

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Educational Difficulty in England.—Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*.—Lord Mayor's Feasts.—The Prince's "Harosom."—Marriages and Advertisements.

THE quarrels of the education-mongers are beginning to rival in rancor those of the theologians. Our fine old public-school system having conspicuously broken down in its attempt to give any practical instruction such as enables boys to pass a competitive examination, those who are connected with it are naturally outraged against the system that succeeds. The "tone" and the smattering of classics that young gentlemen pick up at fashionable seminaries have heretofore been considered by parents a sufficient interest for their money, and when all civil and military appointments went by favor there was not, perhaps, much to complain of, since one ignorant had as good a chance as another. But now that our government offices (save one, the foreign) are open to competition, Paterfamilias is getting curious to know what he is paying so much money for, since his Tom and Jack are generally among the rejected. That ethereal notion of an education, which, after all, only "teaches us to educate ourselves," does not quite satisfy him in these hard times, when the rents come in so slowly, and it would be so extremely convenient if Tom and Jack could do something for themselves. Goaded to fury by his remonstrances, the public-school masters have been making an onslaught against the "cram coaches." Parents, they complain, will take their sons away from their schools just as their intellects are about to bloom forth and repay all the pains of classical manuring, and transplant them in "cram" academies such as Mr. Wren's. Mr. Wren says they would never have bloomed at all, or, at all events, produced the fruit of a civil service appointment, if they had not been transplanted. And if it be true that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Mr. Wren is right. For my part, I neither like "cramming" nor the ethereal system, but the former is at present necessitated by the latter, and so it will continue to be till the vested interests of our public schools are still more seriously threatened, and learning is made practicable, and above all intelligible, from the first.

In a humbler walk of life there is another educational squabble on the subject of punishments. School-masters are very properly admonished that boxing on the ears is a most injurious practice, while even for serious offenses and persistent ill conduct they are forbidden to use corporal punishment. If the ordinary flogging familiar to every Eton boy, whether he is the son of a peer or a parvenu, were carried out in a Board school, there would be an outcry throughout the country, and a picture in the *Illustrated Police Gazette*. Nor do school-board masters venture to cane in that thorough manner so much recommended by the author of *Midsheppan Easy*, so that the culprit remembers his offenses at all times, and not only on taking a chair. And now, it seems, by the last magisterial decision, even caning on the hand is denounced as a baneful practice, "calculated to ruin a boy's prospects for life if he desires hereafter to be an artist." The unfortunate school-master who has henceforth to deal with a really bad boy will, therefore, be considerably puzzled to know what to do with him. What effect, for instance, will all the "moral suasion" in the world have upon a bully? It is quite amazing to what lengths "in the other direction" the humanitarians of the milk-and-water school will go, though with the best intentions in the world. The man who saw the little boy drowning in the lock, with two other boys trying to save him, and who drew up the flood-gates in hopes to drown all three, but only drowned one, is not, it seems, to be considered a murderer. And even when found guilty of manslaughter, he only gets a few years penal servitude instead of the full term, because, forsooth, the judge receives a letter from the wretch's employer saying he was "of a dull and morose disposition." I don't doubt he was both morose and sulky, but where are the "extenuating circumstances" in that fact? We have all heard that it is better to be good than to be clever; but I did not know how very advantageous (when one has committed a frightful crime) it was to be dull. That the judge had a natural fellow-feeling for the man, and none for the boy, is certain.

It has been said that, when near his end, the bad man thinks of future punishment, the religious man of the state of his soul, and the good man of those he leaves behind him. Under these circumstances, the person accused of the Acton murder must be a model. Indeed, that is the very thing he intends to be. "Go at once," says he to his wife, "to Madame Tussaud's" with my trousers, waistcoat, everything, and sell them. Directly I get out of prison—and I'm sure I shall—I shall go to every place I can think of, and exhibit myself for so much a head. Look here, missis, I shall make my fortune." There is a proverb, however, to the effect that one can not have one's cake and eat it. If the individual in question is hanged, everything will turn out satisfactorily. But if he is found "not guilty," Madame Tussaud will not give a button for his waistcoat, nor the public one halfpenny to see him.

At the end of this week appears *Endymion*, to the great disgust of all the novelists. Where is the money to come from with which the libraries are to buy other folks' novels when of my Lord Beaconsfield's fiction Mr. Mudie takes three thousand and Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons seventeen hundred copies? Even the Grosvenor Library, whose efforts at rivalry are not so gigantic as they promised to be, is said to have made an effort in the case of *Endymion*, and takes seventy-five copies. All sorts of rumors, however, are in circula-

* The famous wax-work exhibition.

tion respecting this long-looked-for work, the one most generally believed being that ten thousand copies have been already bespoken, and that the noble author has received ten thousand pounds for it. Ten thousand is a nice number for the memory to have to deal with, and rolls trippingly from the tip of the tongue. Special arrangements have been made with Baron Tauchnitz, by which his Continental edition of the work will be published contemporaneously, so that it is probable there will be a good deal of importation by that excellent and fashionable class of persons who hold smuggling to be improper, but think nothing of breaking the law to cheapen their books.

There will have to be some alteration made in the Mansion House arrangements as regards its hospitalities on Lord Mayor's Day, if an invitation to them is to be worth having. At present the crowd is so great, and the accommodation so insufficient, that I know of more than one case this year of guests who, having been shifted from seat to seat, have at last found no seat at all, and came away disgusted. It would surely be better to ask 800 persons to dine in something like comfort than 900, as at present, to scramble for seats and food. This huge banquet, which, with the processions, costs £4000, is paid for half by the Lord Mayor, and half by the sheriffs, who, unlike his Lordship, have no official allowance to draw upon. Their friends, and those of the Common Council, are looked after well enough; it is probable that they have been to the Mansion House before, and know the ways of the place. It is "persons of distinction" (like you and me) who lose their seats, their dinners, and their temper. A prominent member of the press, formerly a Conservative, was so shamefully neglected on the 9th of November, that he tells me he is now entirely with the Radicals for a thorough reform of the corporation. "These city feasts, sir," he says, "are a shameful way of expending the public funds, and they are infamously conducted. As to the 'loving-cup,' if you knew as much about it as I do, you would never touch it, unless you were at the head of a table. I once found a tooth in it."

The spectacle of "Wales" driving up St. James Street in a hack hansom, with the driver expressing in pantomime to his friends on the rank his delight at having obtained so distinguished a fare, will no more be seen. H.R.H. has set up a hansom of his own. The apron, as in all the new hansoms, is continuous, *i. e.*, without doors, and is opened and shut on the lever principle by the driver from behind; but instead of the usual Mappin's razor advertisement on the splash-board, the staring at which, after a mile or two, almost drives us humble folks to buy a razor to cut our throats with, there is a travelling clock with a luminous dial.

I should think foreigners must be not a little astonished by the way in which the *Matrimonial News* is pressed upon them in our streets. It is never sold in shops nor at the railway book-stalls, but it must have a large circulation, and affords a curious proof (for almost all the advertisements are *bona fide*) how many persons there are not only alone in the world, but without guide, philosopher, and friend. The case of the Rev. John Ambrose, a clergyman of the Church of England, is a curious illustration of this. He procures a wife at the office of this interesting publication, who bullies and fights him, observing, "You dare not hit me, for the public are against striking a woman"; she "locks him up, being stronger than he is"; and altogether turns out a very unsatisfactory helpmate. But how was it, one can not help asking, that the gentleman was so left to himself as to make such an alliance possible? Mrs. Ambrose is not young, not good-looking, by no means unencumbered, and in short there is no reason at all, since scores of better women would have been his wife for the asking, why her husband should have married her. It is simply that his was one of those so-called "isolated cases" which one may count by the dozen among the old bachelors in every London club.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 41, Vol. XIII.]

MY LOVE.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "LIZZIE LINTON OF GREYRIGG," "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "FROM DREAMS TO WAKING," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE LOGIC OF APPEARANCES.

A COMMISSION from Mr. Branscombe was no sinecure. Like all well-born amateurs, he despised "professionals," while profiting by their technical ability, and maintained that the general refinement of a cultivated gentleman gave more real insight than the mere mechanical ability of men who had learned only that one thing. He was an admirer of what Americans call an all-round man; and he was himself, to his own mind, emphatically that man. Consequently, thinking that he knew better in all things—save how to manipulate the materials—than the artist whom he had employed, and though the work was already in the stone-cutter's hands, he worried Sandro Kemp over this monument to his good Matilda, as Mrs. Prinsep's unfortunate lodger had never been worried before, sending for him at all unearthly and inconvenient times to come up to Rose Hill that this point might be considered, that new idea ventilated, such and such an alteration made, and such and such an improvement added.

"Sandro Kemp is all very well as a skilled artisan," he said to Stella, with his finest air, "but he is only a poor creature when you come to creative imagination, and wants the application of the divine fire to be made anything of. It is singular how difficult it is to find a man with any

real genius," he added. "How soulless and dead all these professional fellows are! Compared to men of real artistic feeling, of real æsthetic refinement, they are merely hodmen of a superior kind—bricklayers and carpenters who have learned the use of their tools, and can turn out work more or less mechanically correct. But when you come to genius, then," said Mr. Branscombe, lightly laying his white fingers on his somewhat narrow and certainly shallow breast, "you must go to the gentleman, not the professional."

And Stella believed her dear papa implicitly. Nevertheless, hearing as she did all that went on, she could not quite shut her ears or blind her eyes to the fact that, after all, it was really Sandro who had the better taste and the superior judgment—Sandro who negatived and Sandro who proposed; and that her beloved and elegant father's ideas were gently but inexorably set aside, and shown to be impossible, impracticable, and inadmissible. She was half inclined to quarrel with the artist for his tenacity and presumption; only that she could not deny what was so patent—the better treatment of her dear mother's monument in his hands. And thus again, between the living and the dead, was in her mind the same kind of distracted loyalty as that which existed between her father and her lover; and she found the full, free devotion to that sublime parental Apollo hedged round with strange difficulties and wicked little thorns of mental opposition. But the habits of a life are hard to change, and the religion of youth clings close. The worship of her father, inculcated from her earliest days, was as the marrow of her bones, the very blood of her heart; and it would take more than the evidence of false artistic taste to warp her loving nature from its early loyalty, or substitute for her present fond belief the colder judgment of criticism and doubt.

One day, however, when Sandro had been up to Rose Hill, as usual, and had also, as usual, been obliged to prove the infallible amateur all wrong and grossly ignorant of the first principles of that art whereof he professed to be a master, he met Stella's eyes fixed on him with a strange expression of mingled surprise and fear. It was one of those looks which reveal more than the person is conscious of feeling—like the first automatic movements of a sleeper beginning to awake. It was the flash of a moment—the first stirring of the sleeping perception; but Sandro, who could read the human face as other men read books—save when his eyes were blinded by his heart—understood the significance and foreshadowing of that strange expression, and thought to himself that he must be more careful, more discreet, for the future, and manage somehow to unite with greater delicacy his own self-respect as an artist and kindly regard for her filial superstition. Which was just the difficulty—about the most difficult thing in the world when dealing with Mr. Branscombe on any matter whatever in the presence of his daughter.

Sandro saw, too, how ill and changed she was; and this was another inducement to him to be tender of that maddening old humbug, as he mentally called the Finery Fred of forty years ago, for her poor dear sake, if in no wise for his own.

That look of patient terror at what was before her to discover, and the signs of her failing health still haunting him, Sandro, coming along the road, saw at a little distance Augusta Latrobe, walking in her quiet, leisurely way, taking her boy for his afternoon run. The two had not met since the famous picnic, now some weeks old; and Sandro fancied that he had been nursing his jealousy and disappointment into a very good beginning of indifference, and that really the fair-faced widow was no more to him than any other pretty woman who looked well in a picture, and was pleasant to talk to because soft in voice and reasonable in thought. He scarcely expected his heart to beat as it did when he turned the corner, and saw her handsome figure coming to meet him with that undulating grace for which she was famous. He was vexed that his blood should dash through his veins at this headlong speed, for which, however, the weather alone was answerable. It happened to be a chilly and unpleasant day, but our variable old atmosphere is the general scape-goat all round, and blow hot, blow cold, is ever in fault.

As soon as Augusta saw who it was in the light brown suit that was striding between the hedges, she drew her veil over her face; and Sandro being in that state compared to which the porcupine is ideal smoothness, winced at the action. It never entered into his head, which the wound in his heart made abnormally dense, that this was done to put up a screen against self-betrayal. It was a screen, sure enough, but against him, not herself. And it checked the impulse which else he might have had to tell her all about himself and his two grand missions, and how at last the door seemed opening which was to lead him into the great temple of fame and the treasure-house of wealth. No; she cared nothing for him, he thought, bitterly. Why should he oppress her with his confidence, and claim for his good fortune that sympathy which she had evidently denied to his bad? No; let himself and all that made his life—all the facts of his career and all the feelings of his soul—be obliterated. He was nothing to her. Why, then, waste his strength in trying to waken the dead? to make the deaf hear and the dumb speak?

If he had put his sensations into words, this would have been the form they would have taken, as he rapidly narrowed the distance which lay between him and Augusta, till he came close to her, and could see her sweet face even through that insulting screen of gauze. For half an instant he intended only to bow and pass on. It would be more dignified and more manly. But something stronger than his pride held his feet, and he stopped almost against his will, and held out his hand.

The boy ran up to him full of a child's caressing pleasure when he hails one who is always

kind and pleasant, and is therefore beloved; one associated in his little mind with now a top and now a ball, sometimes a picture, and once a grand treat, which he should never forget—a whole boxful of chocolates. The widow's color mounted to her cheeks in that pretty pale pink blush, which was so becoming, yet which betrayed so little conscious confusion; and then the two clasped hands, and Sandro's good imitation of indifference fell to pieces like a broken marionette.

He loved her. Yes, he loved her. His love was hopeless, and not returned; that he knew now, if once he had thought somewhat differently; still he loved her, and he should love her for the whole of his life. But what hope was there for him in that quiet manner, that calm voice, those clear and steadfast eyes which neither wavered nor fell, neither darkened nor softened?—eyes which looked at him as steadily as a child's, and yet not quite full into his. His indifference was only feigned, but hers—hers was real.

Flung off from his own concerns, Sandro, half in earnest about Stella, half to make some kind of relation, however shadowy, with Augusta, told her how ill the girl was looking, and asked her boldly to go to Rose Hill and see her. She would be sure to do the poor thing good, he added, with more meaning in his words than he cared to show. If she would talk to her, and be kind and sympathetic, she could do her so much good!

This function of talking to people and doing them good was one of Augusta Latrobe's offices, assigned to her by universal belief and consent. She was a woman in whose beneficent influence every one who knew her had unbounded confidence. She was assumed to have an almost magnetic power over the minds of others; and "Get Mrs. Latrobe to talk to her" or "him" was a formula in common use at Highwood when there was a recalcitrant or a hot-headed member of the community whom others wished to bring into the way of reason and conformity. So now Sandro said to her, according to the popular temper and belief, "I have just come from Rose Hill, where I wish you would go and talk to poor Miss Branscombe."

"You are often at Rose Hill now," said Augusta, letting the request lie while she took up the statement.

"Yes; that eternal monument will never be at an end until it is finally put up; and perhaps not then," he answered.

"I heard you had undertaken poor darling Mrs. Branscombe's monument," she returned.

"Who told you?" he asked, smiling.

"Colonel Money-penny," she answered, with admirable self-possession and blameless cruelty.

"I do not know that it was any business of his," said Sandro, quickly, his eyes very dark and his face very pale.

"In a small place like this everything is every one's business," she answered. "At all events, every one knows that you have this monument to do."

"I wanted to tell you myself," he said, forgetting the resolutions of his offended dignity.

"That I might congratulate, or condole?" she answered, lightly. "I am glad that you have an opportunity of showing us what you can do; but I should think to work with or for Mr. Branscombe would take all the gilt off the gingerbread if it were an inch thick."

"Yes, it does," he answered; "and the pleasure is dearly bought. But I want to speak to you of poor Miss Branscombe. I wish you would go up and see her," he repeated.

"Why?" she returned, looking up with a half-sad, half-amused smile.

"Because if you would talk to her you would do her good," he said.

The smile brightened into a laugh.

"Every one comes to me to talk to people," she said. "What do you want me to say?"

"I do not know," he answered, simply. "If I did, perhaps I should have said it myself. But she is looking distressingly ill, and she is manifestly out of spirits altogether. I think her father keeps her too close, and that she wants more change, more companionship, more fresh air—in short, rousing out of herself, poor thing."

"That is a case for Dr. Quigley, not for me," said Augusta, as the doctor's high gig and fast trotter rounded the corner, and came at a swift pace toward them.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Sandro, who wished the doctor and his machine at the bottom of the Red Sea; but he put on the hypocritical smile of conventional welcome, and said nothing about the fate of Pharaoh and his hosts as he gave the doctor "Good-day."

"Dr. Quigley, Mr. Kemp has something to say to you," said Augusta, quite gravely, as the doctor stopped his horse, and looked at the two keenly, searchingly, as he had looked at them on the day of the picnic, when they were all assembled at Crossing Bridge.

"Say? what?" he asked.

"Only that I think Miss Branscombe is looking ill, and that her father keeps her too much shut up in that stifling room he calls his studio," said Sandro Kemp, he, too, speaking with the most praiseworthy gravity, and as if Stella's health were really the only thing that lay between the widow and himself—the only chord that vibrated in unison.

"And I am to interfere?" asked Dr. Quigley.

"Yes," both answered together.

"My dear people," he returned with energy, "are you living in Arcadia? The man who would not take any care of his wife with heart-disease is not likely to look after his daughter without. The only chance is that Stella Branscombe should understand her true position and her father's illimitable selfishness, and then break her heart at the discovery. If she ever comes to know what he is, and takes action on her knowledge, she will die under the self-reproach of a parricide. When the conscience is included in upholding a sham, and sacrificing the truth for a