

# THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER V.

I course the day of the marriage had to be fixed by myself, and knowing that I should gain nothing by delay, and somewhat in the frame of mind of a patient making an appointment with his dentist, I named an early day in the following month—the 4th of May. It was a Saturday, and I resolved that I would not attend church the Sunday before it, and would so avoid the infliction of a wedding sermon in which my father who had announced his intention of taking for the subject of his sermon, the marriage in Cana of Galilee, would I felt sure, compare himself to all the most eminent personages of Scripture history.

For him, at any rate, I reflected bitterly, the marriage meant a very practical miracle indeed—the conversion of his potations of spirits and water, for the remainder of his life into some of the best acknowledged vintages.

I am bound to say that Sir Henry, who was a thorough gentleman, gave me so little trouble, that I almost began to feel a sneaking regard for him. He was always at hand when wanted, and yet was never obtrusive. He seemed to know by instinct not only when I preferred silence, but also when I preferred to be left entirely alone, and on these latter occasions there was invariably some ingenious little excuse for his departure.

After all, I began to reflect, Mrs. Peel may not be so entirely wrong. I shall be entirely beyond the reach of all small troubles and bitterness, and my prison will be as pleasant as one as Art and all the infinite resources which are at the command of the wealth can make it. And thus the hours slipped rapidly by.

On the Friday morning a new importation to our circle—a lady's maid, with whose services Sir Henry told me I might dispense at any moment that I pleased, whether temporarily or finally, but who had a good and tried character, and would for the present, at any rate, be useful to me.

Miss Jackson—or Jackson, as she preferred to be called—was about thirty, of pleasant appearance, nimble and clever, and quite silent until addressed. These were valuable qualities. Indeed, I am not sure that when the eventual Saturday morning came, I could have managed to array myself without her aid.

At my express wish the marriage was strictly private. There were no bridesmaids and no best man. The curate of an adjacent parish came over to assist in the ceremony, but if I remember rightly, he did nothing except ask the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" to which my father responded with all his own gravity, "I do," and then proceeded with the remainder of the service on his own account, entering into the spirit of the thing, and not omitting a single word or even hurrying himself, although no doubt he was anxious for the moment of breakfast and champagne.

It was over at last somehow, and somehow I found myself at the wedding breakfast and cutting the cake. Beyond this I have a very vague idea of anything that happened, but I just remember being dressed for my journey, and I remember the dress, which like everything else, had been furnished by the great Madame Elaine, who had received carte blanche from Sir Henry. It was a plain shepherd's plaid silk, a long jacket of sable, trimmed with priceless sable-tail, and a tiny bonnet, which was a work of art.

"All your ladyship's things," Jackson announced, "have been properly packed. I have your ladyship's hand-bag for your ladyship's handkerchief, gloves, and other things, and this is your ladyship's dressing-bag."

Before I got into the carriage I had to submit to a farewell embrace and blessing from my father, but I paid no attention to it, and so his remarks were delivered to the bystanders, for whom no doubt they were intended, and who cheered them lustily, and altogether exhibited that effete enthusiasm so common on similar occasions. The cheering was kept up as we drove away.

"You may probably be too tired, my dear Miriam," said Sir Henry in his most courtly manner, to care for conversation. I confess myself that these early hours are unusual and bewildering.

I gratefully smiled a feeble smile of assent, and we did not exchange another word until we reached the station.

It had been settled that we were to pass the honeymoon in Paris, breaking the journey in London at Craven House. By the time we reached this mansion, which was at one of the corners of St. James' Square, I was thoroughly tired out, and but dimly remember the hall, blazing with lights arrayed with a wealth of hot-house flowers and gorgeous with serried ranks of domestics.

Anyhow, it was a relief to have the day over, and an immense satisfaction to know that for once and for all I was absolutely rid of my father. That worthy man would, within a few hours, be reading himself in as Dean, and would, no doubt, for some time, trouble himself as little about me as I about him.

On Monday morning there was a victoria and pair waiting for us after breakfast, and Sir Henry suggested shopping. London shops were for myself, who had only seen the Cathedral Close on rare occasions, a new experience, and, I will confess a pleasant one.

We first stopped somewhere in Bond Street, where Sir Henry made some little purchases, and more especially an exquisite purse, or rather porte-monnaie, of inland tortoise-shell, which as I discovered when I examined its interior more carefully on leaving the shop, had been filled by some magic with new bank-notes and mint-foreign coins—some where about one hundred and fifty pounds altogether, as I afterwards ascertained.

Then Sir Henry asked me if I would mind going by way of the Foreign Office, and waiting for him there a few minutes. Of course I said no; so we rattled down St. James' Street, and then brought the Mall to the back portals of that enormous pile.

It was a glorious day, and I certainly saw London for the first time at its best and brightest. The Park was beaming with hawthorn, and I could see through the railings the ornamental water alive with every kind of rare and beautiful waterfowl.

Presently a squadron of Horse Guards trotted past, their cuirasses and helmets flashing in the sun, and their scarabards rattling and jangling. The innumerable

succession of carriages was even more bewildering than it had been in Bond Street, and yet the smell of the fresh may-blossom from the Park and the cries of the water-fowl made me believe myself again in the country.

So I sat dreamily looking on, for it may have been twenty minutes, or even longer, and then Sir Henry reappeared radiant with what was evidently good news, and followed by an obsequious hall-porter who bowed profoundly as our footman—I was already beginning to say "we" and "our"—having seen his master seated, jumped upon the box.

"I have some really good news, my dear child," he said; "better news than even perhaps that of the Deanery, and certainly more immediately affecting ourselves."

"I am delighted to hear it. Pray what is it?"

"I am asked to undertake in September," he replied, "just when London will be empty and dreary, a most delicate and important mission to Constantinople. The compliment is one to which I feel myself entitled, but which I yet confess I had hardly expected, so that it has to a certain extent taken me by surprise. But should I succeed in my negotiations, of which I entertain but little doubt, I am promised, as distinctly as any thing ever is promised in the official world—an important and brilliant post, no less than that of minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, from which Lord George Seymour will at that time be retiring with a full peerage, and not at all improbably the Garter itself. Constantinople, which I have visited more than once, ought really to be the capital of Europe, and is not only unlike any other city in the world, but it is in many respects finer than them all. It is certain to interest you extremely."

I had nothing to say except to smile assent as pleasantly as I could, while Sir Henry in his most vivacious manner commenced to discourse eloquently about the Golden Horn, and the subterranean reservoir, and the bazaars, and the Sultan's Court, until I almost imagined that I was once again pouring over my Lane's "Arabian Nights."

One thing only was clear, that we had to start that evening for Paris, and so we at once made the best of our way back to St. James' Square.

It was my first sea voyage, and also my first departure from England, and we journeyed so luxuriously that I freely confess I enjoyed myself. There was a special saloon for the short run from Victoria to Dover, and instead of going by the steamer we had an Admiralty yacht waiting for us at the pier.

At Calais, again, another saloon carriage had been reserved, and as the train rattled us along the change of air and the fatigue of the journey made me dreamily and pleasantly drowsy.

As we passed the fortifications Jackson made her appearance with coffee and pistols, and a cup of coffee, really exquisitely made, fairly roused me so that I can remember distinctly the drive from the busy Gare du Nord through the empty streets to our quarters at the Hotel Bristol, and the immense fire of wood that was blazing and cracking on the tiled hearth. But I remember little beyond this, for the journey had quite worn me out and I was soon asleep.

That afternoon for the first time in my life, I saw Paris in the height of its season, and in its full glory.

Sir Henry had to go to the English Embassy in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, but Jackson, amongst her other accomplishments, knew her Paris intimately, and under her escort I went shopping, and certainly, according to my own ideas, spent money recklessly.

Why should I not do so? For the whole of my life hitherto, I had been compelled to consider every sixpence before I parted with it, and to carefully reckon my change. Now I could do as I pleased, and from my own point of view I am afraid that I plunged wildly. I remember buying a number of things which I did not want, and to the ultimate destination of which, Jackson, who suggested the purchases, and chattered volubly French to the assistants, had no doubt her own eye—things such as gloves, and lace, and a parasol or two, and other knickknacks.

This was in reality shopping for Jackson, but I also did a little shopping on my own account, bringing back with me some exquisite flowers, with fruit and bonbons—crystalised violet blossoms I particularly remember—and some books, English and French, daintily bound, and some photographs, and a rosary, the beads of which were guaranteed to be cut out of the olives of Gethsemane, and possibly may have been, for all I know or even cared. You must understand that I was becoming hardened and reckless.

I had got the money. It was the price I had taken for myself with my eyes open, and why should I not spend it? And so when we reached the hotel on our return, the victoria was filled with packages which gave Jackson no little trouble in their superintendence and ultimate arrangement upon my table.

It was strange. Six weeks ago I could have lingered over these many treasures for hours, examining them one by one. Now that I had got them, and the excitement of purchasing them was over, the mere sight of them seemed to weary me, so I sat idly in a chair by the open window, in which Sir Henry presently found me ensconced and occupied with nectaries, a fruit which I had never before tasted in my life, and which I still hold, as I held then, to be a direct product of the Garden of Eden itself.

Sir Henry seemed positively beaming with hope, and life, and good nature, and everything pleasant except youth. His dignity had somehow vanished, and he was as vivacious as a school-boy upon breaking-up day.

"I have secured a box at the Opera to-night, my dear Miriam," he said, "and it is actually between those of the Austrian and the Italian Ambassadors, both of which will be occupied, so that your maid will have to do her best. Not that any efforts are needed on her part," he added in his courtly manner, "where, as with yourself, nature unadorned adorns the most. The opera is Dinorah, in which competent critics hold that Meyerbeer is at his best, and Patti at hers. I am sure that it will please you, and after the performance we are to have supper at the Russian Embassy. You will find Prince

Xuroff a most accomplished and charming man, and fully worthy not only of his exalted position, but of his most fascinating wife."

No Talleyrand could have been more impressive. It was impossible not to smile assent graciously. But somehow or other I could feel no enthusiasm at all this gaiety. How different I should have been under happier circumstances?

Jackson had now, for the first time since my wedding-day, an important duty, to the accomplishment of which she set herself with thoroughly professional zeal.

I could not help admiring the result of her skill as I glanced at myself in the immense cheval-glass. My dress was of rich white satin, deeply trimmed with old point-lace. My jewels, tiara, earrings and necklace, were pearls, at the value of which I could hardly guess. My rings were most judiciously selected, and to pass over other items, my fan claimed to be a veritable Watteau, and I dare say was.

Fight as I might against the new comforts of wealth, none the less I began to feel the enjoyment of them perceptibly growing upon me, and to almost fear that I must have inherited some slight touch of my father's weakness, in what I may fairly claim to have been its most pardonable shape.

When I appeared in the salon, Sir Henry contemplated me critically, and was evidently not only satisfied but pleased, for he kissed me very graciously and spoke a few words of condescending approval to Jackson, who received them with the humility of a superior young person who knows her own value, but, like Mrs. Kenwigs in "Nicholas Nickleby," considers pride in it to be sinful.

In a few minutes we had passed up the immense staircase, with its profuse decorations, and had been ushered into our box, and almost immediately the overture began. You must recollect that it was the first time I had ever heard any other music than that of our parish organ and parish choir, beyond a stray afternoon service in the cathedral at Exeter.

## CHAPTER VI.

The moment we had seated ourselves it made me angry and indignant to see that every glass in the house was being levelled point-blank at my own face, exactly as if several hundred photographers were at once endeavoring to focus me.

I immediately drew back into the shadow of my own curtain. Sir Henry, apparently seeing nothing strange in what had happened, leaned forward and looked on with a general appearance of critical interest. Of myself, I am glad to say he took no notice.

Presently the overture concluded and the curtain rose. I was entranced. It was a new side of life to me entirely; a perfectly new pleasure. I scarcely recollected where I was and with whom I was, and how I came there, or when or how the whole scene of enchantment would end. I was utterly lost; centred in the stage.

I could not tell whether minutes were passing, or hours; and I actually so far forgot myself as to mark the time with my little finger, and to allow a genuine smile of enjoyment every now and again to hang on my features.

I know now, of course, that the very first rule in the best society is nil admirari. But you must remember, and make corresponding allowance for me, that I was entirely without worldly experience, and a new sense of life, bringing with it a new value to life, seemed to have broken in upon me. I sat and listened, and still listened, till the curtain fell.

Our box was beset between the acts, but this gave me little trouble. The men who came apparently wanted to talk to Sir Henry. They were introduced to me, of course, and we interchanged a few phrases, worthy to be fathered upon Ollendorf himself.

"Had I been long in Paris?" "No." "Ah, poor Paris! Did we leave soon?" "Ah, desolated Paris! Was not Paris the centre of the world's smiles?" I declare as I now look back, that it makes me weary to hear Englishmen chatter about Paris, of which they know little beyond the radius of Bigon's. I would far sooner hear a New Englander talk about "Borstun," and pronounce the dissyllable through his nose.

For myself, when the time came for us to leave, I had only noticed one thing. In the box directly opposite our own, but separated from it by the whole width of the house, had been a lognette more or less persistently directed against myself.

When you are one of a large crowd you can be quite aware that you are being looked at although your next neighbor is quite ignorant of the fact. Your next neighbor will be thinking of himself or herself. In the present case I was certain that this particular pair of opera-glasses had marked me down.

I was a little annoyed by the fact, a little amused, and a little bewildered, all for reasons which can be easily understood. My own single wish was to be no more conspicuous than I could possibly help; and yet here I was, at the very outset of my married career, singled out for an attack, which the old hands in the house, and the writers for la petite presse, with their myriad eyes and their infinite hunger for rounding a paragraph that may possibly bring in three francs next morning for the dejeuner, could not possibly have failed to observe.

The possessor of the opera-glasses was a man of uncertain age, and he looked like an Englishman. Between twenty-eight and forty and Englishman alters very little. Between forty and fifty-five he begins to age. He cannot reconcile himself to the idea that he is not as young as he used to be, and he often will persist in late revels and early mornings with young men who laugh at him, and amongst whom he too frequently plays the part of Pantaloon.

If I admire one man more than another, it is the man, appreciably past middle age, who will frankly admit that his time is over, and that his remaining enjoyment in life is too look on while other people are happy.

The man at whom I was now looking did not seem to me at that moment to merit any kind of sympathy. There was a good deal about him to show that he had taken his own part in manly pursuits. He retained the broad shoulders, the upright carriage, and the clear, fearless eye that tell of a youth well spent. His features, so far as I could judge, were clearly cut, regular and sufficiently pleasing. The hardness about them may possibly have been due to his age. Beyond this I could conjecture nothing, and, in

fact, by the time we had reached our hotel I had dismissed the mysterious stranger entirely from my thoughts.

At the hotel we waited hardly a moment before I found myself being whirled to the Russian Embassy in the Faubourg St. Germain. Here was a blaze of light, a scent from a forest of tropical plants, and a startling lustre and brilliancy that made me for the moment forget everything else. The opera and the Opera House faded away in my imagination as if their dimensions had been those of a scanty provincial theatre.

The supper at Princess Xuroff's was beyond anything of which I have even dreamed. I could only laugh as I pictured to myself the idea of my esteemed parent solemnly sitting down to it. Poor old man! his highest ambitions had never risen beyond partridges and venison when they were in season, spring asparagus, new potatoes, a bottle of port wine, and then a strong glass of rum and water, and a clay pipe.

Here was every luxury for which it is possible to ransack the rivers and the seas, the mountains or the plains. It was only May, but there were yet immense peaches upon the table—reared, as I heard, each under its own separate glass shade and at a tropical temperature. Time and space seemed to be laughed at when you had on the one hand caviare from the frozen Volga, and on the other, prickly pears and custard apples from the Southern Archipelago.

Being profoundly interested and consequently attentive to the minutiae around me, I also noticed that among the wines was Tokay, a wine of which I had heard my father speak with bated breath as being something even more marvellous than Cathedral port itself.

For me the total result was bewildering. Carry yourself back in your mind to your little home in Devonshire with its stone roof and its humble table; recollect my quest in the morning to discover if perchance a fresh egg had been laid. One of the dishes in front of me was a pyramid of preserved fruit in cut glass, and it was ornamented with stuffed humming birds poised upon their wings. In the Cathedral Close the price for a stuffed humming bird, if you wanted one for your bonnet, would range from half a guinea to double that amount. Here were the little creatures stuck about at random, as carelessly as in my old home it had been my habit to place great bunches of spring violets wherever my fancy might suggest.

After supper there was an adjournment to an immense salon, opening into a conservatory rich as the South Sea Islands themselves, with tree-ferns, and palms, and a wealth of tropical orchids of ever variety of form and color.

The company somehow melted away, and I can only just recollect my last adieu. The Princess kissed me, but adroitly avoided my own kiss in return. Prince Xuroff, who looked at me as if he would have liked to imitate the first part of his wife's performance—he must have been at least twenty years younger than Sir Henry—assured me that he had watched my husband's career for many years. "Nature," he said, "had intended him for a diplomatist, but alas! where was the diplomatist unless he had a wife, such as myself, fresh, charming, and with the supreme art of subjugating mankind?"

I was already beginning to get old and cunning, or, at any rate, to feel so, and I knew right well that the astute Russian was laughing heartily at my husband, and throwing compliments to myself with about as much real feeling as that with which you toss a piece of sugar-candy to a child.

"It has been, my dear Miriam," said my husband, as he solemnly stood upon the hearth-rug at our hotel after our return, "a most successful evening. Your own tact and good sense have proved invaluable, and I cannot help thinking that I have tonight gained information of the very highest value which I shall transmit to-morrow to Downing Street by special messenger, and which will satisfy them that I fully deserve, not only the confidence already reposed in me, but even the management of negotiations more difficult and intricate than those to which I must candidly own I feel myself more than equal."

I would have given the world at that moment to have grinned in my husband's face, if I should not have outraged all the proprieties by doing so.

He had learned, I was confident, absolutely nothing; and so far as I had seen, Prince Xuroff could have handled him as a village boy handles his peg-top—twisted a long string of hempen compliments round him, sent him buzzing away through the air into the ring, and have left him there to rotate on his own axis until he fell from feebleness, or until another stout struck him with its iron peg, and either splintered him into fragments, or sent him lumbering away hopelessly outside the charmed circle into the dismal limbo of failures.

You may judge reasonably your estimate of other people if you make allowance for your own personal prejudice. But if you accept your own estimate of yourself, it is somewhat late in the day for you to set up in business as a diplomatist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MANCHESTER CANAL

Date of the Formal Opening—Discontent Over the Traffic.

The Queen has fixed May 21 as the date for formal opening of the Manchester ship canal. Great regret is felt at Manchester at the announcement that the Queen will not visit that city. As at present arranged she will proceed no nearer to Manchester than Barton, about three miles away, where her yacht will turn, and the Queen, joining a train which will be in waiting on the banks of the canal, will continue on her journey northward.

There is a good deal of discontent in Manchester at the slow development of traffic on the ship canal. It is pointed out that the fourteenth week recorded only 16 vessels outward and 13 inward. One correspondent suggests that, in many parts of the commercial world, its existence and capacities are not yet known, or, at all events, not fully appreciated. Therefore some of the most impatient spirits are in favor of abundant advertising and would have every Manchester merchant who has business connections abroad increase descriptive publications to all the houses with which he has relations.

Johann Strauss, the musician, will mark his jubilee, which will be celebrated next October, by producing a new opera.

## OPIUM-EATING.

De Quincey's Daily Dose of Laudanum Was Three-Quarters of a Pint.

In passing to a consideration of the abuse of opium we are confronted by an obvious difficulty, says a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine. Is the employment of the drug for purposes other than medicinal to be regarded as an abuse? If so, we must acknowledge that by far the larger proportion of the opium produced in various countries of the world is put to an improper use. This question is an old one; controversy with regard to it has raged for years. No solution has been found, and none is likely to be discovered until the desire for stimulants and narcotics has been eradicated from the human mind. Opium-eating, so called, is the simplest method of consuming the drug, and the one most commonly adopted in European countries. Solid opium and laudanum are thus taken.

In some cases bodily suffering—e. g., the pain of neuralgia or rheumatism, a troublesome cough, distress due to hunger-diarrhoea, &c.—is the reason for the first employment of the drug, and its use is often continued after the suffering has passed away. In other cases sleeplessness or mental trouble induces sufferers to fly for relief to this potent narcotic; sometimes mere curiosity causes a person to make trial of the drug. If the special purpose be answered, it is only too likely that recourse will be had to the remedy whenever there is the slightest pretext for its use.

As time goes on no other reason is necessary than the alleged impossibility of refraining; the drug becomes a necessity, and the so-called "habit" is fully formed. At first small doses may be sufficient; but ere long these fail to produce the desired effect, and the quantity is steadily increased until enormous doses are employed. The system becomes very tolerant of the drug; several ounces of laudanum have been known to constitute the daily dose; and a woman in Cambridgeshire is reported to have taken two quarts per week.

De Quincey's daily dose of laudanum was somewhat more than three-quarters of a pint. The habitual consumer of large doses of opium can generally be recognized by his appearance. His body is thin and wasted; his countenance is yellow and withered; he walks with difficulty and with his back bent; his eyes are glassy and deeply sunken. The appetite is lost, the mental and bodily powers are seriously impaired and other signs of disorder are manifested.

## TRADE STATISTICS.

The Exports and Imports of Leading Nations—England Holding Her Own.

Mr. Giffen, the well-known British statistician, has prepared a table of comparison of the trade of England, Germany, France, and the United States during the years 1890 to 1892, with the periods of 1884 and 1885, showing that the imports have increased in the following proportions: United States and Germany, each 33 per cent.; England, 13 per cent.; and France 6 per cent. The exports have also increased, the United States gaining 56 per cent., Germany 5 per cent., England 10, and France 14 per cent. Looking at the statistics at all sides, Mr. Giffen comes to the conclusion that there is no weakening of the hold of Great Britain in comparison with its chief competitors upon either the import or export trade of the world, but that our depot or emporium of trade shows signs of falling off owing to the increased use of the Suez canal and the starting of new lines of steamers.

Commenting upon the foregoing the Times says: "The impression regarding the supposed rapid growth of the German trade is wrong. So far as we can see, the positions of the leading countries are pretty much the same as they were in 1885, allowing for the fact that certain minor countries, like Japan, have developed unexpected business energy. As the exports of the United States are largely of articles we do not produce, the importance of their rapid increase is not much to us. It is a source of satisfaction that change comes slowly enough to give us time to adapt ourselves to the altered condition of commerce."

## The New German Uniform.

The new German uniform, in which the spiked helmet is to be replaced by the Kepi, or fatigue cap, makes the marching kit of the German soldier thirteen pounds lighter than it was, and, with the exception of Italy, lighter than that carried by the soldiers of any Continental power. The stand-up collar, for instance, is to be replaced by a turned down one; the length of the coat is to be curtailed, the calico shirt is to be exchanged for one made of some knitted texture, the upper parts of the boots are to be made of lighter leather, and the nails employed in them are to be manufactured of lighter metal. The knapsack and its contents will be considerably lightened. The weight of the polishing materials and of the tinneled food will be reduced by 200 and 400 grammes respectively. The hinder cartridge pouch will disappear, and to compensate for its loss the two front ones will each contain forty-five instead of thirty cartridges, as hitherto, while an extra reserve supply of thirty per man will follow in the rear. Further, the present bayonet will be superseded by a new model weighing between 400 and 500 grammes less, the belt, &c., will be made of narrower leather, the mountings of the helmets will be made of aluminium and reduced in size, and the overcoats will not be so thickly padded as heretofore.

## Blood as a Medicine.

"Let me have three ounces of that hot blood quick!" bids fair yet to become a not uncommon order in the corner drug store. According to a well-known physician starting progress has been made in blood healing or hemotherapy. "Blood is not only life," he declares, "but lives itself independently. It is a highly organized living tissue simply in the transition state. It can be made to live apart from the body indefinitely in perfect condition and can then be returned into any tissue by any opening at any time, when it will instantly resume its full creative activity. It can even be swallowed, when the patient, suffering from draining of blood or hemorrhages can take no other drink. Death from blood starvation will one day be exceedingly rare indeed, and these coked vital corpuscles will be used not only for imminently dangerous but for intractable lingering cases."