miss Hamilton," a servant spoke behind her, "there's a boy in the hall insists on speaking to you. He says he must see you, Miss; I told him you were engaged."

"A dun," said Vina, as Gulnare turned to leave the room.

"No, she never has debts; not so much as a sixpence," said Cora.

"Possible! A beggar, then, with a romantic story!"

"Maybe so, we will ask her when she comes back." But Gulnare Hamilton never again came back to them.

You have heard how people disappear; are swept down in the busy vortex of city life, and come up to the surface no more; perishing utterly from the ways of men.

And now while I affirm at once, that there is nothing tragic nor pathetic in

this New-Year's story, you will learn how Gulnare Hamilton dropped out of existence on that first night of the year.

The first agent in her disappearance was a lad of fourteen; a cleanly, keen, humbly clad boy, whom she found hovering near a register in the hall, and whom her magnificence overpowered, and for a few seconds deprived of all power of utterance.

"And now what do want, my boy?" she asked.

His want was easily stated. There was a woman boarding with his mother, in Nectarine street, above Eighth; "the woman was very sick, dying indeed, and must see Miss Hamilton at once."

"But who is she, and what does she want of me?"

"She wants to speak with you, ma'am. She's been a-making of her mind up to it for several days, and is took worse-sudden. Which her name it is Matilda Jerrold, Miss."

Now at this name Miss Hamilton fully made up her mind to see Matilda Jerrold at all risks. This woman most likely had known her father and her mother. She could make the abandoned daughter acquainted with her father and his Cashmerian bride; she held Gulnare's past in her dying hands, a treasure above price, and Gulnare meant to go and take it into her own keeping. Resolved as she was, Miss Hamilton was not a girl to neglect the proprieties. She sent a servant to beg Aunt Loudon's presence, and laid the case before her.

"Why on earth can't the woman die without troubling you?" asked Miss Loudon, deeply chagrined.

"Since she has troubled me, I must go. I cannot refuse such a request," said Miss Hamilton.

"But maybe she has small-pox or fever, my dear."

"No, taint nothin' ketchin', it's a decline, that's what it are," said the messenger, elaborately.

"And would not to-morrow do as well? You certainly cannot go to-night, Rose; so late; in that dress; and our friends all here."

"Which to-morrow wouldn't do so

well," interpolated the shabby mercury, "cause the doctor do say she won't live until tide turnin'."

"And Nectarine street is such an outlandish place, my dear; a blind alley, or something of that sort. Somewhere about Eighth and north of Market, I think; surely fourteen or fifteen squares off; why this woman has no conscience."

"She have, and she say it be a troubling of her," persisted the irrepressible boy, exciting tenfold Miss Hamilton's curiosity. "And missis, Nectarine street is quiet as a meetin' house where we lives, and there's a perlice ever at the corner. Miss, do come. That 'ere woman goes on drefful to see you."

"The company won't miss me aunt, and it is not so very late. Of course I'll change my dress, and if you'll let me have the carriage—I must go."

Now of all things Miss Loudon abominated worry and opposition; she was in haste to return to her guests, so she said, "you are your own mistress, do as you please, Rose. I shall certainly order the carriage. Wrap up warmly, put on a dark plain dress; the coachman is reliable, and take Mary Rogers with you by all means."

Mary Rogers was a matron who for ten years had held sway in a little sewing room in the third story, and kept the Loudon household garments and linen closet replenished and in repair.

After a half hour's delay Miss Hamilton, wearing a brown merino dress and a fur cloak, and Mary Rogers, bundled up like a mummy, stepped into the carriage; the messenger boy climbed up beside the coachman, and they rolled away toward Nectarine street.

The moonlight shone brilliantly; the mystery of this night summons had stirred Gulnare to a delicious excitement, despite the solemnity of her errand; her blood leaped madly in her veins, and her brain was in a whirl of thought. She was young, strong, well equipped for the battle of life. The world was all before her, with splendid paths for her choosing. She meant to do something grand, and become famous. She had an artist's eye and hand, and she would fix

the glorious creations of her oriental fancy on glowing canvas, or on plates of steel. She could dream romances that were lofty and poetic; she would write them, to enter as bountiful angels a hundred thousand homes. She looked from the carriage window toward that beautiful moon, pursuing its steady way among the stars; so where earth's brightest names were shining, would she tread a path of light. What wonder that in such thoughts as these time and distance alike were lost, and she aroused from her reverie with a start when the carriage stopped at Nectarine street on Eighth, the dismal alley of the luscious name being too narrow to admit it. A policeman came forward as the lady and her attendant alighted.

"Do you know this boy?" asked the coachman.

"Yes, its Joey Dake," replied the guardian of the peace.

"And are his folks decent?"

"Yes, quite so. Quiet, steady woman, is his mother."

"You see," said the coachman, "our young lady has been sent for to visit a dying woman at their rooms, and I'd like to know if it's safe for her and Mary to go up there?"

"I should say so," replied the officer. "The door's just in sight on the left. Take the ladies along carefully, Joe."

"I'm glad you're come. Mrs. Jerrold's lying in here," said Mrs. Dake, meeting them in her outer room. Miss Hamilton and Mary passed in. Gulnare's bright fancies vanished, and she bent pityingly over the worn creature in the bed. "How you are changed!" she whispered.

"Do you remember me?" questioned the dying woman.

Miss Hamilton bowed, and Mary Rogers said, "Yes, I remember you; you are Matilda Jerrold."

"You came to see me at our summer home, when I was twelve years old, and I never forgot you, you seemed so fond of me," said Gulnare.

"I was fond of you, too fond," said the woman, with a dry sob. "I want to see you alone."

"Leave us, Mary," said the lady, and

Mary looking carefully about the room, felt it safe to leave her young lady, while she herself went out to Mrs. Dake.

"I am sorry to see you so very ill," said Miss Hamilton.

"Just going—only a few hours left," gasped the sufferer.

"I hope you feel prepared for so great a change."

"Ah, it's been a sore struggle. I repented and confessed my evil deeds, and I prayed for a peace that would not come. The clergyman told me when I had done a wrong I must make restitution, but for your sake I held off and fought, and fought; but O, I can't die easy without speaking—that's my one chance of peace. Say, will you forgive me if I can't help speaking out?"

"Speak whatever is on your mind," replied Gulnare, firmly. "What have I to do with it? You brought me over from India."

"God help me, so I did. Sit down, and hear me."

Gulnare sat down, and threw off the scarf wrapped about her head; the woman spoke huskily.

"O how grand and beautiful you are! a complete lady, and it's all my work. I can't be sorry—I can't!"

"Go on," said Gulnare, cold with apprehension. "Your time is short, speak all that is in your mind."

"I went to India as a lady's maid with the Colonel of an English regiment, because my only brother was a private in that regiment," said Matilda Jerrold. "I loved Hal better than sisters commonly love. We were of a good farming family, but we'd had trouble and losses, and only we two were left. Hal married a young native of India; she had been trained by a missionary's wife, and for beauty she never had an equal, as far as I have seen. They were happy, poor things, up in that station among the hills, but it did not last long, for they both died, Hal and his wife, and left the little girl to me. Poor Hal told me to take her to America, where she could be educated for nothing, and could make her way up and be as good as the best. Just when I was starting, General Ham-

ilton came to me, and offered me fifty pounds, and my and the child's fare, first-class, in a handsome state-room, if I'd take his daughter, whose mother was dead, into my care and bring her to Philadelphia to Mr. Loudon. Of course I agreed, and he brought the child, lovely creature that she was, just the size of my Hal's girl, and soon enough we were on our way. I had the children in my state-room, and both of them were seasick enough. I never left them, night or day, giving each the same care; but my child got better, and General Hamilton's Gulnare got worse; and the surgeon told me an inflammation had set in, and she would die. I sat crying over the sweet thing, thinking what a chance of life was before her, with money and a rich guardian, and a grand education, and my Hal's child left to fight her way; the rich baby dying and leaving all, and the poor baby living to bear the battle! Just here, from a word the doctor dropped, I saw from my grief he had mistook the children, not knowing either of them; but considering the dying child as my niece, and the other one, who got less of my care as not needing it so much, as the child in my charge. Then it came to me, why not let it be so? Since the child must die and leave all her good fortune, why not let her die as my poor little girl, and let my girl pass into the General's daughter and have the fortune its little owner left her behind? So the thought grew on me; and as Gulnare Hamilton kept dying day by day, and died in spite of all my care, I let her pass as my little niece, and dressed her in my baby's clothes, and we buried her in the sea."

"Buried Gulnare Hamilton in the sea!" said the listener, in a husky, horrified voice.

"Buried her in the sea," repeated Matilda Jerrold, who spoke painfully, with many a pause. "And my little girl became the General's daughter, wore her clothes, took her name—Gulnare. Got well, and was everybody's pet. All for my brother's sake, and for her dear sake, I put her as Gulnare Hamilton in Mr. Loudon's hands, and left her.

I hovered near where she lived, and never dared show myself nor my love; only once, when I went as her former nurse, and asked if she were happy—and she told me 'very happy.' Ah, that paid me for all. But I dare not die with this lie in my heart. You know it now; I have told you all."

"And General Hamilton's daughter died?"

"She died," replied the sick woman, "at sea."

"And no one ever knew of your deception?"

"No one. None but God and myself."

"And I am not Gulnare Hamilton—I am—"

"You are not Gulnare Hamilton; you are Rose Jerrold, my brother's child, born in honest wedlock, child of an honest, true-hearted man—my niece!"

"How could you! How dare you!" cried the lady.

"I loved you so much—was as ambitious for you—was so tempted. Temptation and opportunity, that did it. Even your names helped it on, Gulnare and Rose. Persian and English for the same thing; and your Indian mother's."

"And how do I know you are not deceiving me now?"

"So help me God, as I tell truth at last! Dare I lie, here at the point of death? No. Here is my story written out, and sworn to by me, before Mrs. Dake, and the minister, and a lawyer. They saw me write it, and they witnessed it as mine without reading it, and I swore it was all true before them." She drew a paper from under her pillow. "Take it. Do as you like with it. In all the world not a soul knows this but us two. I pass my secret on to you. Use it as you like. O say, my brother's child, only kin I have, for whom I burdened my life with this sin, will you not forgive me? It was love that made me do it; can you understand that, girl? my little Rose, my idol, it was love."

"No, I cannot understand it. Right is right, and love should never lead us to do wrong," replied the girl.

"Forgive me. See what I have bought for you, at the sacrifice of my peace.

Education, luxury, all you have. Forgive me, Rose. I am dying, speak one kind word; kiss me before I go!"

Some angel whispered to the girl to be compassionate: to forgive where had been strong temptation, and great love for herself; she bowed over the bed, and saying, "I forgive you, Aunt Jerrold," kissed the cold forehead of the dying woman.

Matilda Jerrold opened her eyes with a wild stare. "My child! Forgive me; you could not know. Do right, do

right; whatever it is: I cannot tell. I had temptation and opportunity, and O my God, *I have passed temptation and opportunity on to you!*"

Her head fell back, her dry lips dropped apart, her wasted fingers clutched the counterpane; the lamp flickered palely over a bloodless face and unseeing eyes. With a shiver the girl who had been robbed of her identity, who was some one else than she had been an hour ago, opened the door, and said to the waiting women, "She is dead!"

(CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.)

A WASHOE CAMPOODIE.

BY M. H.

THE Pi-utes and Washoes lie thick about Virginia City and Washoe, and particularly pervade the streets of the latter city, seeking what they may pick up, or idly sauntering in the steady sunshine, and evading jobs of all kinds, until hunger prevails to conquer for the moment their mortal antipathy to labor.

As a Pi-ute observed to me, in reply to a question on this subject:

"Yes, me like work when white men do it;" which is perfectly true, as they will collect around a wood pile and look on with approval and satisfaction while a pale-face chops and saws the same.

Grading has not yet claimed the public attention of the Carsonians. They are content to have their highways constructed with rather irregular strata of old hats, umbrellas, skeleton skirts, and general domestic fossil, over which is spread a coating of pulverized alkali, and among these the braves and mahalies of the aborigines root and rake to the disturbance of the atmosphere, and the free circulation of dirt. All day long they lounge, doze, or claw the dust about the town; hanging mostly in front of hotels or baker shops; but when sunset comes, they return to their hill-side campoodies, and there enjoy the rewards of their idleness.

It was to one of the largest of these encampments that we adjourned after dinner, one day last October, accompanied by an immense Newfoundland dog, whose single idea concerning the red man was that he was a creature to suspect and bark at. Not being familiar with the face of the country, I thought we were bound on an expedition of some extent, that we would be obliged to climb hills and penetrate brush before we reached the Indian camping ground, so I was greatly surprised to find our party arrived in the midst of the children of the forest about three minutes after we left the well-appointed table and handsomely furnished dining-room of our host. We had only to ascend his garden, which lay on the slope of the foot hills, scramble over the protecting fence, and through about twenty rods of scrubby bushes, and then we were in the centre of the campoodie.

There was nothing picturesque about the tents, to begin with; they were made up of pieces of every thing patched up in all possible ways. Old carpets, matting, sacks, boards, umbrella covers and decayed canvas, were among the principal materials, and the favorite arrangement was a crooked stick planted in the soil as a support, and dried brush piled round as a wall. There might have been about

OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY—1873.

LA CALDERA.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

PLINY the Elder, Plutarch and Ptolemy tell us of the Fortunate Islands. These blessed resorts having been lost, and considered as myths of the age of fable, were in 1334 rediscovered, rising like Venus from the foaming waves. A ship chased by mad tempests as to her destruction, saw, when sails were shattered, masts creaking and groaning, and great seas were rushing over her prow, the lofty Peak of Teneriffe, the glorious shores of Palma, and the green glades of Lanzarote, offering blissful harbors and a secure refuge from the storm. A century later, Jean de Bethancourt, a Norman gentleman under Spanish auspices, introduced once more the old time Fortunate Islands, now the Canaries, to the sisterhood of the nations. Happy, generally, in climate, fertile in soil, beautiful in scenery, varied in productions, the Canary Islands shine in the earth's tropic girdle like the stars in Orion's belt.

From Bathurst, at the mouth of the Gambia, to the Canaries, is not a long trip. One of the two hundred vessels which are supposed to enter these islands annually, the San Marco de Roca, made the harbor of Las Palmas on the third of October, 1858. I had come on the

San Marco to see the lands which Pliny, Plutarch, Ptolemy, Humboldt and Von Busch had praised.

If there were no scorching winds to blow on the Canaries from the Great Sahara, the islands might be supposed to lie sunning at the very gates of Paradise. When the African wind does not blow, the air is balm and ambrosia, and despite those hot gusts from the desert, the climate is salubrious. The water-courses are sometimes dry and dusty, at others foaming with an immense body of water sweeping down from the mountains.

The season which I spent here was a fortunate one. Rains had been abundant, and the usually generous earth was now absolutely prodigal in her gifts. The people, who had been much discouraged by the loss of vines in 1853, and the consequent diminution of their chief export, wine, took heart of grace. Large tracts of land which had once been devoted to vineyards, were now given to the raising of cochineal; and besides the prodigious yield of this insect, their fruits, olive oil, canary seed and sugar were unusually abundant, and the articles for home consumption, as grain, potatoes, wool and silk, more than met the demand. In every way it was a happy year in these

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by ALFRED MARTIN, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A ROSE FROM CASHMERE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER II.

THE eager eyes of Mrs. Dake and Mary Rogers asked the lady the questions they did not dare to speak, but they received no answer. Grasping under her cloak that fatal confession, the sworn statement of Matilda Jerrold, Rose hurried to the carriage. In that carriage she felt like an interloper, a miserable sham, who should be plodding those weary lines of streets alone.

She had not doubted what Mr. Loudon had told her, that in various forms he had received from General Hamilton compensation for all courtesies and privileges accorded to his daughter; she had not doubted, because she had ever known Mr. Loudon for a man who did no favors gratuitously. He would have been the last man to set Hal Jerrold's unportioned child by his fireside. Mr. Loudon had given shawls, and ordered carriages, for General Hamilton's daughter; but Gulnare Hamilton had been wrapped in borrowed clothing, had had a weight fastened to her baby feet, and with a dull splash had gone down deep, deep into the sea. With morbid tenacity Rose clung to that thought of the little child's body going down, cleaving the cold green waters to their farthest caves—that little body, that until an hour ago, had seemed to grow and expand, and blossom into a right excellent womaphood.

The thought was maddening. Rose pulled down the carriage window, and thrust her head out into the night. But lately it had been crowded full of high aspirations and most beautiful visions; a night for sweetness and perfection forever to be remembered. But now it had become a bleak and barren night; a hideous mockery of the day of vanished hopes and joys.

The moon which she had welcomed in

its solitary state, as a type of her own shining, upward way, seen now through the glass of her own sorrows, was a weird, wan world of unutterable gloom and woe, sweeping through horrible cycles of unrest; a lost, unnamed and haggard planet, worn with endless ages of a burning pain.

At home—no, at Mr. Loudon's door once more. Rose dreaded to go in; she felt as if one night's further shelter would be an intrusion and deceit. But where else could she go? She would not enter the parlors surely; Gulnare Hamilton had been expected to queen it there; not the dead private soldier's beggared child. Cora and Vina could not question; Gulnare was gone, lost, dead and buried—and goaded by these strange thoughts, the distracted girl hurried to her room, and locked herself in. Not hers one of these possessions—not these jewels heired wrongly from the General's Indian bride—not these dresses bought with the General's money; not these luxuries paid for by the General's influence; not this heap of satin-lined furs which she shook from her shoulders to the floor. With it fell the fatal paper.

The woman who wrote it was dead; no one knew its contents. Did she but drop it into this blazing grate, and hold her peace, she might remain in seeming the General's daughter, and keep her old time name and fortune as long as she might choose. The dead woman's words came to her, "I have passed temptation and opportunity on to you." Here they were. The temptation hemming her in on every side: clasping her even with the clothes she wore, and the rings on her fingers. Here lay the opportunity, a dingy scrap of

paper on the floor. a fire, that golden silence which the ancients praise.

She picked up the paper, and apostrophized the writer in her heart. "Poor wretch, is there a drop of your blood in my veins? Can a fountain rise higher than its source? Have I come from greed and deceit, and shall I be otherwise than greedy and deceitful, when there is so much for me to lose, and so little to risk?" She turned and caught a reflection of herself in a mirror; she walked deliberately to the glass, and scanned the face and figure pictured there. There was in it no trace of that pitiful, pinched, dreary face she had just seen stiffen in death.

"Please God," she said, looking her own image in the eyes, "you shall be fairer in soul as you are fairer in face. That woman sinned in behalf of another; you shall not sin in your own behalf. You can give up these fine clothes, and earn plainer ones; you can give up the money, and the name, and the jewels; but you cannot be deprived of your culture, which has come with years that cannot be re-lived. Fight out your battle with that, will you? Education and resolution will do a great deal for you, Miss —. You are no longer Gulnare Hamilton, you are —;" her light tone ceased; a spasm of pain contracted her features, a passion of hatred filled her soul. "No, no!" she cried, clenching her hands, "I will be Rose, but never Jerrold. I hate the name. I am not, I will not be Jerrold! Rose, Rose alone to the end, but never Jerrold; never, never, never—" and as her overwrought feelings gave way in a storm of sobs, she dropped herself on the floor weeping passionately.

It seemed such an outrage to her to be forced to claim kin with the lady's maid who had just died in Mrs. Dake's room; so shocking to reckon her descent from that English private, of whose name she had this night heard for the first time. This loss of what she had counted as her good blood, was the very cruellest loss of all.

After such an experience one could not sleep well; and Rose appeared at breakfast, pale, heavy-eyed, and we are

bound to admit it, cross. George Loudon argued well of these symptoms. "She is worried because we failed to see each other last evening," he said, in his infinite self-conceit.

"Where did you go, Gulnare?" asked Cora.

"Don't call me Gulnare, I hate it," snapped the lady in a very unusual pet, that made every one look up.

"Rose, then," said Cora, laughing, good temperedly.

"I hate that, too," said the beauty, pushing away her cup.

"Ah," said George to himself, "that is because she threw away my rose yesterday. I'll wait a few days, and she will see the error of her course, and make no further confounded stipulations."

Mr. Loudon was rising from the table when Rose pulled his sleeve: "Can I see you in the library?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the banker; but he was evidently in a hurry. Yesterday had been a holiday. He dropped into his favorite chair near the fire, and the girl stood by the table, looking down at it, and twisting her hands nervously.

"What now?" said Loudon, senior, in some haste; "weary already of the cares of fortune, or wanting to speculate, or invest? what is it, Miss Hamilton?"

"I am not Miss Hamilton!"

"Not! Why, girl, you have not been getting married secretly, have you? What do you mean?"

"That I am a miserable impostor, and never was Miss Hamilton!"

"O, good gracious! Are you going insane, child?"

"Sir," said Rose, imploringly, "hear me. Last night that Matilda Jerrold who brought me to you from India, sent for me. She was dying, and had something to say. I saw her alone. She told me that I was not Gulnare Hamilton. The General's daughter died on the passage, and was buried at sea. And Matilda Jerrold substituted me, her niece, for the General's daughter, in order that she might thus secure provision for me."

"She told you a confounded lie! I don't believe a word of it."

"Mr. Loudon, at first I did not, and could not. My whole soul revolted from it. But the woman affirmed it as her last dying word; and moreover, she gave me a sworn statement, written by herself, in presence of a lawyer and a witness. They testified to her writing it, and making oath of its truth, though they did not know its nature. Here, read it, for pity's sake, read it." She dropped the paper into his hands as if it burnt her, and as he slowly read it, she paced up and down the room, in a terrible effort for self-control.

The paper carried conviction to Mr. Loudon, though he had pre-resolved not to trust a word of it. After three slow, puzzled readings, he laid it on the table, and turning, watched Rose, as with her arms folded and lips compressed, she paced swiftly up and down the library. For the first time he awoke to a real personal interest in her. She became to him more than an item of business; she was a grand soul in a beautiful body, suffering, and he knew, triumphing.

"Can this be true?" he said.

"It is true! I hate it, but I believe it," cried Rose.

"And what is to be done? You have been, without intervention of your own, Miss Hamilton, to all intents and purposes, these sixteen years. How is this to be changed? What is to become of you?"

"I can support myself," said Rose, bitterly. "I can restore you the fortune, the jewels, these possessions which I have wrongfully enjoyed; but I cannot rob myself of the education I have received. That shall be my weapon to fight poverty and loss. I must restore all else to you, and go out alone into the world." She stood still and looked steadfastly at him. He meditated.

"Does any one know of this? Rae, Cora, Mary Rogers, the people that Jerrold died among, her lawyer or minister—any one?"

"No, not a soul," said Rose; and she realized what view he was approaching, and again that sharp temptation shook all her soul and was firmly put away.

"No one knows it but you and myself?"

"No one," said Rose again, resuming her walk.

Mr. Loudon pondered a long time, looking at the question on all sides, and then looking at his ward. He had never before realized her grace and beauty. "Jupiter!" cried Mr. Loudon; he only swore Jupiter, on extraordinary occasions, and he spoke it very loudly. "You are much too splendid a woman to be turned adrift on the world in this way, Rose. Why not let matters drift on as they are? The General has divested himself of this property in his daughter's behalf, and you by an accident, have come into this daughter's place. At the beginning, of course, I would not have countenanced the exchange had I known it, but after so long, you seem to have grown into the position."

Rose shook her head.

Mr. Loudon continued. "Then there is the difficulty of making the change. If you give up this fortune, I must refund it to the General. We have never corresponded on this subject. Now he may be ill, infirm, or even dead. If so, my letter, falling into the hands of the family, would be a sort of bombshell, with its news of a daughter of whom they have never previously heard. Nor is the matter much bettered if General Hamilton is yet well and receives the letter; for the business will leak out somehow to his discomfiture. His wish has been to bury the past; now I do not feel ready to resurrect it."

"To question thus," said Rose, firmly, "is useless. Hitherto I have been an innocent party to a fraud. Now, as long as I am silent, I am guilty. You, yourself, Mr. Loudon, would cease to respect me, if I sat at your table as Gen. Hamilton's daughter, when you and I know that I am a—Jerrold;" she spoke the hated word with a struggle. "As to the money, I have heard your son George speak of some business that was nearly sufficient to take him to England. Put this matter in his hands; explain it to him, let him go and find General Hamilton and state the whole case. As a

business agent he can be paid out of this property, which I totally and entirely resign. As for me, I shall at once get work of some kind, at a distance from the city. We will keep this matter a secret, even from your own family, if you please; I prefer to drop quietly out of my present position, and I don't care to be made a nine days' wonder in my former circle."

"I don't know but you are right," said Mr. Loudon. "At all events let the matter remain our secret, and come to me about it in three days time. Good morning, Gul— Rose, I am sorry for you;" he absolutely shook hands with her warmly.

Three days time; as if three days could change the sombre shadow which had fallen over her rose-hued life. They were days of perplexity and careful thinking; not with a view to departing from the position she had taken concerning the property, but about the way she should in future make her living. With such a burden on her mind, the damsel could not be particularly cheery. Aunt Rae, Cora and George, being one-sided people, attributed her melancholy to love. George supposed she was pining for his precious self!

On the fourth morning, the restless Rose was early in the breakfast-room; George was down betimes, as was usual to him, and concluded that she gave him this opportunity for pressing his suit. As for Rose, she had, in so much more important matters, forgotten that George had a suit to press.

"Gulnare," quoth George from the fireside, "on New-Year's day I gave you a rose, where is it?"

"It's faded, I suppose," snapped Gulnare, from her sunshiny station in the window.

"But consider how cruel you were; you threw it away."

"Did I? O yes. But you gave it to me as a token that you would no more drink wine nor play cards; and as I at once heard you promising Vina to drink healths, I flung away your idle pledge."

"But I made no such promise, Gulnare."

"Didn't you? Well you had much better do it. No man can be any thing but worse for those habits."

"The rose," said George, waving the subject of total abstinence as beneath his consideration, "was a token of my love; I placed it in your hand, and my heart with it; and now I want some return."

"I'll return, that," replied the abrupt Rose, and in two hours' time you will be glad enough of it. It is idle to talk of our falling in love, George; there is nothing in either of us to complement the other. You like me pretty well, and I thank you for it; I need friends. But your father will tell you something to-day, which will make you regret you ever mentioned this matter to me, and glad that it has rested where it is. I do not in the least think you selfish or mercenary, that I should say this; believe me, I am friendly to you, and would only like you better, if you were more what the world calls puritanical. But I could not go beyond this easy friendship, which has grown up between us from childhood, not in any case."

"Do you need more urging, Gulnare?" asked George, looking at her, vexed, disappointed, curious.

"No," said she, curtly. "I want a cup of coffee more than any thing I know of at present."

When Rose and Mr. Loudon repaired to the library immediately after breakfast, George, who was, unfortunately for his legal fame, always wrong in his opinions, at once fell into divers conjectures, which dyed his countenance with red anger, blue melancholy, and green jealousy, all in a minute. He saw in fancy, his bride transformed to a step-mother!

"Well, Rose!" said Mr. Loudon.

"Sir, I am prepared to give up every thing but a few of my commonest and most needful clothes. I have accidentally heard through Miss Rae of a widow lady, Mrs. Clympford at Heather Home, who wants a companion, and if you will give me an introduction and recommendation, I will try and secure the situation to-day."

"Bless my soul! Service! you going out to service!"

"Not the pleasantest thing in the world, but still endurable. She wants a companion; I can be agreeable when I try. She wants an amanuensis; I am a fair scribe. She wants a reader; my elocution was, during my school-days, highly commended. She wants a musician; I can sing and play. I think I'll do." Rose tried to laugh, but she spoke bitterly, and the bitterness moved Mr. Loudon's heart.

"Child, you can stay here just the same as ever. Bless my life, I can take care of you."

"There's a moral impossibility in that. I should not be happy, nor self-respecting; your family would recognize the difference in my position, and I should even lose your esteem, in showing myself to be one who cannot settle in the estate to which birth and fate have called her."

She looked so grandly beautiful as she spoke; her voice was so bewitching, her face, chastened by her sorrows, was fairer than ever before; fair as the moon looking suddenly from between clouds.

The banker, strangely enough, found he had a morsel of heart, or sympathy, or emotion, or some such fine intangible thing, outside of his banking house. He seldom spoke blunderingly, but now in his surprise both at himself and at her, he did blunder, as he begged her to stay there, queen and mistress of all that the house contained—his wife.

Gulnare calmly put the proffer by.

"Sir, this crowns and enriches all your abundant charities to me. I am continually obliged to thank you for some kindness. But sir, I could not permit such a sacrifice on your part; nor could I be the cause of disorder in my life's home. Consider Miss Rae; consider your children. You, who in pity for my forlorn estate, have proffered so much, will surely give me this less thing I ask for, your recommendation to my future employers! Let us end this trying business. The property I have been using is locked up in my room, and there are the keys. Take your son into our confidence, and send him to England to make restitution and explanation. Let him present my apologies to the General. With your

approbation I will take away a very small trunk full of apparel, of little value. You can make what explanations you see fit. I shall not say one word on this matter, I assure you."

She dropped the keys into her late guardian's hand, and pushed pen and paper before him. Flushed scarlet at his recent ardor, he mechanically wrote a letter of recommendation.

Rose ran off with this weighty document, in haste to present herself before Mrs. Clymford.

Mr. Loudon, somewhat perplexed, was hastening from the hall, when he saw George lounging in the parlor. He called to him. "I wish you'd come to the bank at two, I want to see you on a little law business."

"Mercy upon us!" said George to himself. "I wonder if he's going to draw up settlements, and all that sort. What a fool is an old man in love!"

The young man might have encouraged himself with the recollection that he was always wrong; but who of us sees the inner being, as in a glass plainly?

The next afternoon a city hack called at Mr. Loudon's, and carried away Rae and her most modest luggage. Rose stated where she was going—to Mrs. Clymford, of Heather House; but why or how, she failed to inform either Miss Rae or Cora, which would have been simply taking all their acquaintance into her confidence.

The ladies wondered, we would say, frantically. The gentlemen, George looking relieved and wretched, and Mr. Loudon doubtful and wretched, bade the departing maiden good-by, and with one consent spent the evening in sighing, groaning, and testy snapping. Sorrow is not more than half the time a sweetener of the disposition.

With Gulnare, the noblest and most refining element went out of this household. She it was who had strewn over conventionalities the charm of genuine kindness and truth; she had tinted the fashions and trifles of their daily life with the glamor of a delicate good taste. She had often brought follies to the bar of her justice, and dismissed them shame-

facéd. She had given the family glimpses of higher things; stray angels had been wooed by her into the home, to shed the spell of their presence.

When she departed, albeit in a shabby city-hack, to be Mistress Clymford's humble companion, it was as the going forth of Astræa, which left the earth to the wrath of the gods.

And yet, while both father and son mourned her absence, and felt the void in the family circle, neither of them regretted that firm decision wherewith the offers they had made her had been declined. George felt himself spared to marry an heiress, whose pedigree was known to all men, even though it were but two generations long. Mr. Loudon was truly grateful that he had been kept from an old man's most absurd folly—the taking of a young beauty to wife. And thanks to the prudence of this stately maiden, neither rejected suitor knew of the offer of the other.

We ought, in accordance with all rules of story-making, to exhibit Mrs. Clymford as a horrible tyrant, and Rose as a martyr. But the reverse was true. The widow received her young companion with a motherly kindness and indulgence, and Rose found herself much more truly at home than she had ever been at Mr. Loudon's. The wants of her moral, spiritual, and intellectual nature were met; the life she led was sensible, simple and elevating. On but one subject, the matter of Hamilton *v.* Jerrold, did she have any reserves with her new friend; and day after day drifted by in serene enjoyment.

Mrs. Clymford was liberal and unexpecting, and her friends were chosen from an entirely different circle than that ornamented by the Loudons.

Rose called once or twice at her old home, but on the subject of her new mode of life she was impenetrable. George, she was told, had gone to England. She knew what business took him there.

Thus time passed on, and June came with its days of delight; spring grown up into summer, but unlearned in summer's fierce passions and stilled calms.

Rose was one morning in a little room opening off the veranda, busied in preparing the bouquets with which Mrs. Clymford loved to have her house decorated, when George Loudon unexpectedly made his appearance. He came where she was busy, he told her, as he felt such an old friend had a right to do, and besides he had words for her private ear; and this little sunny room, redolent of flowers, where no one could be near unperceived, seemed a good place for important confidences.

"You see," said George, "I have just returned from England."

"Well, did you see General Hamilton and make an end of the matter? I don't know as it concerns me at all; I am as happy as ever I was in my life. But I think I would like to know how the man I used to call my father looks, and what he said, and how much surprised he was. Foolish curiosity, you know."

"And I did not see him, nor communicate with him," said George, calmly.

"Not dead?" queried Rose, starting.

"No; alive and well, and this moment in America."

"O! what has he come here for?"

"To see you."

"To see me! And does he know all that story?"

"No, he does not know a word of it. The game is in your own hands still. The game, do I say? No, the opportunity of making happy a lonely old man. By mere silence you can beguile him for his good, and assure his happiness."

"I do not understand you," said Rose, turning to her bouquet-making to hide her excitement, and sticking bit after bit of mignonette and pansies, roses, honeysuckles and orange blossoms, into a vase before her. Then George told his tale.

"I found great changes had happened in the General's family. His wife and their two daughters were dead, and only his son remained to him. The two had gone to France for a change of scene, and as I had other business I proceeded with it, awaiting their return. Judge of my surprise when I learned that they intended to sail for New York, on some private affair of importance. I was only



"The game is in your own hands."—Page 90.

waiting for them, and set off for home at once. I happened to reach New York twelve hours before them, and on their arrival called at once on the General. He was not able to see me, but sent me a note saying that he had come to take into his own charge the lady who had been my father's ward. There is the matter as it now stands. I have said nothing. The poor General has lost his daughters by his last marriage, and comes for you, to comfort his declining days. There is nothing to hinder him but your own choice."

"Choice," said she, "is cut of the question. I am not his daughter, and that ends it. Your father will tell him so, I hope. Have you been home?"

"No. But I hear father is in Washington."

"Then it only remains for you to go home at once, as you are the only proper person to explain this singular business to General Hamilton."

"And you do not crave this fortune and position yet lingering within your reach?"

"What good in craving that which will never be mine? I want nothing that is not honorably obtained. Come and see me again, if you like, George; but go home now to meet the General when he comes."

She, in her eagerness to have him go, took him down a sheltered side-path to a little gate that opened close upon the railroad depot. Coming back alone, she filled her arms with roses of every hue, and so laden ran upon the veranda, and at the house corner suddenly faced a stranger, an elderly gentleman in deep mourning.

"Gulnare!" he cried in amazement.

She looked at him trembling for the dénouement. "I am General Hamilton. I came here to ask about my daughter. Are you ——"

"Sir," said Rose, who had led him into the drawing-room, "Did you expect in Mr. Loudon's ward to find your daughter?"

He shook his head slowly.

"You understand it then? I am not your daughter."

He looked at her carefully. "You know all, then, but you are certainly the very living image of my first wife, whom I married in India."

"But I am only the daughter of Hal Jerrold, a private in a British regiment."

"And how long have you known this?" asked the General, sternly, but remorsefully.

"Only since New-Year's. When I discovered it, there only remained for me to resign the benefits I was unjustly enjoying, and begin to rely upon myself. I am here, not as a guest, but in service."

The General kept shaking his head.

"And may I ask you where my poor daughter is? Realizing the mistake, the treachery that had been done—was no effort made to find my own child, who had been in such a manner robbed all these years?"

Now here was trouble indeed. Gulnare looked at the sad-faced man, until tears swelled in her eyes.

"O, dear sir," she said in a voice full of compassion, "did you not know that your daughter died sixteen years ago, and was buried in the sea?"

Again a deeply troubled and questioning look brooded in the General's face, and for a long while he was silent. At last he asked:

"Was it not a hard thing for you to give up all the ease, leisure and independence to which you had been accustomed, and go out into the world to make your own way?"

"At first it seemed that it would be hard," said Rose, frankly. "But God was very good to me. In this place I have known none of the bitterness of servitude, but have learned the dignity of labor. I have found it better to work than to be idle. I have been happier than ever before in my life. I have learned that people were put into the world for something better than to amuse themselves, and live on the products of other people's toil. I find the society here more congenial to me than the circle in which I have previously moved. Mr. Loudon's family were very kind to me, and I am grateful to them; but I would not willingly go back to the life I lived there. There we knew of the church as a pile of granite or bricks, properly furnished, where some man preached twice on the Sabbath. Here, I have learned of the church as a vital reality, set in the world for its preservation; the glory of the heavenly dwelling among men. I have found that there are great charities which even I, by the work of my hands, can help along—that charity is something more than giving broken meats or a few shillings to beggars. Do you not think, sir, after all, that I am fully paid for cheerfully resigning possessions that were

not mine? The exchange of myself for your child was an act with which I had nothing to do. If your daughter had lived, and been raised in privation, while I enjoyed her rightful estate, the wrong would be greater than words can express, and would break my heart."

"O," cried her listener, "that you were indeed my daughter, to make glad for me a very lonely and desolate home; to exercise over my only son a sister's beneficent influence, and to help an old and world-disappointed man to that peaceful higher life which you have found in your adversity. And yet, it seems as if you *must* be my daughter. My heart claims you instinctively. I think I see in you some of the high, honorable spirit that graced my younger days. Your voice has all the tones of my Cashmerian Gulnare, the wife who filled my heart. Besides, in your face I trace all the features and the expression that I loved in her——"

"Dear sir," interrupted Rose, "years have passed, and perhaps you have forgotten. Besides, sir, the kindness of your heart, and sympathy for a girl alone, as I am, may disturb your calmer judgment. It is not possible that I am your daughter. Let me get you the paper written by Matilda Jerrold—her statement sworn in the solemn hour of death. I have never shown it to any one but Mr. Loudon; you too must read it."

She hurried to her room for the paper, which had made such a change in all her life. It was a miserable paper to her still; for it revealed a great wrong, perpetrated by those who claimed to be her own family; it united her to one who had been a sharper and deceiver; and with her keen sense of right and wrong, Rose could look with no toleration on the part Matilda Jerrold had played.

"Love," said Matilda, "love for an only brother's only child had led her to deceive." But Rose argued that love is ennobling; it is a lofty principle, and should lead to lofty deeds. Rose cherished the old-time tales of him who could leap into a chasm to save his country; of those world-famous friends, Damon and

Pythias, who would die each for each; of him who kept the bridge, and of the arms that held the Pass of Thermopylæ. She adored that ideal of mother-loving, who dies for the beloved child; of husbands who count not their lives dear in defence of wives and offspring; and of children in whom filial devotion makes no reservations, but lays down even life for the succor of a parent.

But a love that could lead to wrong and robbery, to years of a lived lie, and to accumulating a cruel weight of responsibility, to be suddenly shifted upon the shoulders of the innocent, Rose could not understand nor admire. Consideration of these points brought her into a most angry and unchristian frame of mind against Matilda Jerrold, whom she could hardly forgive, even now that she was dead.

With such feelings Rose handed the paper to the General, who upon reading it seemed more discomposed than ever, and as if about to speak very earnestly. But he checked himself, regained control over his emotions, and said:

"My child, you must permit me to take this paper away with me—it needs careful consideration. I shall see you again in a few days."

He took her hand, pressed it with a glance full of kindness and respect, and bade her good day.

Already the broken branches of roses were drooping in the warm June air, and the little sunny veranda room was full of the half-arranged bouquets. Rose remembered her duties, and hastened to perform them. But as she went about the house, with deft fingers bestowing those last finishing touches, which had failed in the servant's work, and which gave the home its pervading air of niceness and refinement, her heart was full of vague regrets, and of unsparing condemnation for that dead Matilda. Still thinking deeply of these things, she took her sewing, and repaired to Mrs. Clymford's room.

The lady noticed the shadow on her young companion's face, and her kind—"What is it that troubles you, my dear girl?" broke down the last barrier of reserve between them, and Rose made hur-

ried explanation of all the strange events since the last day of the old year.

"And do what I can," she concluded, "I am ready to hate that Matilda Jerrold, and cannot endure to feel that she was any kin to me, I blame her in my heart every day, and every hour."

"Undoubtedly she was wrong," said Mrs. Clymford, "but none of the wrong attaches to you. Have you ever considered what you owe her? Her anxiety for your welfare; or, if we assign a lower motive, which she never expressed, to relieve herself of the care of you, has resulted in your obtaining that culture which has enriched your life, and will ever make you capable of supporting yourself in comfort. Would you now have been better off if you had grown up with your aunt, associated only with people of her class, received only what education she could procure for you; have been apprenticed to a mantua-maker or milliner, or gone forth as the half-provided teacher of a country district school? Forgive me for putting matters to you thus baldly, but I think you are not viewing your past in a right spirit. With Matilda Jerrold, her acts and her motives, you have nothing to do. Let all that concerns her be buried in her grave."

As Rose was silent, Mrs. Clymford presently continued. "More than this, there is a Guiding Hand that moulds all events of life for the good of his own children. For some good to you, a secret which might have been at any moment exposed, for sixteen years lay buried in oblivion. Unconsciously you were set forward as Gulnare Hamilton; you learned the fraud, and honorably you abandoned your false position. Be reasonable. Do not fight with a past which you cannot unmake. I am older than you, and chastened by my experiences, I go in fancy to the death-bed of that Matilda Jerrold, and while you, in the untried spirit of your youth, cannot understand, and so unsparingly condemn her, I can reach a clearer insight, can apprehend her weakness, her affection, her great temptation, and her blind repentings."

"Only half repentings," said Rose, impetuously. "I do believe that if she had

known that I would burn her confession, and resolutely hold the place into which she had thrust me, she would have been glad of it."

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Clymford. "Perhaps she would."

And here the haste of youth and the compassion of maturity spoke, in Rose and her friend. Mrs. Clymford, to say nothing of Rose, awaited the return of General Hamilton with considerable anxiety, not that they desired or expected anything from him, but the whole train of events had been curious and almost unprecedented; and they were in a state of subdued excitement, ready for remarkable developments which were not in the least likely to be made.

In a few days the General came, accompanied by his son; he asked both for Mrs. Clymford and Gulnare.

Mrs. Clymford had expected to see a broken and sorrow-stricken man, in one so frequently bereaved by death. The traces of his many sorrows were indeed upon him, but for the present, his expression was joyous and hopeful. His son appeared to share these feelings.

The General advanced with an eager step to meet the ladies, and almost hurrying his acknowledgment of the introduction to the widow, seized Rose by both hands, exclaiming, "Yes, thank God, you are indeed my daughter!"

Rose drew back, thinking he must either be insane, or was about, out of charity, to adopt her in place of his lost child; a proceeding to which she meant decidedly to object.

"Father," said young Hamilton, smiling, "my sister thinks you have gone mad. Besides, I have a right to be introduced to her, and all of you neglect me."

He came forward, and taking Rose's hand offered it, kissed it, saying gayly, "I see you do not recognize my claims."

Rose was usually the most self-possessed of mortals, but now she was all embarrassment. The manner of the General and his son disturbed her; it was tender, respectful and sincere; yet she felt assured that they were arguing on false premises and striving to thrust

her into a position which she had neither right nor thought to occupy.

Mrs. Clymford was nearly as much puzzled as her protégé, and awaited with anxiety what further might be said.

General Hamilton seated Rose beside himself on a sofa, and looking kindly in her disturbed face, said: "Then you will not believe that I am your father—that you are in truth my daughter?"

"Because it cannot be possible," faltered Rose.

"But it is nevertheless true. The instincts of my own heart, your resemblance in voice, feature and expression to my wife, and in figure and spirit to myself, have not proven false lights to deceive me. Listen for a few moments to an account which explains all, and yet upon which I have considered, and consulted Mr. Loudon and a legal mind or two, that I might see if the case lay before them as clearly as before me, that in your position and identity there might be no mistake. We had in our Indian home an Ayah, who proved to have been secretly yet most implacably offended, by some accidental insult offered to her caste. Revenge is a principle native to the Hindoo mind. Beyond any other people they can plan and persist, and with deathless resolution carry out the purpose of their hate. My Guldare and I, unconscious of this woman's malevolence, made her the nurse and chief personal attendant of our daughter from her birth. To wreak her hatred upon us, she made friends at the home of a soldier of a regiment stationed where I commanded. The soldier's wife, a pretty Hindoo girl, had a young babe of the age of our own. When these children were but a few weeks old, our Ayah being left alone with them in the absence of both mothers, exchanged the children. A change of clothing made, in these two young infants, who possessed an equal amount of English and Indian blood, all the alteration needed to deceive the young and unsuspecting mothers. The keen eyes of the old woman, however, had noted a difference. The Jerrolds had very singular ears. The oddity of the conformation of the ear only revealed

itself to a close observer; the lower part of the lobe sloped abruptly, and grew fast to the side of the face. This singularity the little Jerrold had inherited from her father. It fed the malice of the Ayah to see my wife and myself caress a child which was not our own, lavishing our endearments on the infant of the soldier Jerrold; and she rejoiced to feel that after a childhood of more or less plainness and privation, my daughter would doubtless marry a common soldier, and lead the wearisome life of most poor women. My wife died. Mrs. Jerrold died, and the Ayah saw the two children departing for America, and triumphed still, that my daughter went as an orphan in the charge of her fancied aunt, the lady's maid; while soldier Jerrold's little one was surrounded with the best that I could procure for her.

"The Ayah let them go, and hid her secret in her own heart. I left India, and had entirely forgotten the woman, when last winter she appeared in England and came to see me. My wife and the elder of our daughters then lay ill of the fever of which they died. I got the Ayah away from the house as soon as possible, promising to see her again. After the loss of my second girl the Ayah sent for me. The rigor of our English winter had overcome her, and she was dying in a hospital; whether she had come, goaded by remorse to make confession; whether merely to assure herself by personal inquiry of the success of her malicious plot, or whether to boast of her evil deed and triumph in my pain, I could not tell; she stolidly revealed to me what I have told you, and died. She not only noticed the mark of the ears, but reminded me that there was on my child's fourth finger a little scar, where a superfluous finger had been amputated immediately after her birth. The other day I recognized, amid all my agitation, these tokens. Consider then my amazement, on learning that the children had been *changed a second time*. That my spurious daughter had died at sea, and my rightful daughter had been singularly elevated to her proper place. The letter explained this, but in the shock of dis-



WATCHING BY THE SEA.

overing for the first time that one child had died on the voyage, and hearing you so firmly assert your Jerrold origin, left me nothing to do but to go home, and by careful study of the whole affair, and by explaining it to my son, Mr. Loudon and

others, reach firmly the right conclusion."

So—Gulnare Hamilton was Gulnare Hamilton after all. Jerrold she had vowed she would not be, and lo, she was not. Matilda Jerrold had been the blind instrument in righting the Ayah's four

wrong. Gulnare, besides all the lessons of wisdom which she claimed to have gained at Mrs. Clymford's, had gained also a father and a brother.

To avoid the amazement and curiosity of the Loudons' five hundred friends, the General took his daughter to England directly from Mrs. Clymford's. The widow, and all the Loudon family except George, accompanied the Hamilton party, and spent two months' with them at their home on the English coast. The return of these friends to their own land broke the last links between Gulnare Hamilton and the country of her early adoption.

The friends were gone; happy days with them were ended; but let us hope

even brighter ones with other friends were to come. Gulnare and her father walked together by the sea; the monotone of the waves brought them sad yet salutary thoughts. Thoughts of early folly and wrong, of duty neglected, of peace reached through pain, of loss that could never be compensated, but of a kind Providence ruling and directing all things well, filled the father's soul, as he looked out on the sea, and remembered other waves that washed India and America.

Gulnare clinging closely to her father, wondered if before her stretched a maturity as sunny, as hopeful, and as spirit-strengthening, as the varied experiences of her youth.

JARDIN DES PLANTES.

BY H. R.

"THE whole scene is as beautiful as my description of it is detestable;" wrote an American traveller to his friend concerning the garden of the Tuileries, and the remark may apply to the Jardin des Plantes, as meagrely described in this article. It is open to the public, and it is not, as one might think from the name, a grand vegetable or arboreal paradise, but a magnificent home for foreign plants, animals, and all green and dried specimens of the three kingdoms of nature, with a pigeon hole of some kind for every thing of beautiful growth that can be moved thither. Besides these there are libraries, laboratories and lecture-rooms on the most extensive scale, free to all students and visitors. As has been said, "One cannot go inside without stumbling against all creation."

Here are drawn together not only all plants and animals in the world, (this is said in the same sense in which the French employ their idiom, "Tout le monde," for a roomful,) but all climates to humor the plants and animals, for

the world's animated nature would not be long animated if bereft of its native temperature. Even something of the earth of distant climes has been transplanted, that the fastidious tree may have its own beloved soil—I was almost on the point of saying, its own native mountain dew. The strangers in the gay city may run each to his own country without going out of Paris, as was fabled of the beasts of the amphitheatre in Rome, whose instincts promptly guided them to their own imported patch of earth.

The Jardin des Plantes suffered considerably from the shells of the Prussians in the recent bombardment, many choice specimens being destroyed. The mischief was occasioned not so much by the direct effect of the missiles as by the exposure of whole departments to the weather through the breakage of the glass covering. Recent events in the gay city have tended rather to banish from its associations the beauties that rendered it the loveliest metropolis in the world, and have joined to the mention