MAN AND WOMAN.

On the first day of 1846, I dined with my old friend and valued friend Colonel Harcourt of the Royal Dashers, at the mess of his regiment, which was then quartered at Bandapore, in India. It was a public night, and there was a large attendance both of officers and guests of the regiment. Fast and furious grew the fun as the evening wore on, for most of those present were young, and the commanding officer, though strict, was popular, and cordially liked rather better than seeing "his boys" enjoy themselves. There was one exception to the general merriment. Exactly opposite to me sat a strikingly handsome, but worn-looking man, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, who, amidst all the chaff and laughter resounding on every side, maintained a gloomy reserve, which very little encouraged any one to give a monosyllabic reply to any chance remark addressed to him. That it was not natural moroseness or want of sociability which restrained him too plainly could discern, from the eagerness with bore rather the impress of some great sorrow than any trace of sulkiness with his fellow-men. For a long time I speculated in silence as to what this grief could be, which had thus changed the current of life in the intrepid soldier, who, at the end of one, I trow, Harcourt, who had observed my eyes steadily fixed on the officer in question, whispered, "I see you are struck by the impression of that fellow's face. Come to my room and smoke a cheroot in my bungalow, I will tell you his story; it's a very strange one, I assure you."

"I shall be very glad," said I, ready to go at once, if you like."

"Come along, then," said he, getting up from the table, followed, and after some trouble, shaking off jackets for a delicate one, and our boots for slippers, we lighted our cheroots and sat down in Harcourt's verandah, he to tell, I to listen, the strange and pathetic story I have ever met with in the whole course of my life. He began, "I suppose you think with Everingham's appearance? well, you're not the first person who has been; but I can assure you that you are the first man to whom I have ever told the strange profile's sad story. I don't care generally to dwell on such a melancholy tale, but to an old friend like yourself it differed; and, if you seem really interested, I will tell you; no rare goes.

"Some five years ago Everingham, whom have hitherto mentioned since I joined the regiment, returned from leave, bringing with him from England a bride, whom he had suddenly married in the week before his departure. Of the origin of this his marriage, that we only became acquainted with the fact from seeing the names of Major and Mrs. Everingham in the Bandapore Gazette, and of the rumors made small. Young, beautiful, and ladylike, we were all charmed with our new acquisition to the regimental society, and warmly congratulated Everingham on his choice. Indeed, he merited our congratulations on most points, for Mrs. Everingham was, of the actual of the Everinghams, our surgeon died, and we succeeded in an assistant surgeon, promoted from another regiment, all that a fastidious bachelorhood, I have ever come across, the new doctor was the most. About five feet six inches in height, apparently fifty years old, he was a fine-looking man, and been handsome, but had by that time become somewhat coarse, a shrill voice, stout legs, and thin arms, he looked more like an old woman than a man, but this of us were at first disposed to chaff him on account of his personal appearance, and the youngsters unanimously christened him Dr. Pretty-Face, but we found, however, that he was not a man to be played with. A few cutting sarcasms silenced the less bold among his would-be facetiousness, and he was a good-natured poker, Johnson, our paymaster—whom perhaps you remember when we were at Meerut together—he is dead now, poor fellow—even had the courage to stop.

Having on one occasion attempted to "draw" the doctor after he had retired for the night, he got a clout over the head from a bolster, and was called to the next day received a challenge, which resulted in a broken arm for the offender. Still, though the doctor was beneath contempt, he was universally treated, respect, indeed, well-merited on account of his extensive professional information and great professional attainments—behind his back, nevertheless, he was called an old coward, indeed, everything tended to make him an object of contempt and gossip. Reserved, sarcastic, and unsociable, he had a multitude of foes in the regiment. Unlike most of the other bachelors, he refused to chum with any one, and invariably lived in a bungalow by himself. Never have once, when Johnson committed his unlucky introduction, was he seen to smile, but once, well he yclept you in our daily abutions in the bathing-tank, a winning-bath. The same reserve which he exacted from others he himself observed, and, if ever a common topic of remark, that he made a point of never accepting a man's room unless the occupant was either dressed or in bed. In fact, he was known as a cold, cold, cold fellow! Yet all these circumstances tended to make him excessively unpopular with men. On the other hand, the women all spoke of him as cold, but admiring, and the sufferers such sympathy, dipels old ladies, sympathetic knowledge of their symptoms and ailments, that, at one of them opened to him on a certain interesting occasion, "why, doctor, you must have had a wife, mother with me, and what my feelings are so exactly, that one would almost fancy that you had been a mother yourself!" and of his difficulties in the matter of his children's nature, nine furious. Turning first red, then pale, he abruptly left the house, saying, "Are you have choose to be rude to me, Mrs. Everingham, I must come to attend you, for I will never enter your doors again." and he never did, in spite of the lady's apologies, and, I believe, even tears. When I said that Doctor MacTonnochy's acquaintance, I should have excepted Major Everingham. Contrary to his usual custom, he seldom dined at our mess, but when he did he sat next and was constantly at his house. For a time, Everingham seemed delighted with his new acquaintance, and Mrs. Everingham was evidently pleased at the intimacy, in the warmth of her cordiality. In the course of a few months, however, circumstances occurred which tended to alter Everingham's behaviour, and to place into something very like hatred the feeling which he had hitherto entertained for the eccentric doctor. The fact is, Mrs. Everingham was a beauty, a belle, and fond of universal admiration. During the first few weeks after her marriage, she had been contented with the attentions of Everingham, who was indeed as much wrapped in her as he was, however, the early charm of matrimony, the first bloom of wedded life wore off, she began to tire of the monotonous attentions of her husband, and longed for other triumphs. She would not have a ranged her husband for the world, but she was vain, and delighted in creating a sensation, and exciting the envy of other ladies by surrounding herself with a band of admirers, whose homage alone, and not their love, she coveted.

Everingham, like most easy-going men, was, when roused, vehement in his jealousy. Remonstrances on his part made her pouting, and sulky, and tears, and once happy home was speedily converted into a scene of constant strife and bickerings. Unable to induce his wife to divine her admirers, he contrived, by dint of marked coldness—amounting, indeed, sometimes to rudeness—to do so for her. He also took care never to leave her side, in a short time, the Major's friends, from pure absence of adorers, was reduced to a state of almost hebetic propriety. I say almost, because an amount of coldness, bordering on rudeness, drove MacTonnochy from the house. To coldness he opposed in complimentary, and to rudeness sarcasm, in both of which accomplishments he was unrivalled a proficient. At length, Everingham was obliged to succumb, and, though being a very bad grace, to permit the doctor to continue his visits as usual. The Major Everingham rendered these unpleasant, his wife amply made up for any shadow of coldness on her husband's part. MacTonnochy was certainly not a bad-looking man for a personal appearance most, likely to be regarded with favor by a fair lady, but, as we have said, he was most winning in his manner, and, perhaps, the tone of his conversation soon caused the hearer to forget that he possessed not anything but an Adonis. Moreover, flirting is like dram-drinking, and as the habitual drunkard, when deprived of wine or brandy, will seek to relieve his craving by imbibing the most nauseous spirits—even blacking if it possesses intoxicating power—so the confirmed flirt, when deserted by her usual admirer, is constrained to put up with any one, provided he is a man, and that he gratified her vanity by a sufficient dose of homage.

This was Mrs. Everingham's case. She would not have selected MacTonnochy for her cavalier—certainly, but in default of others, she put up with him, and somewhat to our surprise, exhibited her fondness for his society in the most marked manner. Matters continued thus for some, till at length Everingham received a sudden order to proceed to the head-quarters of the regiment, against an obstinate rajah, who refused to yield to any arguments less pointed than those of British bayonets. It was rumored that, on the eve of his departure, the exacted from his giddy, but now temporarily penitent wife, a solemn promise, that, during his absence, she would see no few gentlemen as possible, and leave all, that she could avoid Dr. MacTonnochy's society. This promise unluckily for every one, herself included, she did not keep for more than a few days, when she was called to death with the monotony of a small Indian station, she again opened her doors to the attentive Doctor. It is true that he was at that time in the hospital, which rendered medical attendance imperative, and cheerful society almost a necessity of health. It is true, also, that, of the other doctors in the station, none were so skillful in ladies' ailments as Dr. MacTonnochy. Still, her promise should have been held sacred, and even no less than her husband's, she would have preferable to deliberate disobedience of her husband's parting injunctions. Women do everything to extremes, and once they have fairly commenced, they very ill indeed. Not content with occasional professional visits from Dr. MacTonnochy, she permitted—nay, encouraged—his frequent visits during the day at her house. Indeed, rumor went so far as to say, that, under the pretext of inquiring into her state of health, he used to visit her at night. Still, Everingham's bedroom than his medical duties required. Be that as it may, these reports reached Mrs. Everingham, who was so shocked at her husband's conduct, that, in a fit of hysterics, she wrote to his wife's conduct, and determined, if he dared to leave his post, on events to follow. To his return, a stormy meeting took place between him and his wife. She could not deny that MacTonnochy had been her constant visitor, that in spite of prohibition, a constant inmate of his house, and Everingham, heedless of her tears, unbelieving her protestations, and, in fact, in a state of mind, that in heeding MacTonnochy's challenge, couched in the most insulting language he could think of. The doctor, as I have said, was no coward, and he was, moreover, too unable to offer any explanation of his conduct, accepted the summons. The meeting took place the following morning at daybreak. It was agreed that the parties should come to fire together at the word "three." On the agreed signal being given, the doctor deliberately fired in the air, and, as he did so, he fell, as he thought, on the ground, and then fell prone on his face. Every one rushed up and turned the poor fellow, in the hope that some sign of life might yet be left. The first glance showed but too plainly that the vital spark had fled. To make, however, more assurance doubly sure, a surgeon in attendance tore open MacTonnochy's dress, in order to feel if his heart still beat. In doing this, he dashed the breast of the poor fellow, in the violence of his astonishment of all present, exposed, not a man's chest, but the bosom of a woman!

"Good God!" said the surgeon, "I always thought there was something odd about him—her, I mean—and this explains it all."

As the surgeon, he stood as if turned into stone, and we remained fixed to the spot, staring with a glassy eye on his late antagonist, till, taking his arm, his second led him off the ground. "Dueling, best wishes, quite gone out of fashion in India—always a year or two behind England in all social matters—and it was consequently agreed that it should not be revived at present. There was, therefore, every disposition to regiment; and it was not difficult, in an out-of-the-way station like Bandapore, to hush the matter up. So it was given out that the doctor had died of sunstroke, and the secret of his sex was confined to but a few. Rumors, however, yet to come. The worst part of the story is, poor Mrs. Everingham's share in the affair. The poor lady's papers two letters were found, one directed to her husband, the other to Mrs. Everingham. Their contents were subsequently disclosed to Mrs. Everingham himself. They were both to the same purport, and amounted to a brief account of the doctor's career. Her real name, it appears, was Helen, and she was the daughter of a well-born but rather poor Scotch family. Sent to a boarding-school in Edinburgh, she was persuaded to elope from there with a young officer, who, she afterward attained to consider as a worthless scoundrel. For a while she was very happy, but after a time her husband, wearied of his bride, commenced neglecting her, to neglect her, and at length quietly told her that she was no wife at all, the marriage having been a sham one, placed a fifty-pound note in her hand, and left her to go, and wished her good-morning. Helen Macpherson had been too much thunderstruck to utter a word of remonstrance or make any effort to detain her. She left the house, and, in the first street-door she saw a hackney coach drive off with him. Her surprise was great, but she could realize to herself she dreamt not, but dived amongst the crowd, to watch friend-less girl. To render her situation more desperate, she was conscious within a few weeks of the time when she might expect the accomplishment of her shame and sights brought on premature labor, in which she nearly died, and from which, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions of its birth, lived and flourished; the mother also, after a long struggle for existence, finally recovered, but she was so changed, she was wrecked as affecting account of her position to her only surviving parent, her father, confessing her fault, alleging her youth and inexperience, and asking for forgiveness. The old man was of the stern old Presbyterian type. But though his curse was inflexible, his heart, never, was not proof against the prayer of his only lovely offspring. Within a week after the receipt of Helen's letter he received a curding bitterly the unhappy girl who had brought the first sorrow to his gray hairs, and utters unwilling came of his race. This second blow nearly killed the poor young thing. She was attacked by brain fever, and after a prolonged illness, through which she was most tenderly nursed by her only sister, who had then been a few years a wife, she was on the brink of danger, she awoke once more to consciousness, thoroughly changed person. Face her friends she would not, which her nearest relatives, who gradually into womanhood with the agonizing thought that, in her misery, they had afflicted an indelible stain to that fair young brow, she could not, and, accordingly, she left home and for all never a connection which could only bring disgrace on all she held most dear. She resolved that henceforth she would live for herself, and, if ever betrayed, to be better to bury the past, as well as with a view to obtain a livelihood, always so difficult for a woman to earn, she resolved to adopt the profession of a surgeon or gent of a man. Her sister tried to combat her resolution; but failing, consented to adopt the bargain, and prevailed on Helen to accept of her pecuniary aid. Accordingly, on employment in a chemist's shop suggested to her the idea of becoming a doctor. By dint of great self-denial and the aid of a small sum secretly, she had contrived to accept from her sister, she succeeded in effecting her purpose. There much in the medical profession most trying to her sensitive female feelings; but she had bid become thoroughly hardened by her wrongs, and was, moreover, of a naturally determined disposition; so she persevered. In due time she received her reward with the appointment of assistant-surgeon in his Majesty's army. From the time of her assuming the character of a man she was very, very, very by her family, and, the better to avoid recognition, contrived to pass her time abroad. On joining our regiment she learnt that Mrs. Everingham was her sister, whom she had never seen since the day when she had so resolutely and so heedlessly sealed her fearful past. The natural feelings of a mother long stifled, now resumed their sway; hence her persistent refusal to quarrel with her sister. Hence, also, her frequent visits to his wife. When at length she learnt the evil interpretation which had been placed on her conduct towards her sister, she was in despair; she was sorely puzzled as to what course she should adopt. She eventually decided that to confess her sex would not only remedy her sister's misapprehension, but would also brand with disgrace the daughter whom a second chance had at length thrown in her way. Take Major Everingham into her confidence, she determined that if he missed her she would make an ample apology, protest her innocence, and be more guarded in her behavior for the future. If he, on the contrary, found, and her tale of shame brutted all over the empire with the thousand exaggerations which would be sure to be added to it, she would, in the meantime, have to be wife's innocence, she took the presumption of writing a letter, only to be delivered in case of her death. The temptation to do so was too strong, the letter she could not resist; so to her also she wrote a letter, which also was not to be given unless the duel ended fatally. Poor creature! she little dreamed of the fearful ruin she anticipated; for not only did Everingham's bullet pierce her heart, but the news of her death, and the disclosure of her sex, reached her husband, and, on Everingham, that she was seized with violent convulsions, eventually ending in death. In another way, too, did MacTonnochy's secret become short-lived, for the secret for as her secret was at first religiously preserved sealed became very busy with Mrs. Everingham's name, and it was whispered about that the lady had been seduced by the doctor. With a view of disproving this report, he, I have occasionally related the leading circumstances of the first to my intimate friends, in order that, without repeating them in detail, they might be themselves justified in contradicting all injurious reports. The last time I had to tell this sad story becomes a topic of conversation in your presence, I freshly promised to do all I could in clearing Mrs. Everingham's name. Poor Harcourt! he died at the same time abstain from entering into more particulars than might be absolutely necessary. Since then, however, there have been many all those who were present on that New Year's Eve, Harcourt fell at Lucknow, Everingham was massacred at Cawnpore, the last of the Macpherson, while Mrs. Macpherson, the only surviving member of her family, was recently killed on a railway accident on the Great Western. Thus, I am told no one is left in this which they were connected has long since faded into an obscure tradition. Such being the case, and having taken precaution of employing fictitious names, I feel that in giving this tale to the world I run no risk of either hurting the feelings of the living, or of injuring the reputation of the departed.

Weekly Table-Talk

AND GOSSIPERS' CLUB.

Nature's Decline.

The last resort of old-growing Dame Nature to hide the decay of her charms by applications of streaks of lively color and a general touching up, painfully suggestive of the unwilling parting from the admiration of the lovers of her youth, no doubt gave the first lesson in fictitious ornamentation to the faded belle who lingers till the last summery moment of her life has dissipated in the intelligence-office for hymeneals. Though our contributor remarks only about the "sovereign lord", it is quite likely that he means, more especially, "the sovereign lady".

NOVEMBER.

Nature's picture-pse evangel
Changes as the seasons run,
But is grandest when the year is dying,
Autumn, "staunch in the sun",
When a sweet, yet melancholy warning,
Then Decay and Beauty meet;
Leaves, worth the pencil's cleaning,
Casting at the poet's feet.

Hues like those from minster orieles
Flung on silvery floors and walls,
Cover summer's sere mementos
With a glory half divine.
Crimsoning the trees in porches,
Creepers letter spray to array,
And the sunset-tinted Everlasting
Flame beside the rustic way.

Redly dawns the dewy morning,
Softly sinks the silvery moon;
Yet these days serene, give warning
Of wild winter coming soon.
Grove and field are ringing, singing,
With the chant of insects unseen—
'Tis the choral band, singing,
Death-songs in the dying green.

Yet their music hath no sadness—
Cheerfully they utter their doom;
Ending their short lives in gladness,
Not as mourners, but as grooms.
Filling the transfigured forests
With their airy singing strain,
Happily the winged chorists
Perish in the spicy calm.

All Hyperion, and Pan royal,
Claiming to be lords of all
(Query—is their title legal),
Empty live and breathe away.
Death, although with steps more tardy,
Hurries on to claim his prey.
Finds them not, like the cicadas,
Well prepared for death's sway.

Gracefully all things in Nature,
Save the sovereign lord, growed:
Barbs, with sorrow, for every feature,
Meets the winter's killing cold.
Though to man's apotheosis
Life is but a prelude to
Naught so trambles where it choses,
As the world's immortal chief.

—HAROLD.

The Aristocracy of Letters.

Year by year, the common-school is more and more contemned by those who, as their purse grows heavier, seem to think it incumbent on them to prove their title to respectability by avoiding every thing that is in accordance with the ideas of equality which are popularly supposed to be the base of Republican institutions. Our contributor sneers at the exclusiveness that would make education an aristocratic appanage, and takes occasion to deride the pretensions of those who avoid the public-schools as being vulgar.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SPECIMEN PRIVATE SCHOOLTEACHERS.

THE ELEMENTARY SECRET SCHOOLTEACHER is the alphabetical synonyme of young genility. She is general, that position which, with a very little money, a widow or daughter of a man of greater pretensions than purse, to, and, with a little money, and a little more, a river recently belief to the song of the silent, as it passed by the vulgar rewing machine. She selden brings any qualification to her aspiring, or giving, profession, is sufficient to entitle her to earn her living in a genteel manner, and as people luckily can teach what they do not themselves know, she succeeds in obtaining pupils, recognized by a few friends who knew her in prosperity, who have no disposition to lend her the use of their names for references, and who, if they do, generally add, she possesses as a teacher, universally unwary "O, she is a very superior teacher, I assure you, I thought for a house in a neighborhood of that rank in gentility." Her name puffs all belong to families of the highest respectability, and that her common children are perfectly within hailing alphabetical temple. Any little mite of humanity intrusted to her care will not come into contact with the vulgarising associates that infest the public schools, and make them so unestimable for genteel people. She never pretends to teach much, but what she does teach, she teaches well, and, impressing on the youthful minds of her charge that they are much superior to the vulgar children, she makes them, in fact, genteel.