

Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bime-by
 That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!
 I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here,
 He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear.
 There's a pieter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies,
 And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,
 He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew,
 And whenever I see that pieter, 'twill make me think of you.
 The children will be so happy! Why, Debby will 'most go wild;
 She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child!
 And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring
 On Caleb's grave: he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef he'll know
 They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

AN ENGLISH BRIDE IN ROUMANIA.

POOOR Emily Wayne! She was the daughter of a captain on half-pay in the English navy. Her family had led a tranquil and retired country life till Emily was grown up, when they went over to Paris to enjoy change and see the world. Emily was a fresh, pretty little girl, with about the usual ignorance or information of any other boarding-school miss of nineteen, but she was well pleased to avail herself of any advantages, and rapidly picked up tolerable French, improved in music by hard practicing, and became a member of a dancing class under the instruction of M. Fouquet, who, with Cellarius, was chief professor of that art in the latter days of Louis Philippe. Dancing masters who led the advance of fashion were just beginning to instruct their pupils in the figures of the German. The ladies of the class who met at M. Fouquet's rooms every Monday and Thursday from 3 to 5 P.M. were all known to each other, but it was understood that M. Fouquet had the privilege of introducing gentlemen pupils of whose standing in society he could give a good account. There were several travelling Englishmen, a young Greek in a *frac* from the Turkish Embassy, an Italian cadet of the noble Neapolitan house of Riazio-Sforza, and Count Rudiger Koskoi, a nobleman of Roumania.

Count Rudiger was a very agile dancer, and Emily Wayne the prettiest girl at the rooms. It soon became a settled thing that the Ban, Vornik, Logothele, Postelnik, or whatever his appellation really was (for count was only a free translation of some barbarous title), was her habitual partner. By degrees they grew intimate. They met at balls, especially at a great entertainment given by Lady Normanby at the English Embassy. Count Rudiger made the acquaintance of Captain Wayne and his good lady, and began to visit at their *appartement* in the evenings. About this time a rich aunt of Miss Emily's came to Paris, a woman who had seen the world upon its vulgar

side, while the Waynes were simply people of natural refinement who had hitherto seen nothing. The world had been shut out from them, as it were, by a glass door, through which they gazed, and hardly could distinguish men from shadows. Aunt Martha, however, was intent upon realities, and was so well pleased with her niece's "conquest," about which the little sisters told her before she had had time to settle herself in her new rooms, that she expressed her intention of giving her upon her wedding day £5000.

This kind intention in some way reached the ears of Count Rudiger. A man need not be a fortune-hunter to appreciate the added charm lent by a little money to the graces of the lady he is disposed to love. The news of Aunt Martha's bounty completed his good opinion of "Mees" Emily. It was very amusing making love in the English fashion, with no preliminary explanations with papa and mamma. He diverted himself with it amazingly, consulted his French friends at the club about it, got the very oddest counsels, and acted on them; hardly, however, surprising the young lady or her family, for Emily had had no experience in lovers or in love-making, and Captain and Mrs. Wayne could not communicate intelligibly with the would-be son-in-law.

He proposed to her upon St. Valentine's Day, having been assured that that was the English saint's day consecrated to such doings. Emily was a little frightened by the love-letter written upon gilt-edged paper embossed with hearts and Cupids. It did not seem like serious business to be asked to decide the greatest question of her life upon such tawdry stationery. It was a terribly solemn question when she came to think about it. To go so far away into a land so totally unknown to her as Moldavia, to give herself to a husband of the Greek Church—yet people had assured her there was affinity between the Greek Church and the Anglican, so that to marry a man of

that communion would not be to commit a sin like marrying a member of the Church of Rome. *Per contra*, Emily felt sure she was in love with him. Count Rudiger was very handsome, fashionable, agreeable, with a great deal of *naïve* simplicity of thought, in spite of his good-breeding. To be a countess—Countess Emily! She thought it was not right to be influenced by such worldliness as that, but surely it would be very pleasant to have a coronet embroidered on the pocket-handkerchiefs of her *trousseau*; and then to be mistress of his large estates; to have 500 peasants to whom she might do good on a grand scale when she became their lady—and to have her aunt, father, mother, and little sisters all so pleased at her promotion!

Emily's reasons for saying *yes* were as many and as good as those of most girls. Alas! how carelessly that word is uttered! let the columns of our newspapers, the records of our police courts, the pages of our novelists, the speeches and the writings of sufferers on all sides of us, proclaim. Let us at least be thankful that the choice of only one relationship is granted us. What would become of us if we had to incur the responsibility of providing ourselves with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts, when we consider the confusion worse confounded produced by the exercise of our one privilege of choice in the selection of our own husbands and wives?

So Emily Wayne was married early in the spring at the English Embassy. There was some difficulty in getting her married by any Roumanian ceremony, for though there was a handsome new Greek Church lately erected in the Rue Neuve de Berri for the especial use of the Russian Embassy, she learned with surprise that no Roumanian would set foot in it; that the Russian and Roumanian Greek churches were wholly irreconcilable; that the Russians were "accursed dogs" and "vile schismatics;" that, in short (according to a confused idea she acquired on the subject), a member of the Church of England might as well be married in a conventicle by an elder of the Plymouth Brethren. However, they were duly married at last. A wandering archimandrite from Roumania turned up in time in the French capital. The Roumanian ceremony was very unimportant to Captain and Mrs. Wayne, provided they were all right as to the chief marriage at the English Embassy; and early in June Count Rudiger and Countess Emily were floating down the Danube on their way to their new home.

By this time it would have been hard to find a happier young wife than Countess Emily; her young lord, too, was most satisfactorily in love.

Sweet little Countess Emily! Her nature developed itself under the fostering warmth

of her husband's appreciation. In the sunshine of her new happiness all sorts of pretty things in her—charms, graces, fancies, coquetties—began to peep out shyly. Like every other woman heartily in love, her whole being was absorbed by it. Count Rudiger was in love too, though he found other things to attend to, and was not indifferent to the fare, the other passengers, and the discomforts of the journey. There is no better place for enjoying love and love-making than the deck of a steamer. Companionship and conversation there become necessities, mutual dependence is unavoidable, even occasional absences are acceptable, both to the party who goes forward to enjoy his cigar, and to his companion left to ponder and arrange in her own thoughts all the impressions to which her talk with him has given rise. For conversations between lovers either in the days of courtship or of honey-moon are like excursions into an undiscovered country, where every step we take leads to fresh knowledge, and if any thing should rudely shock our prejudices, there is a curious process known to the affections by which it can be adjusted rightly in some other light by her who "believeth all things, hopeth all things," as she lays down her chart of married life by the aids of faith and sympathy.

To any one who has not during the past two years refreshed his knowledge of geography, we may say that Moldavia and Wallachia, now called Roumania, claim to have been peopled by Roman military colonists who intermarried with the female "young barbarians" who played around their Dacian mothers in gladiatorial days. Their language is a corrupted Latin, sufficiently like Italian to be easily understood by any one familiar with the peasant speech of Italy. It is supposed to be spoken by about twelve millions of people, six or seven millions of whom live in Moldavia and Wallachia. At the time of which we write those people were not entirely emancipated from Turkish rule, though very nearly so. They paid a tribute of about \$100,000 annually to the Porte, and were bound not to ally themselves with her enemies. The ruler or Hospodar of Moldavia was Gregorio Ghika. They were under the protection of five great powers, and about as well cared for as a baby with five nurses would have been. They elected their ruler, had him approved by the five powers, and appointed by a Turkish firman from the Sultan. In shape Roumania resembles a baby's knitted shoe, Wallachia being the foot, Moldavia the ankle. The Wallachian sole rests on the Danube, the toe and instep touch on Hungary, while Moldavia runs up like a wedge between the Austrian Empire and the provinces of Southern Russia. It is as Kossuth says, "an island lying in a Slavonian sea."

Count Rudiger and Countess Emily were bound for Jassy, the lively little capital of Moldavia, lying about ten miles from the Russian frontier. The count preferred to coast along the southern shore of Wallachia, and to land at Galatz, the sole port of his native principality, so as to avoid the discomforts of a land journey across a country covered with fields of maize and wheel tracks, but wholly destitute of highways. Feuds boil more fiercely in a pint pot than a caldron, and as a Moldavian he had no liking for the court or people of the sister principality, while Emily, of course, adopted every idea of her husband's, having, indeed, upon most subjects no ideas of her own to oppose to them. All her thought was how supremely blessed she was, and how earnestly she hoped to become her husband's crown and blessing.

Day after day they floated down the Danube, the shallow river winding through interminably wide plains, sandy along the river-bed, but fertile toward the interior. For miles and miles scarcely a human habitation could be seen; and the few towns, with mud huts thatched with reeds, were hardly more than villages. The most conspicuous objects in the landscape were the immense levers of the draw-wells, scattered, for the convenience of watering flocks, all over the country. Here and there along the shores were wooden watch-houses, often standing on immensely elevated piles, and beacons (which were fagots of straw aloft on poles) to be lighted as a warning to the interior of any sudden invasion.

The Danube on this plain occupies a bed out of all proportion to its volume, though it sometimes rises many feet above its ordinary level, and overflows the country for many miles. On this occasion, luckily for our travellers, the waters were out, and much country submerged, otherwise they would probably have been detained many hours on pestiferous sand-banks, and at several points might have been compelled to change their steamer.

Had Countess Emily been capable of appreciating discomfort during her wedding journey, she would have doubtless complained of the mosquitoes, an especially venomous race of which are believed in the Danubian provinces to be bred in the cave of the dragon that received his death-stroke from St. George, and which is shown not far from the banks of the Danube. It would almost seem as if that pestiferous reptile were still the scourge of the country which he ravaged while in life, having had his powers of annoyance, as it were, put into commission, for every summer swarms of these insects, bred from his putrid carcass, come forth from his former den to prey on men and cattle. Even Countess Emily felt hardly in charity with her patron saint when

these all-pervading pests, called *Furia infernalis* by naturalists, compelled her after night-fall to seek shelter in her stifling cabin.

The peasants seen along the shore seemed filthy savages, with their wild features framed in shaggy, frowzy hair and thick mustaches. Their cloaks were all of dingy sheep-skin; their coarse, unwholesome-looking shirts were soaked in lard to keep them from the bites of St. George's *infernalis*; and they wore brown broad Spanish hats turned up at the brim. Countess Emily ventured to criticise them, for she was told they were Hungarians; but truth compelled her to acknowledge to herself that Roumanians were no better when she coasted the shore of Wallachia. The landscape, however, became much more interesting. The sluggish Danube turned into a rapid stream, extraordinarily difficult to navigate, with dangerous rapids, towering cliffs, and ruined robber castles. Soon, too, after passing the boundary between Hungary and Wallachia, the steamer floated through the Danube's Iron Gate—a shelf of rock running across the bed of the river. The passage over this ledge, through these eddies, whirlpools, and a double water-fall, is effected by the help of a small tug steamer, while slow barges are dragged laboriously up the stream along the Servian shore by ten or twelve pairs of oxen. The hills on either side this formidable pass are not precipitous, and slope back from the shore, by no means giving the idea of gates. There was, as we have said, an unusual volume of water in the Danube when Count Rudiger and his young wife passed down, so that the steamer met with no detention or accident. Emily's school knowledge of ancient history seemed suddenly to have come in contact with an actuality when she saw the remains of Trajan's Bridge, which all the floods and ice of 1700 winters have been powerless to destroy.

At Giurgevo, the port of Bucharest, where are an abominable lazaretto, the ruins of an ancient fortress, two filthy inns, and a shed for the accommodation of the steamers, a party of Roumanian ladies and gentlemen came on board. They were all from Moldavia, and all friends of Count Rudiger, who welcomed them with enthusiasm, and seemed delighted to introduce his English wife to them. To Emily it seemed like an invasion of her paradise. There was nothing of the reserve and privacy an Englishwoman loves to preserve even in society. They were like members of an enormous family. Existence among them seemed to be like life in a caravansary, without any secret chambers, calm retreats, or moments of solitude to refresh the weary soul. Countess Emily was received by them with obstreperous cordiality; but the happiness of her wedding journey terminated with their arrival. She knew she ought not to grudge her husband

the pleasure he appeared to feel in the society of his country people. But she began to find herself very lonely while they were talking in a language as yet unfamiliar to her except in words of endearment from her husband. Now it seemed wholly incomprehensible as spoken rapidly, with wild gesticulations, with raised voices, and in eager tones. She sat and smiled, because she knew she ought not to look miserable, but her smile became set and fixed. The party got up a little supper as the day closed in, and had music and singing. They sang ostensibly to please her—national songs—but very soon they forgot her in the enjoyment of their own performances.

At last she took her husband's arm, and asked if she might go into her cabin. He took her away at once, and then returned to the gay crowd. When he came back to her it was past midnight. Emily was still awake, and smiled at him.

"What," she said, still smiling, "did you talk about when I was gone?"

"We talked of you, my dear one. They have been telling me we must not expect so much welcome as I had hoped from my father and mother. It seems— Well, years ago, before I left my native land to travel, I was betrothed from my boyhood to Countess Feodora Dombitska. Her estates join ours, and it would have been an admirable marriage. She is a year older than I am; when I was seventeen she was eighteen, and she thought me then too young. She preferred Andrei Folko, and married him. Now it seems they are divorced by mutual consent, though she had to buy him off by an unreasonable sacrifice of property, and my father and mother (they say, too, Countess Feodora herself) at once set their hearts upon my marrying her. It would have been a splendid thing to unite the properties, and I was brought up to expect it. However, it is too late now.

"Too late, too late!"

And he hummed the refrain of one of his wife's English songs.

She was sitting up in bed, her eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Oh, Rudiger, they would not have had you marry a divorced woman! The Bible says people should never get divorced. 'Till death do us part,' you know. Divorces are so wicked!"

Count Rudiger looked astonished in his turn.

"I am afraid we are a wicked lot, then," he replied, looking at her furtively to see how she would take it. "Why, there is scarcely a woman in Jassy who has not been divorced. Custom and the laws of our Church authorize every woman to be divorced three times—*four*, if any of her marriages were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. Why, *ma mie*, my leetel

darling, what can it matter to you? They change till it is certain the right husband has the right bride. But thou and I are right. No need of divorce for us. I shall make my father and mother understand *that* from the first. As if Countess Feodora, handsome though she used to be, with her high nose and flashing eyes, could be compared to my little English blue flower. Cheer up, my Emily!" (for she was crying bitterly). "Why, how can this have troubled you so greatly? I wish I had not told you."

It required long soothing before the gentle English girl could in any way adjust to her ideas the new impression that was so unspeakably painful to her. Was it possible that the only hold she had upon her husband was his fancy? That fancy was indeed in the ascendant, but might it always resist a father and a mother pleading the cause of that flashing Countess Feodora? How dreadful—how inexpressibly dreadful if she should be called upon to wrestle with this bold bad woman for her husband's heart, her wedding ring, even her own respectability! Rudiger loved her. Ah! she was well assured of that! But this thing he appeared to view so differently! Would he have told her of such customs, would he have insulted her by mentioning divorce, had he been able to guess how much such things shocked her?

Not a moment of quiet rest did Countess Emily obtain that night. And in her waking dreams she seemed to be sliding down a precipice, to have slipped over the cliffs that guarded Paradise, to be on her way downward to a black gulf, blacker than any blackness of which she had ever dreamed.

She was pale and heavy-eyed when, on the next day, after passing a short time at the raushackle but important port of Brailow, they landed two hours afterward at Galatz, where the waters of "the beautiful blue Danube" were a dark coffee-color.

Here a crowd of cousins, friends, and followers stood waiting to receive them on the little pier. There were first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, friends, neighbors, old school-fellows—all eager to welcome them, all talking volubly in Roumanian or in French, all anxious to embrace the bride, all—men and women—embracing Rudiger. Countess Emily, who had never kissed a man except her husband, father, and a gray old uncle in her life, found her lips tasted by half a dozen men, though she observed nobody shook hands with her, that being a privilege reserved for especial intimacy.

The dust of Galatz was beyond conception. It was a town of wooden huts, and sickening smells, and stagnant pools, mosquitoes, and malaria. The friends and cousins had brought provisions with them. Baskets of Champagne were opened, cold meats

unpacked, and in a dining-hall at one of the hotels, that seemed to be furnished with little more than its own dirt, a gay repast was eaten, each party being attended by its own servants. Then the horses, which had all been driven into the Danube to refresh them and to protect them from mosquitoes, were attached by ropes to open carriages. Post-horses were hired for the carriage that Count Rudiger and Countess Emily had brought from Paris. A gypsy courier, in a livery as splendid as that of a general officer, mounted the box, the postillions cracked their whips, the eight rough ponies started, shaking their shaggy heads, dogs barked, stark-naked children raised a shout, gypsies came out of cavernous huts to gaze at them, Jews stared out of their shop doors—they were away, five other carriages being their escort, across the level treeless plain. Roads there were none, but of dust *galore*. There were wheel tracks every where. Sometimes the five carriages were all racing abreast. The Indian corn crop was in full luxuriance—too tall to be driven over, as growing wheat or rye would probably have been. Whenever they came upon a drawwell and a cluster of peasants' houses, they saw also great wicker structures mounted on high posts, in which to store the corn.

That night the party rested at a country house owned by an old boyar, whose son was among them. In spite of the fatigues of the journey, all were ready for dancing, all were wild for frolic and for fun. Countess Emily, after her sleepless night, her new impressions, the great fatigue of her journey, and the dull aching at her heart, was little in harmony with the semi-barbarous gayety which suited the rest of the company.

It was a time of great political excitement in Moldavia. The Hospodar Gregorio Ghika, a good, weak, honest man, was tottering on his seat. The general opinion was that some altogether new man should succeed him—some one who had not had an opportunity to fall into the groove of political rascalities and financial dishonesties which were the fashion, and a tendency to which seemed to be thrown up against every candidate for political preferment in Moldavia. Why should not Rudiger become a candidate? It would be pleasant to support some one who had not wriggled into prominence through dark, foul ways. There were not more than twenty other pretenders to the Hospodaral coronet, sixteen of whom had the influence of foreign governments. "May you not command, Rudiger, an English influence, having married a most noble English *mees*?" said some of the enthusiasts. Count Rudiger shook his head. Little as he knew of English society, he had found out before this that Captain Wayne was not among great boyars in his

own country. "*Quil domage!*" said one of his friends; "but she, we hear, is wealthy. Wealth will do more than influence. Not wealthy? Why, we thought so. Pity! pity! Then it would have been a great thing for you if you had had the ready money and the influence of Countess Feodora."

Unspeakably poor Emily's head ached as the dancers whirled around her. She tried to be gay, polite, conversible, but she was physically incapable of acting the part that she knew her position assigned her. She was unhappy, and the little charms and coquetries of her first weeks of married life had run away and hidden themselves. When at last she found herself with her husband in the great state chamber assigned them, both were unusually silent. Dissatisfied with herself, she thought he was displeased with her. He was thinking only of the career of ambition suddenly thrown open before him. He was admitting to himself that perhaps it was a pity he had hurt his chance of becoming a sovereign prince by too premature a marriage. He also admitted that Countess Feodora, if she were what he remembered her, would have made a far more popular and effective wife for a Hospodar than his sweet English blue flower.

The journey was resumed the next day. The ponies were fresh. The picturesque-looking ruffians who, riding upon one horse, yelled and cracked their whips over the others, drove like sons of Nimshi. That night they reached their destination. They left the shining white streets of the town of Jassy gleaming on their left, while their carriage and its escort made its way across the dreary open plain to the banks of the Pruth. There on a beautifully wooded hill, with the swift shining river winding at its base, stood a handsome country house, beautifully furnished in French style, though its especial glory was its forest paths. Trees, being generally the result of time, money, and cultivation, were much prized on the bare plains of Moldavia. The castle commanded an extensive view over the plains of Bessarabia, including the Russian outposts on the other side of the Pruth; for the Russians always kept up a considerable body of men on that frontier. But castle, woods, river, and Russians were of small interest to Countess Emily compared with her introduction to her father and mother in law—the old boyar with stiff, long, grizzled beard, his wife with piercing eyes deep sunk under fierce eyebrows—who stood waiting for their son and their son's bride at the top of the steps that led up to the front-door of the château.

The reception was courteous but reserved. Emily could see at once that an armed neutrality was the best she could expect from them. In vain she repeated to herself a saying she had once heard, that "those who

think ill of us without knowing us do us no injury; it is not us of whom they think ill, but some phantom of their imagination." She knew that in this instance it was her position as Rudiger's wife that made her unacceptable to every body. There were guests—crowds of them—in the castle. One, a sweet elderly lady, addressed as Mika Anika, was the only person in the place who either then or afterward attracted Emily's confidence or affection. She was half-sister to the boyar, and a nun in the conventual settlement of Agapia. Countess Emily, however, did not suspect her of any such vocation at their first meeting, for she was dressed in brown silk, with flowing drapery, and wore upon her head something half cap, half hood, with a bordering of pale yellow.

The same supper, the same boisterous gaiety, the same cousinly feeling, the same dancing, the same volubility, the same talk about politics. And now Emily gathered for the first time that there were chances that her husband might be—or rather might have been—a candidate for the post of Hospodar; while in the midst of the talk and dancing the doors were thrown wide open and another guest was announced—the Countess Feodora Dombitska.

Emily saw her husband advance and kiss the cheek of his old playfellow. She was a very beautiful woman. Years, indeed, had improved and ripened her since she had broken her first engagement with Count Rudiger. She was not above the middle height, and was dressed in the perfection of French taste, with diamonds of great beauty in her ears and at her throat, and a wreath of scarlet flowers crowning her brilliantly black hair. She was far the most distinguished-looking lady present. It came into the minds of probably all the guests that she and Rudiger would have made a splendid Hospodaral couple.

She was led up to the bride, and kissed her, made some remarks about the dust and travelling in Moldavia, then turned, and was conversing with Count Rudiger, when a gentleman came up behind her. He was a well-dressed person about forty, with a very light red beard growing a little gray. He said a few words to her, to which she seemingly assented, and then turning to Emily, asked leave to introduce to her "My late husband, Count Andrei Folko." Emily blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She could say nothing to Count Folko, who, unabashed, made persevering attempts in French and even English to make himself agreeable. He talked of London, which he had visited, of Paris, with which he was familiar, and then of local politics, warning her that all Moldavians in public life were knaves, and adding that in the political changes contemplated every one was disposed to repose

great trust in the integrity and ability of her husband.

How could she listen calmly while, as his talk went on, Rudiger was dancing with the brilliant Feodora? Alas! alas! the happy dancing days of Emily were passed: *he* could no longer ask her! As Count Folko went on talking to her she was thinking of that ball at the English Embassy where Rudiger had danced each dance with her, where he had carried her *bonquet*, *hung on her* words, took her to look at flowers in the conservatory; and now she was his wife, and wanted more than ever to feel that he was all her own; but that was over.

She was too tired to be willing to dance now. In place of her own parents' gratified and happy looks, *his* father and *his* mother were eying her disapprovingly. He was dancing with a woman of whom she stood in fear and dread, while she was listening to this odious divorced man—a most *unconscionable* time, she thought, for no one came to interrupt them, while her husband flashed through the mazes of the dance, to the merry music of a gypsy band belonging to the estate, with that woman whom she felt by instinct every one present was thinking of as her rival.

That night, overwearied and excited, utterly miserable and unutterably lonely, she refused all comfort. This, to do him justice, Count Rudiger, who was almost beside himself at her grief, endeavored to give. But if the first act in the drama of married happiness closes with a weeping bride and a husband who has cause for self-reproach, the piece is nearly sure to end in tragedy. It was hard, Count Rudiger thought, that when he had given up so much in wedding his young wife, she should be so uncomfortable and so unreasonable. It was cruel, thought Countess Emily, that his father and mother should be averse to her from the beginning, and that that intolerable woman should already engross her husband. No man approves a weeping wife; no man has kindly patience with his own wife's tears unless he has been long accustomed in home life to the society of women. Then, indeed, he soothes and comforts the sad heart, but he is not intolerably annoyed by female grief, or moved out of himself by an excess of sympathy. Poor Emily's distress broke on Count Rudiger while he was flattered and excited by new hopes of great promotion; while he was even a little disposed to whisper to himself, in echo to the feelings of those around him, that his marriage might perhaps cost him a great sacrifice; above all, while the fascinations and brilliancies of the Countess Feodora came strongly into contrast with the conduct of the foreign wife who was making him *uncomfortable*. He had no word in his own language to express the feeling, but it was keen

in him, nevertheless. *Uncomfortable* is a word that ought to be in every language. It is a thing, above all, that women should ever shun. It is the unpardonable sin in wives. "Every wise woman buildeth her house," says the proverb, "but the foolish plucketh hers down with her hands." To make a man *uncomfortable* is to pry out the very corner-stone of domestic happiness. No woman should dare to do it unless she be cold-blooded and calculating enough to use it as a means to an end, as doctors give some dangerous remedy, yet closely watch its working. But Countess Emily was wholly incapable of this. She wept because she felt lonely and jealous, wounded and unhappy, and made her young husband uncomfortable from what was in great part a physical loss of self-control.

The next day she was far from well, and wholly out of tune with boisterous gaiety. Every one about her was amused and lively. Nobody attempted any kind of occupation, but every one was talkative and bright. Emily brought some sewing from her chamber. The other ladies wondered over it, complimented her upon her industry, seemed to consider it wholly foreign to their own customs to imitate it, and then she was left alone with her needle, and the attentions of Count Folko, from whom she shrank with both disgust and dread. In the afternoon Rudiger took her for a walk through the forest paths. She had him to herself for half an hour; but it was not a lovers' walk. They were reserved; the cloud of yesterday's unhappiness still hung over them.

Why need we trace out step by step the course of their estrangement? We have given its beginning, and we all know

"that to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain;"

that suspicion and mistrust increase and sting and multiply faster than the *infernal* of which we were lately speaking; that a small rift soon widens, till we say of married happiness that it is riven; that Rudiger was to blame and Emily to blame and circumstances to blame, and that both were to be pitied.

Her only comfort was in Mika Annika, who shared her taste for needle-work, and who would sit by her and tell her about convent life in a valley of the Carpathians, where 350 little cottages, clustered together round the massive irregular convent and its chapel, were the abode of a community of nuns. There hospitality was extended to all travellers; there every body was a welcome guest. There comfort and abundance, cleanliness and taste, prevailed; there no man, except visitors and one old married priest, resided "within the precincts." Mika Annika dwelt with delight upon the pleasantness and peace of the sisters' lives. Near-

ly all had been educated in the convent, and though many of them paid visits during the gay season to Jassy, and partook of the winter amusements of society, none knew any other excitement in the convent than that caused by the admission of a new sister, the arrival of relatives or travellers, a dissension among themselves, or a metropolitan visitation. There was something fascinating in her peaceful picture of women managing their own affairs without male interference. Each cottage had two occupants, and was surrounded by its own gay garden. Some of the rich sisters were waited on by those who had brought no portion into the community. There were no convent walls. All were free to wander about the Happy Valley. There were even little feminine vanities in the community, which only a stern visit from the metropolitan could temporarily repress. But "such things would not last long," said Mika Annika; already a railroad was projected to run within twenty miles of Agapia, and ladies were to be discouraged from taking the veil till they were forty-five.

"My daughter," she said to Emily one day, "if you are ever friendless or unhappy, come to us in Agapia. There you will find a welcome and great peace."

"Oh, mother, there seem dark clouds gathering round my life!"

"I know it, daughter," was all the answer. And indeed every one knew it and discussed it.

Had Emily given them any encouragement to intimacy, they would have discussed the question of her own divorce with her; for in this strange state of society there were no reserves or modesties, and those about her would not have hesitated to point out to her that Countess Feodora was already sure of the prize; apropos to which each lady and gentleman would have been ready to advise her as to how she herself might even now make the best of the situation.

Before the party broke up they were all to go together to the Jassy races. The race-course was situated in a picturesque valley about a mile from the gay little capital. The horses were chiefly Russian and English, though there were many varieties of cross-breeds; there would be English jockeys got up as if for Ascot, and Moldavian and Russian jockeys in wild picturesque flowing Cossack costumes.

Some of the party went on horseback; some drove across the dusty steppe in open carriages. Rudiger had asked Emily to go with him as one of an equestrian party, and, pleased with the attention, she consented, though she stipulated that her horse should be of the most spiritless kind. When they started she was surprised to find herself so very nervous. It was all she

could do not to scream as the horses of her companions capered around her. Every one but herself was splendidly mounted. It chafed their horses to restrain them to the speed of hers, and to have restive horses round her made her sick with terror. She was forced at last to beg them to ride on. A sign passed between Count Folko and her husband, then the gay crowd spurred forward. Count Folko reined up his horse, and she felt she was to have his most unwelcome company.

It was late when they entered Jassy. As they did so an old peasant carrying a ladder suddenly came out of the gate of a courtyard, and the end of the ladder struck Count Folko's horse in the chest. It reared and plunged. For a moment Countess Emily feared he would lose his seat. Then Folko, who was a graceful rider, recovered the command of his English horse, and whip in hand rode the old peasant down, striking and cutting at him as he lay under the horse's feet with his face gashed and bleeding. Emily shrieked wildly. She tried to spring from her horse, she tried to catch her angry companion's cruel arm. In her excitement she called for "help" in English, and, to her inexpressible astonishment, a voice replied: "Hold hard, my lady; I'll be with you!" and a man appeared.

A Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg! What an unspeakably surprising sight in the middle of Moldavia!

By this time Count Folko had satisfied his wrath, and had flung the broken fragments of his whip into the face of his victim. It only remained for the Greenwich pensioner to drag the old man, whom he called by name, from under the feet of the horses; as he did so he looked up in Countess Emily's pale, pitying face, and said, "God send you, lady, a safe deliverance from such a country!"

"Is he much hurt?" cried poor Emily.

"No bones broken, I hope," said the pensioner; "but to see an old man struck down so! And yet you may see such things pretty near every day in this country."

Count Folko wanted her to ride on, but with a firmness he had never seen in her before, she turned from him, and still addressed the pensioner.

"Is there any thing money can do for him?" she said, drawing out her purse.

"Let us ride on, countess," cried Count Folko, flinging down some money.

"Sir," said Emily to the pensioner, "I know I can trust you, for I recognize your uniform. My father, Captain Wayne, is in the Royal Navy. You will oblige a sailor's daughter by seeing every thing done for him that money in this purse will do—will not you?"

"Yes, yes, my lady. I would see after him anyway," said the pensioner. "Now

your ladyship had better ride on. That lord there may get angry again."

But by the time Emily reached the carriages upon the race-course she was so sick and faint that she had to be lifted from the horse and allowed to lie back in her mother-in-law's britzka. She saw nothing of the races. That old man with his gray head and gray mustache, his cheek cut open, and the horse's iron hoof upon his breast, continually haunted her.

For days she could not get over the impression; for days she remained shut up in her own chamber. The guests were gone, and nobody appeared to concern themselves about her. Her maid was an uninteresting gypsy girl, with great glass bracelets round her wrists, who could only speak the language of the country. She needed motherly care, kind attendance, soothing, and watching, and she was all alone, pining herself to death in a strange land. Rudiger was now always away from her. His political prospects could not be sacrificed to sit with a sick wife. Such was the excuse she tried to make for him. Occasionally letters from home reached her. When they came she carried them into the woods and wept over them for hours. There was but one comfort in her life, and that was that since the day they had ridden to the races she had seen nothing of Count Folko.

One afternoon, late in the autumn, she was walking to a favorite seat in the woods at some distance from the castle. She was looking down upon the river shimmering at her feet, and at the clear blue sky over her head, and nature in its beauty and its peace was beginning to speak some comfort to her heart—for, like Antæus, every time we touch our mother earth we rise up braver and stronger—when she heard a slight rustle in the brush-wood, and a moment after her friend the Greenwich pensioner stood beside her. He took off his cap with its gold band, and waited till she spoke to him.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, eagerly. "Is that poor man better? Were you able to relieve him?"

"He's well again, my lady. How are you yourself, if I may make so bold to ask you?"

"Not very well in health. I think I have been affected by the malaria as we came down the Danube."

"Excuse me—do not mind my bluntness; but I have so little time, my lady. Do you read now, or amuse yourself?"

"I do not read much, I have so few books here. Why do you ask me?"

The old pensioner shifted all his weight on to his oak leg, and lifted one hand to his ear.

"Forgive me," cried Countess Emily. "I forgot you were lame. Sit down upon this seat beside me."

"No, that's not it, my lady. Only how to



"THE GREENWICH PENSIONER STOOD BESIDE HER."

tell you, I don't know. I told my daughter-in-law, Nora McNeil, from Ireland, I would try and find out something before I spoke with you. Maybe the better way is just to ax your ladyship yourself. Do you think you are of sound mind—fit to draw up a will, now, as they say—do you, my lady?"

"I presume so," said Emily, becoming alarmed. "But why should I make my will?"

"You could do it, you know, if you felt yourself to be of 'sound disposing mind.' I believe the law takes a man's own word for that," said the pensioner.

Emily began to think her new friend had by no means a "sound disposing mind," and grew decidedly afraid of him. After a pause he said:

"I think you are all right, and this is what I came to tell you, my lady. My name, so

please you, is Jack Frisby; and my son, Tom Frisby, Nora McNeil's husband, is head groom here to Prince Ghika. Tom takes care of his stud, and is a great man with him. He got me to ask leave at the Admiralty, and to come out and see them. So this summer I came. If he asks my advice, he will get out of this country. However, as I said, he is a great man here. The prince says he'll make him a little boyar, and then, being a nobleman, he won't have to pay no taxes; and he has handsome wages, and nobody ill-treats him. Now, my lady, as I was round in the stables about noon to-day I heard a party of them lords all talking about you. They was talking in broken English, so the stable helpers could not understand, and they could not see me, for I was in one of the loose boxes. Bless us! they'd talk out any thing in this place. They don't know what it is to tell you, 'I don't know,' or 'that's none of my business,' in this country. And says one—that lord with a red beard, who was with you at the races—'It's settled that her husband marries her who was my wife'—don't be angry, but it needs be you must know it all, and you know how things goes here about marrying and unmarrying, my lady. So says he, 'My old wife has settled to marry Count Rudiger, as she always laid off to do when she got rid of me; and now they want me to take the English lady, and Countess Feodora will pay me handsome damages, he says, if I get her free consent to marry me. I don't believe she wants to marry me,' says he, 'but I am going to-morrow to do a great stroke. She walks a great deal in the woods,' says he, 'and there is a party of Waldo's brigand fellows to carry her off for me. And when I get her we shall see her give her full and free consent before I part with her.' Another one spoke up, and he says, 'I hear she is going a little out of her mind,' says he. 'All the better,' says Count Folko; 'she'll suit me best if she hasn't got no mind at all.' Then they went away, and I told Nora, my daughter-in-law. I says to her I wasn't going to stand by and see a naval officer's daughter in a foreign country treated that way. She said I'd better make quite sure that you was all right in your head first, for I might frighten you out of your wits if you was any way out of your mind, says she. But I can see your ladyship is all right, and you will be able to think of what will be best yourself, now I have told you."

For a few moments Emily sat silent; but for the dilatation of her eyes she might have been turned to stone. She felt, indeed, the necessity of calmness. Let her show any excitement, and she might yet be pronounced mad.

"Haven't you no friends, my lady? I could go and warn them," said the old pen-

sioner. "No one as is bound to have a care of you?"

"I could go to the convent at Agapia—to Mika Amika," whispered Emily.

"I know the convent—over the mountains there away. Tom took me there when I first came, to have a look at the nun ladies. It's not more than a good night's ride from Jassy," said the pensioner. "But how will you get there?"

"If I had a horse," began Emily, "and somebody to guide me—"

"That I'll do; but you must not lose an hour in getting away from here. And I'll do better than that for you. If your ladyship will trust yourself to me, I'll see you safe into the convent with the ladies. But you must be back in this place in two hours and a half—say, by half past eight o'clock—and take no more luggage than a bandbox with you, my lady."

Emily paused a moment. Then she laid her white fingers in the horny palm of the old sailor. "I trust you for your cloth's sake," she said, earnestly. "Jack Frisby, if you are deceiving me, may God turn your designs against you!"

"By the God who looks down on us, my lady—" began Frisby.

"I trust you," she said. "Do you want money?"

"No, my lady. Tom has plenty of horses."

Two hours later, with a little bundle in her hand, Emily stood on the same spot, taking her last look at the Pruth and the wide plains of Bessarabia. The moon was slowly rising, and already silvered the waters. She heard a noise of wheels and horses. They came to a halt, and a moment after old Frisby stood beside her.

"I've brought Nora McNeil with me," he said. "I thought it would be more comfortable for your ladyship."

"Shure I'm here," said a kindly voice behind him. "We'll take good care of you, my lady. Trust to me and to old father—you poor, lost, precious lamb!" For Emily had thrown herself upon her breast, and was sobbing violently.

They put her into one of the carriages of the country—a rough trough filled with hay, drawn by four horses of unusual size for such a service, with two gypsy postilions. The roughness of the ride across the steppe was unspeakable, yet Emily found comfort in clinging to the kind-hearted Irishwoman's ample waist as they were tossed up and down like peas in a frying-pan, and in hearing homely words of encouragement and nursery pet phrases in her native tongue.

There was a relay of horses waiting for them about ten miles north of Jassy, and Tom himself was there with a supply of English railroad rugs for their night journey. He gave them good-speed in a hearty voice,

and shook hands with his wife and father as they again galloped away.

About dawn they came in sight of the colony at Agapia. The panorama was enchanting. The Happy Valley lay framed in dark pine woods. The early sunlight gleamed and shimmered on the waters of the little river which ran through the valley of the nunnery. Not a creature seemed awake in this abode of peace. The tiny cottages, with their gardens, balconies, and white palings, stood nestling among trees now losing their leaves, but which in all their summer greenness must have been most beautiful. The carriage swept under the wide arch of the great gate of the convent, its coming having been announced already by the cracking of the postilion's whips and the jingling of the bells of the horses. Several of the older nuns were waiting to receive the travellers on the steps, and in a few moments Countess Emily was safely in Mika Annika's arms.

Three months later the rear-admiral in command of the Mediterranean squadron was dining with the British ambassador at Constantinople. After dinner, when alone with the ambassador and his secretary of legation, he said:

"I had a queer visit some weeks ago from an old Greenwich pensioner, who is now on board of me. He had been cruising about to find me, and missing me at various ports, for it seems the old fellow had a fancy to trust no one who does not wear old Neptune's blue and white uniform. He tells me a long story of a daughter of Captain Wayne, of our navy—a very good fellow, by-the-bye, was Wayne; we served together in 1812 in the flag-ship of Sir Robert Calder. He says she married in Roumania, that her husband wanted to divorce her, that they made out she was mad, that she was to have been carried off by brigands (the story is very confused), and that at last the old fellow himself got her away into a nunnery. Can there be a word of truth in what he says? Do you know any thing about the affair?"

"I know there was a daughter of a Captain Wayne who married a nobleman in Roumania."

"And," said the secretary, "her father and an aunt were at our office this very day asking for a firman to Jassy, and very anxious about her. Countess Emily Koskoi, I think, they called the lady."

"My lord, if you will permit me, I should like to see poor Wayne at once," said the admiral.

"Oblige me by ringing the bell, Offly," said the ambassador.

"Had I not better go to him myself, my lord?" said the secretary. "The old gentleman's hotel is but a few steps off."

"Yes; bring him back with you," said the ambassador.

It need hardly be said that before many hours had passed Aunt Martha and Captain Wayne, attended by Jack Frisby, were on board a steamer bound for the mouth of the Danube. They were provided with all kinds of official papers; and as Moldavia and Wallachia then acknowledged rather more than the mere suzerainty of the Sultan, they felt themselves sure of succeeding in finding Emily.

It was midwinter. The dust of the great plains of Moldavia had changed to mud nearly as white as mortar. The vast steppes might have been considered impassable to any one not upborne by enthusiasm in a good cause. What Aunt Martha suffered on that journey may never be expressed, but the brave heart within her bore up her portly frame, and she was sustained by the hope of being a comfort and support to Emily.

At last they reached the gates of Agapia, where not a soul could speak any language but Roumanian. The Mother Superior, however, understood what they wanted, and made signs to follow her, but to be very cautious in their tread. They were led into Mother Annika's own pleasant little cottage, and there upon a white bed, with whitest pillows trimmed with daintiest lace, lay pale Emily herself, with a little seven-months babe beside her. The joy was not too great a shock, for now she was prepared for any thing. She had been down to the dark gates that separate our lives from dim eternity, and thence she had received the prize of a new life; she had waded back through the dark river of death, bearing aloft the babe whom she had almost died to win. Kind Irish Nora had been there, and brought her English baby clothes to dress the baby. From patterns suited to stout infants of the Frisby race were fashioned garments, dainty with skilled needle-work, fine linen, and costly lace, for the little Annika Feodora. "She has been baptized; the dear mothers would have it so," said Emily. "She was baptized before I could give any directions as to her name—Anna Feodora."

"Yes; *my* name," said Mika Annika, pointing to herself, as she caught the final words—"little Anna Feodora."

"We'll drop the Feodora when we get to England, I think," said Emily. "It is too Roumanian."

The rest of that winter was spent in a warm climate, at Malta and at Nice, and in spring they travelled homeward. But before they left Moldavia one piece of justice was done. Captain Wayne ascertained that Count Rudiger had obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of insanity—a proceeding made easy for him by her condition for weeks after she passed into the good

mother's care. It is quite possible that Mika Annika, believing that she acted in the interests of all parties, favored the necessary proceedings. When Captain Wayne, however, heard that his late son-in-law's wedding with Countess Feodora was to take place in Jassy, and to be celebrated with great pomp and display, he went to it himself, and had the satisfaction of knocking down the bridegroom at the church door on his way to the altar. This little affair was never heard of by the Countess Emily, but it made a prodigious stir and scandal in Moldavian society. Diplomacy interfered in the matter at last. In the Danubian Principalities diplomacy has its part even in private affairs. The influence of the English Embassy at Constantinople was exerted to defeat the hopes of Count Rudiger, and he lost that Hospodaral coronet which otherwise he would very probably have won.

Emily was looked upon in England as a widow. She did not consider herself divorced, but retained her husband's name, chiefly upon her child's account, being

known as Countess Emily Koskoi. Aunt Martha adopted her and little Annika; and the £5000 settled on her on her marriage had been prudently secured.

In 1854, when Annika was past babyhood, her mother offered herself as one of Miss Nightingale's nurses in the hospitals at Scutari, because she could speak Roumanian. There one day a boat-load of sick and wounded Roumanian officers was brought in for temporary quarters. Among them Emily recognized Count Rudiger. He knew her too. For a moment she hesitated; then attended to him as she would have done to any other patient. But later in the day as she made her rounds to see that the newcomers were all comfortable, he caught her hand and drew her down to him and kissed her forehead. She kissed him back again: it was a kiss of full forgiveness, given upon her part to her daughter's father; but he asked nothing about little Annika Feodora. Either he had never known of the child's birth, or had forgotten her existence altogether.



"IT WAS A KISS OF FULL FORGIVENESS."

A SPRING JAUNT IN STATEN ISLAND.

A GLIMPSE of the country while the foliage was in the suppy verdurousness of the spring, and the earth was still fragrant with the moist incipency of early May; before the hot maturity of summer had laid its last bud open, and the fullness of the woods could remind us of its waning toward autumn: the desire for this impelled a little party of artists and the writer down the inexhaustibly attractive harbor of New York one night, some months ago, in the late ferry-boat from Whitehall to Staten Island.

Why Staten Island? asks the reader. Staten Island is one of the unloveliest, unhealthiest, and least romantic of haunts, one of our coterie had complained. It is a reservoir of Teutonic beer, a scattering of uninhabitable villas, a humid nursery of mosquitoes, and its exhalations are blue with pestilential chills. "I confess that the North Shore is naturally pretty," the grumbler continued; "but it has been disfigured by a wild diversity of modern dwellings more frail, meretricious, and preposterously composite in style than the average suburban house. One little gingerbread cottage I know of has two colossal Sphinxes before its porch, which take up almost as much space as the house, and the galvanized iron of which they are made has been painted in fatuous imitation of a green bronze. Miserable sham! No; let us select some other place. We might as well make the tour of a back yard as Staten Island."

But he was overruled upon the testimony of another member of the party who was familiar with the many charms of the island, though not unaware of its disadvantages; and on the May night aforesaid we sat "forward" on the upper deck of the *Middletown* as she trembled and plunged against the incoming tide toward the luminous blue hills projecting in the haze far down the bay. It was one of those poetic nights that often shed a glamour on the commonplaces of the sordid city. The haze was genuinely opaline, and the path of moonbeams on the quivering water, which seemed like some lustrous quilted fabric, was golden to within a shade of orange. Now and then a lazy, heaving sloop or schooner stood out for a moment in the reflected track of the moon, and vanished: a panting tug-boat dashed the white spray in a diamond shower over her low deck, and left a milky trail behind her; and a phantom-like yacht swept past us. Robbin's Reef Light was burning steadfastly over our starboard bow, and far away through the narrow outlet to the ocean the surpassing brilliance of the beacon on the Highlands piercing the thin veil of mist sent its kindly beams to the mariner many miles

away at sea. These luminous blue hills curving southwestward were the island itself, with all its superadded deformities transformed by the witchery of the night. He who had wished to seek other fields was appeased, and sat in mute enjoyment of the scene, with his little tray of water-colors burning in his pocket, and his mind busy in memorizing the "effects."

The shore came nearer, and was dotted with lights; it was very quiet, and the beat



FROM THE RICHMOND ROAD.