

Paris was! Paris has much to answer for, if it's killed my cousin Thomas, for a better man never lived."

"Does Miss Matilda know of his illness?" asked I; a new light as to the cause of her indisposition dawning upon me.

"Dear! to be sure, yes! Has she not told you? I let her know a fortnight ago, or more, when first I heard of it. How odd, she shouldn't have told you!"

Not at all, I thought; but I did not say any thing. I felt almost guilty of having spied too curiously into that tender heart, and I was not going to speak of its secrets—hidden, Miss Matey believed, from all the world. I ushered Miss Pole into Miss Matilda's little drawing-room; and then left them alone. But I was not surprised when Martha came to my bedroom door, to ask me to go down to dinner alone, for that missus had one of her bad headaches. She came into the drawing-room at tea-time; but it was evidently an effort to her; and, as if to make up for some reproachful feeling against her late sister, Miss Jenkins, which had been troubling her all the afternoon, and for which she now felt penitent, she kept telling me how good and how clever Deborah was in her youth; how she used to settle what gowns they were to wear at all the parties (faint, ghostly ideas of dim parties far away in the distance, when Miss Matey and Miss Pole were young!) and how Deborah and her mother had started the benefit society for the poor, and taught girls cooking and plain sewing; and how Deborah had once danced with a lord; and how she used to visit at Sir Peter Arley's, and try to remodel the quiet rectory establishment on the plans of Arley Hall, where they kept thirty servants; and how she had nursed Miss Matey through a long, long illness, of which I had never heard before, but which I now dated in my own mind as following the dismissal of the suit of Mr. Holbrook. So we talked softly and quietly of old times, through the long November evening.

The next day Miss Pole brought us word that Mr. Holbrook was dead. Miss Matey heard the news in silence; in fact, from the account on the previous day, it was only what we had to expect. Miss Pole kept calling upon us for some expression of regret, by asking if it was not sad that he was gone: and saying,

"To think of that pleasant day last June, when he seemed so well! And he might have lived this dozen years if he had not gone to that wicked Paris, where they are always having revolutions."

She paused for some demonstration on our part. I saw Miss Matey could not speak, she was trembling so nervously; so I said what I really felt: and after a call of some duration—all the time of which I have no doubt Miss Pole thought Miss Matey received the news very calmly—our visitor took her leave. But the effort at self-control Miss Matey had made to conceal her feelings—a concealment she practiced even with me, for she has never alluded to Mr. Holbrook again, although the book he gave her lies with

her Bible on the little table by her bedside; she did not think I heard her when she asked the little milliner of Cranford to make her caps something like the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson's, or that I noticed the reply,

"But she wears widows' caps, ma'am?"

"Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows', of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

This effort at concealment was the beginning of the tremulous motion of head and hands which I have seen ever since in Miss Matey.

The evening of the day on which we heard of Mr. Holbrook's death, Miss Matilda was very silent and thoughtful; after prayers she called Martha back, and then she stood uncertain what to say.

"Martha!" she said at last; "you are young," and then she made so long a pause that Martha, to remind her of her half-finished sentence, dropped a courtesy, and said:

"Yes, please, ma'am; two-and-twenty last third of October, please, ma'am."

"And perhaps, Martha, you may some time meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers; but if you meet with such a young man, and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. God forbid!" said she, in a low voice, "that I should grieve any young hearts." She spoke as if she were providing for some distant contingency, and was rather startled when Martha made her ready, eager answer:

"Please, ma'am, there's Jim Hearn, and he's a joiner, making three-and-sixpence a day, and six foot one in his stocking-feet, please ma'am; and if you'll ask about him to-morrow morning, every one will give him a character for steadiness; and he'll be glad enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound."

Though Miss Matey was startled, she submitted to Fate and Love.

#### ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS.

DURING a short stay on the Essequibo, a little monkey of the Jackowai Ris tribe, in return for some slight attention I had shown him, permitted me so far to gain his favor and confidence, that he was seldom away from my person; indeed, he treated me like one mentioned by a distinguished traveler, which every morning seized on a pig belonging to a mission on the Orinoco, and rode on its back during the whole day, while it wandered about the savannahs in search of food. Nothing pleased him better than to perch on my shoulder, when he would encircle my neck with his long hairy tail, and accompany me in all my rambles. His tail formed a no very agreeable neckcloth, with the thermometer above one hundred degrees; but he seemed so disappointed when I refused to carry him, that it was impossible to leave him behind. In appearance he was particularly engaging—squirrel-like in form—with a light brown coat slightly tinged with yellow, and arms and legs of a reddish cast

—pleasingly contrasting with a pale face, and small black muzzle; the expressive and merry twinkle of his sparkling black eye betokened fun, roguery, and intelligence. The Jackowai Ris are a fierce race, and approach the carnivora in their habits and dispositions. One reason of our intimacy was the sameness of our pursuits—both being entomologists; but he was a far more indefatigable insect-hunter than myself. He would sit motionless for hours among the branches of a flowering shrub or tree, the resort of bees and butterflies, and suddenly seize them when they little expected danger. Timid in the presence of strangers, he would usually fly to the branches of a neighboring tree at their approach, uttering a plaintive cry, more resembling a bird than an animal. He was apt to be troublesome, even to me, unless I found him some amusement; this, fortunately, was not difficult; for his whole attention was soon engrossed by a flower, or by a leaf from my note-book, which he would industriously pull to pieces, and throw on the surface of the water, earnestly watching the fragments with his quick black eye, as they glided away.

At other times, when sitting on my shoulder, he was an incessant plague, twitching the hairs from my head by twos and threes, filling my ears with fragments of plants and other rubbish, and taking a malicious pleasure in holding on by those members when the boat lurched, and he was in danger of falling. I think it was one of the same family that Humboldt found capable of recognizing, as resemblances of their originals, even uncolored zoological drawings; and would stretch out its hand to endeavor to capture the bees and grasshoppers. I was unable to test the sagacity of my little comrade, as the only accessible work with engravings was a copy of Schomburgk's "Fishes of Guiana;" and when I showed him the plates he manifested no signs of a knowledge of any of his finny compatriots; never, perhaps, having seen them. He was dreadfully afraid of getting himself wet, particularly his hands and feet; in this respect showing a very different disposition to a large long-haired black monkey, belonging to a family settled a short distance from our residence.

This animal—an object of the greatest terror to the little Jackowinki, from his having caught him one day and ducked him in the river—was one of the most tractable and docile I ever remember having met. He was in the habit of accompanying his master in all his fishing and shooting expeditions, taking his allotted seat in the canoe, and plying his small paddle for hours together with the utmost gravity and composure; all the while keeping excellent time, and being never "out of stroke." Like his companions, he would now and then dip the handle of his paddle in the water, to destroy the squeaking grate of the dry surface, and again would lean over the side and wash his hands. His domestic habits were perfectly human. The first thing every morning he cleansed his teeth, by taking a mouthful of water, and using his finger as a tooth-brush; like the other members of the fam-

ily, whom he also imitated in their daily bath in the river. Perhaps one at least of these peculiarities was not entirely imitative, as a credible authority (Captain Stedman, in his "Narrative of an Expedition to Surinam") assures us that he once saw a monkey at the water's edge, rinsing his mouth, and appearing to clean his teeth with his fingers.

As for my little friend, I intended to bring him home; but the day before my departure he suddenly decamped. We were taking our usual trip up the creek, and I was just thinking of returning, when, on rounding a sharp bend in the tortuous channel, I perceived two Jackowinkis sitting on a branch about twenty yards distant, as yet unaware of our vicinity, and from their chattering and grimaces seemingly engaged in some matrimonial squabble. Anxious to obtain a specimen for stuffing, I fired at one, which proved to be the male, who dropped to the ground.

When he saw his brother fall, he seemed instantly to understand that I was a murderer. He took immediate revenge. He sprang to my shoulder, tore a handful of hair from my head, and swiftly clambered away among the overhanging branches. When I recovered from surprise at this unexpected attack, he had paused in his flight; and, with his face turned toward me, was grinning, showing his sharp little teeth, and throwing down glances of fierceness and hate. In another instant he was pursuing the female, whose plaintive twittings were distinctly audible, as she scampered away among the trees. In the course of time, he no doubt managed to console the widow; and, free from all shackles and restraints, is probably, at this moment, quietly enjoying a married life in his native woods.

## THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

### I.

MY family, by the paternal side, was originally of Berne, in Switzerland, whence a branch of it removed to the Milanese, to improve its fortunes. The name of Reding—well-known in the Cantons—was sustained with credit by my father. He inherited a thriving mill and farm, about a quarter of a league from the straggling village and venerable Castle of St. Michael, within sight of the Tyrolese Alps. Traveling to Zurich, where he had distant connections, he returned with a companion who weaned him from the desire of wandering any more.

The Castle of St. Michael, with the estate on which our little property was situated, belonged to an Austrian noble, who managed it by deputy, and lived in courtly splendor at Vienna. Count Mansfeldt was equitably represented by his steward, Engel; and under him, our house enjoyed prosperity from the days of my grandsire.

I had but one sister; my mother was the sole superintendent of her education; she thought the feminine mind, so susceptible of impressions, should never be spontaneously consigned to foreign culture. Katherine was worthy of her preceptress. It is not for me to dilate upon her excellence—a portrait by my hand might be deemed

the glowing creation of a brother's fondness. It is enough to mention the strength of our attachment. I was two years her senior; and when her age qualified her for sharing in childish pastimes, she was the welcome partner of all my amusements. I showered into her lap the first flowers of spring, and brought her the wild-strawberry from heights where few would venture. In her friendship, I reposed the confidence of ripening boyhood—frequently were the overflowings of a sanguine temperament repressed by her mildness. With innocent wiles she endeavored to veil my errors from parental eyes; when I did incur displeasure, her accustomed gayety was gone, and the voice that recalled her truant smile, was ever that which pardoned the offender.

## II.

I was entering my twentieth year, when our situation underwent an important change. Our landlord was gathered to his ancestors, having bequeathed his Lombardy estate to his second son, Count Rainer. Engel, the good old steward, was soon after dismissed from office, and retired, with the fruits of faithful service, to his native town in Carniola.

Count Rainer was a captain in the imperial army. He was with his regiment at Pavia when informed of his father's death. Devolving his authority on an emancipated sergeant of hussars, the purveyor of his libertine pleasures, he dispatched him to St. Michael to wring money from the tenantry, and prepare for his reception.

Ludolf was a swaggering bravo, emulous, at middle age, of the vices of profligate youth. On his arrival, he circulated a pompous intimation that he came vested with full powers to treat with the vassals of the count, and renew their engagements.

My sister had gone to the village to make purchases, and I left the mill at vesper chime with the intention of meeting her. The path was abrupt, and little frequented. I was cherishing discontent at the husbandman's unvaried existence, when I was roused by the distant accents of a female in distress. They were clearly distinguishable, and I rushed to the quarter whence they proceeded. In a corner of an open spot, backed by a deep ditch, fenced with luxuriant underwood, Katherine was keeping a man, unknown to me, at bay: he was above the middle size, and in his beard and costume affected the fashion of the military. He faced me as I approached, and my sister, with disordered dress and agitated frame, flew to my side. Defenseless as I was, my first impulse was to chastise the ruffian, though he wore a sabre; but consideration for the terrified girl, who clung to me imploringly, induced me to forego my purpose. We had not receded many paces, when Katherine relinquished her hold, and uttered a warning cry: the hand of violence was already at my throat; and a harsh voice, unsteady from rage or intemperance, demanded why a contemptible slave dared to interfere with the representative of Count Rainer.

Unequal to my opponent in bulk and inert

force, I was far above him in activity and the resources of a vigorous constitution. A sudden jerk freed me from his hold, and a well-applied push sent him reeling to the verge of the ditch. He drew his weapon with a rapidity on which I had not calculated; Katherine's coolness saved my life: she arrested his arm in its sweep. Ere he could disengage himself, I collected all my energy for one buffet, and laid him supine in the reservoir of mud.

## III.

Count Rainer was greeted at St. Michael with the show of rustic rejoicing usual on the appearance of a new master. He was accompanied by a train of riotous associates. The roar of Bacchanalian merriment shook the dusky halls of his patrimonial fabric, which, in the blaze of unwonted festivity, seemed to have renewed its youth. Naught, from the evening of the rencounter, had we heard or seen of Ludolf. His rudeness might have originated in the coarse jocularities of a soldier, stimulated by too fervid an application to the bottle. Prudence required that I should abstain from needlessly irritating a man whose enmity might mar my father's arrangements with his lord: I therefore avoided the chance of collision.

I was strolling about the fields with my gun on my shoulder, when a pet pigeon of Katherine's whirled past me, pursued by a hawk. I fired at the bird of prey, which dropped in an adjoining meadow. Springing across the intervening hedge, I found myself in the presence of a group of mounted sportsmen and their attendants. One of the horsemen was examining the dead hawk; his attention was directed toward me by a retainer, in whose brawny proportions, husky voice, and ferocious mustaches, I recognized my adversary, Ludolf.

My gun was demanded, in the name of Count Rainer: I refused to surrender it. The party formed a circle around, pinioned me, and wrested it from me, ere I could attempt resistance. "Mr. Steward," said the count, "you may now acquaint your friend with the consequences of destroying a nobleman's falcon."

The ready villain and his servile followers dragged me to the earth; they profaned my person by stripes. When they left me in my abasement, the air felt pestilent with their brutal laughter.

I lay with my face to the greensward long after their departure. My brain was eddying in a hell-whirl. I could have welcomed the return of chaos, that the circumstance of my shame might be obliterated in the clash of contending elements. Had the sun been blotted from the heavens, and the summer earth turned to blackness and desolation, I should have thought them fit and natural occurrences. I raised my burning brow; but the orb of day was riding high in his glory, and the meadow-grass and wild flowers were fresh and fragrant as if they had not witnessed the act of degradation. I discovered that a stranger had been regarding me with a vigilant eye. I confronted him, and darted at him a de-