The ship went down at night, they say,
  Wrestling with wind and wave to the last,
Like a great sea-monster fighting at bay:
    The fisherman tells how he heard the bells
  Ring in the lulls of the pitiless blast,
    Mingled with wild farewells.

The winds are asleep, and the sea is still—
  Still as the wrecked beneath its waves,
Dreamless of all life's good or ill:
    A boat on the shore and nothing more
  Tells of the dead who sank to their graves,
    To the sound of the wild sea's roar.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!

GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself while defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not wonder that the general was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men can not cheat, can not lie, can not inflict torture, can not commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbors in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them: their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is "cynical" who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's hopeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behavior.

Now MacWhirter having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes's letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes's letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the general, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had: in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune; and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she must say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them! Baynes who was as simple as a child. Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitzrickets (because he was an Honorable, forsooth) at Dumdum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, etc., etc., etc. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together, and said to her husband, "Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!" That the poor child would suffer considerably her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had undergone heart-breakings and pangs of separation on her own account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the Major said, "My dear, you want to go to Paris and buy a new bonnet," Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his brother-in-law, who marveled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanor, so angry and so voluble. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humor. If I ever, for my part, do any thing wrong in my family, or to them, I accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommodious conscience, maybe) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me!* Baynes, I *suspect, to brow-beat, bully, and out*-talk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from our gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bed-foot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, "Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!" Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins in this and ensuing years is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that Heaven may turn thee to a better state of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

"In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as a father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement," cries the general, finishing the story.

"Has he formally released you from that trust business?" asked the major.

"Good Heavens, Mac!" cries the general, turning very red. "You know I am as innocent of all wrong toward him as you are!"

"Innocent—only you did not look to your trust—"

"I think ill of him, Sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing young fellow," calls out the general, very quickly, "who would make my child miserable; but I don't think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the *Army List* will show you, by George! I don't think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!"

"Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?" asks the gruff major.

"Because," shouted the general, "it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George!—in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans;—because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I'll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it deed unfriendly of you; and I'll trouble you not to put your oar into *my boat*, and meddle with *my affairs*, that's all, and I'll know who's at the bottom of it, by Jove! It's the gray mare, Mac—it's your *better half*, MacWhirter—it's that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering—"

"What next?" roared the major. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I don't know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don't come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It's Eliza that has set you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been breaking from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won't!"

"Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?" asks the general.

"I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already." And the major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarreling over their cups there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. "*Mais madame!*" pleads Madame Smolensk, in her grave way. "*Taisez-vous, Madame, laissez-moi tranquille, s'il vous plait!*" exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never pleasant to me, either in anger or good-humor. "And your Little—who tries to sleep in my chamber!" again pleads the mistress of the boarding-house. "*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler, Mademoiselle Baynes petite!*" calls out the general's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarreling himself just now, trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. While the husbands had been quarreling in the dining-room over brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. "I am sure, Eliza," said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, "that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house."

"A private house is not like a boarding-house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras," remarks Mrs. Baynes.

"I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night," says the other.

"And most unkind it is that speech to make, Emily. Any more tea?"

"Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night —and I never able to sleep in a diligence—to hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you—re—as you O, O, O—Boh! How stoopid I am!" A handkerchief dries the tears: a smelling-bottle restores a little composure. "When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the hooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome."

The other was smitten with a remorse. She remembered her sister's kindness in former days. "I did not mean, sister, to give you pain," she said. "But I am very unhappy myself, Emily. My child's conduct is making me most unhappy."

"And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had!" says the other.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" gasps the general's lady.

"If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it's you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the diligence compared to the nights you must have? I said so to myself. 'I am wretched,' I said, 'but what must *she* be?'"

"Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear."

"But what makes her so, my dear?" cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. "No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man—"

"*What?*" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"Haven't I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn't you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him, till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?" cries Mrs. Mac.

"A most indecent observation!" cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. "No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!"

"Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, 'Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!' Didn't you write all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!"

"Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of crimes, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer's lady to be treated in this way by a brevet major's wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England but this I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house—"

"House indeed! pretty house! Every body else's house as well as yours!"

"Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!"

"Oh yes! You wish me to go out in the night. MAC! I say!"

"Emily!" cries the generaless.

"MAC, I say!" screams the majoress, flinging open the door of the salon, "My sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?"

"*Au nom de Dieu, Madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté;*" cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

"*Nappley pas, Madamaselle Baynes petite, sivoplay!*" booms out Mrs. Baynes's contralto.

"MacWhirter, I say, Major MacWhirter!" cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining-room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads together. "MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet major's wife—"

"By George! are you fighting too?" asks the general.

"Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand," yells the general, "Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am."

"He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear every thing from him," says the general's wife.

"By George! I will NOT bear every thing from him!" shouts the general. The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I dare say the boys from the topmost balusters are saying to each other, "Row between ma and aunt Mac!" I dare say scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for a while, almost forgetful of her own grief, and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about in the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel—in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the general and her own colonel have entered on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarreling for a score of years past. "Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui," she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quatre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

"How are you, MacWhirter?" cries the colonel of the purple whiskers. "My friend, Dr. Martin!" And as he addresses himself to the general his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

"My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!" whispers the general, in a rapid, low voice. "Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter, had we not better go into the dining-room?"

The general and the doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter, "Major, you act as the general's friend in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!"

"He has said things to ME, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brother-in-law's, by George!" growls MacWhirter.

"What? Don't you bring me any message from him?"

"I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George! it makes my blood boil. Insult us after traveling twenty-four hours in a confounded diligence, and say we're not invited! He and his little catamaran."

"Hush!" interposed Bunch.

"I say catamaran, Sir! don't tell *me!* They came and staid with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill; and now, by—"

Was the major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove? At this moment a door by which they stood opens. You may remember there were three doors all on that landing; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, and her hair hanging over her shoulders—her hair, which hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

"Is it you, uncle Mac? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard aunt Emily's," says the little person.

"Yes, it is I, Charly," says uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, "What is it, my dear?" And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father's brains out in the morning. "How hot your little hands are!"

"Uncle, uncle!" she says, in a swift, febrile whisper, "you're come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and aunt Emily speaking quite loud, loud! But if I go —I'll—I'll never love any but him!"

"But whom, dear?"

"But Philip, uncle."

"By George! Char, no more you shall!" says the major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed while this quarreling of sisters—while this brawling of majors, generals, colonels—while this coming of hackney-coaches—while this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback—had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle's arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

"What are you making a fool of yourself about?" growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

"By George, Eliza, you are too bad!" says the general, quite white.

"Eliza, you are a brute!" cries Mrs. MacWhirter.

"So SHE IS!" shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing-place overhead, where other lady-boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charly was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, "Never, never!"...... When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, "What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!"

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elysées just now, and dodging behind a tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Doctor Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where, you see, this battle was going on—that ringing, dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte; and Philip Firmin burst like a bomb-shell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Here *is* a picture, I protest. We have—first, the boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns; secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise, the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement; and, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Doctor Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; Madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bomb-shell bursts in among them.

"What is it? Charlotte, I am here!" cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char gives one final scream, and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip's shoulder.

"You brute, how dare you do this?" asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

"It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!" says aunt Emily.

"And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!" calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad: so was the Major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

"Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?" gasped Mrs. Baynes.

"Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady," says little Doctor Martin, in a very courtly way. "Madame, will you get a little sal volatile from Anjubeau's, in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quiet!"

"Come, Monsieur Philippe. It is enough like that!" cries Madame, who can't repress a smile. "Come to your chamber, dear little!"

"Madame," cries Mrs. Baynes, "*une mère*—"

Madame shrugs her shoulders. "*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*" she says. "Come, mademoiselle!"

There were only very few people in the boarding-house; if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two, three, five people; even Philip did not know, until afterward, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphical powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very noses, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Marli, with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighboring barrier upon dueling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes's character, I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the general down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta;* but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handfuls out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to bark out her private rage, and said: "If the general won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go."

"By Jove, I think you had!" exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

"*Allons*, Monsieur Philippe. Enough like that—let me take her to bed again," Madame resumed. "Come, dear miss!"

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighboring chamber closes on her. The sad little vision has disappeared. The men, quarreling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

"I heard her voice outside," said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). "I heard her voice outside, and I couldn't help coming in."

"By George, I should think not, young fellow!" says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

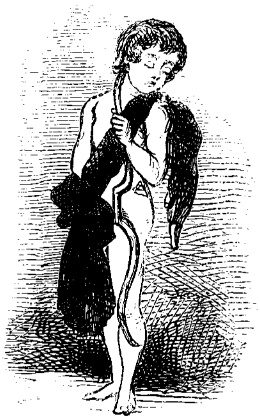
"Hush! hush!" whispers the doctor; "she must be quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow."

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Madame Smolensk's premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte's benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle-à-manger;* and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The colonel, the major, the doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earth-work, from an embrasure in which scalding water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The general remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but can not bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come among them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, henpecked, but most blood-thirsty old general found himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law, MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired fresh courage from his neighbor. Each, taking his aim deliberately, poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose; but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circumbendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the doctor, "Well, doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A by-stander can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon." That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean any thing but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. "I declare, Sir!" Philip used to say, "had she known any thing about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!" But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty trees, amidst which the lamps of the *reverbères* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. "Her cheek was lying there," he thinks, "just there." My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?



CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.

Now though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bedroom over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbor is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes's night-cap the grim eyes lie open all night; on Baynes's pillow is a silent wakeful head that hears the hours toll. A plague upon the young man! (thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*)—how dare he come in and disturb every thing? How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that insolent young man, with his carroty beard, and vulgar Blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Balked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake; and if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a hen-pecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him: that little, old, plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep. Was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, while Eliza, his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day: she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny: the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the house on his daily walks the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake it will be *his* turn to receive the torture. Ah, Othello, *mon ami!* when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served raw are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

"Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!" thinks the general, rolling uneasy on the midnight pillow. "No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from mamma!" Then, I dare say, the past rises up in that wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again, laughing on his knee, and playing with his accoutrements as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent with her mother, with him she would never tire of prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We can not see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, "Papa, papa!" Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honor to your child. "And it is yonder cruel, shriveled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!" he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame, and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed? How bilious he looks the next morning! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife. When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little color in her round cheek, there is that in her look and demeanor which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days: the song of Ruth. Char sate down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. "Thy people shall be my people"—she sang with all her heart—"and thy God my God!" The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father; pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at *Galignani's* without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two frongs, by George! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes; his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you! The old wife was sitting up for him, scared at the unusual absence of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His face was pale. His eyes were fierce and bloodshot. When the general had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, can not be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the general came in. Mrs. B. knew by the general's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. "Where's Char?" he asked, in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. "Char was gone to bed," said mamma, sorting her trumps. "Hm! Augoost, Odevee, Osho!" Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough Sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mac to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was not very deferential and respectful to her general. All the king's horses and men could not bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext; made two hearts miserable, stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world; acted with wicked ingratitude toward a young man, who has been nobly forgiving toward you and yours; and are suffering with rage and remorse, as you own your crime to yourself; your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to every body at Madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Augoost when he serves her at dinner—and says, "*Ah, Madame, que le boof est bong aujourdhui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.*" Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good-humor was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again: ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved, as he thought, to Madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. "She goes better—she sleeps," Madame said. "Mr. the Doctor Martin has commanded her a calming potion." And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to somebody else? What if I were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed, straightway wrote an answer—directed to Madame de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Doctor Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with Madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, Madam, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the Barber of Seville, on which side are your sympathies — on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the general turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence: her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him: he returned curt "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes family, the general flew in a passion, and cried, "Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!" the scared woman ventured on no remonstrance. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work and sat among them furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see people do wrong though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at Madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him, and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the general was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty-four hours since, that the general was a brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, "You know, Emily, I promised you a hat ever so long ago!" And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before. Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, "Eliza, won't *you* be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate." But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation the general's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific that Eliza Baynes said "No — thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home." And the party went away without Mrs. Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long: and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding-house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw!—green piqué velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top, pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, etc., all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the general had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had farther been to Tortoni's, and had ices; and then to go up stairs to her own room, and look at *her* own battered, blowzy, old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence, without wincing, and, if possible, a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on Madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I dare say he told her there was nothing in the world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do any thing to give her pain, never! She had been his good girl and his blessing all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him — than the tableau overhead, viz. Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterward to a female friend), "I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back." There are some mothers I have heard of who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe "dangerous" notions, etc. etc. My good ladies, give them *Goody Twoshoes* if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went into her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her father, on the sofa in Madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. "How are you now?" asks mamma, with her deep voice. "I am much the same," says the girl, beginning to tremble. "Leave the child; you agitate her, Madam," cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol: she gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, danced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to see the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious Heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian fields, though the guardians bade them descend; she bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled citywards from the Bois de Boulogne. The gray shades were falling, and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner-bell at Madame Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the general, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, etc., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which aunt Mac wore when she went out. Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney-coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chiffonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of this narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the general and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney-coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz., Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the general following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interests took place between her aunt and her father.

"Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char," Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

"It is, indeed, Emily," says the general, with a very sad groan on his part.

"It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles."

"No, faith," says the general, with a dismal screw of the mouth. "You see, Emily, to see that child suffer tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-ooh!" Here the general's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

"My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature," says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C.B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandana pocket handkerchief, and performs a prodigious loud obligato—just under the spray of the Rond-point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

"Have a care with your cane, then, old imbecile!" cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the general meets and charges with his iron ferule.

"*Mille pardong, mosoo, je vous demande mille pardong*," says the old man, quite meekly.

"You are a good soul, Charles," the lady continues; "and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to! Mac only told me last night. You horrid, bloodthirsty creature! Three challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes, I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners, all that we are, Baynes!"

"I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon," says the general, very pale and solemn.

"If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever had rest again, Charles?"

"No; I think not. I should not deserve it," answers the contrite Baynes.

"*You* have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is dead I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bedside nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with her nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was—"

"Don't say any more. I am aware of my wife's faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!" says the general, hanging his head down.

"Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, 'Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The *Army List* doesn't contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!' I said. No; if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes."

"Faith, I do," owns the general, with a sad smile on his countenance.

"And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you, fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!"

"Come, come. I think you have told me often enough that I am hen-pecked," says the general.

"And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!"

"The young man's a beggar!" cries the general, biting his lips.

"What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn't much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody any thing, and me going to have a new bonnet!" and she tossed up her head, and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

"Emily, you have a good heart! that's the truth," says the general.

"And *you* have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name's MacWhirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose—"

"What?"

"Well, I propose that—" But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation in the midst of such a hubbub that we can not overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that* event, of course, all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes's talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and "*un bon bouillon*" and a wing of fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the previous night Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bony, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, "What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet!"

"You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken! She is a kind woman, Madame Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!"

"She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!" cries Charlotte.

"Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!"

"Yes, indeed, aunt!" whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

"My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet we had a long talk, and it was about you."

"About me, aunt!" warbles Miss Charlotte.

"He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*."

"Oh, I hate them!" cries Charlotte. Poor little Hely Walsingham, what had he done to be hated?

"Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has *a way* with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she speaks of some one—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say of my own sister. As long as you remain here—"

"Oh, aunt, aunt! Don't take me away, don't take me away!" cries Charlotte.

"My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major MacWhirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. *We* know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you have given away your heart to your father's *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a penniless subaltern then, my dear—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty) didn't she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age, that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don't tell *me*, child. Haven't I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn't Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is *a stick* at them? And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!"

Charlotte, who has plenty of humor, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris, which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her, was he not near her? Yesterday night, that horrible yesterday—when all was so wretched, so desperate, did not her champion burst forward to her rescue?

"You are not listening, you poor child!" said aunt Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. Now listen to me once more. Whisper!" And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte's side, aunt Emily first kissed the girl's round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of effect, as that wondrous distillment which aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! "Oh you goose!" she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft, brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, "Oh you dear, dear aunt!" and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practice on.

"When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?* Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up *this instant!*" cries the young person.

"*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed it was he who proposed it."

"Dearest, best father!" ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

"But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that *I* should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love— At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! *I* didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry for what he has done. He told me so while we walked away from the bonnet-shop, while he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome too! *I* bowed to him and kissed my hand to him, that is, the nob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said, 'It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!' 'I know that,' papa said. 'I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it; and it makes me deed unhappy.' You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!"

For once Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah! take warning by him, ye gray-beards! And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and mumble your humble pie!

The general, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, "Mr. Firmin. Glad to see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!"

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his correspondence with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night, Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated "Paris, Thursday"—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, "Again that lady, Monsieur Philippe!"

THE POOR HELPING THE POOR.

"What lady?" asks our own intelligent correspondent.

"That old lady who came the other day, you know."

"*C'est moi, mon ami!*" cries Madame Smolensk's well-known grave voice. "Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the good news!"

"What good news?" asks the gentleman.

"In two days Miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macvirterre. They have taken their places by the diligence of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?"

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away every thing he had but four francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

"Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!" And she takes out a bank-note, which she puts in the young man's hand.

"*Tiens, il l'embrasse encor c'te vieille!*" says the little knife-boy. "*J'aimerai pas ça, moi, par examp!*"

TANGLED THREADS.

THERE are not many sadder eyes this present year than those which looked out from under the white forehead of young Sylvia Farnham.

And yet the wave of trouble and death and anguish which has flown with such heavy surge and coldness through so many hearts of the land had passed her by, to all outward seeing, quite untouched.

Sylvia Farnham's mental ailment was of that kind, talking over which the best of us are apt to shrug a little, and say, "Nonsense!" So reluctant we are to admit our belief of things we do believe. We *know* how Sylvia Farnham might sit bereaved, though death had neither touched nor threatened the least of her beloved.

Think of the capacity for human tenderness and devotion a gentle, clear-headed girl will garner up from her own nature and our literature in the years which pass between sixteen and twenty-three. And if—the time seeming full come—it seeks lavish outlet, and is driven back ashamed, will not the heart sink and quiver under the sickening weight?

Sylvia had never been specially in love, though she knew very well that, as American girls go, her wedding bells must ring before many years, if at all—and she thought marriage the "true state," as we all think, whether we say it or not.

Not long ago she had observed among the office-signs of the town a new name, "Philip Elcaren," and by-and-by she began to "include" its owner—a man firm of hand and step, with eyes and voice passing those of most men in clear, kindly breadth and fullness.

Will you tell me the common result of a girl of Sylvia Farnham's stamp seeing much of such a man? The demand of a right soul for virtues like its own being apparently fully met, how about the *human* instincts the noblest truly feel? What need to go over the old theme wherewith the sweet singers and ready writers have found their best occasion for all times?

Sylvia and Elcaren had not very long met at social gatherings, and talked and played chess, before, scarcely with her cognition—silently, and, as it were, in the night—the flood-gates felt the opening pressure, and the tide of her whole life's love set forth in steady flow toward this one man.

And so, reader, if you have been in love, as you very probably have, you will see how a girl who had been cool and stately as Diana for twenty-three years, could come to thrill and glow by virtue of a single step, and voice, and touch.

She was afraid of herself, she was coming to love him so! How *could* she, who had "detested" such things, let her hand be retained so long in his the last time they parted? More easily, clearly, than to have drawn it "properly" away. I tell you there is a painfulness almost counterpoising the bliss in that sort of incident. The high reserve of a whole pure maidenhood can not be thrown off, though but partially, with ease, even under rising love's quickening light.

You having been in the state presupposed, will know how it was with Sylvia after an event like the following. She was, you will remember, in the mood we have just discussed, entered on a passion which, at its full, would have thrown herself and the whole world besides at the feet of this beloved. And yet, back of it all, was the maiden delicacy grown doubly sensitive, and ready to take keen alarm at a word.

It was a social evening at Mrs. Mayhew's. The parlors were full—the talk and passing to and fro very brisk. Not specially observed, as she thought, Elcaren was soon at her side; but before long a gay little piece of the world, in person of Miss Euphrasia Lance, came between them in a little breeze of airy, vexatious, yet insinuating *de trop*-ness, and the result was that Sylvia found herself, after a brief eye-parley with her companion, separated from him, and seated at chess, on a thoroughly golden rule principle, with good but prosy and purblind Doctor Akerly, the checkered field before him his world for the time being.

For nearly an hour she saw nothing of Elcaren. She was beginning to really chafe at this quiet puppet-handling which the Doctor enjoyed so much, when the voice again reached her ear. Any other one at the same pitch she would simply have heard and not understood; but you know there will be voices for us alone, whose most careless cadence rings clear as silver bells.

She could just distinguish Alfred Mayhew's words, though he spoke in a higher key. The first were:

"Now, Phil, you may as well be honest, and own you're trapped at last. No girl in her senses could ever have looked and acted that way to a fellow who hadn't made himself pretty definite."

It seemed to Sylvia as though the blood had all gone out of her heart, for it hardly seemed to quiver in its still suspension, while her whole