

cast approving eyes when on her famous visit to Kenilworth, not so very far away ; where, maybe, Leicester and Amy Robsart had lingered in the moonlight ; where the stout old cavalier had

defied the power of Cromwell and the rushing tide of political change ; where man had done his best for nature, and nature in return had yielded back to man deep peace and loveliness.

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

IMPRISONED.

LIGHTLY she lifts the large, pure, luminous shell,
Poises it in her strong and shapely hand.
"Listen," she says, "it has a tale to tell,
Spoken in language you may understand."

Smiling, she holds it at my dreaming ear :
The old, delicious murmur of the sea
Steals like enchantment through me, and I hear
Voices like echoes of eternity.

She stirs it softly. Lo, another speech !
In one of its dim chambers, shut from sight,
Is sealed the water that has kissed the beach
Where the far Indian Ocean leaps in light.

Those laughing ripples, hidden evermore
In utter darkness, plaintively repeat
Their lapsing on the glowing tropic shore
In melancholy whispers low and sweet.

O prisoned wave that may not see the sun !
O voice that never may be comforted !
You cannot break the web that fate has spun ;
Out of your world are light and gladness fled.

The red dawn nevermore shall tremble far
Across the leagues of radiant brine to you ;
You shall not sing to greet the evening star,
Nor dance exulting under heaven's clear blue.

Inexorably woven is the weft
That shrouds from you all joy but memory :
Only this tender, low lament is left
Of all the sumptuous splendor of the sea.

Celia Thaxter.

EDUCATING A WIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE had much gay society at Braxfield; and among the visitors who almost daily thronged our table were many young ladies, very eligible matches, and some almost as charming as that dear *Fräulein Münchhausen*.

Two of them, I remember, came from Dublin with their father, who was physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had apartments at the castle. They were splendid specimens of the old Milesian race: fair girls with finely formed, well-developed figures, strong and stately, and just evading the exuberance of *embonpoint*; with brilliant complexions, the rich red in their cheeks such as only the "weeping skies" of the Green Island call out; with magnificent auburn hair, and large blue eyes that looked filled to the brim with merry thoughts. They were highly accomplished, too; dressed with simple elegance, and were modish and well-bred, as far as that irrepressible spirit of fun and frolic which seems inborn in spirited Irish girls would let them.

The first evening, after the elder of these dashing Milesians had given us, with stirring effect, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," while she accompanied herself admirably on the harp, gracefully displaying arms of marvellous whiteness that a sculptor might have yearned to copy, it chanced that their father and mine became deeply engaged in a grave conversation touching the formation of human character. Meanwhile, on a sofa at some distance, I had commenced a low conversation on some light topic with the fair songstress, who seemed indifferent to metaphysics; when the younger sister, touching me so as to call attention to her movements, stole slyly up behind her father, and, cautiously raising her hands to his head, twitched off his wig while he was in the very midst of

some learned reply, and made off with it to our end of the room. I shall never forget my father's look of amazement. From his guest I expected an outburst of anger, but he only said, "Come back, this minute, you monkey! Do you think I can talk philosophy without a wig?"

They stayed with us several days; and I was quite dazzled and somewhat overwhelmed by their beauty and spirit.

A complete contrast in character to these stylish perpetrators of fun, less bewildering but far more interesting, were two young ladies whose acquaintance I had previously made. They also were from Ireland, indeed from one of its noted families; daughters of a nobleman whose name is still cherished by the Irish people as one of the most daring and disinterested defenders of their political franchises.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, younger son of James, first Duke of Leinster, seems, despite his rank, to have been born a democrat. A mere stripling in our Revolutionary days and barely of age when France quailed under her "Reign of Terror," he warmly sympathized, during both revolutions, with the oppressed millions struggling for freedom. As a member of the Irish Parliament toward the close of the last century, he took a stand for the independence of his country (then in imminent danger of subversion) as daring as that of Patrick Henry for ours. Brooding over her oppression, impatient under her sufferings, and finding words unavailing to effect redress, Lord Edward appears to have felt that the time for action had come. He joined the secret society of "United Irishmen," and was enthusiastically elected its president. That society virtually adopted as its motto the same