

For, let me whisper, then we find
The Strength that lives nor falters
In wood and water, waste and wind,
And hidden mountain altars.

A WELCOME.

BY ANDAX.

NOT the least among the many jewels which adorn
The thickly-studded crown of our illustrious Queen,
To her brave Sailor Son gives hearty welcome.
On the confines of this mighty empire, over which,
With wisdom and with love, Victoria reigns ;
In this fair land which proudly bears her name,
Beat hearts as loyal, as obedient to her rule,
As in that glorious Fatherland, we still call home ;
It is not there alone she holds her sway,
Her throne is set in all her people's hearts.
In doing honour to this Sailor Prince, we shew
Our deep-felt reverence and esteem for her,
His widowed mother, our beloved Queen ;
And veneration for his mem'ry, who has gone
To fill a throne in God's bright realm above.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM AN AUSTRALIAN'S PORTFOLIO.

BY F. S. WILSON (SYDNEY.)

"ONCE ROUND THE CLOCK, IN OUR QUIET STREET."

How fast the fitting figures come !
The mild, the fierce, the stony face ;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.
They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest ;
To halls in which the feast is spread ;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.—*Bryant.*

I AM the denizen of a street called "quiet," at least, so it
was recommended to me by my landlord, when I engaged
the house in which I now reside ; and I have since dis-
covered his meaning to be that our street was not more re-
markable for neighbourly squabbles, noisy urchins, barking

dogs, fights, fires, and robberies, than such so-called quiet thoroughfares usually are.

I need not say where it is situated, if it is not in the suburbs it has decidedly a suburban look, for nearly every house has a few square feet of garden in the front, and numerous goats parade its length and breadth. I need not even state its name, for I merely intend giving a page of its everyday life, with a passing glimpse at a few of its everyday inhabitants.

As I glance from my window the first house that attracts my attention is "Number One" on the opposite side, tenanted by a widow lady, whose husband is reported to have been (as our servant maid was assured by the person who did the widow's washing) "in the h'army," but whether he had occupied the position of commander-in-chief, or cleaned the commander-in-chief's boots, is left to that prolific imagination which people in "quiet streets" always possess.

The Widow Dorking is a tall, rather reserved woman, whose family consists of a grown-up daughter, who goes out early and comes home late, looking worn and dispirited—no doubt in the millinery or dressmaking business; a horrible boy with a freckled face, and the skin perpetually sunned off his nose; and a delicate yellow-haired little girl, who is the pet of her mother, and the owner of a kitten, which the aforesaid fascinating brother delights to torture by suspending it from the first-floor window by its tail, as if it were a shirt hung out to dry. He is a terrible boy, that! Everybody has a "mission" now-a-days, and that boy's sole mission and ambition seems to be to make a foe of every man, woman, child, and four-footed beast in the street.

Next to the widow, dwells a man in the boiler business; who comes home so regularly that people can time their clocks by his arrival. He always proclaims it by bringing out a pipe as black and grimy as his face; and dandles on his knee a very fat baby, who crows delightedly, until the smoke from its father's pipe gets down its throat and chokes it; upon which its mother comes out and shakes the child as though it were a bottle of doctor's stuff, blowing her husband up all the while for his carelessness.

Adjoining the boiler-maker's is a terrace of five houses; all having green shutters, and doors grained in imitation of some (to me unknown) wood, but bearing a very remarkable resemblance to a section of cheap plum cake. They are tenanted by a journeyman saddler, a clerk under Government (heaven knows in what mysterious department, for the neighbours around do not!), and a pale man, "lean and leaden-eyed,"

whose tongue is employed in teaching five different languages, in order to keep five hungry little mouths filled, besides his own and that of his equally pale, care-worn looking wife.

A portly lady (who is of the same profession as Mrs. Gamp) resides in the fourth house of the terrace; and the last of the row is tenanted by an unaccountable individual named Smith, who plays on the violin and lives all alone, which peculiarities are reasoned out by our female population as the result of being "disapp'inted in early youth;" though I never could unravel what disappointment could urge a man to revenge himself on society, by playing the fiddle in such a misanthropical manner.

At number fifteen two elderly maiden ladies keep a seminary, and the next door, being the corner of an intersecting street, is devoted to the sale of generally useful articles, comprised within the limits usually defined by the needle and the anchor, and the diffusion of particularly useless knowledge respecting every house and family from end to end of our quiet street.

My own residence is joined on the right by that of a medical gentleman, Dr. Wagstaff, who, not having a very extensive practice, experiments, for the advance of Science, on himself, administering perpetual doses compounded of ingredients which do not form part and parcel of his own surgery, but are retailed at the "Hand and Harp," six doors lower down. He seems to study hard for a living, for several energetic gentlemen of about the same age, and of the same profession, come to "read up" with him; and one evening when I went in they were all discussing the properties of some new medicine mixed up in a large mortar and steaming hot, of which they were philanthropically trying the effects by taking doses round, out of medicine glasses with ground figures.

* Several individuals, who only occasionally flash across my observation like stars on a cloudy night, dwell in the different tenements between the doctor's residence and the "Hand and Harp," while to my left are about the same number of buildings occupied respectively by a member of the German band, who performs on the clarionet; a 'bus proprietor; and a policeman, who, when at home, is the meekest of men, but who on duty is the terror of all the urchins in the neighbourhood, the Widow Dorking's son, Tom, included. Then there are two (I am afraid, not very "model") lodging-houses, and a painter's.

As a rule, there is very little bustle or traffic in our quiet street before breakfast time. A chance sweep sometimes strays into it; but that old man who is crying "fresh fish!" in such a stale voice, is generally our first visitor, having a

"connection" of two families who take fish on Fridays. I seldom see him dispose of his merchandise at other times, but he always seems to make our street part of his daily walk, probably for fear of forgetting his Friday customers.

The boy population have been at mischief and play since long before I took note of the day's approach, and the only other sound beside their shouting, is the early morning practice of the clarionet player, and the low melancholy wail of the lonely violinist opposite. Poor fellow! perhaps this may be the anniversary of some great sorrow, for certainly to-day his instrument has a more than ordinary mournful sound.

It promises to be a day fraught with importance to our quiet street, for the baker has just conveyed the intelligence to our servant maid that the widow's daughter is going to get "spliced" (was our baker ever a nautical man?) to-day; moreover, he alludes in a playful manner to our Mary's own wedding, and follows up the allusion by a noise like the smack of a whip, which is certainly not produced by merely leaving two loaves in the passage, and which elicits from her the remonstrance "ha' done, now! or I'll tell the missis." What does Mary mean by rubbing those red lips of hers with her apron as she enters the room? And when questioned as to what she has "to tell the missis," why does she stammer in such a confused way about "bread bein' riz!"

The morning progresses, and there are evident preparations for something extraordinary at Number One. The poulterer has been there with a pair of ducks and a pair of fowls, and Mrs. Dorking has been flitting in and out with a market basket since daylight, in a perturbed state of mind, engendered by leaving Master Tom alone with the purchases.

Something has also arrived in a round box, either a wedding cake, or a cheese, or a grindstone, and is triumphantly declared to be the former by a little urchin, who has been hoisted on the shoulders of his brother, and peeped in at the window to ascertain the fact. The news runs down one side of our quiet street and up the other, like a *feu de joie*; and groups of women gather, to the serious detriment of their daily tasks, to discuss the future prospects of Number One, mingled with reminiscences of *their* marriage days. Speculation is busy on one point, that is, who can possibly be the bridegroom? and the question resolves itself into two channels—the elderly lodger, Mr. Grimshaw, who has been "taken in and done for" by the Widow Dorking, and the young man from Lever and Screw's, who goes to the widow's to tea every Sunday, and considers our quiet street absolutely the country, after study-

ing Nature all the week over the inkspotted desks, and through the prison-like bars of Lever and Screw's.

Try as I will, I cannot bring myself to agree that it is the elderly lodger who is about to perpetrate matrimony with Ella Dorking; for he is almost toothless, and time has suggested—nay, necessitated—a change of hair, for the elderly Grimshaw wears a wig.

I am suddenly aroused from my meditations by the cry of a child—Mrs. Dorking's little girl—who is out on the footpath in an agony of despair. "Oh! my kitten!—my kitten!"—she screams, wringing her hands in infantile misery; and guided by her anxious looks I can see Master Tom at the second-floor window, with the animal in question suspended to the end of a fishing-line, making frantic efforts to obtain a firm footing on nothing! It is "nuts" to Tom to hear the applauding shouts of the juveniles in the street, and the cries of the little one; and so the cat is dangled in mid-air until the uproar causes Mr. Grimshaw to thrust his head from the first-floor window, inquiringly; at the same instant the kitten finds footing thereon and triumphantly digs her claws into the curls of his wig. Master Tom is ignorant of this proceeding, and finding his victim offer resistance, tugs at the fishing-line suddenly, and the kitten mounts to upper regions bearing the wig in her claws, and leaving its astonished owner watching its mysterious ascent!

Of course this causes immense amusement to the folks outside, and affords scope for conversation until two cabs come rapidly round the corner; the horses with white ear-bags, and the drivers with white gloves several sizes too large for them, and whips tied up with bunches of white ribbon.

This is the signal for a general rush to the door of Number One; and as great curiosity is manifested to see Number One come out to be married, as there will be when Number One comes out to be buried, in a coffin of black trimmed with gold cherubims!

And now I find that pale, care-worn Ella Dorking is going to trust her future happiness in the hands of the young man from Lever & Screw's; for he has arrived in one of the cabs, and looks as happy as a bashful single young man *can* look under the combined influences of a scrutinizing female audience, a pair of excessively tight boots, and an immense collar behind shoving his hat over his eyes in front.

Some little delay now occurs, as if one of the contracting parties has some reluctance to be offered up on the matrimonial altar; but at last the house door opens, and the bride and

bridegroom emerge, to run the gauntlet of the staring crew outside. Another young couple, in an almost competitive state of blushing confusion, follow; in the capacity of matrimonial bottle-holders; while the elderly lodger (who has regained his equanimity, and his wig) leads forth the matronly figure of the Widow Dorking. As for the imp of the establishment, Master Tom, he brings up the rear. Pausing to administer a brotherly kick on the shins to a juvenile friend, he rushes for the cab, pitches in head first, and harlequin-like pitches half way out at the opposite door.

Now they are off!—and when they return another two of this world's atoms will have melted into one, to struggle on through life for weal or woe. Well! God's blessing on you both!—now when the light of health and hopefulness is on you—and blessings as kindly on you both when life shall “grow bare and tarnished with decay!”

Scarcely have the vehicles rattled their happy burdens round the corner of our quiet street, when a far different procession wheels in at the other end. Four men bearing a shutter on their shoulders, and on the extempore bier something is stretched—very stiff and death-like. The covering sheet discloses the stiff angular contour of a man—like a half finished statue—while the hurried tread of the bearers, the subdued commotion of the following crowd, and the whispers flitting from white lips, proclaim that some dreadful accident has happened. And so there has! The poor boiler-maker—that hale, lusty fellow, who when he left for work this morning tossed his like lusty baby up like a ball of cotton—has been crushed by a grinding mass of machinery! Both legs are broken, and little hope is entertained of the man's recovery.

How tenderly the rough workmen lay their ghastly burden in the house! and try to utter words of honest sympathy to the woman who sits paralysed by the blow—almost as unconscious as the insensible body before her. How the wondering baby opens its large blue eyes, surprised at the absence of the accustomed caresses. Poor fellow!—it will be many a long day before I observe him again at his door-step as I did this morning: as for the youngster, it seems to miss its playmate already.

Truly our quiet street has something to talk about to-day—at all events to keep its tongues employed until the return of the wedding party.

Here they come!—everybody looking smiling and joyous, except Master Tom, who has got into disgrace for laughing during the ceremony when other people were crying. Now he

is in a state of melancholy quietude, which will only be relieved by a course of pies and an opportunity of rendering somebody else more miserable than himself.

To this end he contrives to pin his mother's gown to the coat-tail of the elderly lodger, and when that (at best of times) infirm individual gallantly gets out first, to assist his companion forth, he finds himself jerked back on to the carriage step, and from thence rolls into the gutter, almost dragging the portly widow after him.

The success of this *manœuvre* delights Master Tom, as does also the cry of “Fire!” and the sight of flames issuing from one of the chimneys in our quiet street. Mrs. Brown has been discussing matrimonial matters so intently with Mrs. Green that she has quite forgotten some liver and bacon, cooking at the time of the wedding party's return; and now (to use her own expression) “all the fat's in the fire!” I should further imagine that all the fire is in the chimney, to see the quantity of sparks and smoke belched forth, and the consternation of the neighbours, who drag their furniture into the street as if the whole terrace is doomed. However, a brace of engines are soon at work; and now, as the sun saddens away in the west, and his trail of splendour dies out, so the red glow fades from our quiet street, and peace is restored, only broken by the dull splash of the water falling from the upper floors of the partly-burnt house, and the angry hiss of some yet unsubdued embers.

I had almost forgotten that a verbal message came over from the widow's this morning, delivered by Master Tom, who intimated that “Mother 'ud be glad of yer comp'ny and the missus's to supper; sich a supper!—fowls an' ducks, and, my eye, ain't the jellies prime, neither!—oh, rather!”

I hardly knew how to decline it, for I had never noticed anything derogatory to the character of the Widow Dorking, and I did not like to refuse an offer so kindly meant. Besides, although my wife could plead “the children,” I was at a loss for a similar excuse; so I informed Master Tom (whom I found scraping the varnish off my newly-painted door with his hob-nailed boots) that I would do myself that pleasure; and now the time has arrived.

Investing myself in a black coat and trousers, and enticing a couple of curls in front of my ears (to look as much like a wedding guest as possible), I join the festive folks—consisting of the party present at the ceremony, of Dr. Wagstaff, my next door neighbour (a handy fellow at a comic song and dissecting tough fowls, two valuable accomplishments at an evening party), and an assorted half dozen of young and old males and

females, to whom I have never before been introduced, and who, accordingly, regard me as distantly as they would a pick-pocket or a cholera patient, except, indeed, one old lady, who is as deaf—nay, I will not insult the feelings of a post by making the comparison! Even she preserves a gap of six feet between us, so that I have to yell out scraps of conversation as if I were a hoarse sea-captain in a storm putting a ship about.

We sit and look at each other, as people at evening parties usually do; we smile, and sip the queer-tasted toddy with hypocritical signs of relish (although, previous to its concoction, Master Tom abstracted the contents of the sugar basin, and replenished it with salt!—I watched him doing it).

To do Dr. Wagstaff justice, he is the life and soul of the meeting—if the meeting can be said to possess any life and soul at all—for he tells us funny stories, and excruciating medical legends, blood-curdling enough to keep anybody from sleep for a fortnight. He also sings comic songs, such as "Jones's Sister," and "Have you seen her lately?" and, in fact, is just in the middle of a "tooral-looral" composition, in which he has kindly invited us all to join, when a half knock is followed by the inquiry, "Is Doctor Wagstaff here?" and, immediately afterwards, a scared face pokes itself in at the room door, with the announcement—"If you please, there's a man bin an' hanged hisself!"

"Bless my soul!—where?" cries the doctor.

"At Number Thirteen."

"At Number Thirteen! Yes! it must be that unfortunate violinist! Well, well, I always expected something of the sort," says the doctor. "A man who could sit and play such melancholy airs on a fiddle ought never to have been left out of Tarban, much less alone. Where's my hat? Come along, sir!"

The doctor and I run down the street, and passing through the knot of humanity (eager for horrors, about the doorway), we reach the room.

It is indeed the melancholy musician, hanging from one of the rafters of the unceiled roof; dangling solemnly to and fro. One slash with a knife, and the dis severed cord allows the body to drop, with a heavy *thud*, to the floor, despite my efforts to sustain it.

The doctor places his hand on the wrist—no pulsation; on the region of the heart—all is still; he slips out his lancet and opens a vein—no flow. The heart has stopped its beat, the

There lies the clod—cold, heavy, and distorted—the body of a disappointed man. Disappointed!—in what, and by whom? Heaven alone knows!

That star peeping in at the top of the casement, shining so curiously on the face of the dead, as it often did on his face when living—does that know of nights and seasons when he pondered over his hopeless sorrow? Can it be that he loved in secret the pale-faced girl who passed his door to her daily work, and has this day become the wife of another?

Can it be that his was the gaunt shadow ever keeping company with her own—darting with her's over the sunny pavement, thrown by the flaring gaslight beside hers on the wet, shining footpath—who knows? But let me not, young wife, mar your happiness by breathing such a suggestion; it was not your fault that he loved you.

"Played himself out of the world with one of his melancholy tunes, I'll be bound!" meditates the doctor. "Well, we can't play him back again, that's certain. Shall we go back to Mrs. Dorking's? my toddy 'll be cold."

I decline accompanying him; and, forwarding an apology to my lady entertainer, I go home, to ponder over this day's unravelled page in the history of Our Quiet Street.

MY STORY:

OR, THE FATE OF THE "MADAGASCAR."

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK II.—THE BLADE SPRINGS UP.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREATS OF MORE SURPRISES THAN ONE.

THERE was, to quote the posters, a tremendous bill. Even in the house itself the excitement bordered upon fever point. New scenery had been provided, by being bought second-hand from some larger establishment; fresh dresses were forthcoming, the old ones being returned re-dyed and re-furbished; all the properties were prepared with extraordinary liberality, so said the advertisements; whilst a small windlass, a coil of rope, a couple of pulleys, and a coach-wheel, were spoken of in lines of leaded capitals as machinery, in the construction of which everything like expense had been utterly disregarded.

All that had been done by M. Duffresni since Robert's engage-